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THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1852.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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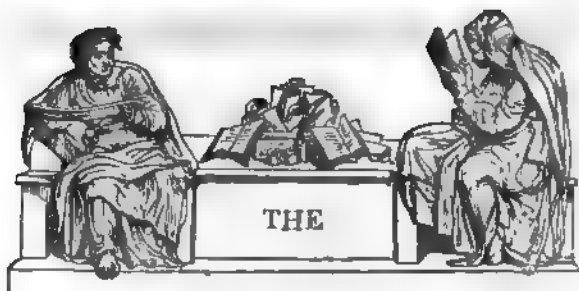
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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1852.

From the Quarterly Review.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.\*

To the minds of most men the word *Norfolk* is suggestive merely of turkeys, partridges, and the four-course shift of husbandry; while to the ladies it conjures up visions of crapes, bombazines, lustras—all the endless combinations of cotton, wool, and silk. With those ideas there is an end of Norfolk to the world at large. This corner of Old England has no landscape of renowned beauty or grandeur to attract the tourist; though in the wild, the curious, and even the romantic, it may be richer than is suspected. It has not the thinnest vein of subterranean wealth resembling that which converts a sweet little Welsh valley, or a breezy Scotch upland, into a seeming Pandemonium. It is not enriched on the fiendish condition of having to breathe an atmosphere of diluted soot and coal-dust as a fine-certain on the continuance of its prosperity, but is for weeks and months illumined by sunshine to which the white-lights of the Opera are but as shadows. Nor has it been made the scene of any remarkably glorious "demonstration," which would bring it prominently before the

national eye in newspaper columns. It is a quiet, homely, regular-living province, decidedly open to the reproach of being some modicum of years behind-hand. It is little visited, except for straightforward business purposes. A few summer immigrants come from the adjoining inland counties, for the sake of Yarmouth jetty and its sandy beach. The musical festival brings down some outlandish amateurs, who, while in the fine old city of Norwich, doubtless fancy themselves at the *ἱεράνα χόρος*; and who would find their impression remarkably confirmed if they had the courage to penetrate as far as the unfrequented line of coast—to Winterton, Horsey, Salthouse, or Snettisham. An excursion thither is a most complete and exhilarating escape from the cut-and-dried well-behaved people whom *Eüthen* describes as "the sitters in pews."

Should any stranger wish really to explore the sister provinces once so dear to Sir Thomas Browne, he cannot get on without some knowledge of their language, and therefore we have placed on our list two glossaries, both careful and also spirited works—for even glossaries may show life. Moor's was put together with great zeal and good-

\* *Sir Thomas Browne's Works, including his Life and Correspondence.* Edited by S. Wilkin, F.L.S. 4 vols. 1836.

will, under the vivid impressions of a return home after twenty-years' absence in India. Forby, on the contrary, passed all his days within the boundaries of East Anglia; yet his Vocabulary, unluckily but a fragment, is enlivened with a heartiness that is no less delightful. The reverend author committed the imprudence of taking a warm-bath, to which he was unaccustomed, without the presence of an attendant; fainting, as supposed, he was found drowned. His friend and pupil, Mr. Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, has prefaced the posthumous work with a pleasing memoir.

Browne had made a slight beginning in his "Tract viii.—Of Languages, and particularly of the Saxon Tongue." In the course of it he observes:—"It were not impossible to make an original reduction of many words of no general reception in England, but of common use in Norfolk, or peculiar to the East Angle countries; which to effect, the Danish language, new and more ancient, may prove of good advantage." But he uses some local terms *passim*, as *snast*, the burnt portion of the wick of a candle (iii. 178). Forby is only to be blamed for having spoken of his subject in an unduly apologetic tone. If, as he truly asserts, after much prolix and elaborate criticism by the annotators on the old poets, and especially Shakspeare, "a difficulty often remained as it was found, which an East Anglian clown would have solved at first sight or hearing"—he *should* have seen no need to anticipate a cold reception—as if, "being merely oral, and existing among the unlettered rustics of a particular district, *provincial language* were of little concern to general readers, of still less to persons of refined education, and much below the notice of philologists." But the truth is, that Englishmen, instead of being proud of their county vernacular, as they ought, are mostly ashamed of it. An Italian, although he may use a perfect *bocca Romana* in polite society, would on no account forget his home dialect, whether it be the vocalic Venetian, the harsh and aspirated Tuscan, or the Neapolitan mish-mash of transplanted "roots." Dialectic Italian is not thought low and vulgar; it has its dictionaries, its standard works, and the patronage of the upper classes; but an educated Englishman, instead of being proud to converse with his rustic neighbors in their own idiom, would have it thought that he was born *nowhere*. If, in the warmth of debate, a phrase, or tone, indicative of his native spot escapes his lips, he blushes like a school-girl; as if he had uttered naughty words, and not

the very language of Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, or Chaucer. The study of Moor should re-assure many such timid gentlemen. The weakness, too, is as ineffectual as it is unworthy. Not one man in a thousand but can be detected to *have had* a home, however much he may mince and Londonize his talk.

The Icenic archaisms collected by Forby are still alive and current in 1851. It is to be wished that some competent hand would set about supplying his omissions. He "cannot forbear figuring to himself some plain, unpretending, old-fashioned yeoman, who has been unmercifully rallied upon his Norfolk or Suffolk talk, lighting by chance upon this book, and discovering that he speaks a great deal more good English than either he or his corrector *Bestius* was aware of." Some of the Norfolk talk, however, is very tolerable French. Thus, *paryard*, the yard by the barn-door where the farm-animals are kept, though derived by Forby from *par*, an enclosed place, is clearly the *pailler*, or *straw-yard*, which some Norman brought into the country. He could not mistake about *plancher*, a boarded floor, and refers us to the *planched* gate in "Measure for Measure." Some words in his list strike us as scarcely dialectic; *e. g.*, *poorly*, in the sense of ailing, and *onto*—upon. Others fascinate by their apt expressiveness, as *plumpendicular*; *laldrum*, an egregious simpleton a fool and a half; *mush*, guardedly silent; *pample*, to trample lightly. A child *pamples* upon a bed in a garden newly raked, or upon a floor newly washed. A heavy-heeled fellow *slods* over either. Some expressions seem to be Malapropic rather than Icenic:—*e. g.*, *refuge* potatoes, a *currency* of air, and *circulating* windows. To *terrify* is not to frighten, but to tease, to annoy. Sheep are *'nationally terrified* by the flies. A young woman, on some proposition being made to her, replies, "Sir, I ha' n't no *projections*." Another suitor gains a hearing by the promise that he will not *contain* you long. An *entired* tradesman *inclines* having anything more to do with business: he 'oon't be *bull-ringled*, nor yet made a *hoss-fair* on no longer—that he *oon't*.

One grand characteristic of the East Anglian dialect, which cannot be divested of its ludicrousness even by classical authority, is the system of abbreviation, by which certain phrases are compressed almost into nothingness. A farmer's spouse will *procustize* my husband down to *m'usban*. Lord Wodehouse must submit to have his title smoothed into *Wuddus*. We can call to mind numer-

ous utterances of Forby's examples, such as *muckup* for muck-heap, *sidus* for sideways, *wammel-cheese* for one meal (of milk) cheese, *shunt* for should not, *cup* for come up, and *k'ye thinder* for look ye yonder. "*Howstrew?*" (How is it true?) asks a skeptical listener: "*Strewsgods in' evn!*" is the profane reply. But Shakspeare uses *dup* for do ope. *Doff* and *don* are still great staples with the modern-antique melodramatists. "But all these," says Forby, "are tight, compact condensations of two, or at most three short words. Some are on a larger scale." Take this. A girl employed on a task commonly allotted to boys, called herself a *galcobaw*—a word which might puzzle the most learned East Anglian philologist. It was found to mean a *girl-cow-boy*.

Although it is now more than two hundred years since Browne settled in Norwich, his name is still inseparable from much that must ever be of interest to both the city and the county. Besides his examples of the respectable if not venerable Icenic phraseology, there is his "Account of Birds found in Norfolk" (iv. 313), enabling the naturalist to discover what species have been driven off by cultivation and increased population. Thus "Cranes are often seen here in hard winters, especially about the champian and fieldy part;" *now*, they *never* make their appearance. His Ichthyological Discourse is worth referring to, if only for the record, "Salmon no *common* fish in our rivers, though *many* are taken in the Ouse; in the Bure, or North river; in the Waveny, or South river; in the Norwich river but seldom, and in the winter. But four years ago, fifteen were taken at Trowse Mill, at Christmas." (iv. 384.) It is of *some* interest to know that two hundred years have not altered the character of certain local species. "Oysters, exceeding large, about Burnham and Hunstanton, whereof many are eaten raw; the shells being broken with cleavers; the greater part pickled,\* and sent weekly to London and other parts." That he made even a brief list of Fossil Remains (iv. 454) shows that he was in advance of an age which supposed such things to be Nature's abortive failures. His *Hydriotaphia* arose out of "The Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk." The *Vulgar Errors* have been enriched by native materials; and the correspondence given by

\* As thus: "Two neat pickles may be contrived, the one of oysters stewed in their own vinegar, with thyme, lemon-peel, onion, mace, pepper; adding Rhenish wine, elder vinegar, three or four pickled cucumbers."—iv. 452.

Mr. Wilkin is a very treasury of provincial antiquities, manners, and natural history.

Of the edition of Sir Thomas Browne, which cost Mr. Wilkin the labor of nearly twelve years, Southey often expressed his very warm approbation—and more than once he promised a reviewal, but died *re infectâ*. Were not the multiplicity of the laureate's tasks so well known, we might wonder, as well as regret, that he did not execute his project. His mind would have thoroughly sympathized with Browne's in all that related to the *dulce est desipere in loco*. Both of them would assuredly interpret *locus* to be *any* passage or subject around which it was their pleasure to gambol and curvet. The "Doctor," in one of his freakish moods, would receive with an approving grin, rather than sift with stern criticism, Sir Thomas's speculation whether painters and sculptors are not wrong in representing Adam with the usual umbilical dimple—"seeing that he was not born of woman," and, therefore, could not be impressed with the scar that is so ornamental to all the rest of mankind. Nor would he have quarrelled with the list of empirical remedies for the gout, which Browne drew up for the use of those "unsatisfied with the many rational medicines;"—such as "Wear shoes made of a lion's skin," and "Try the way of transplantation; give poultices taken from the part unto dogs, and let a whelp lie in bed with you;" nor with "Musæum Clausum, containing rarities of several kinds, scarce or never seen by any man now living:" the very first of which, as a fair specimen, is "A poem of Ovidius Naso, written in the Getick language; found wrapt up in wax, at Sabaria, on the frontiers of Hungary, where there remains a tradition that he died in his return towards Rome from Tomos, either after his pardon or the death of Augustus."—"Tis sweet to trifle now and then: Southey's trifling with Browne would have been a perfect Saturnalia of learned misrule.

Sir Thomas, then, though born in London (1605), belongs eminently to East Anglia. After a liberal education at Winchester and Oxford, he settled at Norwich as a physician, in 1636, and retained an extensive practice in the city and county to the end of his life. In 1641 he married "Mrs. Dorothy Mileham, of a good family in Norfolk." In 1642, his *Religio Medici* was surreptitiously printed, and therefore there appears to us a slight anachronism in Dr. Johnson's remarks—"This marriage could not but draw the raillery of contemporary wits upon a man,

who had just been wishing in his new book that we might *procreate like trees without conjunction* ;” and, “Whether the lady had been yet informed of these contemptuous positions, or whether she was pleased with the conquest of so formidable a rebel, and considered it as a double triumph to attract so much merit, and overcome so powerful prejudices ; or whether, &c. &c.” The correspondence shows that Mrs. Dorothy, amidst her domestic duties, was not likely to care two straws about what her man thought or wrote on such matters, so be it he did but keep the pot boiling respectably, and provided “sheus,” “cotts,” “briches,” and “manto-gowns” for the little Brownes, whether cuttings or seedlings, which she presented him with in not slow succession. In authorship she would allow him to be eccentric ; but if, in family matters, he resembled other every-day, good-sort of doctors, she was satisfied and happy.

The splendid success of the *Religio Medici* most likely took Browne by surprise. Though possessed of a modest sense of his own ability and a respectable independence of spirit, he was far above the arrogance of vanity. It may be believed that most writers who eventually attained great popularity, although they might have some instinctive consciousness of the power within them, were yet unable to guess exactly how, or when, it would receive a public recognition. They just let their inspiration have its utterance. Nor (in many cases at least) could they subsequently toll with precision *what* it was in their writings which had fastened on them so universal a sympathy. The bond of attachment between an author and his reader may be too subtle for analysis. Perhaps, granting even a superabundance of genius, with all the acquired skill of practice, disappointment would be the fate of him who determined to sit down and compose, resolutely, a book which should *take*, as decidedly and confessedly as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or the *Religio Medici*.

All Browne's subsequent works were written in Norwich ; and not a few minor pieces, besides those already mentioned, are specially local. In 1671, he was knighted by Charles II., when on a visit at the ancient *palace* (always so styled) of the Howards in Norwich. Eleven years later he was seized with a colic, which, after having tortured him about a week, put an end to his life, on his birthday, Oct. 19, 1682—*anno ætatis* 76. He did lie buried in the church of St. Peter Mancroft.

Of those productions which take high rank in a formal list of *opera omnia*, the *Garden of Cyrus* (1658) is the least inviting, though eminently characteristic of its author, as is at once shown by the second title, viz. “The Quincuncial Lozenge, or Net-work Plantation of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, mystically, considered.” Even Mr. Wilkin confesses that it has, by general consent, been regarded as one of the most *fanciful* of his works, and that the most eminent even of his admirers have treated it as a mere sport of the imagination. There are, as Coleridge says, “quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything.” The quinary theory of created things, as propounded by some few modern naturalists, would have been a great God-send to Browne ; and Mr. Wilkin is seriously inclined to regard the *Garden of Cyrus* in a higher point of view than a mere *jeu d'esprit*. “How far,” he asks, “has he anticipated in this work those who have conducted their inquiries in the midst of incomparably greater light and knowledge ?” (iii. 380.) But we may safely surmise, that the pentangular speculations of Messrs. Mackleay, Vigors, and Swainson are just as capable of practical use and strict application, as are the decussated whimsies of the amiable physician and philosopher of Norwich.

The *Garden of Cyrus* is so styled because

“all stories do look upon Cyrus as the first splendid and regular planter. According whereto Xenophon (in *Œconomico*) described his gallant plantation at Sardis, thus rendered by Strobæus—*Arbores pari intervallo satas, rectos ordines, et omnia perpulchrè in quincuncem directa* That is, the rows and orders so handsomely disposed, or five trees so set together, that a regular angularity, and thorough prospect, was left on every side ; owing this name not only to the quintuple number of trees, but the figure declaring that number, which, being double at the angle, makes up the letter X :—that is the emphatical decussation, or fundamental figure.

“Now, though, in some ancient and modern practice, the area, or decussated plot, might be a perfect square, answerable to a Tuscan pedestal, and the *quincunio* or cinque point of a dye, wherein by diagonal lines the intersection was rectangular—accommodable unto plantations of large growing trees—and we must not deny ourselves the advantage of this order ; yet shall we chiefly insist upon that of Curtius and Porta in their brief description hereof. Wherein the *decussis* is made within in a longilateral square, with opposite angles, acute and obtuse at the intersection, and so upon progression making a *rhombus* or lozenge figuration.”—iii. 386.



With this *lozenge* as his sole semaphore and guide, Browne starts at full gallop on his literary steeple-chase; if he halts a moment for refreshment, it can only be at the sign of the Chequers. He gets more and more excited by the game, but diamonds are trumps at every hand. He finds even the Garden of Eden laid out in the Dutch style, and probably full of quincunxes. "Since in Paradise itself the tree of knowledge was placed in the middle of the garden, whatever was the ancient figure, there wanted not a centre and rule of decussation." iii. 393. Of course not; where there's a will there's a way to lozenges.

"The net-works and nets of antiquity were little different in the form from ours at present. As for that famous net-work of Vulcan, which inclosed Mars and Venus, and caused that unextinguishable laugh in heaven—since the gods themselves could not discern it, we shall not pry into it. . . . Heralds have not omitted this order or imitation thereof, while they symbolically adorn their scutcheons with masles, fusils, and saltyres, and while they dispose the figures of ermines, and varied coats in this quincuncial method. The same is not forgot by lapidaries, while they cut their gems pyramidally, or by æquicrural triangles. Perspective pictures in their base, horizon, and lines of distances, cannot escape these rhomboidal decussations. Sculptors, in their strongest shadows, after this order do draw their double hatches."—iii. 396.

And so on, *ad infinitum* it might be. Browne stops only because he chooses to stop, not because he has run himself dry. There are digressions, it is true, but not of wide circuit. We do not regret them when they contain passages like the following:—

"Light that makes some things seen, makes some invisible; were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of the creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark *simulacrum*, and the light but the shadow of God."—iii. 436.

But the moment the clock strikes five in any way, Browne is back again amidst his *sylvæ* of pentagons and lozenges. He nauseates

"crambe verities and questions over-queried," and informs us that "the noble Antoninus doth in some sense call the soul itself a rhombus." This proposition is the sum of all things, and therefore, as he says, "'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge" on this transcendental matter. But we cannot even walk away from his symmetrical garden without being reminded, finally, that "the incession or local motion of animals is made with analogy unto this figure, by decussative diametrals, quincuncial lines, and angles;" and that even in the motion of man the legs "do move quincuncially by single angles with some resemblance of a V, measured by successive advancement from each foot, and the angle of indenture greater or less, according to the extent or brevity of the stride."

Far more valuable than the Garden of Cyrus is the *Hydriotaphia*—originally published also in 1658. This "Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk" is made the homely ribbon on which pearls of learning and bright gems of fancy are profusely strung. The disinterment of a few earthen vessels, containing the ashes of our Roman conquerors, is the spell which calls up a complete kaleidoscope of sparkling visions, the changes and contrasts of which are inexhaustible. "Time," he says, "which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn to us." When a writer is thus able to stretch forth his *tentacula* in a thousand directions, it is quite impossible to follow him, or to compress him within the limits of a Review. From many treatises the cream may be skimmed; but when an essay is all cream, a taste here and there is the only way to convey an idea of the dish.

"That carnal interment was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate. God himself, *that buried but one*, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the Archangel about discovering the body of Moses. Others, by preferring the fiery resolution, politically declined the malice of enemies. Which consideration led Sylla unto this practice; who having thus served the body of Marius, could not but fear a retaliation upon his own."

Browne little suspected (in 1658) how

shortly Cromwell was to afford a new instance of posthumous indignity. Again:—

"Christians dispute how their bodies should lie in the grave. In urnal interment they clearly escaped this controversy. To be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials."

But on the other hand:—

"When Alexander opened the tomb of Cyrus, the remaining bones discovered his proportion, whereof urnal fragments afford but a bad conjecture, and have this disadvantage, that they leave us ignorant of most personal discoveries."—p. 479.

The passage is almost prophetic of the fate of Browne's own remains. Strange specialties touching cremation are also given in great abundance:—

"To burn the bones of the king of Edom for lime, seems no irrational ferity; but to drink of the ashes of dead relations a passionate prodigality.

"Some bones make best skeletons, some bodies quick and speediest ashes. Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heracitus? The poisoned soldier (in Plutarch), when his belly brake, put out two pyres. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burnt Pompey; and if the burthen of Isaac were sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre."

The *Hydriotaphia* contains many passages of a higher tone:—

"Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live.

"Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelekia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

"Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it would be a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again.

"The particulars of future being must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb, concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryo philosophers.

"Happy are they which live not in that disadvantage of time, when men could say little for futurity, but from reason; whereby the noblest minds fell often upon doubtful deaths and melancholy dissolutions. With hopes, Socrates warmed his doubtful spirits against that cold potion; and Cato, before he durst give the fatal stroke, spent part of the night in reading Plato, thereby confirming his wavering hand unto the animosity of the attempt. It is the heaviest stone that Melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain."

The *Christian Morals* (posthumous, 1716), though searched out by an archbishop and published by an archdeacon, hardly answer to the title which stands at their head. Those who refer to them for *Christian* morality, will find much that they did not go for, and be disappointed of much which they did expect. The treatise is not even a formal specimen of sound Gentile ethics, but a compendium of sensible maxims of worldly wisdom, such as might have come from a less insincere Chesterfield or a less cynical Rochefoucauld. "Good admonitions," says Sir Thomas, "knock not always in vain;" but his taps are as feeble as the didactic lesson of grandmamma: "Now, dear Johnny, be sure you be a good little boy!" Browne himself had a well-regulated, fully-employed mind, with passions of but slight intensity, and seems scarcely to have known the force of the ejaculation, "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

"Rest not in an ovation, but a triumph over thy passions. Let anger walk hanging down the head; let malice go manacled and envy fettered after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy trophies, not without thee. Make the quarrelling Lapithytes sleep and Centaurs within lie quiet. Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast. Lead thine own captivity captive, and be Cæsar within thyself.

"Be not a *Hercules furens* abroad and a poltroon within thyself. To chase our enemies out of the field, and be led captive by our vices; to beat down our foes, and fall down to our concupiscences, are solecisms in moral schools, and no laurel attends them. To well manage our affec-

tions and wild horses of Plato, are the highest *Circenses*; and the noblest digladiation is in the theatre of ourselves; for therein our inward antagonists, not only, like common gladiators, with ordinary weapons and down-right blows make at us; but also, like retiiary and laqueary combatants, with nets, frauds, and entanglements, fall upon us."—iv. 70.

It is true, he adds, that in such combats "not the armor of Achilles, but the armature of St. Paul, gives the glorious day, and triumphs, not leading up to capitols, but to the highest heavens;" but he immediately falls back into the old strain—"Let right reason be thy Lycurgus!" &c.; and the treatise proceeds as a pleasing hint-book for decent conduct, and not in the least as a manual of Christian morals, or a foundation of Christian strength. The *Letter to a Friend*, to which this is intended as a corollary and supplement, is far more edifying, as well as far more touching and beautiful.

With this knowledge of what Browne's *Christian Morals* are not, they are well worth looking into now and then for the shrewd, honest, practical notions they contain. As in his other works, metaphors and illustrations are produced in such rapid succession, as almost to fatigue the reader's attention. It is a Chinese feast of a hundred little dishes, served in a hundred different ways, yet all rather stimulant than satisfying. One of his less decorated passages is as follows:—

"When thou lookest upon the imperfections of others, allow one eye for what is laudable in them, and the balance they have from some excellency which may render them considerable.

"Since goodness is exemplary in all, if others have not our virtues, let us not be wanting in theirs; nor, scorning them for their vices whereof we are free, be condemned by their virtues wherein we are deficient. For perfection is not, like light, centred in any one body; but, like the dispersed seminalities of vegetables at the creation, scattered through the whole mass of the earth, no place producing all, and almost all some. So that 'tis well if a perfect man can be made out of many men, and, to the perfect eye of God, even out of mankind."

The following may be taken as a good specimen both of the style and temper of the writer:—

"Make not one in the *Historia Horribilis*; fly not thy servant for a broken glass; supererogate not in the worst sense. Be not stoically mistaken in the equality of sins, nor commutatively iniquitous in the valuations of transgressions. Let thy arrows of revenge fly short, or be aimed, like those

of Jonathan, to fall beside the mark. Too many there be to whom a dead enemy smells well, and who find musk and amber in revenge. But patient meekness takes injuries like pills, not chewing but swallowing them down, laconically suffering, and silently passing them over; while angered pride makes a noise, like Homerican Mars, at every scratch of offences. Since women do most delight in revenge, it may seem but feminine manhood to be vindictive. If thou must needs have thy revenge of thine enemy, with a soft tongue break his bones, heap coals of fire on his head, forgive him, and enjoy it. If thou hast not mercy for others, yet be not cruel unto thyself. To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries, and be too acute in their apprehensions, is to add unto our own tortures, to leather the arrows of our enemies, to lash ourselves with the scorpions of our foes, and to resolve to sleep no more; for injuries long dreamt on take away at last all rest, and he sleeps but like Regulus who busieth his head about them."

The *Religio Medici*, though written much earlier, was first published, as we have seen, by a pirate in 1642. Its precise tendency and object have puzzled the world from that time to this; its ability has been unanimously acknowledged. By some the writer has been stigmatized as an infidel, by others lauded as a Roman Catholic under the compulsory disguise of a member of the Church of England. Meanwhile the book attained at Rome the honors of the Index Expurgatorius. Mr. Wilkin refers those who do not perceive in it its own vindication to the eloquent and conclusive observations of the author's great admirer and biographer, Dr. Johnson;\* while the annotator to the edition of 1656, Mr. Thomas Keck, asserts that no more is meant by the title *Religio Medici*, or endeavored to be proved in the book, "than that (contrary to the opinion of the unlearned) physicians have religion as well as other

\* "It is, indeed, somewhat wonderful that he should be placed without the pale of Christianity, who declares that 'he assumes the honorable style of a Christian, not because it is the religion of his country, but because, having in his riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, by the principles of grace and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other name but this;' who, to specify his persuasion yet more, tells us that 'he is of the reformed religion; of the same belief our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed;' who, though 'paradoxical in philosophy, loves in divinity to keep the beaten road,' and pleases himself, that 'he has no taint of heresy, schism, or error;' to whom, 'where the Scripture is silent, the church is a text; where that speaks, 'tis but a comment;' and who uses not 'the dictates of his own reason but where there is a joint silence of both.'"—*Life by Johnson.*

men." The words of his personal friend Mr. Whitefoot are perhaps those which ought to be relied upon in forming an opinion of the inmost sentiments of a mind so honorable though flighty as his, who candidly says of himself, "*When I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humor my fancy.*"—ii. 14.

"In his religion he continued in the same mind which he had declared in his first book, written when he was about thirty years old,—his *Religio Medici*, wherein he fully assented to that of the Church of England, preferring it before any in the world, as did the learned Grotius. He attended the public service very constantly, when he was not withheld by his practice; never missed the Sacrament in his parish, if he were in town; read the best English sermons he could hear of, with liberal applause, and delighted not in controversies."—i. xvi.

The hardest and most painful hits that Browne ever received on account of the *Religio Medici* were those, probably, which were given by the envious sneers of Sir Kenelm Digby. The tone of the "Observations" is conveyed by a single sentence from them: "Assuredly one cannot err in taking this author for a very fine ingenious gentleman, but, for how deep a scholar, I leave unto them to judge that are abler than I am." (ii. 129.) And the wounds were now and then envenomed by the insertion of a minute point of stinging truth: "What should I say of his making so particular a narration of personal things and private thoughts of his own, which I make account is the chief end of his writing this discourse?" Digby is thankful that he is not as other men are, superstitious and credulous, even as this Browne:—

"I acknowledge ingenuously our physician's experience hath the advantage of my philosophy in knowing there are witches. And I confess I doubt as much of the efficacy of those magical rules he speaketh of, as also of finding out of mysteries by the courteous revelation of spirits."—ii. 29.

And yet he, Digby, soberly explains why "terrene souls appear oftenest in cemeteries and charnel-houses" (ii. 131), and that to the same cause "peradventure may be reduced the strange effect which is frequently seen in England, when, at the approach of the murderer, the slain body suddenly bleedeth afresh."—ii. 135.

The re-perusal of these deep debates between Browne and his assailants emboldens us to the confession that we never greatly cared

"On metaphysic jade to prance,  
Step high, and ne'er a foot advance."

The attempt of the soul thoroughly to grasp itself and its relations to a higher order of beings involves an utter impossibility. It is as if a watchmaker were resolved to construct a watch that would regulate, and set, and wind up itself. The floating straw, carried along by the stream, demands to regulate the force and direction of the current. An Irishman might liken the philosopher who would obey the *γυνή θεωρεῖν* with the degree of intimate and transcendental knowledge that has been attempted by certain celebrities and unintelligibilities, to the Herculean Paddy, who, by some sleight of hand, took himself up in his own arms, lifted himself from the ground, and then ran away with himself. Brown truly said, "God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; 'tis a privilege of his own nature" (ii. 16); but he might have used similar expressions in reference to topics many degrees lower than the nature of the Godhead.

"What do you read, my lord?  
Words, words, words!"

—not half so entertaining, and perhaps not so edifying as the "slanders—that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams." Browne's "words" are neither better nor worse than many others of the same sample. He might well say, that "with the wisdom of God he recreates his understanding—with his eternity he confounds it." The satisfactory results which he attained may be believed attributable to his making the study of the wisdom and the works of God a corrective of his passion for the solitary recreation of "posing his apprehension with involved enigmas" (ii. 15)—the same which are related to have been found baffling in another sphere—where more potent intelligences

— "reasoned high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;  
(Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!)  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

Let us contrast two not far disjacent passages of the *Religio Medici*:—

"The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man: 'tis the debt of reason we owe unto God, and the

homage we ~~pay~~ for not being beasts. Without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. *The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works. Those only magnify him, whose judicious inquiry into his acts and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.* Every essence, created or uncreated, hath its final cause, and some positive end both of essence and operation. *This is the cause I grope after in the works of nature; on this hangs the providence of God.* To raise so beauteous a structure as the world and the creatures thereof was but his art; but their sundry and divided operations, with their predestinated ends, are from the treasury of his wisdom."—ii. 18–20.

The reader will perceive that this is the theme and the principle, the working out of which has produced some of the noblest works that adorn our literature. The subject, too, is inexhaustible; as we increase in knowledge, so will it in richness and power. But what are we—what are we like to be—the wiser and the better for such speculations as are about to be quoted?

"Who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend; 'tis but five days older than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world; but, to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning—to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an end—in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my reason to St. Paul's sanctuary; my philosophy dares not say the angels can do it. . . . In eternity there is no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible term predestination, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to eternity, which is indivisible, and altogether, the last trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in Abraham's bosom. St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, 'a thousand years to God are but as one day:' for, to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time, which flow into a thousand years, make not to him one moment. What to us is to come, to his eternity is present; *his whole duration being but one permanent point, without succession, parts, flux, or division.*

"There is no attribute that adds more difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity, where, though in a relative way of Father and Son, we must deny a priority. I wonder how Aristotle could conceive the world eternal, or how he could make good two eternities. His similitude of a triangle comprehended in a square, doth somewhat illustrate the trinity of our souls, and that the triple unity of

God; for there is in us not three, but a trinity of souls; because there is in us, if not three distinct souls, yet differing faculties, that can and do subsist apart in different subjects, and yet in us are thus united as to make but one soul and substance. *If one soul were so perfect as to inform three distinct bodies, that were a petty trinity.* Conceive the distinct number of three, not divided nor separated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its unity, and that is a perfect trinity. I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magic of numbers. *Beware of philosophy, is a precept not to be received in too large a sense: for, in this mass of nature, there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity; which, to wiser reasons, serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and, to judicious beliefs, as scales and runnels to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity.* The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabric."—ii. 15–17.

The ear is tickled by well-contrasted words, and the mind is amused by a phantasmagoria of sublime visions; but, is not the time approaching when efforts to explain the inexplicable will cease to be dignified by the title of wisdom, or even by the more modest appellation of philosophy?

It is, we believe, a feeling of this kind, and an understood, if not a formally pronounced verdict of public opinion, which has given to the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, the palm of popularity and the praise of usefulness beyond all the other works of Sir Thomas Browne. Nor do we see it necessary to suppose, with Messrs. Wilkin and Basil Montagu, that the work "is not to be ascribed to the mental activity of its author alone,"—and that "we are not to regard it solely as the result of his own native and irrepressible thirst for knowledge, and of that unrelenting spirit of investigation which led him to scrutinize every position before he admitted it." (ii. 161.) On the contrary, he felt with Sir Hamon L'Estrange that "naturalists readily follow one another, as wild geese fly;" other "learned discourses" professing a similar object, were yet unsatisfactory to his mind; and, therefore, he determined to investigate matters for himself, notwithstanding the consciousness that "a work of this nature is not to be performed upon one leg; and should smell of oyle, if duly and deservedly handled."—ii. 179.

Such a work was manifestly one of the *desiderata* of literature—

"And, therefore, we are often constrained to stand alone against the strength of opinion, and to meet the Goliath and giant of authority with contemptible pebbles and feeble arguments drawn from the scrip and slender stock of ourselves."

Lord Bacon's opinions as to the *use of doubts* could be of little service to him. He waged a bolder warfare: "For," he says,

"knowledge is made *by oblivion*; and, to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth, we must forget and part with much we know. We hope it will not be unconsidered, that we find no open track, or constant manuduction in this labyrinth, but are oftentimes fain to wander in the America and untravelled parts of truth."

It is no just reproach against Browne, and no disqualification for his task of sweeping away vulgar errors, that he was not himself wholly free from those of his own age, or the ages immediately preceding it;—that he was, as Mr. Wilkin states, "a stout adherent to the falling fortunes of the Ptolemaic astronomy;"—that he believed eels might be bred "on or in the back of a cod-fish;"—that he did not refuse to "send certificates for the evil for divers to be touched by His Majestic" (i. 259); that "he was persuaded of the reality of apparitions, and of diabolical illusions;" and affirms, "from his own knowledge, the certainty of witchcraft." (i. lxxxii.) As to the king's evil, it must be remembered that people *would* be touched;—also that the king was accompanied by sundry "chirurgeons and physitians;" and finally, that the church had provided a regular and very solemn ritual for the occasion, which was used, no doubt, when Queen Anne touched Samuel Johnson, and was only dropt from our Prayer Book when the first Hanoverian king dropt the practice—resigning it to the purer blood of the exiled Stuarts. But more—it is true, though scarcely credible, that there exist (in 1851) scuticals who believe in the *physical* benefit derived from the rite of Confirmation.\* And as to the witchcraft—the Appendix to Forby shows the recent existence of the belief. Nay, more than that; we ourselves have had *two washerwomen* who were suc-

cessively bewitching and bewitched. They are both in life, though happily parted from our residence, and from each other, by a running stream.

In the *Pseudodoxia* Browne revels with delight, abandoning himself sometimes to a reckless orgie of quips and cranks and learned whimsies, to be patterned only in Shakespeare, and yet maintaining throughout a method in his madness. It strikes the reader as being *the most sincere* of his productions. In the others, he is constantly thinking *what may be said* upon a subject (of which the hints for his son Edward's lectures and his common-place book are signal proof): here, he is only anxious to have said his say, and eased his mind.

With what gallantry does he vindicate the Hebrew race from the calumny of emitting "a kind of fulsome scent,—as Mr. Fulham experimented in Italye at a Jewish meeting, with the hazard of life, till he removed into the fresh air!"

"That Jews stink naturally, that is, that in their race and nation there is an evil savor, is a received opinion we know not how to admit, although we concede many points which are of affinity hereto. We will acknowledge that certain odors attend on animals, no less than certain colors; that pleasant smells are not confined unto vegetables, but found in divers animals, and some more richly than in plants; and, though the problem of Aristotle inquires why no animal smells sweet beside the pard, yet later discoveries add divers sorts of monkeys, the civet cat and gazela, from which our musk proceedeth. We confess that beside the smell of the species there may be individual odors, and every man may have a proper and peculiar savor, which, although not so perceptible unto man who hath this sense but weak, is yet sensible unto dogs, who hereby can single out their masters in the dark. We will not deny that particular men have sent forth a pleasant savor, as Theophrastus and Plutarch report of Alexander the Great, and Tzetzes and Cardan do testify of themselves. That some may also emit an unsavory odor we have no reason to deny; for this may happen from the quality of what they have taken, the factor whereof may discover itself by sweat, &c., as being unmasterable by the natural heat of man, not to be dulcified by concoction beyond an unsavory condition; the like may come to pass from putrid humors, as is often discoverable in malignant fevers—and sometimes also in gross and humid bodies, even in the latitude of sanity—the natural heat of the parts being insufficient for a perfect and thorough digestion, and the errors of one concoction not rectifiable by another. But that an unsavory odor is gentilicious or national unto Jews, if rightly understood, we cannot well concede, nor will the information of reason or sense induce it."—iii. 36.

\* We have conversed with an old woman in Norfolk who gets confirmed over and over again—as often as she can contrive it—it does her so much good!



Then follow store of good reasons, which are shrewdly clenched by this conclusion :—

“ And, lastly, were this true, yet our opinion is not impartial; *for unto converted Jews*, who are of the same seed, *no man imputeth this unsavory odor*; as though, aromatized by their conversion, they lost their scent with their religion, and smelt no longer than they savored of the Jew.”—iii. 41.

In another place the editor is scarcely less courageous than his author. Browne gives a chapter “Of the Pictures of Mermaids,” without informing us of his own private belief respecting them. But Mr. Wilkin, in a note, says :—

“ Unconvinced even by Sir Humphry Davy’s grave arguments to prove that such things cannot be, and undismayed by his special detection of the apes and salmon in poor Dr. Philip’s ‘undoubted original,’ I persist in expecting one day to have the pleasure of beholding—A MERMAID !”—iii. 143.

So far we have seen Sir Thomas before the public, on the stage. The correspondence and journals which Mr. Wilkin’s diligence has produced give us a glimpse behind the scenes; and an interesting peep it is into private life and country manners of old. The establishment of the “London season” by the facilities of travelling, has spoiled the “seasons” of our large provincial towns, or rather has prevented their having any true season at all. In Browne’s days, many of the leading county families had their town houses in Norwich, where they wintered and kept Christmas in aristocratic style. Several of these yet remain under humbler occupancy. In Edward Browne’s Journal, we find :—

“*January 1 [1663–4].—I was at Mr. Howard’s, who kept his Christmas at the Duke’s Palace, so magnificently as the like hath scarce been seen. They had dancing every night, and gave entertainments to all that would come; hee built up a roome with the bravest hangings I ever saw; his candlesticks, snuffers, tongues, fire-shovels, and irons were silver; a banquet was given every night after dancing; and three coaches were employed to fetch ladies every afternoon, the greatest of which would holde fourteen persons, and cost five hundred pound, without the harnasse, which cost six score more.*

“*January 4.—I went to Mr. Howard’s dancing at night; our greatest beautys were Mdm. Elizabeth Cradock, Eliz. Houghton, Ms. Philpot, Ms. Yallop; afterwards to the banquet, and so home. Sic transit gloria mundi !*”

*Transit, indeed !* A glance through Kirkpatrick’s pages brings strongly to mind the transitory nature not only of individuals, but

of families. Not persons merely, but their very names, appear and are gone, like the summer wavelets on the sandy beach. Those which do remain, retaining anything of their ancient position, are rarest among the rare. The same result is derived from the inspection of other local lists :—

“ Even this fragment (of the Index of Harl. MS. Cod. 1109) is not without its value. It shows how many Norfolk families, once entitled to bear arms, are now *totally extinct*; for where are we to look for the Bolks, Burgullions, Batwellins, Bashpooles, Buttrys, Catts, &c.? That *man shall not abide in honor* is further manifest from the fact, that many of these names are now only to be met with in the cottage or the union-house.”—Hart, iii. 41.

The correspondence shows that, with all his learned whims, Sir Thomas was not forgetful of the main chance. Good patients are carefully recommended; and a shrewd hint at the same time conveyed to his son, Dr. Edward, the practitioner “in Salisbury Court, next the Golden Balls,” and also a lecturer on his art in London :—

“*DEAR SONNE,—My worthy friend Mr. Deane Astley going to London, hee civilly asking mee whether I would send unto you, I would not omit to send this letter. Hee hath had a lingering anguish distemper, which hath made him weake. There was some exceptions last time by his lady, that when shee had visited your wife the visit was not returned.*”

“ One Mrs. Towe, Madame Repps’ daughter, of Maltshall, who liveth in London, will come unto you. Shee is a very good woeman, and complains of her eyes, and some breaking out of her face. Lett her knowe that I writ unto you when shee commeth. I think shee liveth in Guildhall Street. If one Mr. Jones, of the Middle Temple, a young man splenicall and hypochondr. cometh unto you, lett him knowe that I mentioned him unto you.”

“ Mr. Payne, lately an alderman of Norwich, who lives in St. Gyles, his daughter, Mrs. Dough-tie, will go to London the next weeke and consult you about the waters and some other infirmities. Shee is a good woeman, and hath a sober, honest gentleman of this countrie to her husband, of whom I will write further in my next, God willing.”

The son was equally anxious to secure the fees thus in prospect. “I have not yet heard of the gentleman or gentlewoman you wrote me word of.” (i. 227.) He appears, long after his establishment in London, to have received pecuniary aid from his father, as well as good patients and hints for their management. The senior says :—

“ I beleeve my lady O. Bryan is by this time in



better health and safetie; though hypochond and splenetick persons are not long from complayning, yet they may bee good patients, and may bee borne withal, especially if they bee good natured. A bill is inclosed; *espargnez nous autant que vous pourres, car je suis âgé, et aye beaucoup d'anxiété et peine de sustenir ma famille.*"—i. 269.

The italics are his own. Later still he writes :—

"God send you wisdom and providence, to make a prudent use of the moneys you have from me, beside what you gett otherwise. Least repentence come to late upon you, consider that accidental charges may bee alwayes coming upon you, and the folly of depending or hoping to much upon time-turnes yet to come."—i. 297.

Still he was no niggard, either practically or theoretically. The liberal style in which he brought up his family speaks for the one; his opinion may be gathered from the following confidence to his son :—

"I am sorry to find that the King of England (Charles II.) is fayne to reduce his howsehold expences to twelve thousand pounds p. annum, especially hee having a farre greater revenue than any of his predecessors. God keepe all honest men from penury and want; men can bee honest no longer than they can give every one his due : *in fundo parsimonia* seldome recovers or restores a man. This rule is to bee earned by all, *utere divitiis tanquam moriturus, et idem tanquam victurus parco divitiis.* So maye bee avoyded sordid avarice and improvident prodigality; so shall not a man deprive himself of God's blessings, nor throwe away God's mercies; so may hee be able to do good, and not suffer the worst of evils."—i. 307.

One more proof of his sagacity in public matters must be given. He was not unlikely to foresee what attempts would be made in the reign of James II., nor willing that his grandchild should be entrapped by the insidious aggressors of those days, so he puts these two sentences together in a letter to Edward : "The players are at the Red Lyon, hard by; and Tom goes sometimes to see a playe. *Ut filia tua educetur in religione Anglicana etiam atq. etiam cura.*"—i. 298.

Browne is continually sending to his son odd curiosities and choice scraps, to stick into his lectures in London. Thus, in "the discourse de aure," may be mentioned how a horse-leech got into the ear of a person of Naples, and how "Severinus found out a good remedie for it."\* When the *ungues*

are to be treated of, in another lecture, care is taken to have it stated that Hippocrates was so curious as to prescribe "the rule in cutting the nayle, that it be not longer or shorter than the topp of the finger. That barbers of old used to cutt men's nayles is to be gathered from Marshal : lib. iii. ep. 74."

The savans of the College of Surgeons will appreciate the ambition of Browne and his son to be the first to describe the zoological arrivals of the day :—

"A greater part of our newes is of the King of Fez and Morocco's ambassadour, with his presents of Lyons and ostridges. [This diplomatic African, as we learn from Evelyn, was the fashionable dark-skinned lion of the day.] There being so many ostridges brought over, 'tis likely some of them will be brought about to shewe, hither, as soone as to other parts out of London. If any of them dye, I beleieve it will bee dissected; they have odde feet and strong thighs and legges. Perhaps the king will put 3 or 4 into St. James' Park, and give away the rest to some nobleman."—i. 325.

One of these unhappy bipeds passes into the possession of Dr. Edward, and then father and son go to work with their experiments, about as considerably as old Hopkins the witch-finder would treat the first aged dame that he happened to accost :—

Feb. 3 [1681-2].

"DEAR SONNE,—I beleieve you must bee carefull of your ostridge, this returne of cold wether, least it perish by it being bredd in so hot a countrey, and perhaps not scene snowe before, or very seldome, so that I beleieve it must be kept under covert, and have strawe to sitt upon, and water sett by it to take of, both day and night. Must have it observed how it sleepeth, and whether not with the head under the wing, especially in cold weather; whether it bee a watchfull and quick-hearing bird, like a goose in many circumstances. It seems to eat any thing that a goose will feed on, and to love the same green hearbs, lettuce, endive, sorrell, &c. You will bee much at a losse for hearbes this winter, but you may have cheape and easie supply by cabbages, which I forgott to mention in my last, and graine, all kinds of graine and brinne, or furre, alone or mixed with water or other liquor. To geese they give oates, &c., moistened with beere, butt sometimes they are inebriated with it. *If you give any iron, it may be wrapped up in doue or past; perhaps it will not take it up alone.* You may trie whether it will eat a worme, or a very small eel; whether it will drinke milk; and observe in what manner it drincks water. Aldrov. and Johnstonus write, that a goose will not eat bay leaves, and that they

house at Wymondham in Norfolk is carved the motto,

"Nec mihi glis adit aervus, nec hospes hirudo."

\* Leeches are not desirable inmates either of one's person, or one's parlor. On the front of an old

are bad for it. You may laye a bay leafe by the oestrige, and observe whether it will take it up. . . . If it delights not in salt things, you may try it with an olive."—i. 336.

That is, what it hates, give it. After a short course of allopathic treatment by the two physicians, one is not surprised to read—

"MOST HONORED FATHER,—I received a letter from you this day, wherein were two heads of oestriges. The bill of ours seems to be more flat than of either of those sent in the letter, and the round eare is not exprest in the figures. Ours died of a soden, and so hindred the drawing or delineating of the head and other parts, or making further experiments. We gave it a peece of iron which weighed two ounces and a half, which we found in the first stomach again not at all altered."

Mr. Wilkin seems to think that Dr. Edward had encroached too much on his father's permission to travel. The correspondence does not impress us with that view. The knight was desirous that his children should derive every advantage from a foreign tour. He advises economy, but is far from stingy, and insists only on industrious observation. To Thomas he writes,—“God bless thee! You may learn handsom songs and aires not by book but by the ear, as you shaM hear them sung. . . . I see you are mindful of us, and not idle.”—i. 16. He only grudges what he deems to be a useless expenditure: “Beleeve it,” he writes to Edward, “no excursion into Pol., Hung., or Turkey, addes advantage or reputation unto a scholar” (i. 166), and directs him accordingly. Thomas he orders to be “as good a husband as possible, and enter not upon any cours of superfluous expense. . . . Remember the camell’s back, and be not troubled for anything that other ways would trouble your patience here; be courteous and civil to all; put on a decent boldness, and avoid *pudor rusticus*, not much known in France.”—i. 3.

A curious contrast of locomotion in 1662 with that of 1851 is afforded by Edward Browne’s travels into the “strange, mountainous, misty, moorish, rocky, wild country of Darbishier.” What we now quietly and comfortably do in an easy day by ordinary trains, took his “triumvirat” a hard-working week to traverse. The first day they accomplished much, for they “baited at Licham and layed at the King’s Head in Linne. The next day morning, after the towne musick had saluted” them, they saw, ate, and drank all sorts of things. The journal is delight-

ful from the high glee with which it is written. No adventure comes much amiss. The great affair of that day, however, was the passage of the Wash:—

“Taking a guide, it being somewhat late, wee desired to bee conducted in the nighest way to Boston. Hee told us there were two waies to passe, either over two short cuts, or else quite over the long Wash, which latter wee chose, partly because it was the nighest, but chiefly for the novelty to us of this manner of travailing at the bottome of the sea; for this passage is not lesse convenient at a flood for navigation than at an ebbe, for riding on horseback out of Norfolk into Lincolnshire. . . . Our convoy made such haste with his fliing horse, that hee landed us on the banks in Lincolnshire in less than two hours, quite crosse this equitable sea, or navigable land—[true clip of the old block!].—fourteen miles in length.”—i. 23.

Edward, too, notes the dialect of “Nottinghamshire.” “Very few let us passe without a good e’en, and were very ready to instruct us on our way. One told us our way lig’d by your nooke of oakes, and another that wee mun goe strit forth, which maner of speeches not only directed us, but much pleas’d us with the novelty of its dialect.” On they go, undismayed, “up mountaine, downe dale,” shaken on the backs of their “poore jades,” not quite so luxurious as Darwin’s “rapid car.” One of their companions was a sort of ancient Mr. Briggs, for “a friendly bough, that had sprouted out beyond his fellows over the rode, gave our file leader such a brush of the jacket as it swept him off his horse.” Another Briggs, No. 2, was a “most excellent conductour; who yet, for all his hast, fell over his horse’s head as he was plunging into some dirty hole, but by good luck smit his face into a soft place of mud, where I suppose he had a mouth full both of dirt and rotten stick, for he seemed to us to spit crow’s nest a good while after. If his jaws had met with a piece of the rock, I doubt hee would have spit his teeth as fast.” Briggs the first, trusting to fine September weather, “came no better armd against it than with an open’d sleev’d doublet, whose misfortune, though wee could doe no otherwise then much pity, as being the greatest of us all, yet it made us some sport to see what pretty water-workes the rain had made about him; the spouting of his doublet sleeves did so resemble him to a whale that wee—that could think ourself no other than fishes at that time, swimming through the ocean of water that fell—dare never come nigh him.” We

dare not follow the party much further among the "mountaineers" and the "natives;" for as they approach "the castle, situated upon the left buttock of the peak-hill," and prepare to see "this place so much talk'd of, called (save your presence) By, in my judgement, no unfit appellation, considering its figure, whose picture I wish were here inserted;" in short, as they enter the *pene-tralia*, the terms employed become so minutely anatomical, that we must proceed, quicker than they did, to Buxton—where they found the waters "very hot, and judged not inferior to those of Somersetshire." We would allow no comparison, judging by the hexameter they inspired:—

"Buxtoniis thermis vix præfero Bathonianas."

And so on, and so on, till they had had enough of it. In returning, "wee went, in a very blinde rode, very hard to find, to Leister." They "intended to have viewed Ely nearer hand, but, being almost tir'd and discouraged by reason of the bad way, wee tooke over to Wisbich, riding ten mile upon a streight banke of earthe, and four mile more by the side of a made river." At last, when dying for diaculum, "that famous city of Norwich presents itselfe to our view—Let any stranger find mee out so pleasant a county, such good way, large heath, three such places as Norwich, Yar., and Lin. in any county of England, and I'll bee once again a vagabond to visit them."

There are two minor characters brought out by the domestic correspondence, with whom we confess to be mightily taken: good Dame Dorothy Browne and her grandson, "little Tomey," *alias* "Tomy," "Tomay," "Tome," "Tommy," finally, "Tom." The lady is as lovable as ever was anybody's mother; and her spelling is "ever charming, ever new." Of a good family, as has been already recorded, she was of "such symmetrical proportion to her husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism." And although Browne had expressed a wish to become a parent rather in horticultural than in human style, she brought him twelve children, doubtless in the usual way. In these her thoughts were mainly centred. When a child is absent, ever ready that they may see her writing, she slips a postscript into her husband's letter, and contrives to insert therein some bit of good advice or pleasant news. To her son Thomas she writes:—"Be sure to put your

trust in God, and be civill to all that you have to doe withall, and find out all that you can in that place; for in the sommer I beleeve your father will have you goe to some other place." (i. 2.) "All the servants present their loves to you, and are mighty joyd to hear of you, and will observe your commands." (i. 5.) Little maternal kindnesses are uppermost in her mind. "I will send your weg (wig) by the choch (coach), and the buf cotte, if I can get it." (i. 117.) She wishes to keep up appearances, but at the same time insists on frugality. "If you want more money, Mr. Scoltowe will latt you have it; butt bee suer to spand as little as you can. *Latt me here from you.*" (i. 117.) "Bee as good a husband as you can possable, for you know what great charges wee are at." (i. 119.) A request to her daughter-in-law, in London, is, "I would desire you to by mee a painted fan; it is for a present: a bought (about) twenty shilens; *give rayther under.*" (i. 232.) The reader is already on terms of intimate acquaintanceship with Lady Browne.

As to Master Tom, we are inclined to follow him from the beginning to the end of his story. He was the eldest child of Sir Thomas's eldest son Edward, born in London, 1672-3. Mr. Wilkin does not mention this Little Pickle in his "Memoir," which is supplementary to the "Life" by Dr. Johnson; but we learn (p. cix.) that in the January subsequent to his death in 1710, by which the male line became extinct, the libraries of his father and grandfather were sold by auction, at the Black Boy Coffee-house in Ave-Mary-Lane.

On October 17, 1676, Tommy, still in London, "is so well as to goe to schoole to-day;" but in April, 1677, we find him safely domiciled in Norwich:—

"Little Tom is lively, God be thancked. He lyeth with Betty [his aunt, afterwards Mrs. Lytle-ton]: shee takes great care of him, and getts him to bed in due time, for hee riseth early. Shee or Franck [Frances, Browne's youngest daughter] is fayne sometimes to *play him asleep with a fiddle.* When wee send away our letters, hee scribbles a paper, and will have it sent to his sister, and sayth shee doth not know how many fine things there are in Norwich."—i. 219.

Grandmamma's visitors soon discover the way to ingratiate themselves:—

"Tomey this day has behaved himselfe so well to on Captain Le Gros, which is now com out of Flanders, as hee has presented him with a pretty

picktur in a silver box. . . *Wee thincke him a very sivell parson.*"—i. 223.

In May, 1678—

"Tom is much delighted to thinck of the guild; the maior, Mr. Davey, of Alderhollands [All-Saints] intending to live in Surrey House, in St. Stephen's, at that time; and there to make his entertaines; so that he (Tom) contrives what pictures to lend, and what other things to pleasure some of that parish, and his schoolmaster, who lives in that parish."—i. 223.

Now, to justify Tommy's delightful anticipations, the reader ought to know something of the humors of Norwich guild at that date. The Guild-day was the mayor's day; the Guild-street was the street in which the mayor lived. Since 1835, when the old corporations were swept off, the antique pageantry, which it has been Mr. Ewing's task to record in the Notices and Illustrations, has entirely passed away; but in the days of our childhood it yet retained a most respectable appearance. The manner in which the Guild-street was then decorated, depended much on the quarter in which the mayor resided. If his tent were pitched in the "genteel" part of the city, the garniture was more commonplace, consisting of green boughs, triumphal arches, with a battlement of musicians, flags drooping from ropes stretched from roof to roof, &c., &c. But if he abode in the lower wards, amidst weavers, dyers, bombazine-dressers, and the like, then, in addition to the above, the old traditional ornaments were displayed. The irons by which tapestry was suspended are still now and then to be seen; and carpets and rugs were made to serve the turn of tapestry. Pictures, and even gaudy tea-trays, were hung *outside* the house; sometimes the plate, the family spoons, and punch-ladle glittered among the wreaths of green rushes and "sweet seg," which were supplied in great variety. Effigies of the model couple, old Darby and Joan, emblems of domestic happiness, sat pipe in mouth with the tankard of "fyne ypocras," "claret wyne," or perhaps only "dobyll bere," before them. Their stature was of various proportion; colossal here, next door pigmy. Bowers of all shapes, contrived of leaves and flowers, and screening commodious benches, lined the way-side. Through this diversely-colored avenue passed the mayor's procession to go to the "grate chutch" (*anglicè*, cathedral); after which the body corporate had to endure the infliction of a long Latin "orracon" from

one of the boys of the "free skule." This induced an appetite for luncheon at the Guildhall in the Market Place, and heightened by contrast the pleasures of the day, which concluded with a feast (such a feast!) in St. Andrew's Hall, and a ball at the Assembly Rooms. But "Tomey" was too young to go to the dinner, though his grandfather, we may be sure, occupied an honorable seat; and there were no Assembly Rooms in 1678. Tom would be awed by the superb costumes of the mayor, the aldermen, and the sword-bearer; he might tremble—or not—at the grave dignity of the common councilmen; but he would enjoy an exciting mixture of terror and delight at the onslaughts of the "Whifflers" and the threatening advances of "Snap."

The Whifflers were a set of men, clad in a quaint dress, of similar style to that of the Pope's Swiss guards, whose office it was to clear the crowd from before the carriage of "the Mar." This was effected by means of blunt swords, with which, in stern silence and a fierce countenance, they made apparently the most desperate cuts at the populace. Whiffling is, or was, as much a matter of practice and skill as fencing. The whiffler who *hit* his mark would lose his reputation as completely as the archer who missed it. But we suppose this will soon be catalogued amongst the lost arts. It used to be hereditarily handed down, and taught by the father to the son. A Whiffler still survives under the metamorphosis of a night-watch; whether his hand has altogether lost its cunning we cannot say.

"Snap" was the undoubted though degenerate descendant of the Dragon, that insulted the Lady, that was righted by St. George, that was patron of the principal Guild. In early days, Mr. Ewing informs us, the knight himself,

"clad in complete and glittering armor, well mounted, and attended by his henchman, was ordered by his worship the mayor 'to maintain his estate for two days, and hold conflict with the dragon;' which, after much turmoil, amidst the braying of trumpets, the antics of the whifflers, and shouts of the populace, was conquered and led captive by the Lady Margaret. She, too, mounted on her palfrey, richly caparisoned and led by her henchman, was welcomed from the windows and balconies by the waving of kerchiefs, the fluttering of flags and ancients, the ringing of church bells, the firing of cannon, and the music of the city waits and other minstrels."—*Notices*, &c., p. i.

The extracts from Mackarell's MS. History

of Norwich tells us that "the last Dragon was made but a few years ago, and was so contrived as to spread and clap his wings, distend or contract its head: it was made of basket-work, and painted cloth over it." *Idem*, p. 21. In such guise did it make its annual appearance previous to the corporation revolutions of 1835. In our days Snap had acquired the additional right of levying black-mail on the bystanders, and had learned the clever trick of swallowing half-pence in any quantity. Whether the *utter* suppression of these amusing gauds was quite discreet and in accordance with popular taste, may be surmised from the success attending the late allegorical processions on Lord Mayor's day in London. We suppose the Archbishop of Westminster will do his best to supply the deficiency in the provinces in *his* way. On which side our "Tomay" would have voted, is not difficult to guess—Tomay "much a man" in his new "cott" and "brichis," which he "meanes to war carfully," but nevertheless venturing within reach of Snap and the Whiffiers. Her Majesty's late fancy ball ought to have been enriched by a Sir Thomas and Lady Browne, attended by their hopeful Tom.

Tom's sequel was to become an M.D. and an F.R.S., to get married, but to leave no children. Le Neve's pedigree records him as "an ingenious gent.—but who afterwards gave himself up to drinking so much that he died, A.D. 1710, by a fall off his horse, going from Gravesend to his house in Southfleet in Kent, being drunk and up all night." But as Le Neve commits the error of stating that Sir Thomas was buried in *Norwich Cathedral* and at a wrong date, we may fairly give Tommy's memory the benefit of a doubt as to the truth of the aforesaid story. At any rate, with him the male line ended. Not so either the blood, the whim, or the talent. Sir Thomas's daughter Anne had a daughter Frances, whose eldest son Henry, 10th Earl of Buchan, was the father of the late Earl, David, of picturesque memory; also of Henry Erskine, the elegant and witty Lord Advocate of Scotland under *all the talents*, and of the inimitable Thomas, Lord Chancellor of England. Other branches of this goodly tree are still flourishing, and may yet put forth both flowers and fruit. The Brownean blood cannot be all turned to water.

The latest particulars which the biographer of Sir Thomas is enabled to give are very remarkable. On the occasion of making a vault in the chancel of St. Peter's to receive the remains of a clergyman's wife, the

workmen broke open with a pick-axe the coffin of

"one whose residence within its walls conferred honor on Norwich in olden times. The bones of the skeleton were found to be in good preservation, particularly those of the skull; the *forehead* was remarkably low and depressed, the head unusually long, the back part exhibiting an uncommon appearance of depth and capaciousness; the brain was considerable in quantity, quite brown and unctuous; the hair profuse and perfect, of a fine auburn, similar to that in the portrait presented to the parish by Dr. Howman, and which is carefully preserved in the vestry of St Peter's Man-croft."

Another account adds:—

"The hair of the beard remained profuse and perfect, though the flesh of the face, as well as every other part, was totally gone."

The parishioners may carefully preserve the picture, but they were careless to preserve the original; for the head was removed. It passed into the possession of the late Dr. Edward Lubbock, and was by him eventually presented (!) to the Museum of the Norwich Hospital, where it remains for the inspection of the curious, and subject to the reverent remarks of medical students who dabble in phrenology. A few casts of the skull were taken, one of which we have seen. As in the case of Byron, so this example by no means tends to further Mr. George Combe's mission. In it, the bumps of Causality, Ideality, Comparison, the Perceptive faculties, and even Benevolence and Veneration, are sadly deficient. Browne ought not to have been—he had no business to be—an acute observer, a fanciful speculator, a brilliant essayist, an amiable physician, a considerate, thoughtful *paterfamilias*. He ought to have been a glutton, a sensualist, rascible and selfish, and, if not quite an idiot, a very every-day sort of a body. He most clearly had no right to enter in his commonplace book any such sentences as these, being by his organization incapable of feeling them:—

"To pray and magnify God in the night, and my dark bed, when I could not sleep: to know no street or passage in this city which may not witness that I have not forgot God and my Saviour in it. Since the necessities of the sick, and unavoidable diversions of my profession, keep me often from church, yet to take all possible care that I might never miss sacraments upon their accustomed days. Upon sight of beautiful persons, to bless God in his creatures, to pray for the beauty of their souls, and to enrich them with



inward graces to be answerable unto the outward. Upon sight of deformed persons, to send them inward graces, and enrich their souls, *and give them the beauty of the resurrection.*"—iv. 420-1.

After this, what shall we think of phrenological tests? Who, now, will fix upon a wife, a friend, or a confidential servant, by the application of callipers to their *crania*?

But there may have been a mistake; the wrong coffin may have been opened. No; for

"The coffin-plate, *which was also broken*, was of brass, in the form of a shield, and it bore the following quaint inscription:—

*Amplissimus Vir*

*Dns Thomas Browne Miles Medecinae  
Dr Annos Natus 77 Denatus 19 Die  
Mensis Octobris Anno Dni 1682 hoc*

*Loculo indormiens Corporis spagy-  
rici Pulvere Plumbum in Aurum  
convertit."*

All this happened in August, 1840. We ask not who was the churchwarden—but what were the reverend superiors about? Did *they* authorize Dr. Lubbock to *present* the skull to the hospital? Were the noble Buchans left in ignorance as to the rude discovery and still worse after-treatment of their famous ancestor's relics?

To conclude with a more pleasant topic:—we beg once more to thank Mr. Wilkin for this excellent edition—the labor of many zealous years. It is probable that Sir T. Browne's works will be even more interesting to future generations of Englishmen, than to the present; and if so, they will be duly grateful to this gentleman for his diligent and able illustration of the old "light of Norwich."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## HORACE WALPOLE AND THOMAS GRAY.

### AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.

[Paris, A. D. 1739.]

*Gray.* And what sort of evening had you, pray, at Milor Conway's?

*Walpole.* Mighty dull it would have been called in London; but considering the fate of us poor exiles in a strange land, it passed off well enough. We shook each other by the hand more warmly than we should have done in Whitehall or Leicester Square, and felt comfortable at the flesh-and-blood evidence of every John Bull face that there is such a country as England after all.

*G.* Which one is really in danger of forgetting—one hears so little about it from the quality in Paris.

*W.* Paris mentions England now and then in a proverb—as she alludes to Paradise (of which she knows just as little) or Babylon the Great—

*G.* Which she is more familiar with, unless Scripture misleads and my eyesight deceives me.

*W.* You should have been with us last night at his lordship's, for we railed against French things and personages pretty scandalously, I promise you, much as we enjoy ourselves in the naughty heart of them. My Lord George Bentinck and I had a prodigious dispute about the merits of Versailles, which he lauded and I unsparingly abused.

*G.* For my part, I spent an absolutely uninterrupted evening in letter-writing—

*W.* To Dick West, I hope, child?

*G.* Yes; and about Versailles too.

*W.* I am infinitely obliged to you for forestalling me. I should only have made

mouths at its palatial magnificence, whereas you were too well pleased with it to do that.

G. You are mistaken: I thought but poorly of the place, and told Dick what I thought. For instance, I am barbarian enough to call the Grand Front a huge heap of littleness, and to declare of the whole building that a more disagreeable *tout-ensemble* you can nowhere see for love or money; though I admire the back front, with the terrace and marble basins and bronze statues. As for the general taste of the place, everything, I tell him, is forced and constrained; and even now you might be shocked to see how I ridicule the gardens, with their sugar-loaves and minced-pies of yew, their scrawl-work of box, their stiff tiresome walks, and their little squirting *jets d'eau*.

W. Mind you keep your treasonable epistle under lock and key, or we may both have an *exempt* laying his paw on our shoulders, and whispering *De part le roi* in our ears, and slipping a *lettre de cachet* into our hands. Little as I love Versailles, it is the genteel place in the world compared with the Bastille.

G. If the *mouchards* are not on the lookout for me, I am for them, and horribly suspicious it makes me.

W. I'm sure one sat by me at the theatre last Wednesday; a mighty mean, dirty-looking creature, who *would* press his snuff-box on me, and talk about *les Anglais*. He pretended not to suppose me a foreigner; but though I said nothing about that, I was rude and abrupt enough to prove myself English to the backbone.

G. I noticed the ugly rascal. He invited me in an off-hand style to join him in a game at faro or hazard. Probably he keeps a gaming-house himself.

W. Oh, there's nothing dishonorable in doing that, you know, here in Paris. More than a hundred of the highest people in the place do it; and the houses are open all night long for any adventurer who likes to go in.

G. I fancy our absence from the gaming-tables is one reason why we get on so slowly with the natives. They have no sympathy with abstinence of that kind. We must be perfect Huguenots to them.

W. Had you much communication with *mon cher ami* of the snuff-box? I hope, if he is a *mouchard*, you are not compromised?

G. I was as reserved and circumspect as a Cambridge freshman. No, I'm quite safe. If I had committed myself, I should have *been* committed before now.

W. You're a wise child; yet *nemo mortaliū omnibus horis sapit*, especially while sitting out a tedious French ballet, and tempted to talk by a piquant old Parisian. What horrible ideas they have of music here!

G. Nothing can equal its wretchedness except the profound respect with which they listen to it. Did you ever hear such screaming?

W. No; except in our own laughter, when the thing was over: I really believe we squalled louder and longer than the singers, and infinitely more in tune. I'd as soon live on *maigre* as frequent their operas. The music is as like gooseberry tart as it is like harmony.

G. More so, if the gooseberries be sour, and set your teeth on edge. I shan't venture on another bite, but confine myself to Corneille and Molière. What a shame it is the houses are so thin on Molière nights!

W. That's because they've had nothing but Molière for such a prodigious time. I don't suppose Addison himself would continue to be worshipped in London every night of the year, and for twenty years running. But Molière has a foremost page in your good books.

G. I owe him a great deal, if only for whiling away dull hours at Cambridge, where he helped me to forget those execrable mathematics which are the alpha and omega of the university articles of faith. Cambridge will never produce a Molière, nor will England either.

W. Don't be ungrateful, child, for national mercies. Cambridge has given us Newton; and if France has her Molière, have we not Dryden and Vanbrugh, and Wycherly and Steele, and a world of others?

G. Perhaps we shall have Walpole on the list of English classics before we have done.

W. Who can tell? Stranger things have happened. Not only Balaam, but Balaam's ass, we find among the prophets. Then why not Sir Robert's son among the poets?

G. Or Thomas Gray himself, riding triumphantly on your argument of an ass. I dare say we have both had our day-dreams of glory at Eton and Cambridge.

W. And are not too old or too sage to have them still. After becoming travelled gentlemen, and initiated in all the mysteries of the Grand Tour, we must let the world see what is in us, and appeal to posterity—that imposing fiction which shall one day be fact!

G. If the world knows no more of us a century hence than it does to-day, posterity

will owe us as little as we owe it. Ah, if one could only rise from the grave in 1839, and search the booksellers' shops to see whether anything of Walpole or Gray be still on sale! To poor aspiring authors, posterity is what eternity is to Addison's *Cato*—a "pleasing, dreadful thought!" I wonder what our great-grandchildren will think of Pope and Arbuthnot, of Brooke's tragedies and Coventry's dialogues. Unless they're greater fools than I suppose they'll be—one may speak disrespectfully of one's juniors, who are not even going to be born for so considerable a time to come—they will cancel many a literary verdict of our day; raising the beggar from the dunghill, where we leave him, to be a companion of princes, and lowering some of our great Apollos to silent contempt.

W. Why, plenty of authors have come to this pass in our own experience, whom Pope's "Dunciad" has at once stripped of immortality and immortalized. Every generation produces plenty more—people who make a noise and pother for a few brief moons, and then either die a violent death, like Mr. Pope's victims, by a sort of justifiable homicide, or else perish from natural causes, the *most* natural in the world.

G. There's rather a dearth at present in our home-literature. Poetry seems to have sunk with the Jacobites——

W. Heaven forbid they should rise again together!

G. Spoken like thy father's son. The best thing I have seen lately is a satire called "London," said to be by a young fellow named Johnson, who writes for the magazines. It was published last year, and ought to be better known than it is, being very terse and energetic; every line in it is well-loaded, and goes off with a sharp report that you *must* listen to.

W. The satire's a sort of translation from Juvenal—isn't it? I've had it in my hands without reading it.

G. Mr. Johnson is no mere translator, I promise you. His poem is rather a transfusion of Juvenalian *vis vitæ* into modern veins; such a satire as the old Roman himself would have written had he been a subject of his most sacred majesty the second George.

W. Why, child, you've discovered another star in the heavens.

G. A fixed one, depend on't; and one that you may see with the naked eye without telescope or glasses.

W. Your vision is perhaps too keen. Some eyes, you know, see in the dark; but we're not all gifted after that feline fashion; and meanwhile, Mr. —a—a—a—Johnson—is it?—must try and wait. If he be no falling star he need not be in a hurry, but can go on shining till we have time to look at him.

G. His light won't go out yet, never fear. As for seeing stars in the dark, I don't suppose that faculty is peculiar to me. When else should we notice them? *This* one will probably be gazetted in the astronomical tables of Parnassus a hundred years hence.

W. In that case the year 1839 ought to have a record of Mr. Gray's prediction as well as Mr. Johnson's sign in the zodiac. How would "London" go down here at Paris? Is it smart enough to take with the readers of Messieurs Boileau and Voltaire? Mr. Pope is already a prodigious favorite here, and the French are capital judges of satire.

G. Mr. Johnson is *too* smart for them—that is, against them: he rails quite angrily against the "supple Gaul," declaring that—

"Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,  
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.  
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape—  
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or"——

W. Child, child! *c'est effroyable!* Remember the Bastile. Surely you believe in *exempts*? And if stone walls have ears, mercy on us! what must *they* have?

POWERFUL EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.—When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—An old woman of the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her

several bottles of water, which had such an effect, that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform my reader, that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*



From Fraser's Magazine.

## EDMUND BURKE.

SOME years have now elapsed since our readers were gratified by the publication of the *Correspondence of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke, between the years 1744 and the period of his decease in 1797*. The letters have now taken their place among the literary treasures that we owe to the distinguished man by whom they were written; and they form an excellent supplement to his great works. They were edited without the least affectation by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir Richard Bourke, and the public were told, for the first time, the reason why the manuscripts which Burke was known to have left had not sooner been given to the world.

Executors, like other men, must pay the tribute of mortality. Dr. Lawrence and the Bishop of Rochester both died before they had finished their labor of love. The manuscripts were then taken into the care of the late Earl Fitzwilliam; but he, too, died; and it was not until Burke had been sleeping peacefully for almost fifty years in the church of Beaconsfield, that his letters saw the light.

It is needless to say that they confirmed the impression of his character that all judicious readers of his works must have entertained. They had, however, scarcely been well read and considered before the world was astonished by another French revolution. From France this democratic spirit spread with the rapidity of electricity over all Europe, and no country was free from its effects. It turned the minds of all thinkers back upon the history of the last seventy years, and kindled a fresh interest in the writings of Edmund Burke. To some people it might seem that the value of his speculations had diminished, while to others it might appear that his wisdom was more and more proved. It cannot, therefore, be deemed unnecessary, or of little consequence, if after the lapse of many years, we endeavor to give an impartial consideration to the writings of this great man.

Edmund Burke was born in a house on

Arran Quay, in the metropolis of Ireland; but his health being very delicate, and a tendency to consumption having shown itself, he was after some years removed to his grandfather's residence at Castle Town Roche. As of nearly all young geniuses, tales have been related about his love of learning, and his superiority to the children among whom he was placed. His brother Richard always declared that Edmund had monopolized all the talent of the family; and that while the other children were always playing, he was always reading. The boy was father of the man; seldom, indeed, it was when the statesman was not busy. How long he remained at Castle Town is not very well known, but it seems probable that five years was the period. He then returned to Dublin, and shortly afterwards was sent to Ballitore. Here his acquaintance with the Shackletons commenced. Nothing is more honorable to Burke than the manner in which he preserved, during all the brilliant scenes of his life, the sacred remembrance of his school-days and of his boyish friendships.

When the whole world was ringing with the fame of the great orator, his heart still yearned towards the places and the companions of his early days. Proud and unbending to some of the great political leaders of his time, he never was otherwise than kind, frank, and unassuming to the humble Richard Shackleton, the old steward, and his poor relations.

After spending some years at Ballitore, he entered Trinity College, at the age of fifteen. Of his college life not much is known, although some of his admirers will have it that his academical career was highly distinguished. He certainly was elected a scholar in 1746; but it does not appear that he was considered anything more than an ordinary, clever young man, steady in disposition, and ardent in the pursuit of knowledge.

He was of course a dabbler in poetry; and his biographer, Mr. Prior, as usual with biographers, thinks that his verses have great

merit. His translation of the conclusion of the second "Georgic" is much better done than most of our college prize translations; but it is ridiculous to consider his poetical effusions as anything more than good academical verses. Every year such rhymes are abundantly poured out; and every year, after being read by admiring friends and relations, they are forgotten, or are only brought out on family anniversaries from the treasures of kind aunts or of exulting grand-mamas.

He seems to have acquired a good stock of miscellaneous knowledge; but he did not differ much from his fellow-students. We are told of his great love for English authors, and it is not our intention to question the sincerity of his love. It is certain, however, that his learning was too much the learning of colleges; that for a thinker so great and original he showed not much discrimination. This even was characteristic of his later years. Burke often quoted Shakspeare, and often praised him; but he never showed much reverence for the greatest of all dramatists. His favorite author was Milton, whom he placed at the head of English literature. With him, however, he classed an author of very inferior merit. He loved Young so much, that he is said to have been able to repeat nearly all the *Night Thoughts* by heart. Nay, he went even further than this in his admiration. On a fly-leaf of the volume which he used to carry about with him, he wrote:—

"Jove claimed the verse old Homer sung,  
But God himself inspired Young."

On the 23d of April, 1747, his name was entered at the Middle Temple; and in 1750 he left Ireland, with the ostensible purpose of keeping his law terms in London.

A very interesting letter to one of his young friends is in existence, and from it we learn his first impressions of England.

The young adventurer soon found, however, that learning and genius were little patronized, and that he must work his own way. In rather bombastic language we find him declaring, that the fine arts still flourished; that poetry raised her enchanting voice to heaven; that history arrested the wings of Time; that philosophy, the queen of arts and daughter of heaven, daily extended her empire; that fancy was sporting on airy wings; and that metaphysics spun her cobwebs. The House of Commons raised strong emotions in his breast. He felt that

there was a theatre as noble as any that Greece and Rome offered in their proudest days. William Pitt was at that time the most brilliant orator; and all that he was he had made himself by his eloquence and patriotism. The political world, indeed, was not very stirring. The reign of the Pelhams was undisturbed. The very name of opposition appeared to be forgotten. Garrick had just become manager of Drury Lane; Reynolds was busy at his easel; Fielding struggling with a broken constitution, and a not very honorable name; and brave Samuel Johnson residing in a humble dwelling in Gough-square, and writing the *Rambler* for his daily bread.

All the young stranger's enthusiasm for the living did not prevent him from paying more than one visit to the resting-place of the illustrious dead. He stood among the monuments in Westminster Abbey, and unutterable thoughts flashed across his mind. After life's fitful fever, the statesman and author sleep well! The struggles, the enmities, the heart-breakings, the rivalries, the aspirations influence no longer; poverty, misery, abasement are at length vanquished, and a peaceful halo of glory is resting on their graves.

On describing some of his sensations to his early correspondent, two or three sentences, exquisitely characteristic of Burke's habits and feelings, fell from his pen. Even then, with all his ambition and enthusiasm, he had no desire to sleep in the great Abbey; and this love for a more humble grave continued during the whole of his long, arduous, and glorious career. He was always a lover of his household gods and family fireside; and declared that the prospect of a quiet grave among his kinsmen, in a little country churchyard, was to him more pleasing than the proud mausoleum of a Capulet.

Little is known about his proceedings during the first year of his residence in London. His declared object, of course, was the study of the law; and, perhaps, for some time, he may have thought that he was fulfilling his father's wishes by acquiring a good stock of legal knowledge; but, as is the case with many imaginative minds, the charms of literature proved too seductive; and his heart, never much attached to the less engaging mistress, soon forsook her for her more attractive rival. His health, too, was not so robust as it afterwards became; and this, perhaps, might appear to him a sufficient excuse for allowing many a legal folio to gather dust upon his shelves. His vaca-

tions were generally spent in excursions about the country. His terms fast succeeded each other; but whatever may have been the reason, and however much his poor father may have been disappointed, it is certain, that after passing the usual time at his legal studies, he was not called to the bar, and that law was soon afterwards abandoned. Burke became a man without a profession. He cut every cable that bound him to the moorings of his youth; and leaving the common track, by which a safe and sure voyage might be effected, the young adventurer launched out alone, on an unknown sea, without any guidance but his own brave heart, and his ardent and enterprising soul.

It is not known what were the subjects that first employed his pen. They were, doubtless, of little consequence, or they would not have been suffered to pass into oblivion. We hasten to his first important publication.

In the year 1756, the *Vindication of Natural Society* was published. This work, the first of Burke's acknowledged productions, deserves a more attentive consideration than it has generally received. It has often been said that the fruits of his mind ripened before the blossoms appeared, that his early works were cold and unimpassioned, while, as he grew older, his style became more declamatory, and his eloquence more gorgeous. This is, undoubtedly, in some respects true; although this imitation of Bolingbroke proves it not to be so unreservedly true as it has been asserted. Burke did not resemble Bacon so much in this mental characteristic, as in others of much more importance.

If we look only at the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and compare it with the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, there is, indeed, a most striking difference in the style of the two celebrated works. The first was written in the author's youth, the latter in his old age: how strange, then, it has been said, is the mental phenomenon that is here exhibited! Youth is generally the time of imagination, of passion, of love, of poetry, of eloquence; old age the period when the judgment is matured, when the passions have subsided, when poetry, rhetoric, enthusiasm, and all the glittering dreams of early days, charm us no longer, when the world has lost its attractions, when the freshness of its colors has passed away, when one illusion after another has left us, and we smile bitterly and sadly at many things that once appeared noble, beautiful, and true.

Yet Burke was more enthusiastic, more chivalrous, more imaginative, more impassioned at seventy than at twenty-five. All the splendid visions of youth played round the death-bed of the gray-haired old man. To him the world was still beautiful, life was a noble drama, love and truth were not mere names. At all times he was open, straightforward, and manly; but it was only as years rolled on, and time marked the wrinkles on the philosopher's brow, that his sterling qualities were richly decorated with the graces of humanity. At twenty-five, he had to fight his way to power and glory; at seventy, honor and fame were his in an abundant measure. He had had rather an earnest game to play, yet he had played it like a man: he had seen much of baseness, cowardice, and perfidy, yet his heart had not become cold, his sympathies for his fellow-man were not languid. Around the bed on which he was dying, the echoes of a mighty earthquake were heard, a great change was coming upon the nations, and each man seemed determined to do that which was right in his own eyes. The fire of the old statesman glowed in its ashes. Over the whole world his voice resounded, and all ears were turned to listen, some in wonder, some in fear, some in admiration at the brilliant death-notes of that "old man eloquent."

Circumstances undoubtedly have a great effect upon men. A minute's delay at a railway station may permanently influence the history of years. It would be a great error to imagine that Burke's eloquence, passion, and declamation were the effect of some mental growth, that only attained perfection during his later years. This *Vindication of Natural Society* is not, in many passages, different from the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, so far as mere style is considered. It would seem to indicate that Burke had several styles which he could wield at will; and that he sometimes adopted one, and sometimes another, as he thought it might best answer his present purpose. No author could ever write with more fervid eloquence, no author could ever write with more purity and simplicity. Of his simple style, the *Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, written, it has been said, about the age of twenty, and the *Observations on a late State of the Nation*, written about the age of thirty-nine, are examples. The *Vindication of Natural Society*, written at twenty-five, and the *Letter to a Noble Lord*, written at sixty-six, are

specimens of his more brilliant and rhetorical composition.

No man better understood the art of writing. He on one occasion said, that "without much pretension to literature himself, he had aspired to the love of letters." The reason of this humility was obvious. Burke had a fine sense of the becoming; but he was, indeed, a master of style. Whoever wants to know the various capabilities of the English language, should study Swift and Burke. They are both great English writers, perhaps the only authors of whom we can say with truth, that their prose is perfect. For Addison, with all his idiomatic graces, seldom has much vigor; and Johnson, though forcible enough, has his dignified strut everywhere intruding upon the scene, and disturbing the emotions he would excite. Hume loved Frenchmen and French literature so much, that while he attained in his own writing much of the precision and polish of Voltaire, he never stirs the blood with true English eloquence; and Gibbon, with more real English feeling than Hume, has all the pomposity of Johnson, and all the Frenchified affectation of his brother historian and skeptic. True English writing is really a very scarce article; and, what with orators and German philosophers, it seems every day getting scarcer than ever. Oh, for the English of Shakspeare, and of our good old Bible!

But it is not the style alone that makes this little piece of philosophical irony so peculiarly interesting. Burke appears here very much in the same light as he does in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*. When he thus in his youth ridiculed the paradoxes of Bolingbroke, he little knew what was fermenting in men's minds, what terrible events were approaching, what a hideous shape this miscalled philosophical spirit would assume. The old saw tells us that the playthings of children are neglected in boyhood, and laughed at in manhood; but the philosophic toy of Burke's youth waxed great, and became the bloody monster that made him tremble as he descended in a green old age to the tomb. How little we know what the revolution of seasons may mature! how little cause we have to put faith in our boasted reason! Fifty years! fifty years! where shall we all be—where shall the world be in fifty years? What a spectacle Europe presented when this nineteenth century commenced! A different drama, and yet the same, is now in progress. Monarchs, dynasties, statesmen, generals,

authors have been born, grown to maturity, died, been wept, and been nearly forgotten. The golden balls have been tossed from hand to hand, yet the angels may weep and the fiends chuckle, to see us still playing at our little game.

Burke has been often accused of inconsistency. The principles of his youth and of his manhood have been considered directly opposed to those of his old age. Some of his admirers themselves, while admitting this, have endeavored to justify him for standing aghast at the spectacle that France presented as the snows of age were falling upon his head. As far as it relates to his political opinions, this inconsistency will be afterwards considered, but the *Vindication of Natural Society* is itself sufficient to show that the philosophy and metaphysics of the young writer were the same as those of the old statesman. This pamphlet breathes the same spirit as the *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*, and, indeed, of all the most brilliant writings of his later years. It is true, that the deistical opinions of the French philosophers were not so prevalent in 1756 as they were in 1794, that the *Contrat Social* and the *Nouvelle Héloïse* had not yet borne fruit; but the state of nature that Rousseau panegyricized, and the evils of civilization that he exaggerated, are ridiculed in this masterly essay with as much sincerity, if not with the same passionate energy, as when his mind was full of frightful presentiments, at the sin, misery, and bloodshed that seemed destined to devastate the world.

As an imitation, too, the essay is perfect; it is the very mind of Bolingbroke. It is well known, that it was for some time believed to be the production of the versatile peer, and that Mallet, the editor of his works, went to Dodsley's shop, at a time when it was crowded with literary men, to disavow it as the authorship of his patron.

A few months after the publication of this essay, an unpretending little volume, at the price of three shillings, was advertised. This was the famous *Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful*. It did much to advance his reputation as a writer. In his own times, it was considered even by such men as Johnson as a model of philosophical criticism; while in ours, it has been often spoken of with contempt, as quite unworthy of the great political philosopher. Yet it is still published in collections of English classics, and uneducated people who have never heard anything of the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, at least know that



there was a man called Edmund Burke, who wrote a treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful.

This opinion is well illustrated by an incident that occurred to ourselves some years ago. We happened to meet in a watering-place in the North, a venerable old gentleman with white hair, and after some conversation, we discovered that he was the old village schoolmaster, who had taught us our first rudiments of knowledge. A strange feeling came over us at the sight of the retired pedagogue. His ferule, wig, and spectacles had been laid aside, he had done his part in life; the little boys whom he had caned had become fathers of families, and he was now tottering on the verge of the tomb, and patting the heads of his pupils' babies. He did not at first recognize us, and we chose to talk to him without enlightening his darkness. It was during the summer of 1848, that summer of revolutions, and we naturally proceeded to talk about those terrible days of June. To our astonishment and mortification, our old master, whose word was once law, at whose glance multitudes trembled, and whose head was believed to contain all the knowledge that ever a human head could possess, talked the language of a little child, and had never heard of the great continental revolutions. We quoted Burke. He stared vacantly, as if he had somewhere before heard the name, and then said, "Ah! he wrote on the Sublime!"

We are, however, far from being disposed to join in the fashionable condemnation of this metaphysical essay. It is true that it does not exhibit all the peculiar powers of its author's mind. It is true that many of the philosophical doctrines are absurd; and, indeed, when we look at them now, appear perfectly ridiculous. If Sir Joshua Reynolds be worthy of credit, Burke himself, in his later years, was as ready as any one to make merry with some of the blunders in his own work. The statesman could afford to laugh at the metaphysician. All this, however, may be admitted, and yet this work on the Sublime and Beautiful has always appeared to us an able work, and by no means unworthy of the author's name. Though as a whole his theory may be incorrect, though pleasure may not be the cause of the beautiful, nor terror of the sublime, yet surely when we consider the age of the writer, the state of this branch of metaphysical science at the time when the book was published, it must be allowed to be a masterly work.

Nor are we inclined to lay much stress on what has been called the analysis of the mind. More than one critic has attempted to prove that it was quite impossible for Burke to write a satisfactory essay on the subject, because he did not possess abilities fit for abstract reasoning. It has been said, that he always failed when attempting to analyze very closely, and that it was in observation that the great strength of his intellect consisted. It is, however, rather singular that the author of the essay on the *Sublime and Beautiful* has also been accused of too great a tendency to speculation and refinement. It appears to us that the contradictions and errors which abound in this treatise might be found in the speculations of the most subtle reasoner, and that many of the faults belong to the nature of the subject itself. Such defects may be discovered in all the metaphysical works of the eighteenth century, and in none more frequently than in those of the Scotch metaphysicians. It will scarcely be said that Hume's mind was incapable of close analysis, for surely no human being ever possessed a more subtle intellect. Yet, does not Hume's most elaborate work abound in absurdities and contradictions almost as striking as any that can be found in the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*? It is, perhaps, impossible to reconcile metaphysics and physiology, and hence many of Burke's errors.

His theory is entirely mechanical, and this is not a little singular when we consider how he disdained all mechanical philosophy in his political reasonings. He always asserted that there was something higher than logic, and that the strange creature man had desires and aspirations such as no mechanical philosopher could ever explain. A greater truth was never preached. It is as applicable to the science of metaphysics as to that of government; and one cannot but wonder why the greatest political philosopher the world has ever seen should become so mechanical, when treating one of the noblest subjects that could ever occupy the mind. Now and then, indeed, he speaks out in a truly philosophical spirit, and some of the critical remarks are beautiful and true; but he soon relapses again into the usual tone, and with a pair of ordinary spectacles seems passionately determined on exploring the darkest mysteries of humanity.

The origin of our ideas concerning the Sublime and Beautiful is surely a great subject. But is it likely to be thoroughly understood by discourses about proportion, fitness,

smallness, smoothness, variation, and the mere physical causes of love? Is everything in this world so entirely dust, that no rays of Divine wisdom can be seen? Is everything, then, of the earth, and earthy? What, then, becomes of the doctrine, that there is "nothing beautiful but what is good, and that the beautiful includes the good?" Undoubtedly, proportion is not the cause of beauty either in vegetables, animals, or the human species; but is it credible that a man like Burke should believe beauty to be only "*some quality* in bodies acting *mechanically* upon the human mind by the intervention of the senses"? What gives beauty to the glorious bow that spans the skies? Does the knowledge of all the laws of optics make us admire the rainbow more? Does its beauty depend upon the theory of colors? When the sky has been blackened, and the rain has poured in torrents, and the clouds are again beginning to break, and the rays of the sun to gladden our eyes, with the words "I set my bow in the heavens" in our memory, we care little for the laws of refraction and the primary colors, as we feel our eyes gladdened, and our hearts comforted, on looking at the symbol of peace to a deluged world. In the twentieth Section of the third Part, Burke says, most truly, that the eye has a great share in the beauty of the animal creation; but is it sufficient to declare that this beauty consists merely in its clearness, motion, and union with the neighboring parts? There are even brighter and more moving objects than the eye, and yet they never approach to it in beauty; is it not because the eye is the index of the soul that it is so exquisitely beautiful? All eyes are not beautiful. The brightest and most active eyes are perhaps the maniac's, and yet, do they affect us with any idea of beauty? It is the eye of affection, the eye of genius, the eye of innocence, in which beauty is found; because affection, genius, and innocence are really qualities that we love, admire, and esteem. This same great law is prevalent through all the different objects that raise in our minds sublime and beautiful ideas. To affect us very powerfully, there must be some human interest in the things we gaze upon. Could the knowledge of the refrangibility of the rays of light ever make the tints of the evening sky appear more beautiful to a reflecting mind? "So dies a hero, to be worshipped," exclaimed Schiller, as the sun was sinking behind the distant mountains. All the mechanical theories in the world will not explain the different emotions that arise when

we gaze on the face of a sleeping infant, when we look into the happy face of boyhood, when we gaze into the eyes of her who awakened the mysterious sympathies of love in our young hearts, when we stand by the altar where beauty and innocence plight their troth, when we comfort the afflicted, admire the generous, alleviate the pains of sickness, and smooth the pillow of the dying.

It would be easy to point out many faults in the essay; but we should unconsciously be writing a treatise on the subject. The book soon reached a second edition, and the author's name became known in all literary circles. Hume mentions him as "the author of a very pretty treatise on the Sublime."

But however much he might be delighted with the success of his work, his health had suffered dreadfully during its execution. After it was published, he went down to Bristol, where he resided with Dr. Nugent, a native of Ireland, an excellent physician, and a good man. As it is not very extraordinary for young authors to do, he fell in love with the daughter of his host: she could love a man of genius, who offered her himself, at that time all his worldly possessions. They were married, and the marriage was a source of great happiness.

During the years that immediately followed the publication of the *Enquiry*, Burke appears to have written much for the booksellers. He is known to have labored with Dodsley in the establishment of the *Annual Register*, and to have written an unfinished essay on English history. Many other publications are said to have proceeded from his pen; and doubtless, if it be true, as it has often been asserted, and, notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Prior, still remains very probable, that he was often involved in pecuniary difficulties, and had to depend for subsistence entirely on the booksellers, his unavowed productions must have been very numerous. But his friends and biographers seem to have a great fear lest the Right Honorable Edmund Burke should be known to have spent his early years in writing for his subsistence. It appears that at one time he was obliged to sell his books; the humiliating fact having been discovered by the coat-of-arms that was pasted in them. From his correspondence, we learn that he received occasional remittances from his father; but the fact that these are mentioned, proves that they were only occasional. Mr. Prior has so much horror lest Burke should be considered poor, that he makes the desperate assertion that the writer received even so much as twenty

thousand pounds from his friends. This is most absurd. Burke, after he had become connected with the Marquis of Rockingham, paid a great sum for the purchase of an estate called Gregories: he had then inherited the property of his family, and it is well known that he owed much to the friendship of his noble patron; but in his earlier years everything shows that he was poor indeed. The attempt to conceal such poverty in a man of genius is discreditable only to those who make it, and think it reflects any shame on his memory.

By the friendship of Lord Charlemont, Burke became connected with William Gerard Hamilton, and accompanied him to Ireland. This alliance, after continuing for two or three years, was broken off, the pension that Hamilton was said to have procured for his assistant resigned, and Burke again unsettled. The quarrel with Hamilton was in one sense fortunate, for in a few months the adventurer became private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham.

The administration of his patron continued one year and twenty days. Before it reached the period of its brief existence, Burke's star was fast rising in the ascendant. He was considered a person of so much importance, that he was indirectly offered a place in the new arrangement. This, contrary to the disinterested advice of the Marquis of Rockingham, he declined, and cheerfully took his seat on the opposition benches.

He drew up, on the spur of the moment, a "Short Account of a late Administration;" a little piece that does not occupy three octavo pages, but is at the same time a brilliant defence of his friends.

Two or three important years passed away, when he again made his appearance in the literary arena as the champion of the Rockingham party.

The ministry that was formed by the Earl of Chatham proceeded most inauspiciously in its career. The guiding hand of the great Palinurus being taken away, the vessel of the state was driven at the mercy of the waves, now in one direction, now in another, and in every direction but that in which its nominal chief intended it to go. The storm that, during the short sway of the Marquis of Rockingham, had nearly subsided, now burst forth with redoubled fury. The whole kingdom was convulsed; a sense of insecurity became general; men looked in each other's faces, and trembled at the thoughts they read there. Libels, such as were unexampled even in the most troubled political times,

were printed and daily poured forth from the press. Nor were these the most threatening symptoms, informing all men that evil times were approaching: on the American continent the clouds grew blacker and blacker, and Burke's eye became more earnest and anxious as it scanned the political horizon.

The opposition was composed of two parties, the Rockinghams and the Grenvilles; but they had very little in common: they seem indeed for some time to have hated each other much more than they hated the ministry that they both assailed. A torrent of publications of all sizes, quartos, octavos, pamphlets, and squibs, was diligently poured by the Grenvilles on the heads of the Rockinghams. For a long while the patriotic Whigs forbore to reply to all these assaults, but at length a pamphlet called *The Present State of the Nation*, written, if not by Grenville himself, certainly under his immediate direction, made its appearance, and the long-tried patience of their opponents gave way. To this production Burke replied by his great political treatise, *Observations on a late Publication entitled "The Present State of the Nation."* The reply was every way conclusive, powerful and triumphant. Some critics have regretted that this pamphlet, and many others of Burke's compositions, should be so much devoted to the topics of the day, and that therefore they become less interesting as these temporary events fade away in the darkness of the past. We cannot think that Burke's choice of subjects is to be regretted. If the use of studying the political writings of past times is to instruct us amidst the perplexing difficulties of the present, no works equal these in the attainment of this great end. To the mere lover of fine writing the *Observations* may be less attractive than any of his other political pamphlets; but to the philosopher, economist and historian, few even of Burke's works more deserve an attentive study. It abounds in statistics, but the statistics have one merit often wanting in the statistical works of some other times; for instead of confusing, they really illustrate the subject.

George Grenville had many admirers. Bred a lawyer, and connected with families of great political influence, he was of course introduced early into the House of Commons. After he had once set his feet in St. Stephen's Chapel, he appears to have believed that there were no manners, customs, or ways of thinking in the world, except what were dreamed of in the philosophy of the clerks. The Journals were his Bible, the

ministerial benches the seat of all human happiness, and revenues and statistics the be-all and the end-all of existence : for them he lived, in them he died ; he was the embodiment of official regulations, the personification of red tape.

It is amusing, if also melancholy, to see the profound ideas that this great statesman had about the government of mankind. Burke himself says that a man is rendered somewhat a worse reasoner for having been a minister ; and undoubtedly the assertion is very well borne out by the reasonings of Mr. George Grenville. While the Tower guns were announcing victory after victory, Grenville was weeping for the downfall of England. While the French finances were ruined, the government without credit, and the people starving, Grenville shuddered at the flourishing condition of the rival country. While every sea was covered with our ships, and our language heard on every shore, Grenville was in dismay at the decline of British shipping, and the want of British enterprise. While great manufacturing cities were starting up on barren heaths, and all parts of England and Scotland were resounding with the busy hum of industry, Grenville was sighing for the loss of our manufactures, and the increase of imports over exports. While little bands of our countrymen were extending the dominion of England in the countries watered by the Ganges, while our American colonists in little more than half a century were doubling the commerce of Great Britain, and on every side the genius of the great Saxon race seemed waging war even with Nature herself, Grenville was rending his clothes, and putting ashes upon his head, that he might bear his part in the humiliation of his country. Our conquests, he said, were fallacious ; our exports were principally consumed by our own fleets and armies ; our seamen were wasting their energies in privateers and men-of-war ; our carrying trade was entirely engrossed by the neutral nations ; the number of our ships was diminishing ; our revenues were decreasing ; our husbandry was standing still for want of hands ; on all sides it became quite evident that our glory was departing. Such were Grenville's ideas on the *State of the Nation*, and of such nonsense was the work composed that Burke ridiculed. And yet Grenville was by no means considered an ordinary man, though nothing can appear more childish than his notions on all the affairs of his time. To him, in this work, Burke applied the happy quotation :

—"Tritonida conspicit arcem  
Ingenita, opibusque, et festa pace virentem ;  
Vixque tenet lacrymas quia nil lacrymabile cernit."

It would have been well for England, however, had he never done anything but stand on her citadel, and weep over her peace and prosperity ; but alas ! this man, by his own madness and folly in his day of power, did indeed leave as an inheritance to his successors many causes for bitter tears. The defeat of our armies, the loss of our maritime pre-eminence, the increase of our debt, the dismemberment of the empire, and a legacy of hatred from generation to generation, were what England owed to the weeping patriotism of Grenville. His economy was "penny wise, but pound foolish ;" the evils that he did lived after him, and his whole parliamentary life showed how little wisdom is necessary to make a legislator.

The *Observations*, however, is something more than a masterly refutation of fashionable sophisms. It shows how deeply, even from the commencement of his political existence, Burke was conversant with all subjects relating to political economy. He was not only far beyond his own age, but in some things far beyond ages which have prided themselves on their enlightened commercial opinions. His notions are universal ; they are truly liberal, for they embrace the interests, not of one class, but of all classes ; showing most distinctly how the interests of the manufacturer and the interests of the agriculturist are identical, and that the prosperity of the one must conduce to the prosperity of the other. We have intentionally forbore to make quotations from his works, but there is one passage concerning trade, in a letter addressed a few years afterwards to the merchants at Bristol, that we think it our duty to copy, as illustrating the views he entertained. The merchants of Bristol of course did not agree with him, and it was one of the causes of his defeat for the election of that great trading city :—

"I am sure, Sir, that the commercial experience of the merchants of Bristol will soon disabuse them of the prejudice, that they can trade no longer, if countries more lightly taxed are permitted to deal in the same commodities at the same markets. You know that, in fact, you trade very largely where you are met by the goods of all nations. You even pay high duties on the import of your goods, and afterwards undersell nations less taxed, at their own markets, and where goods of the same kind are not charged at all. If it were otherwise, you could trade very little. You know that the price of all sorts of



manufacture is not a great deal enhanced (except to the domestic consumer) by any taxes paid in this country. This I might very easily prove."

This range of mental vision is, perhaps, the greatest of all Burke's characteristics. In one sense, his political life might be called a failure, for during a service of thirty years, only a few months were spent in office. He was so much above the greatest statesmen of his generation, that while always admitting his industry and eloquence, it was long indeed before they had any idea of his great political wisdom. He did not inspire great masses with confidence. He did not keep together for any length of time any great combination. His life was to many people an enigma; his thoughts were not their thoughts, nor his ideas their ideas. He sat in his place at Westminster among men, but not of them; it was, as he said himself, a custom among the leading politicians to have his word go for nothing. Why was it that Fox and Pitt were so much more followed, and so much more trusted? Not, surely, because their abilities were superior to his, not because they were more eloquent, more learned, more cautious, or even more practical. They surpassed him in influence, simply because they were inferior to him, because their ideas were more the ideas of ordinary men. For there is one great secret in politics. It is possible for a politician to be very wise, and yet, at the same time, not wise in his generation. The plainest country gentleman, the most prosaic merchant, could understand all that William Pitt or Charles Fox said on any question: these two celebrated men only put into their own language the ideas of common people. But it was not so with Burke. He could not but be at all times a great philosopher, thinking deeply on the nature of man, and the condition of society. These were his constant themes, his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. He looked at them from all points of view, and while examining one point, never forgot its relation to the other. Hence it is that he never would go all lengths with any party, and was called, even during the early part of his career, a man of aristocratic principles; for these seemed to be a just middle ground between the doctrines professed by the gentlemen who called themselves king's friends, and those of the city tradesmen who cheered Jack Wilkes. Hence it is that we find him so often accused of inconsistency: men did not know what to make of him; for though, during the Ameri-

can war, he strenuously opposed the Stamp Act, the Massachusetts Bill, and all the other violent proceedings of the ministry, he contended with equal vehemence for the supremacy of British legislation over all the British dominions, and, contrary to the opinion of Chatham, supported the Declaratory Act. Hence it is, that with such powerful argument and impassioned eloquence, for the first twenty years of his career, he threw himself so manfully against the influence of the court; and that after this influence had been curbed, when wild democratic notions began to threaten all courts and thrones with destruction, and when revolution, like the giant on the mountains, stood up and shook her bloody locks in the face of the whole world, with argument not less powerful, and with eloquence still more impassioned, he endeavored to rouse all Europe to eternal battle against an enemy that he believed opposed to the interests and the civilization of mankind.

His contemporaries, the liberal politicians of the following age, and even a distinguished statesman and orator of a later time, did not give him credit for this comprehensive faculty. They looked only at one side of the question, and therefore accused him of inconsistency; but the fact is, that while inconsistent in name, he was always consistent in spirit.

There is one circumstance in his political life that has been overlooked by his accusers. Before the outbreak of the French Revolution, Burke confined himself entirely to the politics of this empire, and professed himself a Whig. Now there is nothing paradoxical in saying that the principles of the old Whigs and Tories were national principles, that they sprang out of the party disputes of this island, and could only be well understood and applied to the politics of Great Britain. They are as natural to England as our roast beef and plum-pudding: nowhere else could they exist in such perfection. So Burke appears always to have considered, and his political writings, until the year 1790, were all on national affairs. But the French Revolution was not a mere national movement; its distinguished advocates declared and boasted that its principles were universal. Burke, therefore, addressing his *Reflections* and his *Letters on a Regicide Peace* to all Europe, was obliged to be more general in his observations than he had been while he directed his attention entirely to English politics.

On reviewing his first philosophical treatise,

we said that it showed the same aversion to the philosophy of the French and English deistical writers that is seen in the publications of his old age; and we now affirm, that in his first great political work, the *Observations*, the germ of even his later political opinions may be seen. This does not look like inconsistency; and we know well what we are saying.

Grenville, little as he was of a popular politician, and with all the contempt that his administration showed for popular prejudices, still, when out of office, such is the wonderful effect of sitting on the opposition benches, became an advocate for parliamentary reform. The man who asserted the omnipotence of general warrants, and would maintain his Stamp Act by fire and sword, when contending for place, proposed, in his *State of the Nation*, to increase the number of voters in England, and to grant to America the privilege of sending representatives to the British Parliament. Both of these political nostrums, Burke in his work condemned. He said that he did not mean to reprobate speculative inquiries on such subjects; but that so far from thinking, in the present state of England, that the enlargement of the number of representatives would be a benefit, he thought it might have directly the contrary effect. And as for America, he declared, what was sufficiently evident, that Nature set herself in opposition to Grenville's schemes. We find him protesting against abstract principles as strenuously as he did during the debates on the French Revolution; and this is the great key to Burke's political system. He said at all times that he detested abstract reasonings in politics, that he hated the very sound of them, for that reason was far from being the god of the earth, that it had a very small part in the government of mankind. Nor, when we look at the state of the public mind during his time, when we consider that education was far from being so prevalent as it now is, and consequently that the great majority of the nation was much less enlightened, is it easy to show that even his opinions of parliamentary representation were erroneous. Are we justified in believing that, had our Reform Bill been carried a century earlier, it would have been a great blessing? Were the people so much more liberal than their representatives? The prisons and chapels gutted and in flames, the mob prowling about like wild beasts, and threatening the doors of the House of Commons, all London for four days without

police, law, or government of any kind, may perhaps answer this question. And yet the Gordon Riots occurred little more than seventy years ago, and at the mere whisper of toleration.

In the *Observations*, there is one important paragraph, that, if we would really take an impartial view of all Burke's political principles, and understand the correspondence of his earlier and later opinions, must not be passed over. It relates to the condition of France. Grenville, after drawing his melancholy picture of the state of England, to comfort the people further, declared that France was in much better circumstances, her revenue in every way superior. Her very bankruptcy proved her superiority, and on that account her cities would be inviting asylums to British manufacturers flying from the ruin of their country. Burke proved, it was not difficult to prove, that the finances of France were in the worst possible condition; that her debt was much heavier than that of England; her resources more scanty, and her credit, indeed, entirely gone. The taxation was not lightened, the charges of the state not disburdened. The annual income was a million and a half short of the provision for the ordinary peace establishment. And the great political philosopher concluded by a declaration, as memorable as Chesterfield's, that the French finances were so distracted, the charges so far outran the supply, that every one might hourly look for some great convulsion, of which the effect on all Europe might be very difficult to conjecture.

What we have ventured to say about Burke's political principles, during the first half of his parliamentary life, is still further illustrated and confirmed by the work that, a year afterwards, proceeded from his pen, and by his speeches on the Act of Uniformity, and on Alderman Sawbridge's annual motions for shortening the duration of Parliament. He always spoke contemptuously of this last measure, believing that it would produce, not partial good, but universal evil. He feared that the gentlemen of England could not afford to have frequent contests with the Treasury, for it was very easy to see whose purse would the sooner become empty.

The *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* is written with the greatest simplicity. It is one of the best specimens of his less ambitious style, and bears unusual marks of finished and elaborate composition. We know that it was not dashed off in haste,

and that it was submitted to the consideration of the Marquis of Rockingham and the principal men of his party. It may therefore be called the text-book of the old Whig principles, and as such it is quite evident that the author intended it.

It points out with peculiar energy all the evils of the system of favoritism that the reign of George III. introduced, contrasts the turbulence of the times with the glories of the period when the Whig grandees encircled the throne of the reigning monarch's grandfather, and concludes with an elaborate defence of party connections. None of his works exceed it in political wisdom. The king's friends are gibbeted as remorselessly as the Grenvilles in the *Observations*. It is exactly what it professes to be, a series of "thoughts" on the discontents of the time. Burke also discusses the remedies for such distempers, and, true to the principles which we have endeavored to point out as characteristic of all his works, again expresses his dislike of triennial Parliaments, and of many other very popular medicines for the existing abuses. His ideas here and everywhere are eminently practical. He is never in the clouds, never forming visionary republics, never forgetting the nature of man. He therefore disclaims all intention of pleasing the popular palate, and says he never talked with any one much conversant with public affairs, who considered short Parliaments as a real improvement of the constitution. He says the opinion of such people may be interested, but that it is a vulgar and puerile malignity to imagine that every statesman is of course corrupt, and that the authority of such a man may be of as much weight as the ideas of those who, with purer intentions, have less effectual means of judging.

Mr. Macaulay, in his review of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, however, declares that Burke and Junius, in ascribing the discontents of this period to the system of favoritism, were decidedly in error. This error still appeared to the accomplished Edinburgh reviewer excusable, for they lived too near the events they criticised to form an impartial judgment. We do not mean to say anything about the opinions of Junius, for this masterly satirist was in no sense of the word a political philosopher. He stabbed in the dark, he was surrounded with mystery, and thus acquired a greater reputation for wisdom than he seems to have deserved. No person who has paid the least attention to the spirit of Burke's writings

could believe that he had anything to do with the composition of these celebrated letters. To us they seem to be contradicted by every part of his character, moral and intellectual. This even Mr. Macaulay himself acknowledges, although Lord Brougham, in his *Lives of the Statesmen*, says, that nothing but Burke's express denial of the authorship of these epistles could rebut the strong internal evidence that they supply. They who cannot see how decidedly these letters are opposed to all his ideas, and who, doubtless with most charitable intentions, and with the most sincere admiration for the author, still wish to consider him as Junius, may see his indignant disavowal in the Correspondence. Mr. Prior would fain make Burke Junius, and seems quite unconscious of the ill effects that the fact of Burke's having the least knowledge of Junius would have on the reputation of the great man whom he reverences and eulogizes. Biographers, indeed, seem to have strange ideas on morality. Burke could not be proved to be Junius, without being proved to be also one of the greatest scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity.

Mr. Macaulay, in the same sentence, manages to praise and blame the author of the *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*. Thus, in the essay on Hallam, he says that Burke could not form a correct idea of his own times; and again, in his essay on Chatham, when speaking of the king's friends, he says: "The character of this faction has been drawn by Burke with even more than his usual force and vivacity. Those who know how strongly, through his whole life, his judgment was biased by his passions, may not unnaturally suspect that he has left us rather a caricature than a likeness; and yet there is scarcely, in the whole portrait, a single touch of which the fidelity is not proved by facts of unquestionable authority."

With all due respect to the brilliant essayist and historian, this sentence appears to us almost a contradiction in terms. What! an avowed party politician, writing on the events of his own times, to give such a faithful picture of the enemies of his party, that "there is scarcely in the whole portrait a single touch of which the fidelity is not proved by facts of unquestionable authority," and yet, at the same time, through his whole life, his judgment to be strongly "biased by his passions"? Mr. Macaulay follows Burke's *Thoughts* almost literally, in his account of the earlier part of George III.'s reign, and



yet he says that his great prototype's judgment was, during his whole life, "biased by his passions."

Burke's life was very peculiar, and his writings will never be properly understood until they are looked at in connection with each other. It must be remembered that the ideas which Lord Bute and the king's friends entertained about government, were principally derived from the writings of Bolingbroke. It was Bolingbroke who first talked about the ambition of the Whig nobles, of the manner in which they had degraded the sovereign, and how, by the exercise of the royal authority alone, all these difficulties might vanish.

George III. began to reign by carrying out Bolingbroke's ideas of a patriot king, and the Toryism of that time was altogether the Toryism of Bolingbroke. If there be one author for whom Burke at all times seems to have had the greatest contempt, it was this noble person, whose ideas were now brought into practice. As we have seen, one of his first publications was an attempt to ridicule Bolingbroke's philosophy, and in his old age, he characterized the eloquent peer as a flimsy and superficial writer. "Who now reads Bolingbroke?" he asks—"who ever read him through?" These *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* are, therefore, as much philosophical as the *Vindication of Natural Society*, written when he had little thought of being a great politician, and the leader of the Rockingham party. Yet his ideas are the same, and his principles entirely the same. Is it, then, surprising, when, in his later years, he found Bolingbroke's works adopted as part of the gospel of the French revolutionists, that he should have condemned them with as much sincerity and more vehemence, as when they were admired by literary men, and carried into practice, at the risk of shaking the very foundations of society, and at the expense of all the great interests of the empire, by the self-called king's friends of George III.? Is this time-serving? Is this being inconsistent?

We have dwelt long on these earlier productions, because they are less read, and perhaps less understood, than the other works of this great man. It is necessary that they should be well considered by all who would appreciate the tenor of Burke's life. As yet he had published none of his speeches. The two political pamphlets that we have reviewed are, of all his works, those which are most devoted to party politics; for this was the

era of the Grenvilles, the Bedfords, and the king's friends. Burke was, however, gradually working himself clearer and clearer from all obstacles, and acting more and more an independent part. Two subjects of great importance to the civilization of the world were gradually drawing his attention to them. They were subjects admirably fitted to employ the great powers of his mind, and make him ask himself what was the duty of a wise statesman.

Since the success of Clive, the East India Company had held a most anomalous position. Professing to be mere merchants, they had acquired a mighty dominion on a foreign soil, and the fate of millions of dusky Asiatics, worshipping strange gods, speaking strange languages, and living in a strange social condition, were dependent upon their wisdom. The spirit of trade and the spirit of philanthropy were at once brought into collision. Many and fearful were the evils that at first arose from this advance of European civilization, with all its strength, and without its humanity, into tropical countries.

Lord Chatham, before his genius had become eclipsed, meditated the introduction of a great reform into these Eastern dominions; and this was, perhaps, the question that most perplexed his distracted cabinet. For years, the Eastern empire was the principal subject of the debates in the House of Commons, until even it was for a while forgotten as another menacing meteor appeared in a different part of the heavens.

The seeds of great empires, like the germs of all true greatness, in both the natural and the moral world, are imperceptibly sown. The acorn is blown about for months, the sport of every fitful breeze, before it finally takes root in the soil; and season must follow season, and fashions ebb and flow for many years, before the matured oak spreads its branches to the skies, and bids defiance to the wintry blast. Myriads of little shell-fish die, and for centuries the waters roll above them before the coral reef is formed; but it is formed, and slowly yet surely raises its head above the waves, and wrecks the proudest vessel as it proceeds on its way. A Skakspere lies in his cradle, with a few eyes looking down upon his infant slumbers. He grows up from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, without its being known that a mighty man is born into the world. He wanders among his native woods and streams, inquiring and thinking, thinking and inquiring, little cared for by the great

men of the earth. He comes to London, poor, friendless, and with much difficulty keeps himself from starving by holding horses, and shifting scenes at theatres. He works for the day that is passing over him, and finds it long before he can spare thought for the morrow. He retires, at length, like a respectability, to his native place, dies as his fathers had died before him; and on his death-bed, when his last hour is near, the beams of the sun dance on the window-panes as usual, the grass grows as usual, the flowers open their buds as usual, the evening star that night gazes wistfully down as usual, people eat and drink, laugh and chat, make merry and make money, go to bed, put their foolish heads in night-caps, and dream foolish dreams as usual, and the world the next morning rolls on as usual; as though Shakspeare had not died, as though Shakspeare had never lived, as though the world had nothing to do with Shakspeare. But Shakspeare lived, and Shakspeare still lives, and *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth* still remain, and are realities amid a world of nothings. As it is with the growth of an oak, as it is with the growth of a coral reef, as it is with the growth of a Shakspeare, so it is with the growth of a great empire.

It was thus that the great empire on the American continent at first struggled into existence. It was engendered by persecution, it had its birth amid darkness, convulsion, and blood. Two centuries ago, emigration was not the matter of course that it now is. A man who left England to cross the Atlantic, did not expect to see another England on the distant shore. Wild Indians brandishing their tomahawks, savage beasts prowling through the forests, and making the solitudes re-echo with their bellowing, were the welcome that the daring adventurer had to anticipate. But the great decree of Providence had gone forth, and the Saxon race was to increase and multiply in a new world, where the soil had not yet been upturned by the plough, where the sky had not yet been darkened with the smoke of great cities, nor the mighty rivers been defiled by the tarry keels of heavily laden vessels. The word "colony" had not at all to English ears a majestic sound: it, at most, brought to mind the idea of a handful of men, who were erecting huts, felling trees, and with the utmost difficulty preventing themselves from being scalped and eaten. The Greeks and Romans had a much nobler idea of colonization than any of our countrymen ever entertained until the speeches of Burke were given to the world.

These colonies had flourished by neglect: they were not coddled in their infancy; they were left to the energies of unassisted nature, and this was enough to make them great and prosperous. Hume, in his *History of England*, during the reigns of James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II., scarcely deigns to mention them; and when Grenville first determined to tax them, he seemed to care no more about what they thought of his financial scheme than an omnibus-driver considers the weight of the passengers that his horses have to draw up Holborn Hill.

Nor, indeed, was Grenville behind his age; nearly all his countrymen shared in his delusion. This is proved by the way in which the Stamp Act was first received. As long as the English language is spoken, that important, that inconsiderate, that most unhappy measure will be remembered; for from the day in which it was introduced into the House of Commons must date the independence of America. It told the hardy laborers across the Atlantic, for the first time, that English statesmen did not consider them as Englishmen, and that they had not the same rights and privileges as the English people. Learning that they were not Englishmen, they began to look upon themselves as Americans; and as wrong followed wrong, and oppression was heaped upon oppression, they grasped their rifles, and swore to make their title good. When the Stamp Act was passing, so little was thought of it in England, that there was actually only a single division during the whole of its progress through both Houses of Parliament, and in that division the minority did not amount to forty. Able editors thought it not worthy the employment of their pens; nor great orators of their eloquence; nor one noble lord of a protest. "See, my son," said a great man, "with how little wisdom the world is governed." The history of all ages proves the truth of this saying: but never was it found truer than when applied to our quarrels with America.

There was, however, one man, and perhaps but one man, in all England at that time aware of the awful responsibility that our legislators were incurring. Burke sat, a mere stranger in the gallery of the House of Commons, and listened to the languid debate; he afterwards declared that it was one of the dullest discussions he had ever heard. He was well acquainted with the subject, much better, indeed, than any one of the honorable gentlemen who exulted in the idea that the colonies should be placed at the feet of the British Parliament. It cannot be

doubted that the wise and just sentiments which the Marquis of Rockingham always held on this subject, were inspired by his eloquent and philosophical private secretary. Burke, whilst endeavoring to support himself by his pen, had been engaged in drawing up *An Account of the European Settlements in America*, and indeed at that time was inclined to push his fortunes in the New World.

The manner in which he looked on our colonies was peculiar to his great mind. While all other statesmen saw nothing but the object of the hour, he loved to let his imagination play on the future glories of America. But while thus indulging in his prophetic visions, he never forgot the realities of this working world. There are two great philosophers and orators to whom Burke has often been compared, Cicero and Bacon. In moral qualities, there can be no question that he was far superior to either of those celebrated men. But perhaps in no respect did he so much resemble Bacon as in the comprehensive faculty by which he was able to look on every side of a great question, and the almost prophetic power of piercing into future times. Bacon, as he thought on all the hidden secrets of nature, which the inductive philosophy would one day disclose, and all the benefits which, when rightly applied, it would bestow on the human race, in old age, disgrace, sickness and sorrow, forgot the present, and exulted in the triumphs of distant times. The world was unconscious of the glory that awaited it; people smiled bitterly, and pointed with the finger of scorn as the fallen statesman and courtier passed by. Minions who had flattered him, and cringed to him during the sunshine of his worldly prosperity, jeered at him as his dishonored head afterwards appeared. It was bitter, indeed, to endure such insults from such gaudy insects of the hour, and ten times more bitter when the conscience of the great philosopher smote him, and told him that his humiliation was deserved. Then as he turned his thoughts inward, and considered his intellectual glories, the heart that had but a few moments ago been wrung with anguish, swelled proudly, and he looked forward with confidence and joy to the judgment of the "next age," "foreign nations," and "future generations." The empire of darkness had been smitten; he had struck a blow that would resound through the universe; even as he sunk into his grave, the first faint echoes reached his ears, and visions of railways annihilating distance, steam vessels sailing against the wind,

electric telegraphs conveying information with the rapidity of lightning, printing presses illuminating the cottage of the laborer with the rays of literature and philosophy, disease, filth, and crime flying away at the approach of philanthropy and science,—all these, and more than these objects, appeared before his dim eyes as they closed on this world for ever.

What Bacon was to experimental philosophy when applied to scientific researches, Burke was to political philosophy brought into practical government. Addison, speaking through the *Spectator*, tells us that as it was said of Socrates that he first brought philosophy down from heaven to earth, so he was ambitious of being considered as the man who first brought philosophy out of the study into the drawing-room. It may be said with truth of Bacon, that he first brought philosophy into the workshop, the factory, and the laboratory; and it may be said with equal truth of Burke that he first introduced real political philosophy into the House of Commons. As Coleridge says, he habitually recurred to principles; he was a scientific statesman. And then his dreams were like Bacon's; his imagination was as splendid; his visions about America have all been, even in the period of less than a century, almost literally fulfilled. He delighted in contemplating these brave descendants of Englishmen, who had sought in the American wildernesses a place of refuge, where they might worship God in the way that their hearts and minds most approved. He exulted in their flourishing condition, in the increase of their wealth, their commerce, and their numbers. He pictured them reaping their golden harvests, throwing the harpoon on the coast of Africa, and penetrating amid icebergs into "Hudson's Bay" and "Davis's Straits," meeting in their provincial assemblies, and with true English feeling attempting to form an image of English freedom, congregating on Sundays in their plain buildings for prayer and thanksgiving, and thus gradually striking the roots of the Protestant religion deep into the American soil.

The angel that he introduced into his speech on "Conciliation," drawing up the curtain and unfolding the rising glories of America, was not brought in, as even such a man as Lord Erskine appears to have believed, merely to afford the orator an opportunity for the display of his eloquence. So far from that noble passage being a mere beautiful episode, the statistics that preceded it are not more properly used to give his hearers a



just idea of the subject. Had his applauding admirers been less inclined to consider his illustrations as beautiful metaphors, and had they opened their minds to the importance of the great empire they professed to govern, our thirteen colonies would not have been so disgracefully torn from the bosom of the mother country. Not many years elapsed, after the publication of the two great speeches on America, before even Lord North was obliged to admit that Burke's eloquence was really profound wisdom.

But not even his eloquence, not even his wisdom, is more admirable than his philanthropy. This is seen as much in his speeches and writings on India as in those on America, but then it is exercised in behalf of people for whom, in general, Europeans have little sympathy. This philanthropy is one of the characteristics in which he most excels the great Roman orator. There is nothing more likely to enlarge the mind than to compare the spirit of Burke's speeches with that of Cicero's declamations against Catiline and Verres, and the other celebrated remains of Roman eloquence. It is only by such an attentive consideration, and such a course of systematic study, that we can form a good idea of the difference between ancient and modern civilization.

There was much difference between a country that had been subjugated by Roman arms, and a country that had been colonized by Roman people. The happiness of the conquered millions seldom occupied the thoughts of the Roman statesman; their prosperity was nothing when placed by the side of the glory of Rome. It was the city of the seven hills, it was the reputation of the eagles that had so often followed in the footsteps of victory, it was the applauding shout of the multitude that accompanied the car of triumph down the Sacred Way, it was the sympathy of the citizens whose votes he solicited in the Campus Martius, to which all the efforts of the prætor or consul were directed. The greatest Roman patriot, the immaculate Brutus himself, was charged with extortion; and Verres seems to have been only a little more imprudent and barefaced than many other provincial governors. Times of corruption are times when civil freedom is the most endangered. No great assembly was ever more corrupt than the Roman senate, when the republic verged toward its downfall. The wealth of the provinces was regarded as the prey of the fortunate prætors who held the temporary domination. In those days there was no "special correspondent" in the

different countries, eager to point out any peculation, cruelty, or maladministration on the part of the rulers. The facts which we glean from the literature of Rome indicate that the yoke of the republic was not easy to bear; but the groans of the oppressed seldom reached the ears of the citizens who stood listening to Cicero's eloquence until the clouds of night had gathered over the proud city.

And this great orator was scarcely more enlightened than his hearers. It cannot be denied, that admirable as the writings and speeches of the Greek and Roman statesmen are, yet the declamations against tyrants, and the praise of liberty, however fine they might sound in the ears of the sympathizing listeners, can scarcely be applied to the present state of the world. Their terms are indeed very vague; their ideas of freedom never embraced all mankind. Political philosophy as yet was not; but it was even a gentler influence than any that political philosophy can ever exercise that first loosened the shackles from the hand of the slave. It was Christianity that first taught, and by something better than even the eloquence of Plato, that the whole human race was connected together by a chain that could never be snapped asunder, and that the most degraded wretch bearing the image of man was the brother of the proudest citizen of Rome. There is nothing, indeed, so easy as indefinite declamations in favor of freedom. So far from these being characteristics of the best times, we may be assured that when they are most general society is in an unhealthy state. In the time of Nero, Seneca ranted about liberty.

These always were Burke's opinions. Even in his speeches on America, he never indulges in any loose expressions. We see here, as everywhere, his aversion to those general principles that had no relation to times and different social conditions. He never liked to discuss the abstract rights of Parliament. Lord North was much more ready to talk about Brutus and Cato than his opponent, who was endeavoring to maintain the unity of the empire. "Be content," he exclaimed, when taunted about the rights of the colonies, "to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burden them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only they may be dis-

cussed with safety." And then he says that he considers the imperial rights of Great Britain and the privileges of the colonies to be quite reconcilable. The Parliament sat at the head of the empire in two capacities: the one, as the local legislature of this island; the other, as the superintendent, guide, and controller of all inferior legislatures. The powers of Parliament were therefore boundless; but it did not follow that it was wise on all occasions to use those boundless powers. There ought to be a competent sovereign power; but it ought to be no ordinary power, and never used in the first instance. "Such, sir," said Burke, "is my idea of the constitution of the British empire, as distinguished from the constitution of Britain; and on these grounds I think subordination and liberty may be sufficiently reconciled through the whole; whether to serve a refining speculatist or a factious demagogue, I know not; but enough, surely, for the ease and happiness of man."

We have now seen Burke in many different circumstances, in times of peace and in times of confusion; in poverty and obscurity, as well as when he was playing a great part in the face of the world. If his opinions and principles have been found systematical and consistent during all those varied scenes, if he have preserved some uniform character, so that he may be considered as a man not likely to adopt or abandon his sentiments and ideas for the convenience of the hour, we may with some interest and profit follow him through the still more perplexing and awful

scenes of his closing years. His life had all the interest of a drama; scarcely one great act concluded, before another and a still greater commenced; and the final one was the grandest, the most important, the most startling of all.

But the observations we have presumed to make on this first half of his political life and writings would perhaps be incomplete if we were to make no mention of his visit to France about the year before he delivered his speech on American taxation. His mind was then occupied with these Transatlantic affairs. But he little knew all the mighty effects that the American revolt would have on the world. Grenville, in one sense, may be said to have caused the great continental revolution; for undoubtedly his ill-judged and arbitrary proceedings awoke the infant democracy that was slumbering amid the American forests. The spirit, however, once roused, was not to be again laid at rest. Deep called unto deep; young democracy from the other side of the Atlantic gave the death-stab to the old feudalism of Europe. Thus society was dying, and society was being born; the old system was going out, and the new was coming in. It may seem singular, but to those who really understand his writings, quite natural and proper, that Burke should have been the greatest admirer and defender both of Young America and Old France. He stood by the cradle of the one; he watched the death-bed of the other.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—The German Universities are well off for teachers. In the twenty-seven institutions of the kind last summer term, there were engaged 1586 teachers, viz: 816 ordinary, 830 extraordinary, and 38 honorary professors, with 408 private tutors, exclusive of 134 masters of languages, gymnastics, fencing and dancing. Munster has the fewest teachers, numbering only 19, Olmutz 22, Innsbruck 26, Gratz 22, Berne and Basle each 33, Rostock 38; on the other hand Berlin has 167, Munich 102, Leipzig and Gottingen each 100, Prague 92,

Bonn 90, Breslau 84, Heidelberg 81, Tubingen 77, Halle 75, Jena 74. The whole number of students in the last term was 16,074; Berlin counting 2199, Munich 1817, Prague 1204, Bonn 1026, Leipzig 846, Breslau 831, Tubingen 768, Gottingen 691, Wurtzburg 684, Halle 646, Heidelberg 624, Gratz 611, Jena 434, Giessen 409, Freiburg 408, Erlangen 402, Olmutz 396, Kongisberg 332, Munster 323, Marburg 272, Innsbruck 257, Griefswald 208, Zurich 201, Berne 184, Rostock 122, Kiel 119, Basel 65.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## KAUNITZ AND CHOISEUL.

THE personal qualities of great statesmen are but rarely exhibited in the routine of public affairs, under the stereotyped form of official intercourse. Etiquette and diplomatic reserve mask, in a great degree, those characteristic traits which portray the individual, and distinguish him amongst his fellows; these qualities, it is almost needless to add, are only displayed unreservedly in the familiar scenes and habits of private life.

The two celebrated personages, whose names appear at the head of this article, are so well known to the reader of history from the conspicuous figure they make in its pages, and especially from their combined efforts, about a century ago, to reconcile the previously conflicting interests of Austria and France, that it will be sufficient for us to give a brief summary of their public career. Our principal object is to place before the reader some curious particulars not previously known of the private life of each of these ministers, whose domestic habits and social peculiarities offer a good subject for comparison and contrast. These anecdotes, for which we are chiefly indebted to the pen of Baron Von Gleichen,\* Danish Ambassador to Spain, serve moreover to throw some light on a state of manners now become almost obsolete.

Wenzel Anthony Dominic, Prince of Kaunitz Rietberg, was the son of Count Maximilian Udalrick von Kaunitz, and of Marie Ernestine, heiress of the last Count of Rietberg, and was born at Vienna in 1711. Being the youngest of five brothers, he was destined for the church, and received a living at the early age of thirteen. As his brothers happened, however, to die young, he abandoned the ecclesiastical profession in order to follow a political career. After studying at Vienna, Leipzig, and Leyden, he made the tour of England, France, and Italy; and on his return to Austria he was appointed

member of the Aulic Council, besides filling other offices of trust. He was sent by Maria Theresa as ambassador extraordinary to the Pope and to Florence, in 1741, and he was employed on a mission of the highest importance to Turin, in 1742, relating to the coalition of Sardinia and Austria with England against the Bourbon powers of France, Spain, and Naples. His official reports excited great interest on this occasion, and Maria Theresa is reported to have handed over one of them to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with the remark—"This is from our first chancellor." In 1744, Kaunitz accompanied Prince Charles, of Lorraine, to his government in Flanders, and remained there in offices of great trust and authority till the French conquered the greater part of the Netherlands, when he requested the Empress to remove him to a more congenial field of activity. She consented to grant him a temporary leave of absence, upon which he went to London, whence he proceeded to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1747, where he earned a high reputation. He was soon after this appointed Minister of State, and then Ambassador to Paris, where he effected the reconciliation between Austria and France. He returned to Austria in 1752, where he was loaded with honors, filled various important offices, and was finally raised to the dignity of a Prince of the Empire, in 1764. He remained at the head of the department for foreign affairs during the reigns of Joseph II. and Leopold, though his influence gradually diminished. On the accession of Francis I., 1792, he obtained leave to resign most of his government appointments on account of his advanced age, and he died in June, 1794. He left four sons, of whom only the second, Dominic Andrew, left an heir; but the latter having only female issue, the princely line of Kaunitz has become extinct in the male branches.

Gleichen, who knew Kaunitz in his later years, observes:—"He was tall and well made, his dress was *recherché*, although his

\* See his "Denkwürdigkeiten," p. 193. 8vo. Leipzig, 1847.

*perruque* with its five tails had a somewhat comical appearance; he was dignified in his carriage, solemn and rather pompous in his speech; yet his stiffness became him better than many other Austrian lords; it seemed to suit him exactly; it had even the charm of a natural manner, and bore the impress of superiority."

His general salutation consisted in a mere nod; he bestowed a paternal smile on his friends, and a patronizing address on indifferent persons. He was kindly, upright, loyal, and disinterested, although he expected the various courts to make him presents of wines, horses, pictures, and other favorite articles. He carefully employed select expressions in speaking, and his delivery was slow and very measured; no one ever possessed a more comprehensive acquaintance with technical terms, and it was a great recommendation with him for a man to be familiar with them. He was as easily seduced by a nice expression of this nature, as the Duke of Choiseul by a *bon mot*. He was erudite, he loved the arts, especially painting, and favored artists of every class. Accomplished workmen, even in the lower walks, claimed his especial attention, and he had a real passion for well-finished works. His wisdom, his *sang froid*, his excellent judgment, and his long experience, had justly earned for him the title of the political Nestor of his time. He was fortunate enough to have a taste for many things, without being the slave of a single passion. His friends complained because he did so little to advance their interests, but his enemies had no cause to complain of any injury or revenge on his part. He listened with the greatest attention and patience to the most prosy details, and answered carefully every point, without, however, in general permitting any reply.

In his latter years it was often a painful matter to transact business with him, on account of his deafness, and because he had so little restraint over himself. It was very difficult to obtain a private audience from him, and it was accordingly necessary to talk very loud with him before a crowd of people, and to expose yourself to his frequent sallies of irritability. He was very sparing of his labor, and seemed often to waste his time in idle amusements, and even in puerilities; but his object in doing this was to save himself the time and season for reflection, and to keep his head clear and his judgment cool. One of his leading maxims, which was often in his mouth, and which the Emperor Joseph

might have turned to useful account, was the following:—"Never to do himself what another could do in his stead." "I would rather make paper matches," he used to say, "than write a line that another could write as well as myself." We find, accordingly, that he was so economical in his writing, that he was in the habit of signing letters of secondary importance only with a K. On the other hand, he had made it a rule never to leave his office till all business on hand was settled; and it was owing to this circumstance that his dinners were so often delayed, and took place at such irregular hours. One would infer from his tendency to complete everything he undertook, and from the prudent caution with which he treated everything that occupied him, that written composition would have cost him more trouble than other men; but what he did write was perfect. He seldom bestowed much attention on persons visiting him, which had the effect of eliciting from them a proportionate increase of flattery, and induced them to pay especial attention to things of pressing interest, such as his health.

It must be confessed that he thought more of his own health than of anything else, and in this respect he was an egoist. He endeavored to keep every vexation at a distance, and made every consideration yield to his convenience, his habits, and his health. Even as a young man he had induced the Empress, Maria Theresa, to suffer him to close the window, and to remain covered in her presence. In winter he had a surtout and a cloak, which he in turns drew off and on, to preserve an equable temperature. Towards the end of dinner the attendants used to bring him a looking-glass, together with the whole apparatus of a dentist, and then he used to clean his teeth carefully before the whole company without any ceremony. On one occasion he happened to dine at the French Ambassador's, Baron Breteuil. When he was about to begin washing his teeth, as usual, his host arose with the words: *Levons nous, le Prince veut être seul*. From that day Kaunitz never dined abroad. Being in the habit of retiring at eleven o'clock at night, he would not break the rule for the sake of an archduke, or even the Emperor himself, and if he happened to be playing billiards with him at that hour, he would throw down his cue, make his bow, and leave him to himself.

He had a particular aversion to scents, and whenever a lady, although a stranger to him, happened to be scented, and attempted

to place herself beside him, he would say to her drily: "Remove, Madam, you are offensive." In order to shun the thoughts of death and old age, he would not suffer people to know his birth-day or to speak of a dying man in his presence; and he was only informed of the death of his favorite son, although he knew him to be ill, by his *valet-de-chambre* handing over to him a suit of mourning. Shortly before his death he said to his son Ernest Christopher: "My friend, I feel that it is all over with me; comfort me and cheer me."

The estimation in which he held himself was so candid, that he used to speak of himself just as if he were a third person. The Emperor Joseph had caused two busts to be prepared—one of Marshal Lacy, the other of Prince Kaunitz. A Latin inscription had been placed under that of the Prince, full of merited eulogies. Some one happened to praise the excellency of the wording of this inscription in the presence of Kaunitz, and the latter replied, "I am its author." He was a great connoisseur in horse-flesh, and he was flattered if you admired him when riding, which exercise he took daily before dinner. The British Ambassador, Keith, once sent an Englishman to him, and advised him to compliment Kaunitz to the utmost of his ability, and so as to suit a man *blazé* with flattery. The Englishman, whose forte did not lie in paying compliments, blundering and blushing, brought out the words: "Ah! Prince, you are the greatest groom that I have seen in all my life." "I readily believe it," was the only answer that he received.

Old age greatly embittered the temper of the Prince, and his irritability occasionally amounted to insolence, and an unfeeling treatment of men whom he did not particularly esteem. Prince Sulkowsky, one of the most familiar faces at his table, and a great flatterer of the minister, happened one day to be talking with his neighbor at the moment when Kaunitz sent him a *ragout* by a favorite footman, and refused the dish somewhat harshly. Kaunitz observed this, and said, "Prince, if you give blows to my servants, I shall tell them to return them." This was rather too much even for Sulkowsky, who demanded satisfaction from the son of the chancellor. The matter was set at rest by an apology from Prince Kaunitz, and Sulkowsky is said to have dined habitually at the table as before. Kaunitz liked the con-

versation at his table to be animated, and for his guests to entertain him. One day, when no one was in the mood to talk, he said to Madame Clary, whose province it was to select the guests and to do the honors of the house: "It must be confessed, Madame, that you have invited a very silly set of people." On another occasion he said, during a similar pause in the conversation: "I would sooner hear nonsense than nothing." The Count of Merode, one of his flatterers, thereupon said: "It must be confessed that Mr. Pitt is the greatest minister in Europe. Are you now satisfied with me, Prince?"

He piqued himself on showing his pride to those in particular who were entitled to display some pretension before him. When Pius VI. came to Vienna and offered him his hand, which all the world struggled to kiss, Kaunitz contented himself with taking it in his own, and squeezing it most heartily. An ambassador, who was invited to dine with him for the first time, not having yet appeared in the drawing-room when the Prince entered, he hastened to have dinner served, and sat down without waiting for his guest. The following day, however, he deferred his dinner, because the ballet-master, Naverre, had not arrived.

When Joseph II. took the helm of the state into his own hands, under the pretext of sparing the health of the minister, and of not disturbing his habits, he begged him not to come to the palace, but to suffer the Emperor to visit him at home. Nevertheless, this monarch did nothing of moment without him, and every measure that implied a diminution of his influence was accompanied by the most flattering assurances of profound respect. Kaunitz enjoyed a similar distinction during Leopold's reign, and Gleichen saw this monarch and the Empress enter the minister's garden, in order to present to him the King and Queen of Naples. It is somewhat remarkable that the dust of the man who eradicated the germ of so many wars between France and Austria, should repose on his property at Austerlitz!

Let us now hear what a Frenchman says of him. Flassan\* portrays him as follows:—"This minister possessed all the qualities of a statesman: fine discrimination, a ready and subtle spirit, penetration, elevation of mind, correct perceptions, and much cleverness in business; a disinterestedness tried by experience, discretion, dignity, a strong and enlightened understanding, which rescued him

\* Born June, 1787, deceased 19th May, 1797.

\* Histoire de la Diplomatie Française, v. 228.

from the sway of prejudices, a sympathizing heart, an upright and trustworthy character. His policy seemed to have discarded all *mala fides*, and he never employed dissimulation at the cost of honesty. His reserve consisted in his not saying all that he thought; but he never said what he did not think. He knew how to fathom the views of other diplomats, by the approaches and insinuations that they employed to penetrate his own. He neither flattered the mood nor the views of his superiors, and he used to threaten to resign office if they refused the good that he saw was necessary. In his own house he was amiable, familiar, and confidential. But in conformity with the fate that attaches to the most perfect of men, his numerous rare qualities were mixed with foibles and peculiarities. He occasionally carried the levity of his manners, and the neglect of respect, a little too far. He was sometimes seen coolly and deliberately to mount his horse or to enter his carriage, in order to take a drive, from which he would not return till six o'clock in the evening, at the very moment when a numerous company that he had invited was about to sit down to dinner. When invited to dine with others, he would let his host wait two or three hours for him, and even cause his own covers to be brought with him. He was seen looking at himself in a pocket mirror at his sovereign's table, where he would also clean his teeth, polish his snuff-box, read letters, answer them, and ask for a light in order to seal them. He had an invincible dislike to business that occasioned a long and difficult discussion. Convinced that his natural readiness and penetration would easily remove the greatest obstacles, he had not the patience to examine minutiae and accessories, so that instead of probing matters to the bottom, he passed judgment upon them from the first appearance that they presented to his mind. At the same time he knew how to present his view of matters in such a seductive light, and with so many appearances of conformity and probability, that no one would have suspected that he had only glanced at them superficially."

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Etienne François Duke of Choiseul Amboise, who was born on the 18th of June, 1719, was descended from a branch of the ancient and powerful family of Choiseul, and made his entrance into public life as Count of Stainville. Educated in a Jesuit seminary, he distinguished himself in military service, and was rewarded at Prague with a

regiment in 1741. On his return to Paris he obtained the favor of Madame de Pompadour, and was appointed Lieutenant-General in 1748, and Duke of Choiseul in 1758. In 1753 he went as ambassador to Rome, and in 1757 to Vienna, whence he was recalled in 1758 in order to fill the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs. He resigned this appointment in 1761, to his cousin, Count Choiseul, afterwards Duke of Praslin, and undertook the War and Marine department in its stead. In 1770 he was thrown out of office by Madame Dubarri, and ordered to his country seat at Chanteloup. After the accession of Louis XVI., he was permitted to return to Paris, and was sometimes desired to attend in council. He was mainly instrumental in effecting the alliance between Austria and France, and he was also the creator of the great alliance between the Bourbon courts. He drove the Jesuits from France, chiefly because they were protected by the Dauphin, who was an opponent of Choiseul's policy. During his administration Corsica was added to France, which is also indebted to him for its admirable military schools, the revival of its navy, and substantial reforms in colonial affairs. His lady, Louise Honorine Crozat du Chatel, was the daughter of a very opulent merchant. After his death, which took place in May, 1785, she sacrificed the greater part of her fortune to pay his debts, and retired into a convent. When these institutions were suppressed by the Revolution, she lived in seclusion in Paris, where she died in 1801.

Gleichen thus describes Choiseul:—

"The Duke of Choiseul was of small stature, rather compact than thin, and his ugliness was quite amusing. His little eyes sparkled with intelligence, his *nez retroussé* gave him an agreeable expression, and his large laughing lips announced the liveliness of his sallies. Amiable, noble, open-hearted, magnanimous, gallant, fond of splendor, liberal, proud, bold, fiery, and even boiling over with spirit, he reminded you of the old French *chevalier*. But he also united with these qualities many faults attaching to his nation: he was thoughtless, indiscreet, arrogant, dissipated extravagant, hasty and rash.

"When he was ambassador at Rome, Benedict XIV. pronounced him 'a fool who had much mind.' I have never known a man who was equally expert in spreading merriment and delight around him. When he entered a room, he seemed, metaphorically speaking, to search his pockets, and to draw forth an inexhaustible supply of jests and



gayety. He could not resist the desire of making those happy, who knew how to value the good things that he scattered around. He used to borrow any intellectual treasures that he could find without too arduous a search, and to regard them as a loan that he was bound to repay. On the other hand, he could not endure the sight of misery, and I have heard him jest in what appeared to me a very unfeeling manner about the complaints of the family of his cousin Choiseul-le-Marin, whom he had been forced to banish, in order to shield himself against his furious invectives. He was wont to steel himself after this fashion with a mock-severity, against the pliancy and sensitiveness that formed a real part of his character. I once heard him reply to Madame de Choiseul, who called him a tyrant: 'Say, rather, a velvet tyrant.' Hence the surest way of obtaining his assent to your requests, was to provoke his wrath in the first instance by some other means, and on another subject; because when the storm was over the lion became a lamb.

"It was one of the finest qualities of the Duke of Choiseul, that he was a magnanimous enemy and a true friend. A striking evidence of this statement is found in the case of the Duke of Aiguillon, who was accused before the Parliament, and saved by the Duke of Choiseul, who, although as one of the witnesses he was required to bear testimony against his old enemy, yet kept back much that might have been prejudicial to him. The enduring attachment of a host of courtiers who followed him after his disgrace to Chanteloup, and who remained faithful to him till his death, proves how good a friend he had been to them. He bestowed on the Bailiff de Solar, the Sardinian Ambassador, the most refined and the tenderest evidences of an almost childlike attachment. De Solar was almost the only man whom the Duke of Choiseul treated with a kind of reverence, possibly because he had been his teacher in jurisprudence when he was at Rome. He procured for him his nomination as ambassador to Paris, the office of mediator at the peace of 1762, presents of immense value, and the dignity of *abbé*, with an income of fifty thousand francs. All the pious attentions that can be shown by a son to his father, were displayed by Choiseul and his family to the sufferer during his long and fearful illness, which terminated in his death from cancer, shortly after he had been loaded with these benefits by his friend.

"Choiseul loved temerity, and I found a way to his heart," adds Gleichen, "by an almost offensive expression, which I defended with all the romantic folly of a young man of twenty-two. I came to Frascati in 1756, in order to spend the two last summer-months at his house. The Duke spoke rather disrespectfully of the Margravine of Baireuth, the elder sister of the King of Prussia, who had educated me and sent me to Rome. I answered him in such a haughty and cutting way, that he threw his *serviette* upon the table and stood up.

"As my horse was at hand, I ordered it to be saddled, and wished to leave. Madame de Choiseul detained me, and I agreed to remain, only upon the condition that the ambassador promised never to say anything of the Margravine in my presence, that I could not hear with propriety. He kept his word; treated me from that time with the greatest distinction, and when the King of Prussia raised his arm against France, one month later, by invading Saxony, Choiseul never employed a single unamiable expression against the Margravine or her brother, without previously asking my permission in jest."

His wayward arrogance was displayed in a somewhat unfavorable light during the first carnival after his appointment as ambassador to Rome. We shall compare the accounts that Gleichen and Flassan give of this occurrence, and present the reader with the result. The circumstance that led to the explosion seems to have been an alteration in the ancient custom by which the box that was usually occupied by the French Ambassador at the theatre had been appropriated to himself by the Governor of Rome. Another account represents the alteration to have consisted in a new regulation that was established by Benedict, whereby the foreign ambassadors were required to draw lots for their boxes, like the Roman nobles. Whichever is the true version, the result was the same. Choiseul resisted this innovation, stormed furiously against the ecclesiastical authorities, and threatened to throw all intruders out of his box into the pit; nay, one account states that he made preparations for his departure from Rome. The Pope is reported to have sent Cardinal Valenti to Choiseul in order to induce him to listen to reason. This prelate, who possessed great dignity and eloquence, addressed him in very energetic terms, by which he expected to browbeat the ambassador. "Do you know what was his reply?" said the Cardinal to Gleichen. "He flipped his fingers in my face (Choiseul's usual ges-

ture to express indifference) and said : “ *Vous vous moquez de moi, Monseigneur, voilà trop de bruit pour un petit prestolet, quand il s’agit d’un Ambassadeur de France.*” Whether this scene occurred or not, the Pope yielded, and Choiseul retained his box with the reputation of being a mad-cap. Flassan states that when Benedict shortly after appointed the Governor a cardinal and Secretary of State Choiseul, knowing him to be his enemy, went to the Pope and protested against his nomination. Benedict stated that he was not master to appoint whom he pleased, and when Choiseul persisted, the Pope arose, excited, and said : “ *Fa il Papa,*” (he plays the Pope.) Choiseul felt that the Pope was right, and answered : “No, holy father, let each of us perform the duties of our station ; you continue to play the Pope, and I will play the Ambassador.” It appears that Choiseul found means afterwards to become reconciled with the Governor by pretending that he was indebted to his own intercession for his elevation to the office of Secretary of State.

“Choiseul,” proceeds Gleichen, “had led a wild and dissipated life in his early youth. When he was appointed Ambassador to Rome, he was still very ignorant. He read little, but he never forgot anything that he had read. His quick, subtle, penetrating, and ready mind guessed your thought before it was half uttered, anticipated all explanations, and masked its ignorance by dazzling others with its brilliancy. He used to be satisfied with knowing the substance of things, leaving all details to his secretaries. He wrote the most secret dispatches with his own hand, without making a rough draught of them beforehand, and forwarded them by courier without retaining a copy. His handwriting was so illegible that an ambassador was once obliged to send back his dispatches from inability to decipher them. He labored little, and did a great deal. His intrigues and his pleasures consumed a considerable time ; but he atoned for the loss by the quickness of his intelligence, and by his readiness in work. He contrived several methods for facilitating his labors ; and amongst others, a plan that enabled him to condense a great quantity of reading and writing into a single act. Every courier brought him a basket full of letters and petitions, which it was his duty to read, as Minister of War. But he did nothing of the sort, first, because it was almost impossible, and secondly, because he had many other things to do. A clerk read the letters for him, and wrote their number and contents on half a sheet of paper. He read over this to

the minister, who thereupon dictated the substance of his resolutions, which were written on the other side of the sheet. The minister then read over the whole and signed them. Hereupon the sheet was passed on to another clerk, who drew up the answers in conformity with it, when they were simply signed with his signet, and forwarded without being revised by the minister. As the originals of all these dispatches were deposited among the archives, a lasting record was retained by which to rectify every misapplication of the signet.

“Never was a minister more indiscreet in his expressions than the Duke of Choiseul ; it was his great defect. His levity, his fiery temper, his love of wit, and not unfrequently the ebullitions of his spleen, were its natural causes ; nevertheless, there were noble treasures in his heart that made his faults almost venial : from the uprightness of his mind, as well as his love of justice, he hated all that was hollow and false, and the elevation of his character scorned the timid precautions and the petty pedantry of political science. When at length he learned from experience to know his fault, he made a jest of it instead of trying to reform it. He forgot the perplexities in which it plunged him, in the pleasure that he experienced in extricating himself from them ; for the most distinguished characteristic of his mind was his ready wit in difficulties. He had ever all his wits about him, whether he were engaged in pleasure, in rectifying failures, or in making reparations for wrongs committed. His ingenuity in finding resources was something marvellous, and had he been alive at the Revolution, he alone might possibly have found the means of averting it.

“An officer who had persecuted him unmercifully at all his audiences, in order that he might obtain the Cross of St. Louis, placed himself at last between the minister and the door through which he was about to escape, so as to force his attention. Roused by such impudence, the Duke became so heated that he said : ‘ *Allez vous faire . . .* ;’ when suddenly recollecting that he was concerned with a soldier, and a nobleman, he recovered himself, and continued : ‘ *Allez vous faire protestant et le roi vous donnera la croix de mérite.*’

“He loved honor, riches, and power, in order to enjoy them, and to enable those around him to partake in their enjoyment. He was not so proud of his place as of his person. When he thought of his descent, he was reminded that in former days a man

of rank would have thought himself lowered by accepting the place of Secretary of State, and that all such officials before him had been lawyers, except the Abbé de Bernis. He fancied, accordingly, that he was conferring a great honor on Louis XV., in consenting to become his minister. Although it was well known by the whole world that France, once so terrible, was shorn of her terrors; that Louis XV. was determined to avoid war at any sacrifice, and that the ruinous state of his finances was admitted by himself; and although he was in the habit of saying, 'Do not draw upon the king, it is of no use,' nevertheless, the Duke of Choiseul succeeded in maintaining the dignity of the crown. His inconsiderate rashness occasioned a complete panic in Europe. Yet people were mistaken; he appeared more threatening than he really was, nor would he ever have ventured to transgress the limits that had been unconditionally prescribed for him.

"It is reported that when Choiseul was at Rome, the General of the Jesuits confessed to him, that he had been declared an enemy of the order on account of a thoughtless expression of his early youth, and it is asserted that the fear instilled into him by the insight that he thus obtained of their complicated inquisitorial system, was the cause of all that he did later against them. This is a mistake; he became their enemy, owing to misdemeanors on their part, and through other circumstances. Being Ambassador at Rome, and annoyed at the cruel persecution occasioned in France by the Molinistic party, through the introduction of confessionals for the dying, he devoted himself heart and soul, in conformity with his instructions, to countertermine the Jesuits, who were no favorites of Benedict XIV. The Jesuits became now his declared enemies, and never ceased to persecute him by means of the *devout* party. At the beginning of his ministry, they employed the Duke of Vauguyon as a tool to induce the Dauphin to give the King a memorial full of calumnies against Choiseul. After the latter had justified himself, he received permission to declare himself openly against the Dauphin to whom his father had already given a sharp reprimand. When the Dauphin gave Choiseul a somewhat ungracious reception, the latter was bold enough to say to him: '*Monseigneur, j'aurais peut-être le malheur d'être un jour votre sujet, mais je ne serais jamais votre serviteur.*' Shortly after, the courts of Madrid and Lisbon expelled the Jesuits, and they, as well as Choiseul, mutually assisted each other. Although the Par-

liament had given its countenance to their suppression in France, the consent of the King was required in addition, and he had a secret leaning towards the society which was also befriended by the whole royal family, and a large party in the council and at court. Choiseul carefully avoided standing forth as their enemy before his sovereign, but he forwarded whatever was needful to the King of Spain, who was engaged in a personal correspondence with Louis XV. My opinion is, however, that the Jesuits wrought their own downfall. Their money speculations in France, their imprudences in Spain, and, above all, the arrogance, obstinacy, and absurd recklessness of their General at Rome, began and compassed their ruin. When the latter was informed that Father Malagrida had been arrested on account of his attempt to assassinate the King of Portugal, several friends of the Jesuits, together with Father Ricci,\* were assembled at Cardinal Negroni's. All advised him to write to the King of Portugal at once, stating that the Order, though convinced of the innocence of Father Malagrida, yet thought fit to solicit the mercy of his Most Faithful Majesty towards him. But the General was inflexible; he wrote a foolish letter, maintaining that a Jesuit could only be judged by his own society, which was consequently expelled from Portugal. It appears that it had been represented to Louis XV. that the Jesuits maintain the principle, "that a tyrant or a king who was an enemy of the Catholic religion ought to be put to death," a circumstance that made a deep impression upon him because of the recent attempt upon his life.† Hereupon Marshal Soubise, the chief organ of the devout party in the council, gave it as his advice that a condemnation and prohibition of this ancient principle should be obtained from the General. But Ricci arrogantly rejected every attempt of the kind, saying that the denouncing of that principle, which had never been more than a play of thought, would be tacitly to admit that it was a doctrine and opinion of the Order, and the very supposition of such a thing would be a blot on the society. It was on this occasion that he delivered this sentence, celebrated for its folly: '*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*' This sealed the fate of the Jesuits in France. Clement XIV., who feared them even more than he hated them, defended them long after this, and I

\* At that time General of the Order.

† Robert Francis Damien had attempted to assassinate Louis XV. on the 5th of January, 1757.  
—TRANSLATOR.



have been informed by Cardinal de Bernis that it was only by threatening to remit his bull that this Pope was induced to promise the abolition of the Order, a promise which he drew up in his own handwriting in order to obtain the tiara, thus publishing his own disgraceful simony. I do not believe that Benedict XIV. was poisoned by the Jesuits. They were not the men to commit useless crimes, and this poisoning would have been superfluous, like *moutarde après diner*. Pom- bal, Charles III., and the Duke of Choiseul, all died a natural death. Clement died from the fear of death. The idea of poison was always present to his mind, and the speedy decomposition of his body was the effect of the terrible anxiety that had killed him. If the Jesuits had been as bad as was supposed, they would still exist."\*

"Choiseul was accused of bringing the finances into disorder. I can testify to the pains that he took after the death of Madame de Pompadour to sift this matter and find remedies. He solicited the advice of Forbonnet and M. de Mirabeau,† who both expressed their astonishment at his penetration in such a difficult business. When, however, he came to see how impossible it was to remedy this disorder, which resulted from the weakness of the King, from ancient abuses, and from the insatiable rapacity of the courtiers, he despaired of reconciling his plans of economy with the maintenance of his influence and authority. His integrity and his business-like habits appeared in a favorable light in the account that he gave of the savings in his department. As he always wished to be independent and fixed in his position, he would have liked to fill the situation of Chief Intendant of Finance. The great responsibility attaching to the office would have given him the right to refuse all impertinent pretensions, even those of the King; and he would have been legally justified in using the words, "Sire, my head will answer for it." But this had been foreseen by Louis XV., who had, moreover, an invincible aversion to the revival of any of the old offices of the crown. When we come to compare, however, the debt of Louis XV.'s reign with that of Louis XVI., and the deficit during the latter reign, with the resources that were brought to light by the Revolution, it will be found that there is no such great reason for

exclaiming against Louis XV., and that it would have been unnecessary to call together the States-General, if the government of Louis XVI. had taken the pains to apply a portion of those resources to the exigencies of the State."

"It would have been better for Choiseul if he had shown as much attachment and regard to his wife as he did to his sister. He would have had fewer, less cheerful, and less flattering, but wiser, more virtuous, and more disinterested friends, than those with whom the Duchess of Grammont, through his reliance on her, had surrounded him. He would not have had the numerous enemies occasioned by her insolence, her prejudices, and her misguided influence; and his noble nature would have escaped the crust that commonly forms about a minister's heart. Madame de Choiseul was morally the most perfect being that I have ever known. She was an incomparable wife, a true and wise friend, and a spotless woman. She was a saint, though she had no other faith than that which virtue teaches. But her delicate health, the weak state of her nerves, the melancholy of her temperament, and the meditative cast of her mind, made her earnest, firm, precise, eloquent, metaphysical, and almost a prude. At all events, her sister-in-law, and the giddy circle that surrounded her, represented her in this light to her husband. Yet he was penetrated with gratitude and esteem for a woman who worshipped him, who disarmed the enemies of his sister, and whom he was just enough to acknowledge as a being purer, firmer, and more meritorious than himself. The Duchess of Grammont was more like a man than a woman. She had a coarse voice, a bold and forward appearance, free and brutal manners. She exhibited the qualities of her brother in an exaggerated light, which gave her, as a woman, a rough and repulsive exterior. Her resemblance to Choiseul, together with the art that she employed to amuse him, had given her great influence over him, of which she used to boast so insolently, that she did great injury to the reputation and even the happiness of her brother: for this ambitious woman greatly hastened the fall of the minister, although it was considerably delayed by the great sympathy that was felt for the Duchess of Choiseul by the King, the whole court, and even by the enemies of her husband. All the world knew that Louis XV. had said, when he banished this minister to Chanteloup, that he would have treated him much more se-

\* They do still exist. Yet Gleichen may be right; their revival is only an artificial and unnatural effort, and their power is, if not destroyed, greatly decayed.

† The father of the orator.



verely had he not respected the feelings of Madame de Choiseul, and that he was not at all offended with her haughty letter, in which she rejected the pension of fifty thousand francs that the King had offered her. After she had sacrificed the whole of her transferable property to her husband, even including her diamonds, she devoted also to his memory all the rents of which she was the usufructuary, confined herself to a tenth of her income in order to pay his debts, and actually paid off more than three hundred thousand dollars before the Revolution. She was also spared by the monsters of the Reign of Terror, whereas her sister-in-law was sent by them to the scaffold, where she did not belie her proud and high-spirited character, treating her executioners as her servants."

Gleichen came from Calais to Compiègne in 1768, in the suite of the King of Denmark, who visited London in that year. He happened to be playing chess with the Duchess of Choiseul. The company had left the room, and Madame de Choiseul thinking that they were alone, said to him, "*On dit que votre roi est une tête—*" At this moment Gleichen perceived that some person was standing behind her, and added, casting down his eyes, "*couronnée.*" The Duchess saw immediately that she had been overheard, and continued, "*Pardon, vous ne m'avez pas laissée achever ; je voulais dire que votre roi est une tête, qui annonce les plus belles espérances.*"

Gleichen adds some particulars respecting the fall of Choiseul, from which we shall glean what appears to us most interesting. At the period of his disgrace the Duke was no longer attached to his office, and his health was ailing. Like a spoiled child of fortune, he could no longer bear any opposition. Having used up the pleasures of the court, he sought for recreation elsewhere, and built villas at Chanteloup. His fall was effected by Madame Dubarri,\* with whom he might

easily have been reconciled. This lady only wished to escape from his sister-in-law, her protectors, and all the *roués* who made her their tool; she was in other respects a good creature, who disliked to be an instrument of evil, and who would have been enchanted with Choiseul's merry mood. The King would have done the utmost to effect a junction between his favorite and his minister. One of the last times that Louis ever wrote to Choiseul he said, "*Vous ne connaissez pas Madame Dubarri, toute la France serait à ses pieds si—*" The King confessed in this passage that the voice of the minister alone was of more avail than all the power of the sovereign. Still it is astonishing that Choiseul did not either yield or resign of his own accord; he evidently did not imagine that he would be treated so harshly, deprived of his appointment as Colonel-General of the Swiss, or blackened so maliciously in the eyes of the King as to expose him to personal violence. On the occasion of a difference between the parliament and the court, some time previously, Choiseul had written notes without any date, containing advice, encouragement, and promises of support to the parliamentary opposition. These notes were shown to the King, referred to the existing president, and construed into an evidence of guilt. Choiseul was represented as detected in criminal correspondence with a subservient parliament against the crown. Notwithstanding all this, his life at Chanteloup was more brilliant than it had been in the days of his brightest fortune. Half the court left Versailles to go to Chanteloup, and the roads from his hotel to the Barrière d'Enfer were crowded with the Parisian populace, which received him with loud cheers, a circumstance that made such an impression on this minister, who had never been popular, that he exclaimed with tears in his eyes: "*Voilà ce que je n'ai pas mérité.*"

With regard to the report that the Dauphin and the Dauphiness were poisoned by Choiseul, Gleichen maintains that it was without any foundation whatever, and that it was probably occasioned by a thoughtless expression of the Duke's during the last illness of the Dauphiness. The celebrated Tronchin had been called in, had quarrelled with the court-physicians, and had even written a note to the King, in which he said that the state of the Dauphiness presented such unusual symptoms, that he did not venture to trust them to paper, and that he deferred describing particulars till he could inform his majesty verbally respecting them.

\* Marie Johanne, Vicomtesse Dubarri, was born in 1744, and was the daughter of a commissioner of taxes named Gomart de Vaubernier. Subsequently to her father's death she became a milliner, a *fille-de-joie*, a pimp of the gambler Vicomte Dubarri, afterwards an attendant of Madame de Pompadour in the household of Louis XV., and was finally married to a brother of Dubarri. After the death of Louis she lived, first, in a convent near Meaux, then at her château at Marly, but was at length guillotined, on the 5th of December, 1793, on account of her supporting the emigrants and of her connection with the Brissotists. When she was desired to lay her head on the block she called out piteously to the executioner: "*Monsieur le bourreau, encore un moment !*"

When Choiseul related this, with a rather excited countenance, in Gleichen's presence, he added : "*Que veut dire ce coquin de charlatan ? Prétend-il insinuer que j'ai empoisonné Madame la Dauphine ? Si ce n'était le respect que j'ai pour M. le Duc d'Orléans, je le ferais mourir sous le bâton.*" Gleichen detects the first trace of that unfounded report in this expression, which Choiseul would scarcely have employed had he been guilty.

It has been said, that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. We have now presented the character and habits of these two contemporary statesmen, without a veil; and though some defects may be detected in them, as in all members of the great human family, we apprehend that they will be found as free from deformity as other public men of equal distinction, subject to similar disclosures.

From the Quarterly Review.

## THE ABOLITION OF WIDOW-BURNING IN INDIA.\*

ON the 30th of August, 1838, the princely city of Oodypore was the scene of a terrible solemnity. About mid-day a prolonged discharge of artillery from the fort announced the unexpected decease of Maharána Juwán Singh; and, as is usual in tropical climates, preparations for his obsequies immediately commenced. The palace-gate was thronged with the expectant populace. Something, however, in the excitement of their voices and gestures, boded the approach of a spectacle more thrilling than mere pomp could render even a royal funeral. It was not the dead alone whom the eager crowd were waiting to see pass from among them. Sculptured in startling abundance on the tombs of their rulers, the well-known effigies of *women's feet*† gave ghastly assurance that a prince of Oodypore would not that day be gathered to his fathers without a wife or a concubine sharing his pyre. The only question was—how many? It was known that the youngest of the two queens came of a family in which the rite was rarely practised; while the suddenness of the Maharána's death had given but scanty time for any of his inferior women to mature so tremendous a resolution. Great, therefore, was the admiration of the multitude when they learnt that immediately

on the fatal tidings reaching the Zenána, both the queens and six out of seven concubines had determined to burn. The seventh, a favorite, had excused herself on the plea—which, characteristically enough, was at once admitted—that "she felt none of the inspiration deemed necessary to the sanctity of the sacrifice."

It next became the duty of the chief nobles to address the ladies with the forms of dissuasion. But to these they quickly put an end by an act that rendered retreat impossible: loosening their hair, and unveiling their faces, they went to the gate of the Zenána, and presented themselves before the assembled populace. All opposition to their wishes now ceased. They were regarded as sacred to the departed monarch. Devout ejaculations poured incessantly from their lips. Their movements became invested with a mysterious significance; and their words were treasured up as prophetic.

Meantime the pile had been prepared. The eight victims, dressed in their richest attire, and mounted on horseback, moved with the procession to the cemetery. There they stripped off their ornaments and jewels, distributed gifts to the bystanders, and lastly, mounting the pile, took their places beside the corpse. As the Maharána had left no son, his nephew, the present sovereign, applied the torch. The crash of music, the chanting of the priests, and the cries of the multitude arose simultaneously, and the tragedy was consummated. "The father of

\* *The History of British India, from 1805 to 1835.* By Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A., F.R.S. Vol. iii. 8vo. 1848.

† The distinctive memorial of a Suttee. The feet of each victim are represented in relief, with the soles outwards, on the face of the mausoleum.

one of the queens" (concludes the native report) "had been present during the whole. He is here immersed in contemplation and grief, and his companions are comforting him."

Perhaps at this point some of our readers may feel puzzled by the recollection that Lord William Bentinck is celebrated in numberless works as having put down all atrocities of this kind some twenty years ago. And true it is that he did so far as his authority extended; but within that limit, as Mr. Wilson's clear narrative shows, the operation was necessarily confined. In other words, out of about 77 millions of souls, this prohibition reached directly only the 37 millions who were British subjects; indirectly, perhaps about nineteen millions more, consisting of the subjects of native princes in whose internal management we had some voice; while there remained not less than 21 millions, the subjects of states which, though our allies, could be in no degree reached by the legislation of 1829. The kingdom of Oodypore, or Meywar, was of the last class. The only notice, therefore, that the Governor-General of 1838 (Lord Auckland) could take of the horrors above detailed was by way of private communication. The Resident at Oodypore was instructed to explain *unofficially* the horror with which the British Government had heard of the tragedy, and of the prominent part in it played by the new sovereign himself. The Resident's opinion was at the same time asked, as to the most suitable compliment to be paid to those nobles who had sought to dissuade the ladies from their resolution, and the answer was noteworthy. Lord Auckland was informed that the personages in question would simply feel "disgraced" by any tribute which should imply that their dissuasions had been meant for aught but decorous forms!

Such was the veneration in which up to a date so recent the sacrifice of Suttee was held by a vast proportion of our allies, and such the acquiescence with which the British Government perforce regarded its celebration. Within the last seven years, however, the rite has occasioned one of the most remarkable movements recorded in Eastern annals. Never before, within historical memory, had the Hindoos exhibited the phenomenon of *religious change*. During that brief period an agitation has sprung up which has led more than half the great independent states to repudiate a sacrifice regarded by their forefathers, not only as sacred, but as a standing miracle in attestation of their faith.

So extraordinary an exception to the inveterate tyranny of tradition would demand investigation, were it only as a psychological problem; but how much more is this the case when the wonder is known to be the work of a single British officer! We owe to the late lamented Chairman of the Court of Directors the means of presenting our readers with the first authentic account of this triumph of skill and energy.

Strange to say, the movement originated in the very stronghold of the rite. Among the states who gloried in the readiness of their women to brave this supreme test of conjugal devotion, none exercise a wider influence over Hindoo opinion than the small knot of powers on the north-west frontier, who occupy the provinces known collectively as Rajpootana. The respect paid throughout India to the blood of the Rajpoots (literally *the progeny of princes*) is well known. Matrimonial alliances with their chiefs are eagerly sought by princes of thrice their territorial importance. A race of soldiers and hunters, their figures and faces are eminently handsome and martial; their voices loud; and when they laugh, it is with a hearty burst like Europeans—in broad contrast to the stealthy chuckle of the Bengalee, or the silent smile of the reserved Mussulman. Unlike those, too, they scorn the pursuits of the desk; and even agriculture has only become common among them since the tranquillization of the frontier has diminished their opportunities of obtaining military service among their feudal lords. Whatever a Hindoo knows of chivalry or nationality, he deems to be exemplified in this model race. Since, therefore, Rajpoots were renowned for the frequency of their suttees, the great independent states thought it beneath their orthodoxy to return any other answer to the remonstrances of the British Government against the rite, than that "it would be time enough for them to prohibit it, when Rajpootana led the way."

This they doubtless thought was to postpone a change indefinitely. Many, in truth, and pitiful were the instances which seemed to forbid the hope that Rajpoots would ever consent to take the lead in such a course. One of these has already been given. A second—the last with which we shall pain our readers—must be added, because it illustrates the chief difficulty with which the friends of abolition had to contend. It was the belief of those officers who had acquired the longest experience in Rajpoot affairs, that every attempt on the part of the

British Government to remonstrate against Suttee had been followed by an increase in the number of the sacrifices. This opinion—which, whether right or wrong, naturally carried weight with the Government, and had caused the discouragement of any active interference in the matter—was supposed to receive a further corroboration in the occurrence we are about to narrate.

Early in 1840 the Political Agent, or chargé d'affaires, at the Rajpoot court of Kotah had ventured on his own responsibility to break through the cautious reserve thus prescribed, by apprising the chief of that state, that the British Government would be greatly gratified to hear that his Highness had abolished Suttee throughout his dominions. "My friend," replied the prince, "the customs alluded to have been handed down from the first fathers of mankind. They have obtained in every nation of India, and more especially in Rajpootána; for whenever a sovereign of these states has bidden farewell to life, the queens, through the yearnings of the inward spirit, have become Suttees,\* notwithstanding that the relatives were averse to the sacrifice, and would have prevented it altogether. It is not in the power of a mortal to nullify a divine, though mysterious, ordinance." With true Oriental complaisance, however, his Highness proceeded to promise his best efforts to undertake the impossibility. "Since," he concludes, "it will afford the English Government peculiar pleasure, I shall take such measures as lie in my power to prohibit the practice." It appears that nobody except the officer to whom it was addressed attached any value to this plausible assurance. The veteran diplomatist who at that time superintended our relations with the Rajpoot states was even led to augur from it some fresh outbreak of religious zeal in favor of the rite.

About 3 P. M. on the 29th October, 1840, a Brahmin, by name Luchmun, died at Kotah, and his widow declared her intention of burning with the corpse. The permission of the reigning prince had in the first instance to be obtained. Now, therefore, was the time for testing the value of the pledge which he had given to the chargé d'affaires. His Highness absolutely

declined to use his authority. The chief constable was, indeed, sent to address the ordinary dissuasions to the woman, and to promise her a livelihood in case she survived; but the victim, as usual, was resolute. To the offer of a maintenance she is reported to have answered—"There are a hundred people related to me, and I have no such thoughts to annoy me. I am about to obey the influence of God." The sight of her infant son did not shake her. All the marvels which the arts of the priesthood conjure up on such occasions, were employed to convince the populace that it was the will of Heaven that the sacrifice should proceed. "It has been usual"—naïvely wrote the Kotah minister in his exculpatory account of the catastrophe to the chargé d'affaires—"it has been usual, on a disposition to burn being evinced, to confine the individual in a room under lock and key; and if these efforts should be frustrated by the voluntary bursting of the locks and doors, it was a sure sign that her intention was pure and sincere, and that it was useless to oppose it. *This test was applied on the present occasion, and both locks and doors flew open!* Moreover, it was known that a *Suttee's words for good or for evil would assuredly come true*, which of itself deterred any spectator from interfering. Your Agency messenger brought her to the palace and took her by the hand; though, as she was regarded as dead to the world and all its creatures, this ought not to have been done. He was told to take a guard and dissuade her if he could, but he did not succeed." The chief constable soon obtained sufficient warranty of the strength of the woman's determination to satisfy him of the propriety of ordering the pile. Twenty pounds of sandal wood, and twenty more of cotton rope, together with fagots and flax, were accordingly put together in haste by the river side; and the funeral procession was on the point of commencing, when the Resident sent a servant of his own to make one more effort to dissuade the victim. The messenger found the Brahmins plying her with camphor, and was wholly unable to overcome the natural and artificial exaltation which she exhibited. Moreover, the crowd were impatient at what they deemed so pertinacious an opposition to the Divine will, and bore the woman off to the palace, in order to obtain the chief's prohibition of any further attempts of the kind. The messenger had the courage to accompany them. On being admitted to the presence, he reminded his Highness of his late promise to the Resi-

\* "The term Suttee, or Sati, is strictly applicable to the person, not the rite; meaning a pure and virtuous woman; and designates the wife who completes a life of uninterrupted conjugal happiness by the act of Saba-gamana, accompanying her husband's corpse. It has come in common usage to denote the act."—Wilson, iii. p. 265.



dent; but his remonstrances were quickly neutralized by an adroit hint to the prince from a native courtier, "that if the widow's purpose were thwarted, she might utter some imprecations fatal to the state!" On this his Highness declared that he would stand neutral in the matter—"he would neither assent nor dissent—the messenger might do his best." The Brahmins and crowd of course interpreted this as it was meant; they jostled the emissaries of the *chargé d'affaires*, and even threw out threats against that officer himself, in case of any further interference. Musicians now came out from the palace to assist at the ceremony; a sumptuous dress and ornaments were presented to the woman; and thus decorated and attended, she was conducted to the place of sacrifice. Secret orders to use dispatch had in the mean time been sent by the Prince; and so well were these obeyed, that within three hours of Luchmun Brahmin's death his widow had shared his obsequies.

It is true that cases are on record in which, at the supreme moment, women have lost courage, and, starting from the pile, have torn off their sacrificial garlands, and cried aloud for mercy! Unhappily, too, it is not improbable that on such occasions the fatal belief that a suttee's resolution once voluntarily taken is irrevocable, may have caused the bystanders to thrust the victim remorselessly back into the flames; or if, from British interposition, a rescue has been effected, the woman has, it may be, survived only to curse the pity which, to save her from a few moments of pain, has deprived her, as she deemed, of ages of happiness. These things have been; but, with very rare exceptions, the suttee has been a voluntary victim. Resolute, undismayed, confident in her own inspiration, but betraying by the tone of her prophecies—which are almost always auspicious—and by the gracious acts with which she takes leave of her household, and by the gifts which she lavishes on the bystanders, that her tender woman's heart is the true source whence that inspiration flows, the child-widow has scarcely time to bewail her husband ere she makes ready to rejoin him. She is dressed like a bride, but it is as a bride who has been received within the *zenána* of her bridegroom. Her veil is put off, her hair unbound; and so adorned and so exposed, she goes forth to gaze on the strange world for the first time, face to face, ere she leaves it. She does not blush or quail. She scarcely regards the bearded crowd who press so eagerly towards her. Her lips move

in momentary prayer. Paradise is in her view. She sees her husband awaiting with approbation the sacrifice which shall restore her to him dowered with the expiation of their sins, and ennobled with a martyr's crown. What wonder if, dazzled with these visionary glories, she heeds not the shouting throng, the ominous pile? Exultingly she mounts the last earthly couch which she shall share with her lord. His head she places fondly on her lap. The priests set up their chant—it is a strange hymeneal—and her first-born son, walking thrice round the pile, lights the flame. If the impulse which can suffice to steel a woman's nerves to encounter so painful a death, and to overpower the yearnings of her heart towards the children she may leave behind her—if such an impulse is, even to the eye of philosophy, a strange evidence of the power of faith, and of the depth and strength of tenderness—surely we may well conceive how the superstitious Hindoo should trace in it more directly the finger of God himself. They, we are persuaded, will best cope with this superstition—for they alone will comprehend the grounds on which it rests—who, content with the weapons of truth, will own, that love, and beauty, and death—terror, wonder, pity—never conspired to form a rite more solemn and affecting to the untutored heart of man.\*

The confirmation that the Kotah case appeared to give to the current opinions on the danger of interference, had naturally caused an official neutrality on the subject to be prescribed more strictly than ever to our Residents at native courts; and a complete inaction was the order of the day. Not to multiply instances of this policy, we may mention that in 1842 Lord Ellenborough

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\* "I have heard," says Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, "that in Guzerat women about to burn are often stupefied with opium. In most other parts this is certainly not the case. Women go through all the ceremonies with astonishing composure and presence of mind, and have been seen seated, unconfined, among the flames, apparently praying, and raising their joined hands to their heads with as little agitation as at their ordinary devotions. The sight of a widow burning is a most painful one; but it is hard to say whether the spectator is most affected by pity or admiration. The more than human serenity of the victim, and the respect which she receives from all around her, are heightened by her gentle demeanor and her care to omit nothing in distributing her last presents, and paying the usual marks of courtesy to the bystanders; while the cruel death that awaits her is doubly felt from her own apparent insensibility to its terrors."—*History of India*, i. 361.

expressly declined to sanction an offer made by the chargé d'affaires at Hyderabad, to procure from its Mohammedan ruler a prohibition of the rite.

It was in the midst of this general despondency that Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Ludlow, chargé d'affaires at Jypore, conceived the idea of assailing the superstition in its stronghold. His scheme was simple and not new—qualities which are the best evidence of the difficulties that had hitherto prevented its execution. Long ago, Oriental scholars, both native and European, had shown that the rite was not only unsanctioned, but inferentially forbidden, by the earliest and most authoritative Hindoo scriptures. Nay, Colonel Tod in his book on Rajpootána had actually indicated this anomaly in Hindoo doctrine as the best point of attack for abolitionists to select.\* Yet though that valuable work was published in 1829, and though the author, from the position he long held as chief diplomatic officer in the country he so well describes, had the amplest opportunities for carrying out his own suggestion, it was reserved for Major Ludlow, in 1844, to put it to the test of practice, and to vanquish the obstacles which had hitherto confined it to the dream-land of speculative benevolence.

The explanation of this previous inaction is not difficult. Scholars, it is true, had proved Suttee to be an innovation and a heresy; but it was an innovation of 2000 years' standing, and a heresy abetted by the priesthood since the days of Alexander. Though unnoticed by Menu, the supplementary writings with which the Hindoos, like the Jews, have overlaid their primitive books, are profuse in its praise. Above all—let the force of the appeal from the more recent to the primitive code be what it might—it could not but be attended with suspicion when proceeding from religionists who equally repudiated both the one and the other. It is no matter for surprise that Englishmen should have hesitated long to assail with the delicate weapon of theological criticism a rite thus strong in remote antiquity, in venerated records, in a hierarchy at once ignorant and unscrupulous, and in the associations with which innumerable traditions of womanly courage and constancy had ennobled it in the eyes of the Hindoo people.

His resolution once taken, however, there were circumstances in Major Ludlow's position not unfavorable to the enterprise. He enjoyed peculiar opportunities of intercourse with the nobles of the court to which

he was accredited. The prince of Jypore was a minor, and the government was carried on by a council of regency, over which the Major presided. Not only did he thus possess a more direct voice in the administration than his post of chargé d'affaires would have given him, but he had already so used this vantage-ground as to dissipate to an extraordinary degree the jealousies likely to be excited in his native colleagues by any interference with their domestic customs. He had even contrived to bring the other Rajpoot states to combine with Jypore for an object not wholly alien from that which he had at present in view. Then, as now, the abuse which he had undertaken to assail concerned their zenánas; and his bitterest opponents were likely to be found amongst the priests.

Old maids, as some of our readers have probably heard, are sadly depreciated in the East. A Rajpoot girl who remains long unwedded is a disgrace to her house; but that was not the only danger which but a few years ago her father had to fear. Should he succeed in finding her a husband, the chances were that the family estates would be hopelessly encumbered in providing the gratuities claimed by the priests and minstrels who were certain to flock to the nuptials. No Rajpoot is above the dread of satire and imprecations; and those worthies notoriously dispensed their blessings and applauses, or their curses and lampoons, according to the price at which their services were retained. The result was that their favor was purchased at almost any cost. "The Dahima emptied his coffers on the marriage of his daughter," ran a favorite distich of these venal bards, "but he filled them with the praises of mankind." The Rajpoots at large were not disposed to be Dahimas, nor yet to brave the scandal of housing marriageable daughters. They found refuge from the dilemma in infanticide. Parents reared just so many girls as they could afford to marry off, and destroyed the rest. The criminality of the practice was, indeed, acknowledged. Rajpoot decorum demanded that it should be veiled in secrecy; but that was all. A trifling penance absolved the perpetrator. Nobody dreamed of dragging such affairs into publicity. If a son was born, the fact was announced to inquirers with exultation; if a daughter, the answer was—*Nothing!* and those who came to congratulate went silent away. It must not be supposed that this system had grown up to such monstrous maturity without some

degree of resistance on the part of the native rulers. It appears that here and there, and at various periods, a Rajpoot prince had sought to reach the evil by sumptuary enactments in restraint of nuptial gratuities; but that fear of the reproach of their kinsmen in neighboring communities had invariably deterred his subjects from taking advantage of the remedy.

Major Ludlow conceived that he saw his way to improving on these precedents. He conjectured that if the various states throughout Rajpootána could be brought to agree to a *common* scale of such largesses, apportioned to the revenue of the bride's parents, with uniform penalties for all demands in excess, the problem might be solved. Nothing, however, is harder than to bring the tenacious principalities of Rajpootána to act together on any subject. What could seem more so than to bring them to work in concert on a question involving points so delicate as the largesses to be dispensed on their daughters' weddings, and the comparative claims of their minstrels and priests? It was certain, too, that, failing this agreement, no measure of the kind could be demanded of them by the British Government without a breach of the treaties that secured the freedom of their internal administrations. In spite of these obstacles Major Ludlow obtained permission to do his best, on the single condition of using no direct solicitation towards the chiefs. His first efforts were thus confined to his brother diplomatists, and such native deputies as resided at Jypore for the purpose of communicating on plunder-cases. The latter, gradually coming into the idea, promulgated it among their respective governments; and by this indirect process he at length succeeded in obtaining the enactment of an international sumptuary law which has rid Rajpootána of a most frightful scourge and stigma.

Never probably before, since the origin of the Rajpoot states, had their jealousies and divisions been even temporarily suspended. But the advantage of this concert was rendered palpable to them by their delivery from a ruinous system of extortion, with all its frightful and unnatural results. They were aware that the merit of this social, rather than political, reform, was due to Ludlow's private exertions; and thus between him and themselves there sprung up a relation on such subjects, which the antipathies of race and religion very seldom allow of among Englishmen and Hindoos. What, then, if he could avail himself of these aids to accomplish an infinitely harder undertaking? He

had rid the Rajpoots of a practice which their consciences condemned. Could he rid them of one to the full as terrible, which they revered? He had rescued her child for the mother. Could he rescue the mother for the child? It was doubtless much for an Englishman to hope to tear aside the prescriptive sanctions which for twenty centuries had elevated the Indian widow's cruel martyrdom into the holiest of mysteries; but if the shock was ever to be given, it was now, and at Jypore. The resident Vakeels would communicate it to all the Rajpoot states; and whenever Rajpootána should lead the way in breaking through "the traditions of the elders," Hindostan at large was tolerably certain to follow.

The hour, the place, and the man, all favored the design. One lion, however, there was in the path. Major Ludlow could not hope that the permission given him to use his personal influence with the convention of Vakeels to promote measures against female infanticide, would be extended to any similar undertaking against Suttee. The acknowledged criminality of the one practice and the reputed sanctity of the other made here all the difference; and we have already alluded to the belief on the part of the British authorities, which so many facts had seemed to substantiate, that the efforts of our diplomatists in the independent states to check the rite had tended only to an opposite effect. As an essential condition therefore to success, and on pain of having his operations summarily suspended, Major Ludlow was compelled to work unseen. He determined, if possible, to induce two or three trustworthy and influential natives to undertake the cause; to ply *them* with the critical objection drawn from the older scriptures; and by declaring his own resolution to remain neutral till public opinion had declared itself, to excite in them the ambition of taking the lead. He found a person admirably adapted to his purpose in the Financial Minister of the court at which he was accredited. Seth Manick Chund belonged to a sect whose distaste for destruction in all its forms is singular even in the East. The Oswal tribe do not wilfully slay the meanest animal. Carrying out the doctrine of the transmigration of souls to its logical result—viewing in every insect a possible human intelligence, and as yet blissfully ignorant of the revelations of the oxy-hydrogen microscope—their priests carry besoms to sweep the ground on which they tread, and cover their mouths with gauze, to avoid the scandal of inhaling



their ancestors, or of crushing them wholesale under foot. One result of this tenderness for life in every form is, that they disapprove of Suttees. To the Financial Minister, therefore, and to his own head Moon-shee, Major Ludlow communicated all the arguments he thought likely to be of use; and thus charged, they betook themselves to the High Priest of Jypore.

Warily, and as if on their own account, they pressed this important dignitary with the omission of all mention of Suttee in the Code of Menu; with the inferential prohibition of the rite in the denunciations contained in that work against suicide; and with its promise to widows *living* chastely of eternal felicity with their husbands—whereas even the writings which countenanced the sacrifice, limited the duration of its recompense to the comparative *bagatelle* of forty-five millions of years. In addition to these objections, already familiar to Oriental scholars, Major Ludlow supplied his emissaries with two others at least as efficacious. Pope's Universal Prayer embodies, it appears, a favorite sentiment of Hindoo moralists:—

“What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do;  
This teach me more than hell to shun,  
That *more than heaven* pursue.”

But the Hindoo divines assert, not only that the love of goodness for its own sake ought to *prevail* over the hopes of posthumous reward, but that the slightest intrusion of an interested motive is fatal. What more easy than to apply this dogma to the poor widow bent on earning by a cruel death her own and her husband's salvation? Her devotion was represented as a mercenary calculation of profit and loss. She did but mock the Deity with the unclean sacrifice of a selfish bargain. Was the martyr's crown her aim? She had forfeited it by that very aspiration!

Major Ludlow wound up these arguments by a shrewd appeal to national pride. Suttee (urged his emissaries), unwarranted by Menu, was the evident invention of some degenerate race, whose women were worthless, and whose widows, if they survived, would bring reproach on the memory of their lords. To such it might be left. The honor of Rajpoot husbands was in safer keeping; and the fair fame of their daughters was aspersed by the mere retention of so disgraceful a security!

The High Priest received these representations with surprising candor. In less than

six months he was induced to put forth a document, in which he adopted all the theological arguments, and declared authoritatively that the self-immolation of widows was less meritorious than their practising “the living suttee of chastity and devotion!” This was evidently half the battle. Major Ludlow now personally entered into the contest, so far as to cause the manifesto to be shown at his residence to the various Vakeels who came there to transact business; and these in their turn communicated its contents to their masters. A religious agitation sprung up and spread widely. At the same time there could be little doubt that, let the impression produced by the High Priest's decision be what it might, no man of rank—least of all a Rajpoot sovereign—would be anxious to proclaim himself the first convert.

To iterate day by day the same arguments—to be ever on the stretch to discover methods of rendering them more efficient—to confirm the wavering—to encourage those who were already compromised as abolitionists—above all, to keep within the delicate line that severed his private advocacy of the High Priest's dictum from his official adhesion to it—here was an arduous combination of aims; and the Major knew that if he failed in any one of them, a quick and mischievous reaction of public opinion would render the object of all his toil more distant than ever, and expose him to the censure of his own Government. But what then? It was the old alternative of every man wiser and braver than his fellows; the criterion would be success. If he did not win the palm of a benefactor of his race, he must be content to be reproached as a meddler whose untimely zeal had but injured a noble cause.

Within a few months of the issue of the High Priest's manifesto, that personage died. Never, not even during his last sickness, did he receive the slightest message or civility from Major Ludlow; so important was it deemed to give no ground for the imputation of a secret understanding between them. While, therefore, it was part of the good fortune attending this enterprise that the High Priest should have left the scene in the odor of sanctity before he had leisure to retract or modify his opinion, it was probably due to Major Ludlow's caution that the public faith in the honesty of the manifesto remained to the last unshaken.

And now the fruit of all this untiring energy began to appear. One by one the members of the Council of Regency declared themselves in favor of the legal prohibition

of Suttee, though they did not as yet think proper to pledge the infant sovereign to so critical a measure. Most of the nobles connected with the Court were avowed abolitionists, and three of the tributary provinces of Jypore actually issued enactments against the rite. Their example was followed by several petty neighboring states.

Major Ludlow believed that the time was come for bolder measures. Everything depended on the utmost publicity being given to the adhesions he had already received. Great as was the general respect for the deceased High Priest's authority, the timid were not likely to be converted except in good company, and, as has been said, the timidest of all in a matter of Rajpoot orthodoxy would be the Rajpoot sovereigns. He was aware, indeed, that rumor had already befriended him in this respect. The resident Vakeels had, as a matter of course, kept their masters throughout Rajpootána well acquainted with the progress of the strange agitation at Jypore. But those functionaries had no access to the letters which, in his capacity of President of the Council of Regency, he had from time to time received from the leading abolitionists; and such documents, forming collectively a very imposing record of opinion in high places, had now accumulated in his hands. These he resolved to turn to account. He sent copies of the whole correspondence to two or three of his brother diplomatists in Rajpootána, in order that they might communicate it to the Courts to which they were attached. The result was his first and only check. His official superior, apprised by the circulation of these documents, took alarm and arrested the whole proceeding. The mortification to Ludlow must have been great; but there remained so much to be done, and by means so foreign to the routine of official experience, that we can scarcely be surprised that the first impression inspired by the promulgation of the plan was one of distrust. When, however, a year had passed without any evil resulting from the agitation of the subject, the able superior who had thus felt it his duty to interpose his authority, so far withdrew his opposition as to issue a circular to the chiefs, urging, on the grounds already taken, not indeed the prohibition of Suttee, but the imposition of penalties on all persons abetting the widow in the rite.

Happily the event surpassed these cautious advances, and proved how little Major Ludlow had overrated the strength of the 'movement. In eight months' time from the

issuing of the circular (August 23d, 1846) the Council of Regency at Jypore led the way among the great independent Rajpoot states in declaring Suttee penal on all parties engaged in it, principals as well as accessories. Lord Hardinge, then at Simla, at once caused a notification of this event, coupled with an expression of thanks to Major Ludlow, to be published in the Government Gazette (Sept. 22, 1846); and so vast and so swift was the effect of this example, and of the prominence thus judiciously assigned to it, that before Christmas his Lordship was enabled to announce the prohibition of Suttee by eleven out of the eighteen Rajpoot principalities, and by five out of the remaining sixteen free states of India! Of the whole territory then exempt from internal control, more than two-thirds were gained over to the cause of abolition within four months from the Jypore proclamation.\*

To persons unacquainted with the influence of Rajpootána on Hindostan, so sudden an interruption of the torpor of ages must have appeared too momentous to be ascribed

\* The following table gives, we believe, with a tolerable approach to accuracy, a view of the progress of the cause of abolition among those states which have the control of their internal affairs:—

| ABOLITIONIST (18).      |             |               |
|-------------------------|-------------|---------------|
|                         | Rajpootána. | Square Miles. |
| Jypore                  | .           | 13,427        |
| Kotah                   | .           | 3,102         |
| Jhálawar                | .           | 1,287         |
| Boondee                 | .           | 2,291         |
| Jessulmere              | .           | 9,779         |
| Banswarra               | .           | 1,440         |
| Purtabgurh              | .           | 1,457         |
| Doongurpore             | .           | 2,005         |
| Kerowlee                | .           | 1,870         |
| Sirohee                 | .           | 3,024         |
| Dholepore               | .           | 1,626         |
| Ameer Khan (Mohammedan) | .           | 1,633         |
| Total                   | .           | 42,942        |
| Hyderabad (Mohammedan)  | .           | 88,887        |
| Indore (Mahratta)       | .           | 4,245         |
| Rewah (Rajpoot)         | .           | 10,310        |
| Bundelkund              | .           | 16,178        |
| Gwalior (Mahratta)      | .           | 82,944        |
| Cashmere                | about       | 1,500         |
| Total area              | .           | 197,000       |
| NON-ABOLITIONIST (16).  |             |               |
|                         | Rajpootána. | Square Miles. |
| Meywar                  | .           | 11,784        |
| Jodhpore                | .           | 34,132        |
| Ulwur                   | .           | 3,285         |
| Bikaneer                | .           | 18,060        |
| Kishengurh              | .           | 724           |
| Bhurtpore (Jaut)        | .           | 1,946         |
| Total                   | .           | 69,881        |

to the seemingly simple measures at Jypore which it immediately followed. It was as if Major Ludlow had thrown a pebble from the shore, and the ice of an arctic sea had riven before him. Yet never did a train of events less deserve to be ranked as mere coincidences. If any further proof were necessary, we might point to the fact that the state of Gwalior, in proclaiming Suttee penal, expressly cited as its authority the edict from Jypore; while nearly every abolitionist sovereign assigned as the grounds of his adhesion the very arguments that had obtained the Jypore high-priest's sanction. The recognition of Major Ludlow's services by his own immediate superior was hearty. "The last Political Agent," wrote Colonel Sutherland to the Government, "was, I be-

lieve, as little prepared for the abolition of Suttee at Jypore as I was on my return to that capital in May, 1846; and it is almost exclusively to Major Ludlow's influence that we are indebted for the first promulgation of the law prohibiting Suttee in a Hindoo principality."\* Major Ludlow's aids were, a superior utterly incapable of petty jealousies, and ready to abandon his own anti-abolitionist views directly abolition appeared possible; a variety of British officers residing at other native courts, eager to forward the good work when once begun; a Governor-General capable of appreciating the lustre which such an achievement would cast on an administration already bright with military glories; and last, not least, a Court of Directors ever prompt in the recognition of great services.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

### NO. II.—KOSCIUSKO.

In the stanza originally designed for the conclusion of Byron's "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte," the poet asks:

|                                          |         |
|------------------------------------------|---------|
| Baroda (Mahratta) . . . . .              | 5,525   |
| Katteewar (Rajpoot) . . . . .            | 19,424  |
| Bhopal (Mohammedan) . . . . .            | 5,772   |
| Cutch (Rajpoot) . . . . .                | 7,396   |
| Dhar (Rajpoot) . . . . .                 | 1,465   |
| Sawuntwarree (Mahratta) . . . . .        | 935     |
| The four protected Sikh States . . . . . | 16,602  |
| Total area . . . . .                     | 128,000 |

Kotah did not give in its adhesion until the following March; while Indore is now stated to have prohibited the rite so long ago as the reign of Hurree-Rao Holkar. That enactment had, it is allowed, remained unheard of elsewhere down to the date of the proclamation at Jypore; but this may be explained by the slight importance likely to be attached by Hindoos in general to the religious proceedings of a community of Mahrattas. The Sikh empire, since (with the exception of Cashmere) annexed to our dominions, is included among the five abolitionist states out of Rajpootana, alluded to in our text.

\* Governor-General's Agent for Rajpootana, 11th September, 1847.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,  
When gazing on the great,  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes, one, the first, the last, the best,  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Bequeathed the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one."

Had Byron, when he wrote this, remembered the Polish patriot, who in early life was the friend and comrade of Washington, and who in all but success was his equal, he would have blended the name of Kosciusko with that of the Deliverer of America. But in other passages of his poems he has done ample justice to the great hero of Poland; and, indeed, there are few instances where unsuccessful valor has received such homage from poetic genius, as Byron, Campbell, and other poets of our age and nation have poured forth to Kosciusko, both in his lifetime and after his decease.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was born in 1756, of a noble, but not wealthy, Lithuanian family. He was educated, like most of his countrymen, for a soldier's life, and studied his pro-

session first in the military school at Warsaw. An early disappointment in love caused him to leave Poland for a time; and he proceeded to Paris, where he resumed his military studies. He was still young when he returned to Poland, and he applied to Stanislaus, the then King, for an appointment in the army, but was refused. At this time the war of Independence was going on between England and her American colonies; and Kosciusko, who had formed the acquaintance of Lafayette at Paris, now joined him and the other French volunteers, who crossed the Atlantic to offer their swords in what they deemed the cause of justice and freedom. Kosciusko served for several campaigns under Gates and Washington, and acquired a high reputation both for personal bravery and for skill. He rose to the rank of general in the American army. At the end of the war he returned to his own country, where he lived in retirement, until the opportunity came of serving her with his counsel and his word.

The first spoliation of the Polish territory by the crowned conspirators who ruled the three great empires of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, had taken place in 1772. A century had not then elapsed since the rescue of Austria from the Turks, by the Poles under King Sobieski. Little more than a century and a half had passed from the time when the Polish armies of King Sigismund conquered Russia, dethroned her Czar, and gave away the Russian crown in captured Moscow. The Prussian dukes had been long the vassals of the Jagellon Polish kings; and of the three powers that have blotted Poland out from the list of the living nationalities of Europe, there is not one that has not formerly been her humble and submissive inferior: and it was in her that Christendom found for ages its bravest and best barrier against the tide of Mahometan invasion. But while other states had been consolidating their strength, Poland had been gradually sinking into weakness, and becoming the prey of dissension and anarchy. The mass of her population were serfs. The inhabitants of her cities and towns had no social rank or political power. And her nobility, though numerous and brave, were turbulent and lawless, regarding with equal jealousy the masses below them, and the king whom they elected to be over them. The Russian Empress, Catherine, found ready pretext for interfering in the royal elections, and in the civil wars that were continually breaking out among the Poles. Frederick of Prussia was even more ambitious and unscrupulous

than the Czarina; and the Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa, was persuaded, though with difficulty, to become an accomplice in the greatest national crime that had been committed since Christian Europe emerged from the chaos and strife of the Dark Ages.

The troops of these three sovereigns were in possession of all Poland, when, in April, 1773, the Polish King, Stanislaus, was compelled by his Russian rulers to convene a mock assembly at Warsaw, for the purpose of ratifying the treaty by which the partitioning powers had, in the preceding August, divided amongst themselves the coveted provinces of the Polish territory. Under the menaces of Russian bayonets the Diet was convened, and the treaty sanctioned; and then the allies withdrew from Warsaw, and the portion of Poland which they were pleased, for a time, to leave in nominal independence and peace.

This terrible blow at last awoke the Poles to the necessity of reforming the wretched state of their national institutions. The wisest of their sovereigns, Sobieski and John Casimir, had vainly predicted the coming calamity, and vainly urged their countrymen to lay aside their dissensions, and to abandon their arbitrary and wild usages for a more just and rational form of government. Taught by experience, but taught when the lesson came too late, Poland now earnestly employed herself in the task of self-reform: and, in 1791, a new constitution was enthusiastically adopted, which commanded the respect of the sagest minds; and which, if foreign interference had been averted or repelled, might even yet have rescued the Polish nation from ruin. By this constitution a system of public education was provided; the partial emancipation of the serfs, with a view to their gradual elevation to all the rights of freemen, was decreed; the throne was declared hereditary in the Saxon royal branch, after the death of King Stanislaus; the "Liberum Veto," by which a single dissident in the Diets had been able to nullify every resolution, was abolished, and the consent of a majority was declared sufficient. Moreover, the cities and towns acquired representatives; and thus, at last, this important element of European civilization, the municipal, was called into activity in Poland. The wisdom of this reform may be best judged of from the remarks made upon it by Burke, at the very time when that statesman was signaling himself by his denunciations of revolutionary innovation:—

"In contemplating that change, humanity



has everything to rejoice and glory in, nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to suffer. Anarchy and servitude were at once removed; a throne was strengthened for the protection of the people, without trenching on their liberties; foreign cabal abolished, by changing the crown from elective to hereditary; a reigning king, from an heroic love to his country, exerted himself in favor of a family of strangers, as if it had been his own. Ten millions of men were placed in a way to be freed gradually, and therefore to themselves safely, not from civil or political chains, which, bad as they seem, only fetter the mind, but from substantial personal bondage. Inhabitants of cities, before without privileges, were placed in the consideration which belongs to that improved and connecting situation of social life. One of the most numerous, proud, and fierce bodies of nobility in the world, was arranged only in the foremost rank of free citizens. All, from the king to the laborer, were improved in their condition. Everything was kept in its place and order, but in that place and order everything was bettered. Not one drop of blood was spilled; there was no treachery, no outrage; no slander, more cruel than the sword; no studied insult on religions, morals, or manners; no spoil or confiscation; no citizen was beggared; none imprisoned, none exiled; but the whole was effected with a policy and discretion, a unanimity and secrecy, such as have never been before known on any occasion."

It was the establishment of this constitution that was made the pretext for a fresh spoliation of Poland. The King of Prussia, in the most detestable spirit of treachery, had encouraged the Poles to proceed with their reforms, and had proffered the alliance of Prussia as a safeguard, in the event of any attack from Russia. A treaty was concluded in 1791, by which King Frederick William bound himself to protect Poland from foreign interference in any time or any manner. The Russian minister, with more insolence, but more candor, informed the Polish Diet that the least change in the constitution of their country would be looked on as an infraction of the peace between Poland and Russia. Poland completed her reforms, in defiance of this threat; and in the May of 1792, the Russian troops, a hundred thousand strong, entered her territory. Kosciusko, who had zealously co-operated with the chiefs of the great constitutional regeneration of his country, and whose career in America had inspired just confidence in his valor and con-

duct, now received the command of one of the three divisions of the Polish army of defence. In the short campaign that ensued, he distinguished himself greatly, both for spirit and for judgment; and he won the admiration of all Europe by the gallant stand that he made at Dubienka on the 18th of July, where, at the head of five thousand Poles, he held his ground for many hours against seventeen thousand Russians, and, when at last compelled to retire, effected an orderly and steady retreat. The valor and the coolness which he exhibited in this engagement, marked him out to the Poles as their future military chief.

The vacillations and the cowardice of the Polish King, Stanislaus, paralyzed all the efforts of the national troops during this campaign; and, while the contest was still undecided, the King signed a treaty which placed Poland in the hands of the Russians. After this submission, the Polish army was partly disbanded, and partly scattered into small detachments throughout the country. The officers who had signalized themselves in the resistance to the Russian arms were dismissed; and Russian garrisons were posted in Warsaw and the other principal towns.

Early in 1793, the Prussian King, whose energies ought to have been devoted to meeting the real emergencies of the war in which he was engaged against republican France, revealed the base motives through which he had encouraged Poland to proceed with those reforms that drew on her the hostility of Russia. Neglecting his French foes and German friends on the Rhine, King Frederick William marched his troops into Great Poland, and seized the important cities of Thorn and Dantzic. He tried to justify these acts of violence by a manifesto, in which he declared that the Poles had behaved very ungratefully to his ally, the Empress of Russia, and that they had had the contumacy to make an obstinate resistance against the Russian troops. He complained that the Poles had imbibed the detestable principles of French democracy; and that this was especially the case in the province of Great Poland which adjoined his own dominions; so that he was compelled to have recourse to strong measures. The Russian Empress and the Austrian Emperor also put forth manifestoes about their love of peace and good government, and the consequent necessity for certain parts of Poland being incorporated in the dominions of her neighbors.

The Poles in vain appealed to the treaties made after the former partition in 1773,

when Russia, Austria, and Prussia solemnly guaranteed the independence and integrity of Poland as those treaties left her. The wretched Polish King was compelled to convene a mock assembly, in which the new constitution was abolished, and the old system, with all its abuses, restored. At the same time a fresh partition of territory was ratified, which made over to Russia a territory containing a population of more than three millions and a half, and to Prussia a territory with a population of nearly a million and a half, together with the command of the navigation of the Vistula, and the important city of Dantzic on the Baltic. The miserable remnant of Poland was left for King Stanislaus to govern, but with all the disorders and oppressions of the old constitution revived, with a Russian minister in his council to direct him, and with a Russian army in his capital to coerce him if required.

A chivalrous and ancient nation like the Polish, justly proud of its military renown, and enthusiastically devoted to liberty, could not be expected to endure such a yoke without one struggle more for independence. It was felt by the Polish generals and soldiery that the King had tied their hands in the late war, and that the chances of battle had not yet been fairly tried. Kosciusko, and the other principal generals, were now refugees from their country; but to whatever region they wandered, their hearts were with Poland still. Kosciusko, though resolute to effect a national rising against the oppressors of his country, was wisely averse to any rash and immature attempts. He waited in the hope of some crisis occurring in the great European war, that then was raging, which might weaken and disunite the force of the oppressors of Poland, and give a favorable opportunity for a struggle. But the patriots who remained at home, and who smarted under the daily insolence and misrule of the satellites of Russia, precipitated the insurrection in 1794; not wholly without reason, for an order had been issued to disband half of the little army which Poland had been allowed by the late treaty to keep on foot, and it seemed essential not to allow the national force to be thus weakened. The Polish officer Madalinski, who received the command to disband his brigade, replied by marching upon Cracow, and calling on the Poles to arm for the rescue of their independence. Few at first obeyed the summons: but when Kosciusko, who had been watching the progress of events from the Saxon frontier, arrived at Cracow, his military reputa-

tion, and the magic of his personal influence, brought the enthusiastic youth of Poland in crowds around the national banner of the White Eagle. He was proclaimed Generalissimo of the Polish forces; and, by a wise and generous act of confidence, his countrymen, in imitation of the ancient Romans, made their great citizen Dictator in this emergency of the state. An oath of allegiance to him was taken both by the soldiery and the civilians. His authority was absolute. He had the regulation of all affairs, civil as well as military. The national council, which he was commissioned to form, was chosen by himself, and its members were subject to dismissal at his will. He had power given him to nominate his successor, but that successor was to be subject to the control of the national council.

So ample was the authority which Poland conferred upon Kosciusko; and on assuming it he bound himself thus to its faithful and just exercise:—"I, Thaddeus Kosciusko, in the presence of the Most High God, swear to the Polish nation that I will never employ against any of my fellow-countrymen the power that has been intrusted to me, but that I will exert it only to maintain the integrity of my fatherland, to recover the national independence, and to strengthen the general liberties of the people." Such was the oath taken by Kosciusko upon entering on his high and perilous office; and no one has ever been found to assert or insinuate that Poland's great Dictator did not keep that oath both in letter and in spirit.

The first acts of Kosciusko were to summon a Diet of representatives of the nobles and representatives of the cities; to provide funds for the immediate purposes of the war by a property-tax; and to call out and organize as far as possible the military force of the land. On the first of April he marched out of Cracow at the head of four thousand imperfectly armed troops. On the fourth he encountered a superior force of Russians at Raclavicé, and after an obstinate fight of five hours, gained a complete victory, in which, besides the heavy loss which the enemy sustained in killed and wounded, they left eleven cannons in Kosciusko's hands, and a large quantity of arms and military stores, which were of the greatest service to him in equipping the volunteers who thronged around him.

The news of this victory spread far and wide through Poland; and the Polish troops and a considerable number of the population rose in support of the patriotic cause. The



Russian general, Denisoff, whom Kosciusko had defeated at Raclavice, was largely reinforced soon after the battle, so as to check Kosciusko from advancing on the capital. But the Polish commander, by compelling the enemy to concentrate their troops round Cracow, secured the insurgents in the rest of Poland free opportunity for action and organization. In the palatinate of Lublin, the district of Chelm, and the duchy of Lithuania, corps of Poles were collected, and important advantages over the Russians were obtained. A considerable garrison of Russian troops was posted in Warsaw; but the citizens rose against them, and, after two days' hard fighting, nearly the whole of the foreign garrison was destroyed, and the capital of Poland was in the possession of the Polish troops and armed citizens. All readily acknowledged the authority of Kosciusko; and while professing allegiance to King Stanislaus, and declaring their intention of preserving their monarchy, the Poles placed themselves under the guidance of their Great Dictator, so long as the struggle against the enemy should continue. The Prussian troops now took an active part in the campaign against the Poles, whom the Russians, single-handed, were plainly unable to subdue. An army of forty thousand Prussians marched upon Cracow, and united themselves with Denisoff's troops. Kosciusko attacked them at Scekocin, on the 8th June, but the disparity of numbers was too great, and, after some gallant fighting, he was obliged to retreat upon Kielce, leaving the road to Cracow open to the enemies. This city was soon obliged to surrender to a Prussian division, and, about the same time, a Polish corps under General Zaginczech was completely defeated by a Russian force under Defelden.

These reverses were met by Kosciusko with unflinching fortitude. His army, though beaten at Scekocin, had not been routed; and while he rested and reinforced it at his camp at Kielce, he issued proclamations and orders to all the Polish generals on the frontiers, bidding them carry the war into the Prussian and Russian territories, and offer liberty to the enslaved and oppressed populations. But, in the meanwhile, scenes occurred at Warsaw which did serious injury to the Polish cause, and threatened to disgrace it as deeply as the cause of freedom had been disgraced in France. The mob of the capital broke out into the most furious violence, when the reverses of the national armies were known. On the same pretexts as those assigned by the Jacobins of Paris in

their September massacres, the anarchists of Warsaw attacked the prisons, threatening instant death to all traitors. The magistrates, at imminent danger to themselves, checked the riot, but not before eight of the prisoners had been seized and slaughtered. Kosciusko showed the deepest grief and indignation when informed of these excesses. Count Oginsky, who served under Kosciusko during this war, heard from Kosciusko's own lips how he lamented this blot on the Polish revolution. He did more than lament it. He caused a strict investigation to be made respecting the originators of these crimes, and seven of the ring-leaders were executed by his orders.

Kosciusko was, indeed, neither a sanguinary party chief, nor a fanatical democrat. He had the good sense to understand that the republican institutions which he had seen introduced into America were wholly unsuited for the Polish nation. He seems to have thought a limited hereditary monarchy, with a representative house of commons, and with fair privileges secured to the higher nobility, the best adapted for his country. He showed the equity and humanity of his disposition by the efforts that he made to ameliorate the condition of the serfs; though these efforts lost him the good-will and the co-operation of some of the great land-owners, who looked on their peasants as their chattels, and were more influenced by avarice than by humanity or patriotism. Simple in his habits, unaffected in his manners, amiable and mild to his comrades and associates, chivalrously bold in danger, and sternly resolute when duty required, he was the idol of his soldiers' hearts, and won the admiration and esteem even of his foes.

At the end of June an Austrian army entered Little Poland, and though it did not proceed to further hostilities, it necessarily weakened the forces of the defenders, by requiring a Polish corps of observation to be drafted from the other armies and employed in watching its movements. The combined Prussians and Russians now advanced from Cracow upon Warsaw. Kosciusko was too weak to fight a pitched battle with them, and he retreated before them to a strongly-fortified camp, which he had directed to be prepared a few miles from the city. He had also caused the fortifications of Warsaw to be strengthened, and the invaders were repulsed in several assaults upon the city; while, from the judicious position which Kosciusko had taken, he made it impossible for them to carry on a regular siege.

After several partial engagements, in which the Polish general showed great skill, and his troops great bravery, the allies, who, besides their losses in action, suffered severely for want of provisions, retreated from Warsaw on the 5th of September. The Polish provinces, which the late treaties of partition had given to Prussia, now rose in arms. Kosciuszko sent one of his best generals, with a considerable number of troops, to aid them, and in a short time nearly the whole of Great Poland was in the hands of the patriots; an advantage which seemed to compensate for the loss of Lithuania, which the Russians had reconquered while the first siege of Warsaw was proceeding.

But the Czarina was resolved to crush the Polish insurrection at any cost and at all hazards. She therefore ordered her celebrated general, Suwarrow, to march with his army of victorious veterans from the frontiers of Turkey, through the south-eastern provinces of Poland upon Warsaw. Kosciuszko, after the deliverance of the capital from the Russian and Prussian troops that had attacked it from the south-west, had followed the retreating enemies for some distance southward of that city, and had established his headquarters on the left bank of the Vistula. The Russian general, Fersen, who, after the departure of the King of Prussia, assumed the chief command of the allies, and who was speedily reinforced by several divisions of his countrymen, was posted on the opposite bank. The news of Suwarrow's approach on the east, obliged Kosciuszko to prepare an army to oppose this fresh antagonist. General Sierakovsky, one of the best of the Polish officers, was accordingly sent with fifteen thousand men to check the advance of Suwarrow.

At this time ten thousand of the Polish troops were employed in watching the Austrians. Several thousands, under Madalinski, were actively engaged in southern Prussia. Lithuania had exhausted an army; Warsaw required a garrison; and the main Polish army, under Kosciuszko, was reduced to seventeen thousand men; and a large proportion of these were recruits, imperfectly armed and disciplined. The want of natural barriers, which characterizes Poland, and her want also of frontier fortresses, made the task of defending her with the slender means at Kosciuszko's disposal peculiarly difficult. The rivers Vistula and Bug offered the only lines of defence; and while Kosciuszko himself kept the western Russian army, under Fersen, from crossing the former, he trusted

to Sierakovsky preventing the eastern Russian army, under Suwarrow, from passing the latter stream. But Sierakovsky was no match for the conqueror of Ismail. Suwarrow came on him by surprise, and almost destroyed his army in a series of engagements, which were all desperately fought, but all completely lost by the Poles. Suwarrow advanced rapidly as far as Bresck, and Kosciuszko was obliged to quit his own position near the Vistula, in order to protect the capital. Leaving Prince Poninski, with a third of his army, to guard the Vistula against Fersen, he himself took a central station at Lukow, and concentrated the scattered Polish forces for the purpose of making a bold effort to crush Suwarrow, who had moved forward to Bresck with such haste, that only a portion of his troops had been able to keep up with him. But Fersen completely outmanœuvred Poninski, and, on the 8th of October, succeeded in placing his whole army on the right bank of the Vistula, so that only a few score miles of open country now separated the two Russian armies from each other.

Kosciuszko felt the instant necessity of fighting his enemies before their junction could be completed, and, for that purpose, leaving one of his generals, Mokranovski, with some troops to retard Suwarrow, he himself hastened, with about eleven thousand men, to Maciovice, where he ordered Poninski to join him, with the intention of then attacking Fersen, whose troops were near that town. But Fersen attacked Kosciuszko himself before Poninski came up. The decisive battle was fought on the 8th October. The numerical superiority of the Russians was not very great, but Fersen's men were veterans, and he had a large force of cavalry and of guns, while Kosciuszko was almost entirely destitute of artillery and horse, and his soldiers were chiefly half-disciplined and half-equipped volunteers. Still the battle was long and well contested, and the Polish infantry held their ground stubbornly for hours, in hopes of Poninski's division coming up to aid them. At length the superior fire of the Russian artillery, and the charges of their horse regiments on the flank of the Poles, broke the left wing of Kosciuszko's army, and spread confusion throughout his line. Collecting his principal officers round him, Kosciuszko made a desperate effort to redeem the day by a charge, which he headed in person, against the Russian centre. But his little band was overwhelmed with numbers, and cut down almost to a man: he himself received several severe wounds, and fell to

the ground, mournfully exclaiming, "Finis Poloniæ!"

His words were too true. Within a few days after his defeat and capture, the Russians drove the remnants of the Polish armies before them into Warsaw. On the 4th of November, Suwarrow stormed Praga, the fortified suburb of that city. Warsaw itself capitulated on the 8th, and the final treaty of partition ensued, by which Austria, Russia, and Prussia divided the last remains of Poland among them, and one of the most ancient, and at one time of the most splendid and powerful states of Christendom, ceased to exist.

Kosciusko himself was recognized and respected by the Russian soldiery on the fatal field of Maciovice. His wounds were cured, and though the Empress Catherine caused him to be imprisoned at St. Petersburg, her successor Paul released him in 1796. He declined rank in the Russian service; and, after passing some time in the United States

and in this country, he lived for many years in retirement in the neighborhood of Paris. He saw through the selfish ambition of Napoleon, and honorably refused either to serve under him himself, or to try to persuade his countrymen to become soldiers of fortune under the French eagles. When solicited to do so, he replied, "What, despotism for despotism? The Poles have enough of it at home, without going so far to purchase it at the price of their blood." In 1814, he wrote to the Emperor Alexander in favor of the Poles, asking for an amnesty for all exiles, for a free constitution, like that of England, to be given to Poland, and that schools might be founded for the education of the serfs. Disappointed in the hopes that he had formed respecting Alexander's treatment of his country, Kosciusko retired to Soleure, in Switzerland, where he closed his blameless and honorable existence in 1817.

**MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.**—This popular and copious romancer is about to publish his own "memoir." The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* thinks the chances are that the work will be one of the most brilliant of the kind that has yet been published; and that is saying a great deal, when we call to mind the immense host of memoir writers which France possesses. Only a few of Alexander's feats make a sufficiently imposing sentence. "Having mixed familiarly with all descriptions of society, from that of crowned heads and princes of the blood, down to strolling players—having been behind the scenes of the political, the literary, the theatrical, the artistic, the financial, and the trading worlds—having risen unaided from the humble position of subordinate clerk in the office of Louis Philippe's accountant, to that of the most popular of living romancers in all Europe—having found an immense fortune in his inkstand, and squandered it like a genius (or a fool)—having rioted in more than princely luxury, and been reduced to the sore strait of wondering where he could get credit for his

dinner—having wandered far and wide, taking life as it came—now dining with a king, anon sleeping with a brigand—one day killing lions in the Sahara, and the next (according to his own account) being devoured by a bear in the Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and managed a theatre, and failed in both—having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National Guard, and done fierce battle with bailiffs and duns—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his coat is more variegated with ribbons than the rainbow with colors—having published more than any man living, and perhaps as much as any man dead—having fought duels innumerable—and having been more quizzed, caricatured, and lampooned, and satirized, and abused, and slandered, and admired, and envied, than any human being now existing—Dumas must have an immensity to tell, and none of his contemporaries, we may be sure, could tell it better—few so well. Only we may fear that it will be mixed up with a vast deal of—imagination. But *n'importe!*"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE DRAMAS OF HENRY TAYLOR.\*

THERE is no living writer whose rank in literature appears to be more accurately determined, or more permanently secured to him, than the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*. Not gifted with the ardent temperament, the very vivid imagination, or the warmth of passion which are supposed necessary to carry a poet to the highest eminences of his art, he has, nevertheless, that intense reflection, that large insight into human life, that severe taste, binding him always to a most select, accurate, and admirable style, which must secure him a lofty and impregnable position amongst the class of writers who come next in order to the very highest.

There have been greater poems, but in modern times we do not think there has appeared any dramatic composition which can be pronounced superior to the masterpiece of Henry Taylor. Neither of the *Sardanapalus* of Lord Byron, nor the *Remorse* of Coleridge, nor the *Cenci* of Shelley, could this be said. We are far from asserting that Taylor is a greater poet than Byron, or Coleridge, or Shelley; but we say that no dramatic composition of these poets surpasses, as a whole, *Philip Van Artevelde*. These writers have displayed, on various occasions, more passion and more pathos, and a command of more beautiful imagery, but they have none of them produced a more complete dramatic work; nor do any of them manifest a profounder insight, or a wider view of human nature, or more frequently enunciate that *pathetic wisdom*, that mixture of feeling and sagacity, which we look upon as holding the highest place in eloquence of every description, whether prose or verse. The last act of Shelley's drama of the *Cenci* has left a more vivid impression upon our mind than any single portion of the modern drama; but one act does not constitute a play, and this drama of the *Cenci* is so odious from its plot, and the chief character por-

trayed in it is, in every sense of the word, so utterly monstrous, (for Shelley has combined, for purposes of his own, a spirit of piety with the other ingredients of that diabolical character, which could not have co-existed with them,) that, notwithstanding all its beauty, we would willingly efface this poem from English literature. If one of those creatures, half beautiful woman and half scaly fish, which artists seem, with a traditional depravity of taste, to delight in, were really to be alive, and to present itself before us, it would hardly excite greater disgust than this beautifully foul drama of the *Cenci*.

The very fact of our author having won so distinct and undisputed a place in public estimation, must be accepted as an excuse for our prolonged delay in noticing his writings. The public very rapidly passed its verdict upon them: it was a sound one. The voice of encouragement was not needed to the author; nor did the reading world require to be informed of the fresh accession made to its stores. If we now propose to ourselves some critical observations on the dramas of Mr. Taylor, we enter upon the task in exactly the same spirit that we should bring to the examination of any old writer, any veritable ancient, of established celebrity. We are too late to assist in creating a reputation for these dramas, but we may possibly throw out some critical suggestions which may contribute to their more accurate appreciation.

In *Philip Van Artevelde*, the great object of the author appears to have been to exhibit, in perfect union, the man of thought and the man of action. The hero is meditative as Hamlet, and as swift to act as Coriolanus. He is pensive as the Dane, and with something of the like cause for his melancholy; but so far from wasting all his energies in moody reflection, he has an equal share for a most enterprising career of real life. He throws his glance as freely and as widely over all this perplexing world, but every footstep of his own is planted with a sure

\* *Philip Van Artevelde: A Dramatic Romance.*—*Edwin the Fair: An Historical Drama;* and *Isaac Comnenus: A Play.*—*The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems.* By HENRY TAYLOR.



and certain knowledge, and with a firm will. His thoughts may seem to play as loose as the air above him, but his standing-place is always stable as the rock. Such a character, we need not say, could hardly have been selected, and certainly could not have been portrayed with success, by any but a deeply meditative mind.

It is often remarked that the hero is the reflection of the writer. This could not be very correctly said in instances like the present. A writer still lives only in his writings, lives only in his thoughts, whatever martial feats or bold enterprises he may depict. We could not prophesy how the poet himself would act if he had been the citizen of Ghent. It is more accurate to content ourselves with saying that the delineation of his hero has given full scope to the intellectual character of the author, and to his own peculiar habits of thought. For if the great citizen of Ghent combines in an extraordinary degree the reflective and the energetic character, our author unites, in a manner almost as peculiar, two modes of thinking which at first appear to be opposed: he unites that practical sagacity which gives grave, and serious, and useful counsels upon human conduct, with that sad and profound irony—that reasoned despondency—which so generally besets the speculative mind. All life is—vanity. Yet it will not do to resign ourselves to this general conclusion, from which so little, it is plain, can be extracted. From nothing, nothing comes. We must go back, and estimate by comparison each form and department of this human life—which, as a whole, is so nugatory. Thus practical sagacity is reinstated in full vigor, and has its fair scope of action, though ever and anon a philosophic despondency will throw its shadow over the scene.

As it is a complete man, so it is a whole life that we have portrayed in the drama of *Philip Van Artevelde*. The second part is not what is understood by a “continuation” of the first, but an essential portion of the work. In the one we watch the hero rise to his culminating point; in the other we see him sink—not in crime, and not in glory, but in a sort of dim and disastrous twilight. We take up the hero from his student days; we take him from his philosophy and his fishing line, and that obstinate pondering on unsolvable problems, which is as much a characteristic of youth as the ardent passions with which it is more generally accredited; we take him from the quiet stream which he torments, far more by the thoughts he throws upon it, than by his rod and line.

“He is a man of singular address  
In catching river-fish,”

says a sarcastic enemy, who knew nothing of the trains of thought for which that angling was often a convenient disguise. A hint given in the drama will go far to explain what their hue and complexion must have been. The father of Philip had headed the patriotic cause of the citizens of Ghent; it had triumphed in his person; the same citizens of Ghent had murdered him on the threshold of his door. When he was a boy, the stains of his father’s blood were still visible on that threshold: the widowed mother would not suffer them to be removed, and, nursing her revenge, loved to show them to the child. There was something here to color the thoughts of the young fisherman.

But passion and the world are now knocking at the heart of the meditative student. Love and ambition are there, and, moreover, the turbulent condition of the city of Ghent seems to forbid the continuance of this life of quietude. The passions of the world crave admittance. Shall he admit them? The great theatre of life claims its new actor. Shall he go? Shall he commit himself once and for ever to the turmoil and delusions of that scene—delusions that will not delude, but which will exercise as great a tyranny over him as if they did? Yes; he will go. As well do battle with the world without, as eternally with his own thoughts; for this is the only alternative youth presents to us. Yes, he will go; but deliberately: he will not be borne along, he will govern his own footsteps, and, come what may, will be always master of himself.

Launoy, one of Ghent’s bravest patriots, has been killed. The first reflection we hear from the lips of Artevelde is called forth by this intelligence. It does not surprise him.

“I never looked that he should live so long.  
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,  
He seemed to live by miracle: his food  
Was glory, which was poison to his mind  
And peril to his body. He was one  
Of many thousand such that die betimes,  
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.  
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,  
And he’s a prodigy. Compute the chances,  
And deem there’s ne’er a one in dangerous times  
Who wins the race of glory, but than him  
A thousand men more gloriously endowed  
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others  
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,  
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom  
add  
A smaller tally, of the singular few



Who, gifted with predominating powers,  
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.  
The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

If ambition wears this ambiguous aspect to his mind, it is not because he is disposed to regard the love of woman too enthusiastically.

"It may be I have deemed or dreamed of such.  
But what know I? We figure to ourselves  
The thing we like, and then we build it up  
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:  
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,  
And home-bound fancy runs her bark ashore."

Yet, Artevelde is at this time on his way to Adriana to make that declaration which the Lady Adriana is so solicitous to hear. This a lover! Yes; only one of that order who hang over and count the beatings of their own heart.

Launoy being destroyed, and the people of Ghent having lost others of their leaders, and growing discontented with the stern rule of Van Den Bosch, some new captain or ruler of the town is looked for. The eyes of men are turned to Philip Van Artevelde. He shall be captain of the Whitehoods, and come to the rescue of the falling cause; for, of late, the Earl of Flanders has been everywhere victorious. Van Den Bosch himself makes the proposal. It is evident, from hints that follow, that Artevelde had already made his choice; he saw that the time was come when, even if he desired it, there was no maintaining a peaceful neutrality. But Van Den Bosch meets with no eager spirit ready to snatch at the perilous prize held out to him. He is no dupe to the nature of the offer, nor very willing that others should fancy him to be one.

"Not so fast.

Your vessel, Van Den Bosch, hath felt the storm;

She rolls dismasted in an ugly swell,  
And you would make a jury-mast of me,  
Whereon to spread the tatters of your canvas."

It is worth noticing how the passion of revenge, like the others, is admitted to its post; admitted, yet coldly looked upon. He will revenge his father. Two knights, Sir Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette, (we wish they had better names,) were mainly instrumental in his murder. These men have been playing false, by making treacherous overtures to the Earl of Flanders; they will be in his power. But they cannot, he

reflects, render back the life they have destroyed:—

—"Life for life, vile bankrupts as they are,  
Their worthless lives for his of countless price,  
Is their whole wherewithal to pay the debt.  
Yet retribution is a goodly thing,  
And it were well to wring the payment from them,  
Even to the utmost drop of their heart's blood."

Still less does the patriotic harangue of Van Den Bosch find an enthusiastic response. He was already too much a statesman to be a demagogue; not to mention that his father's career had taught him a better estimate of popularity, and of all tumultuary enthusiasm:—

"Van Den Bosch. Times are sore changed, I see. There's none in Ghent

That answers to the name of Artevelde.

Thy father did not carp or question thus

When Ghent invoked his aid. The days have been

When not a citizen drew breath in Ghent

But freely would have died in Freedom's cause.

Artevelde. With a good name thou christenest the cause.

True, to make choice of despots is some freedom,

The only freedom for this turbulent town,

Rule her who may. And in my father's time

We still were independent, if not free;

And wealth from independence, and from wealth

Enfranchisement will partially proceed.

The cause, I grant thee, Van Den Bosch, is good;

And were I linked to earth no otherwise

But that my whole heart centred in myself,

I could have tossed you this poor life to play with,

Taking no second thought. But as things are,

I will resolve the matter warily,

And send thee word betimes of my conclusion.

Van Den Bosch. Betimes it must be; for some two hours hence

I meet the Danes, and ere we separate

Our course must be determined.

Artevelde. In two hours,

If I be for you, I will send this ring

In token I have so resolved."

He had already resolved. Such a man would not have suffered himself to be hurried in within the space of two hours to make so great a decision; but he would not rush precipitately forward; he would feel his own will at each step. He had already resolved; but his love to Adriana troubles him at heart: he must first make all plain and intelligible there, before he becomes captain of the Whitehoods. From this interview he goes to Adriana; and then follows a dialogue, every sentence of which, if we were looking out for admirable passages for

quotation, would offer itself as a candidate. We quote only, from a drama so well known, for the purpose of illustrating the analytic view we would present of its chief hero; but the passages selected for this purpose can hardly fail of being also amongst the most beautiful in themselves. Artevelde is alone, waiting for the appearance of Adriana:—

“There is but one thing that still harks me back.  
To bring a cloud upon the summer day  
Of one so happy and so beautiful,—  
It is a hard condition. For myself,  
I know not that the circumstance of life  
In all its changes can so far afflict me  
As makes anticipation much worth while.

Oh, she is fair!  
As fair as Heaven to look upon! as fair  
As ever vision of the Virgin blest  
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount  
Beneath the palm and dreaming to the tune  
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.  
It was permitted in my pilgrimage  
To rest beside the fount, beneath the tree,  
Beholding there no vision, but a maid  
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,  
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,  
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.”

Adriana appears, and in the course of the dialogue he addresses her thus:—

“Be calm;  
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,  
What fate thou may'st be wedded to with me.  
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore  
As one retired in staid tranquillity:  
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear  
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;  
The seaman who sleeps sound upon the deck,  
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,  
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave,—  
These have not lived more undisturbed than I.  
But build not upon this; the swollen stream  
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,  
And drive him forth; the seaman, roused at length,  
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck;  
And now the time comes fast when here, in Ghent,  
He who would live exempt from injuries  
Of armed men, must be himself in arms.  
This time is near for all,—nearer for me:  
I will not wait upon necessity,  
And leave myself no choice of vantage-ground,  
But rather meet the times where best I may,  
And mould and fashion them as best I can.  
Reflect then that I soon may be embarked  
In all the hazards of these troublesome times,  
And in your own free choice take or resign me.

Adri. O Artevelde, my choice is free no more.”

And now he is open to hear Van Den Bosch. That veteran in war and insurrection

brings him news that the people are ready to elect him for their captain or ruler.

“Artevelde. Good! when they come I'll speak to them.

Van Den B. 'Twere well.

Canst learn to bear thee high amongst the commons?

Canst thou be cruel? To be esteemed of them,  
Thou must not set more store by lives of men  
Than lives of larks in season.

Artevelde. Be it so.

I can do what is needful.”

The time of action is at hand. We now see Van Artevelde in a suit of armor; he is reclining on a window-seat in his own house, looking out upon the street. There is treason in the town; of those who flock to the market-place, some have already deserted his cause.

“Artevelde. Not to be feared—Give me my sword! Go forth,  
And see what folk be these that throng the street.  
[Exit the page.]

Not to be feared is to be nothing here.

And wherefore have I taken up this office,  
If I be nothing in it? There they go.

(Shouts are heard.)

Of them that pass my house some shout my name,  
But the most part pass silently; and once  
I heard the cry of 'Flanders and the Lion!'

That cry again!  
Sir knights, ye drive me close upon the rocks,  
And of my cargo you're the vilest bales,  
So overboard with you! What, men of blood!  
Can the son better auspicate his arms  
Than by the slaying of who slew the father?  
Some blood may flow because that it needs must,  
But yours by choice—I'll slay you, and thank God.

(Enter Van Den Bosch.)

Van Den B. The common bell has rung! the knights are there;  
Thou must come instantly.

Artevelde. I come, I come.

Van Den B. Now, Master Philip, if thou miss thy way

Through this affair, we're lost. For Jesus' sake  
Be counselled now by me; have thou in mind—

Artevelde. Go to, I need not counsel; I'm resolved.  
Take thou thy stand beside Sir Simon Bette,  
As I by Grutt: take note of all I do,  
And do thyself accordingly. Come on.”

They join the assembly; they take their stand each by one of the traitor knights; the debate on the proposal of the Earl proceeds; three hundred citizens are to be given up to him, and on this, and other conditions,

peace is to be granted. Artevelde addresses the assembly, and then turning to these knights, he continues :

"Your pardon, sirs, again !  
(*To Grutt and Bette.*)

You are the pickers and the choosers here,  
And doubtless you're all safe, ye think—ha ! ha !  
But we have picked and chosen, too, sir knights :  
What was the law for I made yesterday ?  
What ! is it you that would deliver up  
Three hundred citizens to certain death ?  
Ho ! Van Den Bosch ! have at these traitors—  
ha !

(*Stabs Grutt, who falls.*)

Van Den B. Die, treasonable dog !—  
(*Stabs Bette.*)"

He can do "what is needful." It is admirable ; everything that is said and done is admirable ; but an involuntary suspicion at times creeps into the mind, that such a man as Philip Van Artevelde never lived, or could live. No man could move along such a line of enterprise with such a weight of reflection on all the springs of action. We see the calm statesman at the head of a tumultuary movement ; and the meditative man, to whom revenge is the poorest of our passions, striking a blow from which an old warrior might shrink. Could a man be really impelled along a path of life like this by passions that are admitted, indeed, into the bosom, but watched like prisoners ? The suspicion, we say, creeps involuntarily into the mind ; but we will not entertain it—we will not yield to it. That the reflective and energetic characters are, in certain degrees, combined together, we all know ; and who shall say within what degrees only this is possible ? And why may not an ideal perfection of this kind be portrayed as well as an ideal patriot, or an ideal monk, or an ideal warrior ? We throw the suspicion aside, and continue our analysis.

There is a passage which is often quoted for its great beauty : we quote it also for its great appropriateness. Philip Van Artevelde is master of the city ; he is contemplating it at night-time from the tower of St. Nicholas. The reflection here put into the mouth of the anxious captain brings back to us, in the midst of war and the cares of government, the meditative man :—

"There lies a sleeping city. God of dreams !  
What an unreal and fantastic world  
Is going on below !  
Within the sweep of yon encircling wall  
How many a large creation of the night,  
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,

Peopled with busy transitory groups,  
Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd !"

The famous scene, which has for its place the summit of this tower, between Artevelde and Van Den Bosch, is fresh in the recollection of every reader : we must pass it by, and the admirable and pathetic description of the famine that is raging in Ghent, and proceed to the last act of this part of the drama. Artevelde has stimulated the citizens to make one brave effort more—to sally from the walls, and meet the Earl in battle before Bruges. He has arranged in order of battle his lean and famine-stricken, but desperate little army. He knows the extreme peril in which they stand : no food in the camp ; fearful odds to be encountered ; yet the only hope lying in immediate battle. He does not delude himself for a moment ; he sees the danger clear, and entertains it with a certain sarcastic levity. He does not hope, but he acts as if he did. He is not a man given to hope, but he has a tempered despondency, which sits with him at the council-board, and rides with him to the field, and which he compels to do the services of hope.

"Artev. I would to God  
The sun might not go down upon us here  
Without a battle fought !

Van Den B. If so it should,  
We pass a perilous night,  
And wake a wasted few the morrow morn.

Van Muck. We have a supper left.  
Artev. My lady's page,  
If he got ne'er a better, would be wroth,  
And burn in effigy my lady's steward.

Van Den B. We'll hope the best ;  
But if there be a knave in power unchanged,  
And in his head a grain of sense undrowned,  
He'll be their caution not to—

Artev. Van Den Bosch,  
Talk we of battle and survey the field,  
For I will fight."

We like this last expression. What in another man would have been a mere petulance, is in Artevelde an assumed confidence—consciously assumed, as the only tone of mind in which to pass through the present crisis. Nor can we omit to notice the following passage, which, to our apprehension, is very characteristic of our contemplative politician and warrior ; it shows the sardonic vein running through his grave and serious thoughts :—

"Art. (*to Van Ryk.*) I tell thee, eat,  
Eat and be fresh. I'll send a priest to shrive thee.

*Van Muck, thou tak'st small comfort in thy prayers,  
Put thou thy muzzle to yon tub of wine."*

The battle is fought and a victory won. Justice is executed with stern and considerate resolve on the villains of the piece, and we leave Van Artevelde triumphant in his great contest, and happy in the love of Adriana.

The subordinate characters who are introduced into this first part of the drama, we have no space to examine minutely. The canvas is well filled, though the chief figure stands forward with due prominence. Adriana is all that an amiable and loving woman should be. The lighter-hearted Clara is intended as a sort of contrast and relief. Her levity and wit are not always graceful; they are not so in the early scene where she jests with the page: afterwards, when in presence of her lover, she has a fitter and more genial subject for her playful wit, and succeeds much better. In the course of the drama, when the famine is raging in Ghent, she appears as the true sister of Philip Van Artevelde. At her first introduction she is somewhat too hoydenish for the mistress of the noble D'Arlon. D'Arlon is all that a knight should be, and Gilbert Matthew is a consummate villain.

Between the first and second parts is a poem in rhyme, called "The Lay of Elena." This introduces us to the lady who is to be the heroine of the second part of the drama. All the information it gives might, we think, have been better conveyed in a few lines of blank verse, added to that vindication of herself which Elena pours forth in the first act, when Sir Fleureant of Heurlée comes to reclaim her on the part of the Duke of Bourbon. This poem is no favorite of ours; but the worst compliment we would pay it implies, in one point of view, a certain fitness and propriety—we were glad to return to the blank verse of our author, in which we find both more music and more pathos than in these rhymes.

If we are tempted to suspect, whilst reading the first part of this drama, that the character of Philip Van Artevelde combines in a quite ideal perfection the man of thought with the man of action, we at all events cannot accuse the author, in this second part, of representing an ideal or superhuman happiness as the result of this perfect combination. It is a very truthful sad-colored destiny that he portrays. The gloomy passionate sunset of life has been a favorite subject with poets; but what other author has chosen the cloud-

ed afternoon of life, the cheerless twilight, and the sun setting behind cold and dark clouds? It was a bold attempt. It has been successfully achieved. But no amount of talent legitimately expended on it could make this second part as attractive as the first. When the heroic man has accomplished his heroic action, life assumes to him, more than to any other, a most ordinary aspect: his later years bring dwarfish hopes and projects, or none at all; they bring desires no longer "gay," and welcomed only for such poor life as they may have in them. Philip Van Artevelde is now the Regent of Flanders, and, like other regents, has to hold his own. Adriana he has lost; her place is supplied by one still fair but faded, and who, though she deserved a better fate, must still be described as lately the mistress of the Duke of Bourbon. It is the hero still, but he has descended into the commonplace of courts and politics.

That it is the same Philip Van Artevelde we are in company with, the manner in which he enters into this new love will abundantly testify. He has been describing to Elena his former wife, Adriana. The description is very beautiful and touching. He then proceeds with his wooing thus:—

*Artev. . . . Well, well—she's gone,  
And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief  
Are transitory things no less than joy,  
And though they leave us not the men we were,  
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here  
A man bereaved, with something of a blight  
Upon the early blossoms of his life  
And its first verdure, having not the less  
A living root, drawing from the earth  
Its vital juices, from the air its powers:  
And surely as man's health and strength are  
whole,  
His appetites regerminate, his heart  
Reopens, and his objects and desires  
Shoot up renewed. What blank I found before  
me,*

*From what is said you partly may surmise;  
How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell?*

*Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.*

*Artev. . . . Indeed!*

*Then am I doubly hopeless. . . .*

*Elena. I said I feared another could not fill  
The place of her you lost, being so fair  
And perfect as you give her out."*

In fine, Elena is conquered, or rather led to confess a conquest already achieved.

*"Elena. I cannot—no—  
I cannot give you what you've had so long;  
Nor need I tell you what you know so well.  
I must be gone.*



**Artev.** Nay, sweetest, why these tears?

**Elena.** No, let me go—I cannot tell—no—no; I want to be alone.

Oh! Artevelde, for God's love let me go! [*Exit.*]

**Artev.** (*after a pause.*) The night is far advanced upon the morrow.

—Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.

Was it well spent? Successfully it was.

How little flattering is a woman's love!

Worth to the heart, come how it may, a world;

Worth to men's measures of their own deserts,

If weighed in wisdom's balance, merely nothing.

The few hours left are precious—who is there?

Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—when we think upon it,

How little flattering is a woman's love!

Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest

And propped with most advantage; outward grace

Nor inward light is needful; day by day

Men wanting both are mated with the best

And loftiest of God's feminine creation.

Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—what, then, do we sleep?

Are none of you awake?—and as for me,

The world says Philip is a famous man—

What is there woman will not love, so taught?

Ho! Ellert! by your leave though, you must wake.

(*Enter an officer.*)

Have me a gallows built upon the mount,  
And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day."

It is worth noticing, as a characteristic trait, that Philip Van Artevelde speaks more like the patriot, harangues more on the cause of freedom, now that he is Regent of Flanders, opposed to the feudal nobility, and to the monarchy of France, and soliciting aid from England, than when he headed the people of Ghent, strong only in their own love of independence. "Bear in mind," he says, answering the herald who brings a hostile message from France and Burgundy—

"Bear in mind

Against what rule my father and myself  
Have been insurgent: whom did we supplant?  
There was a time, so ancient records tell,  
There were communities, scarce known by name  
In these degenerate days, but once far famed,  
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,  
Ordered the common weal; where great men  
grew

Up to their natural eminence, and none,  
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great.

But now, I ask,

Where is there on God's earth that polity  
Which it is not, by consequence converse,  
A treason against nature to uphold?

Whom may we now call free? whom great?  
whom wise?

Whom innocent?—the free are only they  
Whom power makes free to execute all ills  
Their hearts imagine; they alone are great  
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up  
In luxury and lewdness,—whom to see  
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn  
Their station's eminence. . . .

What then remains  
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,  
And turn this frame of things the right side up?  
For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,  
And tell your masters vainly they resist."

We regret to be compelled to garble in our extract so fine a passage of writing. Meanwhile our patriot Regent sends Father John to England to solicit aid—most assuredly not to overthrow feudalism, but to support the Regent against France. His ambition is dragging, willingly or unwillingly, in the old rut of politics. When Father John returns from this embassy he is scandalized at the union formed between Artevelde and Elena. Here, too, is another sad descent. Our hero has to hear rebuke, and, with a half-confession, submit to be told by the good friar of his "sins." He answers bravely, yet with a consciousness that he stands not where he did, and cannot challenge the same respect from the friar that he could formerly have done.

"**Artev.** You, Father John,  
I blame not, nor myself will justify;  
But call my weakness what you will, the time  
Is past for reparation. Now to cast off  
The partner of my sin were further sin;  
'Twere with her first to sin, and then against her.  
And for the army, if their trust in me  
Be sliding, let it go: I know my course;  
And be it armies, cities, people, priests,  
That quarrel with my love—wise men or fools,  
Friends, foes, or factions—they may swear their  
oaths,  
And make their murmur—rave and fret and fear,  
Suspect, admonish—they but waste their rage,  
Their wits, their words, their counsel: here I  
stand,  
Upon the deep foundations of my faith  
To this fair outcast plighted; and the storm  
That princes from their palaces shake out,  
Though it should turn and head me, should not  
strain  
The seeming silken texture of this tie."

And now disaster follows disaster; town after town manifests symptoms of treachery to his cause. His temper no longer retains its wonted calmness, and the quick glance and rapid government of affairs seems about to desert him. Note this little trait:—

"**Artev.** Whither away, Vauclaire?  
**Vauclaire.** You'll wish, my lord, to have the  
scouts, and others  
That are informed, before you.

**Artev.** "Twere well."

It is something new that another should anticipate the necessary orders to be given.



The decisive battle approaches, and is fought. This time it is lost. Our hero does not even fall in the field; an assassin stabs him in the back. The career of Artevelde ends thus; and that public cause with which his life was connected has at the same time an inglorious termination: "the wheel has come full circle."

The catastrophe is brought about by Sir Fleureant of Heurlée. This man's character undergoes, in the course of the drama, a complete transformation. We do not say that the change is unnatural, or that it is not accounted for; but the circumstances which bring it about are only vaguely and incidentally narrated, so that the reader is not prepared for this change. A gay, thoughtless, reckless young knight, who rather gains upon us at his first introduction, is converted into a dark, revengeful assassin. It would, we think, have improved the effect of the *plot*, if we had been able to trace out more distinctly the workings of the mind of one who was destined to take so prominent a part in the drama.

The character of *Lestovet* is admirably sustained, and is manifestly a favorite with the author. But we must now break away from *Philip Van Artevelde*, to notice the other dramas of Mr. Taylor. *Edwin the Fair* next claims our attention. Here also we shall make no quotations merely for the sake of their beauty; and we shall limit ourselves to an analysis of the principal character, Dunstan, on which, perhaps, a word or two of explanation may not be superfluous.

Let us suppose a dramatic writer sitting down before such a character as this of Dunstan, and contemplating the various aspects it assumes, with the view of selecting one for the subject of his portraiture. In the first place, he is aware that, although, as a historical student, he may, and perhaps must, continue to doubt as to the real character of this man—how much is to be given to pride, to folly, to fanaticism, to genuine piety, or to the love of power—yet that, the moment he assumes the office of dramatic poet, he must throw all doubt entirely aside. The student of history may hesitate to the last; the poet is presumed to have from the beginning the clearest insight into the recesses of the mind, and the most unquestionable authority for all that he asserts. A sort of mimic omniscience is ascribed to the poet. Has he not been gifted, from of old, with an *inspiration*, by means of which he sees the whole character and every thought of his

hero, and depicts and reveals them to the world? To him doubt would be fatal. If he carries into his drama the spirit of historical criticism, he will raise the same spirit in his reader, and all faith in the imaginary creation he offers them is gone for ever. Manifest an error as this may be, we think we could mention some instances, both in the drama and the novel, in which it has been committed.

But such a character as Dunstan's is left uncertain in the light of history, and our dramatist has to choose between uncertainties. He will be guided in his selection partly by what he esteems the preponderating weight of evidence, and partly, and perhaps still more, by the superior fitness of any one phase of the character for the purpose he has in view, or the development of his own peculiar powers. In this case, three interpretations present themselves. The first, which has little historical or moral probability, and offers little attraction to the artist, is, that Dunstan was a hypocrite, seeking by show of piety to compass some ambitious end, or win the applause of the vulgar. Undoubted hypocrites history assuredly presents us with—as where the ecclesiastical magnate degenerates into the merely secular prince. There have been luxurious and criminal popes and cardinals, intriguing bishops and lordly abbots, whom the most charitable of men, and the most pious of Catholics, must pronounce to have been utterly insincere in their professions of piety. But a hypocrite who starves and scourges himself—who digs a damp hole in the earth, and lives in it—seems to us a mere creature of the imagination. Such men, at all events, either begin or end with fanaticism. The second and more usual interpretation is, that Dunstan was a veritable enthusiast, and a genuine churchman after the order of Hildebrand, capable, perhaps, of practising deceit or cruelty for his great purpose, but entirely devoted to that purpose—one of those men who sincerely believe that the salvation of the world and the predominance of their order are inseparably combined. There would be no error in supposing a certain mixture of pride and ambition. Nor, in following this interpretation, would there be any great violation of probability in attributing to Dunstan, though he lived in so rude an age, all those arguments by which the philosopher-priest is accustomed to uphold the domination of his order. The thinking men of every age more nearly resemble each other in these great lines of thought and argument, than

is generally supposed. The third interpretation is that which the historical student would probably favor. It is that Dunstan was, in truth, *partially insane*—a man of fervent zeal, and of great natural powers, but of diseased mind. The very ability and knowledge which he possessed, combined with the strange forms which his asceticism took, lead to this supposition. Such men, we know, exist, and sometimes pass through a long career before they are accurately understood. Exhibiting itself in the form of fanaticism, and in a most ignorant and superstitious age, a partial insanity might easily escape detection, or even add to the reputation of the saint.

This last is the rendering of the character which Mr. Taylor has selected. It is evidently the most difficult to treat. Perhaps the difficulty and novelty of the task it presented, as well as its greater fidelity to history, induced him to accept this interpretation. That second and more popular one which we have mentioned would appear, to a mind like Mr. Taylor's, too facile and too trite. Any high-churchman of almost any age—any bishop, if you inflate the *lawn sleeves*, or even any young curate, whose mind dwells too intensely on the *power of the keys*—would present the rudiments of the character. However that may be, Mr. Taylor undertook the bold and difficult task of depicting the strong, shrewd, fervent mind, saint and politician both, but acting with the wild and irregular force of insanity. How, we may ask ourselves, would such a mind display itself? Not, we may be sure, in a tissue of weakness or of wildness. We should often see the ingenious reasoner, more cunning than wise, the subtle politician, or even the deep moralizer upon human life; but whenever the fatal chords were touched—the priestly power, the priestly mission, the intercourse with the world of spirits—there we should see symptoms of insanity and delusion. Such is the character which Mr. Taylor has portrayed.

Earl Leolf, calm and intelligent, and the perfect gentleman, (those who remember the play will feel the truth of this last expression,) gives us at the very commencement the necessary explanation:—

*Leolf.* How found you the mid-counties?

*Athulf.*

Oh! monk-ridden;

*Raving of Dunstan.*

*Leolf.*

'Tis a raving time;

Mad monks, mad peasants; *Dunstan is not*

*sane,*

*And madness that doth least declare itself*

*Endangers most, and ever most infects*

*The unsound many. See where stands the*

*man,*

And where this people: thus compute the

*peril*

To one and all. *When force and cunning*

*meet*

*Upon the confines of one cloudy mind,*

When ignorance and knowledge halve the

*mass,*

When night and day stand at an equinox,

Then storms are rife."

No justice, it is plain, can be done to Mr. Taylor's drama, unless the intimation here given us be kept in view. Yet, we suspect, from the remarks sometimes made upon this play, that it has been overlooked, or not sufficiently attended to. Passages have been censured as crude or extravagant which, in themselves, could be no otherwise, since they were intended to portray this half-latent and half-revealed insanity. The arrogance of Dunstan, and his communings with the spiritual world, not often have the air of sublimity, for they arise from the disorder and hallucination of his mind. When he tells the Queen Mother not to sit in his presence, as well as when he boasts of his intercourse with angels and demons, we see the workings of a perturbed spirit:—

*Queen Mother.* Father, I am faint,  
For a strange terror seized me by the way.  
I pray you let me sit.

*Dunstan.* I say, forbear!  
Thou art in a Presence that thou wot'st not of,  
Wherein no mortal may presume to sit.  
If stand thou canst not, kneel.

*(She falls on her knees.)*

*Queen Mother.* Oh, merciful Heaven!  
Oh, sinner that I am!

*Dunstan.* Dismiss thy fears;  
Thine errand is acceptable to him  
Who rules the hour, and thou art safer here  
Than in thy palace. Quake not, but be calm.  
And tell me of the wretched king, thy son.  
This black, incestuous, unnatural love  
Of his blood-relative—yea, worse, a seed  
That ever was at enmity with God—  
His cousin of the house of Antichrist!  
It is as I surmised?

*Queen Mother.* Alas! lost boy!

*Dunstan.* Yes, lost for time and for eternity,  
If he should wed her. But that shall not be.  
Something more lofty than a boy's wild love  
Governs the course of kingdoms. From beneath  
This arching umbrage step aside; look up;  
The alphabet of Heaven is o'er thy head,  
The starry literal multitude. *To few,*  
*And not in mercy, is it given to read*  
*The mixed celestial cipher."*

How skilfully the last passage awakes in

the reader a feeling of sympathy with Dunstan! When he has given his instructions to the Queen Mother, the scene closes thus:—

*Queen Mother.* Oh, man of God!  
Command me always.

*Dunstan.* Hist! I hear a spirit!  
Another—and a third. They're trooping up.

*Queen Mother.* St. Magnus shield us!

*Dunstan.* Thou art safe; but go;  
The wood will soon be populous with spirits.  
The path thou cam'st retread. Who laughs in  
the air?"

Dunstan believes all along that he is marked out from the ordinary roll of men—that he has a peculiar intercourse with, and a peculiar mission from, Heaven; but he nevertheless practises on the credulity of others. This mixture of superstition and cunning does not need insanity to explain, but it is seen here in very appropriate company. He says to Grumo:—

"Go, get thee to the hollow of yon tree,  
And bellow there as is thy wont.

*Grumo.* How long?

*Dunstan.* Till thy lungs crack. Get hence.  
(*Exit Grumo.*)

And if thou bellowest otherwise than Satan,  
It is not for the lack of Satan's sway  
'Stablished within thee.

(*Strange howls are heard from the tree.*)"

With the same crafty spirit, and by a trick as gross, he imposes on the Synod, contriving that a voice shall appear to issue from the crucifix. These frauds, however, would have availed nothing of themselves; it is the spirit of fanaticism bearing down all opposition by which he works his way. This spirit sustains him in his solitude:—

"I hear your call!

A radiance and a resonance from Heaven  
Surrounds me, and my soul is breaking forth  
In strength, as did the new-created Sun  
When Earth beheld it first on the fourth day.  
God spake not then more plainly to that orb  
Than to my spirit now."

It sustains him in his solitude, and mark how triumphantly it carries him through in the hour of action. Odo the archbishop, Ricola the king's chaplain, as well as king and courtiers, all give way before this inexorable, unreasoning fanaticism, a fanaticism which is as complete a stranger to fear as it is to reason.

"*Dunstan (to Elgiva).* Fly hence,

Pale prostitute! Avaunt, rebellious fiend,  
Which speakest through her.

*Elgiva.* I am thy sovereign mistress and thy queen.

*Dunstan.* . . . . Who art thou?  
I see thee, and I know thee—yea, I smell thee!  
Again, 'tis Satan meets me front to front;  
Again I triumph! Where, and by what rite,  
And by what miscreant minister of God,  
And rotten member, was this mockery,  
That was no marriage, made to seem a marriage?

*Ricola.* Lord Abbot, no—

*Dunstan.* What then, was it thou!  
The Church doth cut thee off and pluck thee out!  
A Synod shall be summoned! *Chains for both!*  
*Chains for that harlot, and for this dog-priest!*  
Oh wall of Jezreel!"

And forthwith Elgiva, in spite of the king's resistance, is carried out a captive. The king, too, is imprisoned in the Tower, and here ensues a scene which brings out another aspect of the mind of Dunstan. It was the object of the crafty priest to induce Edwin to resign the crown: he had, therefore, made his imprisonment as painful as possible. He now visits him in the Tower, and in this interview we see, underneath the mad zealot and the subtle politician, something of the genuine man. Dunstan had not been always, and only, the priest; he understood the human life he trampled on:—

"*Dunstan.* What makes you weak? Do you  
not like your food?  
Or have you not enough?

*Edwin.* Enough is brought;  
But he that brings it drops what seems to say  
That it is mixed with poison—some slow drug;  
So that I scarce dare eat, and hunger always.

*Dunstan.* Your food is poisoned by your own  
suspicions.

"Tis your own fault.  
But thus it is with kings; suspicions haunt,  
And dangers press around them all their days;  
Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,  
And wars and treasons are their talk at table.

*Edwin.* This homily you should read to prosperous kings;  
It is not needed for a king like me.

*Dunstan.* Who shall read homilies to a prosperous king!

. . . . To thy credulous ears  
The world, or what is to a king the world,  
The triflers of thy court, have imaged me  
As cruel, and insensible to joy,  
Austere, and ignorant of all delights  
That arts can minister. Far from the truth  
They wander who say thus. I but denounce  
Loves on a throne, and pleasures out of place.  
I am not old; not twenty years have fled  
Since I was young as thou; and in my youth  
I was not by those pleasures unapproached  
Which youth converses with.

*Edwin.* No! wast thou not?  
How came they in thy sight?

*Dunstan.* When Satan first  
Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape;  
Such shape as may have erst misled mankind.  
When Greece or Rome upreared with Pagan rites  
Temples to Venus.

"Twas Satan sang,  
Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had called  
To other pastimes and severer joys.  
But were it not for this, God's strict behest  
Enjoined upon me—had I not been vowed  
To holiest service rigorously required,  
I should have owned it for an angel's voice,  
Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys  
And childishness of vain ambition, gauds  
And tinsel of the world, have lured my heart  
Into the tangle of those mortal cares  
That gather round a throne. What call is thine  
From God or man, what voice within bids thee  
Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront?

Unless thou by an instant act  
Renounce the crown, Elgiva shall not live.  
The deed is ready, to which thy name affixed  
Discharges from restraint both her and thee.  
Say, wilt thou sign?

*Edwin.* I will not.

*Dunstan.* Be advised.  
What hast thou to surrender? I look round;  
This chamber is thy palace, court, and realm.  
I do not see the crown—where is it hidden?  
Is that thy throne?—why, 'tis a base joint-stool;  
Or this thy sceptre?—'tis an ashen stick  
Notched with the days of thy captivity.  
Such royalties to abdicate, methinks,  
Should hardly hold thee long. Nay, I myself,  
That love not ladies greatly, would give these  
To ransom whom I loved."

These feelings of humanity, in part indeed  
simulated, do not long keep at bay the cru-  
elty and insane rage of the priest. Edwin  
persists in his refusal; Dunstan leaves him  
for a moment, but shortly after returns hold-  
ing the deed in his hand, and followed by his  
tool Grumo.

"*Dunstan.* Thy signature to this.

*Edwin.* I will not sign.

*Dunstan.* Thou wilt not! wilt thou that thy  
mistress die?

*Edwin.* Insulting abbot! she is not my mis-  
tress;  
She is my wife, my queen.

*Dunstan.* Predestinate pair!  
He knoweth, who is the Searcher of our hearts,  
That I was ever backward to take life,  
Albeit at His command. Still have I striven  
To put aside that service, seeking still  
All ways and shifts that wit of man could scheme,  
To spare the cutting off your wretched souls  
In unrepented sin. But tendering here  
Terms of redemption, it is thou, not I,  
The sentence that deliverest.

*Edwin.* Our lives  
Are in God's hands.

*Dunstan.* Sot, liar, miscreant, No!  
God puts them into mine! and may my soul  
In tortures howl away eternity,  
If ever again it yield to that false fear  
That turned me from the shedding of thy blood!  
Thy blood, rash traitor to thy God, thy blood!  
Thou delicate Agag, I will spill thy blood!"

We believe we have done justice to all the  
aspects in which the character of Dunstan is  
here represented to us, but it would require  
a much larger space than we have at com-  
mand to do justice to the whole drama of  
*Edwin the Fair*. The canvas is crowded  
with figures, almost every one of which has  
been a careful study, and will repay the study  
of a critical reader; and if the passages of  
eloquent writing are not so numerous as in  
his previous work, there is no deficiency of  
them, and many are the pungent, if not  
witty sayings, that might be extracted. The  
chief fault which seems to us to pervade this  
drama, is indeed, that there is too much  
apparent study—that too much is seen of  
the artist. Speaking generally of Mr. Taylor,  
and regarding him as a dramatic poet, we  
could desire more life and passion, more  
abandonment of himself to the characters he  
is portraying. But we feel this more par-  
ticularly in *Edwin the Fair*. We seem to  
see the artist sorting and putting together  
again the elements of human nature. His  
Wulfstan, the ever absent sage, his tricky  
Emma, and her very silly lover, Ernway,  
are dramatic creations which may probably  
be defended point by point; but, for all that,  
they do not look like real men and women.  
As to his monks, the satellites of Dunstan,  
it may be said that they could not have been  
correctly drawn if they had borne the ap-  
pearance of being real men. We do not  
like them notwithstanding.

In the edition which lies before us, bound  
up with *Edwin the Fair* is the republication  
of an early drama, *Isaac Comnenus*. It ex-  
cited, we are told in the preface, little atten-  
tion in its first appearance. We ourselves  
never saw it till very lately. Though inferior  
to his subsequent productions, it is not with-  
out considerable merit, but it will probably  
gather its chief interest as the forerunner of  
*Philip Van Artevelde*, and from the place it  
will occupy in the history of the author's  
mind. A first performance, which was  
allowed to pass unnoticed by the public,  
might be expected to be altogether different  
in kind from its fortunate successors. The  
author, in his advance out of obscurity into



the full light of success, might be supposed to have thrown aside his first habits of thought and expression. It is not so here. We have much the same style, and there is the same combination of shrewd observation with a philosophic melancholy, the same gravity and the same sarcasm. It is curious to notice how plainly there is the germ of *Philip Van Artevelde* in *Isaac Comnenus*. The hero of Ghent is far more sagacious, more serious, and more tender; but he looks on life with a lingering irony, and a calm cynicism: to him it is a sad and disenchanted vision. In *Isaac Comnenus* the same elements are combined in a somewhat different proportion: there is more of the irony and a more bitter cynicism; less of the grave tenderness and the practical sagacity. Artevelde is Isaac Comnenus living over life again—the same man, but with the advantage of a life's experience. Indeed, Artevelde, if we may venture to jest with so grave a personage, has something of the air of one who had been in the world before, who was not walking along its paths for the first time; he treads with so sure a footstep, and seems to have no questions to ask, and nothing to learn of experience.

Happily it has not been necessary hitherto to say a word about the *plot* of Mr. Taylor's dramas. This of *Isaac Comnenus*, being less known, may require a word of preliminary introduction. The scene is laid at Constantinople, at the close of the eleventh century; Nicephorus is the reigning emperor. We may call to mind that the government of the Byzantine monarchy for a long time maintained this honorable peculiarity, that, though in form a despotism, the emperor was expected to administer the law as it had descended to it from the genius of Rome. Dynasties changed, but the government remained substantially the same. It was an Oriental despotism with an European administration. Whilst, therefore, we have in the play before us a prince dethroned, and a revolution accomplished, we hear nothing of liberty and oppression, the cause of freedom, and the usual topics of patriotic conspiracy. The brothers Isaac and Alexius Comnenus are simply too powerful to be trusted as subjects; an attempt has been already made to poison the elder brother Isaac, the hero of the drama. He finds himself in a manner constrained to push forward to the throne, as his only place of safety. This ambitious course is thrust upon him. Meanwhile he enters on it with no soft-heartedness. He takes up his part and goes bravely through

with it; bravely, but coldly—with a sneer ever on his lip. With the church, too, he has contrived to make himself extremely unpopular, and the Patriarch is still more rancorously opposed to him than the Emperor.

Before we become acquainted with him, he has loved and lost by death his gentle *Irene*. This renders the game of ambition still more contemptible in his eyes. It renders him cold also to the love of a certain fair cousin, Anna Comnena. Love, or ambition, approaches him also in the person of Theodora, the daughter of the emperor. She is willing to desert her father's cause, and ally herself and all her hopes to Isaac Comnenus. Comnenus declines her love. The rejected Theodora brings about the catastrophe of the piece. The Emperor Nicephorus is deposed; Isaac is conqueror in the strife, but he gives over the crown he has won to his brother Alexius. Then does Theodora present herself disguised as some humble petitioner to Isaac Comnenus. Armed with a dagger, she forces her way into an inner chamber where he is; a groan is heard, and the following stage direction closes the play: "*All rush into the inner chamber, whilst Theodora, passing out from it, crosses the stage, holding in her hand a dagger covered with blood. The curtain falls.*"

This scanty outline will be sufficient to make the following characteristic quotations intelligible to those who may not have read the play. Eudocia, his sister, thus describes Comnenus:—

—"He .

Is nothing new to dangers nor to life—  
His thirty years on him have nigh told double,  
Being doubly loaden with the unlightsome stuff  
That life is made of. I have often thought  
How nature cheats this world in keeping count:  
There's some men pass for old men who ne'er  
lived—

These monks, to wit: they count the time, not  
spend it;

They reckon moments by the tick of beads,  
And ring the hours with psalmody: clocks,  
clocks;

If one of these had gone a century,  
I would not say he'd lived. My brother's age  
Has spanned the matter of too many lives;  
He's full of years though young."

Comnenus, we have said, is on ill terms with the church. Speaking of the sanctuary he says:—

"I have a safer refuge. Mother Church



Hath no such holy precinct that my blood  
Would not redeem all sin and sacrilege  
Of slaughter therewithin. But there's a spot  
Within the circle my good sword describes,  
Which by God's grace is sanctified for me."

On quitting his cousin Anna, she says :—

"Go, and good angels guard thee, is my prayer.

*Comnenus.*—Good soldiers, Anna. In the arm  
of flesh

Are we to trust. The Mother of the Gods,  
Prolific Mother, holiest Mother Church,  
Hath banded heaven upon the side opposed.  
No matter ; when such supplicants as thou  
Pray for us, other angels need we none."

It is plain that we have no dutiful son of  
the Church here ; and that her hostility, in  
this instance, is not altogether without cause.  
We find that his skepticism has gone farther  
than to dispute the miraculous virtues of the  
holy image of St. Basil, the eye of which he  
is reputed to have knocked out with his  
lance :—

"Just as you came

I moralized the matter of that change  
Which theologians call—how aptly, say—  
The quitting of a tenement."

And his moralizing is overcast with the  
shadow of doubt. The addresses, for such  
they are, of Theodora, the daughter of the  
emperor, he receives and declines with the  
greatest calmness, though they are of that  
order which it is manifestly as dangerous to  
reject as to accept.

"*Germanus.* My noble lord, the Cæsarissa  
waits

With infinite impatience to behold you :  
She bids me say so. Ah ! most noble count !  
A fortunate man—the sunshine is upon you.

*Comnenus.* Ay, sir, and wonderfully warm it  
makes me.

Tell her I'm coming, sir, with speed."

With speed, however, he does not go, nor  
makes a better excuse for his delay than  
that he was "sleeping out the noontide."  
In the first interview he escapes from her  
confidence, and when subsequently she will  
not be misunderstood, he says :—

"Nor now, nor ever,

Will I make bargains for a lady's love."

In a dialogue with his brother Alexius,  
his temper and way of thinking, and the  
circumstance which has mainly produced  
them, are more fully developed. We make

a few extracts without attempting very close-  
ly to connect them. Alexius has been  
remarking the change in Comnenus since they  
last met.

"*Comnenus.* Change is youth's wonder :  
Such transmutations have I seen on man  
That fortune seemed a slow and steadfast power  
Compared with nature.

*Alexius.* There is nought thou'st seen  
More altered than art thou.  
I speak not of thy change in outward favor,  
But thou art changed in heart.

*Comnenus.* Ay, hearts change too ;  
Mine has grown sprightly, has it not, and hard ?  
I ride it now with spurs ; else, else, Alexius—  
Well is it said the best of life is childhood.  
Life is a banquet where the best's first served,  
And when the guest is cloyed comes oil and garlic.

*Alexius.* Hast thou forgotten how it was thy  
wont

To muse the hours away along this shore—  
These very rippled sands ?

*Comnenus.* The sands are here,  
But not the foot-prints. Wouldst thou trace them  
now ?  
A thousand tides and storms have dashed them  
out.

I have no care for beauty.  
Seest thou yon rainbow based and glassed on  
ocean ?

I look on that as on a lovely thing,  
But not a thing of promise."

Comnenus has wandered with his brother  
unawares to a spot which of all others on  
earth was the most dear or the most painful  
to him—the spot where his Irene had been  
buried. He recognizes it whilst he is in the  
full tide of his cynicism :—

"*Alexius.* What is this carved upon the rock ?

*Comnenus.* I know not :  
But Time has ta'en it for a lover's scrawl ;  
He's razed it, razed it.

*Alexius.* No, not quite ; look here.  
I take it for a lover's.

*Comnenus.* What ! there's some talk  
Of balmy breath, and hearts pierced through and  
through  
With eyes' miraculous brightness—vows ne'er  
broken,  
Until the church had sealed them—charms loved  
madly,

Until it be a sin to love them not—  
And kisses ever sweet till they be innocent—  
But that your lover's not put down ?

*Alexius.* No, none of it.  
There are but two words.

*Comnenus.* That's succinct : what are they ?

*Alexius.* 'Alas, Irene !' Why, thy looks are  
now—"

Comnenus parries the question of his

brother, contrives to dismiss him, and remains alone upon the spot.

"This is the very earth that covers her,  
And lo! we trample it like common clay!

When I last stood here,  
Disguised, to see a lowly girl laid down  
Into her early grave, there was such light  
As now doth show it, but a bleaker air,  
Seeing it was December. 'Tis most strange;  
I can remember now each circumstance  
Which then I scarce was conscious of; *like words*  
*That leave upon the still susceptible sense*  
*A message undelivered till the mind*  
*Awakes to apprehensiveness and takes it.*

'Twas o'er—the muttered unattended rite,  
And the few friends she had beside myself  
Had risen and gone: I had not knelt, but stood  
With a dull gaze of stupor as the mould  
Was shovelled over, and the broken sods  
Fitted together. Then some idle boys,  
Who had assisted at the covering in,  
Ran off in sport trailing the shovels with them,  
Rattling upon the gravel; and the sexton  
Flattened the last sods down, and knocked his  
spade

Against a neighboring tombstone to shake off  
The clinging soil, with a contented air,  
Even as a ditcher who has done his work.

O Christ!

How that which was the life's life of our being  
Can pass away, and we recall it thus!"

Whilst reading this play of *Isaac Comnenus* we seemed to perceive a certain *Byronian* vein, which came upon us rather unexpectedly. Not that there is any very close resemblance between Comnenus and the heroes of Lord Byron; but there is a desperate wilfulness, a tone of skepticism, and a caustic view of human life, which occasionally recall them to mind. We turned to the preface to *Philip Van Artevelde*, where there is a criticism upon the poetry of Byron, not unjust in the faults it detects, but cold and severe, as it seems to us, in the praise that it awards; and we found there an intimation which confirmed our suspicion that *Isaac Comnenus* had been written whilst still partially under the influence of that poetry—written in what we may describe as a transition state. He says there of Lord Byron's poetry, "It will always produce a powerful impression upon very young readers, and I scarcely think that it can have been more admired by any than myself, when I was included in that category." And have we not here some explanation of the severity and coldness of that criticism itself? Did not the maturer intellect a little resent in that critical judgment the hallucinations of the youth?

Perhaps we are hardly correct in calling the temper and spirit we have here alluded

to *Byronian*: they are common to all ages and to many minds, though signally developed by that poet, and in our own epoch. Probably the future historian of this period of our literature will attribute much of this peculiar exhibition of bitterness and despondency to the sanguine hopes first excited and then disappointed by the French Revolution. He will probably say of certain regions of our literature, that the whole bears manifest traces of volcanic origin. Pointing to some noble eminence, which seems to have been eternally calm, he will conjecture that it owed its elevation to the same force which raised the neighboring *Ætna*. Applying the not very happy language of geology, he may describe it as "a crater of elevation;" which, being interpreted, means no crater at all, but an elevation produced by the like volcanic agency; the crater itself is higher up in the same mountain range.

There still remains one other small volume of Mr. Taylor's poetry, which we must not pass over entirely without mentioning—*The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems*. The chief piece here is of the nature of a dramatic scene. Harold, the night before the battle of Hastings, converses with his daughter, unfolds some passages of his past life, and vindicates himself in his quarrel with that William the Norman who, on the morrow, was to add the title of Conqueror to his name. But as it will be more agreeable to vary the nature of our quotations, we shall make the few extracts we have space for from the lyric poems which follow.

The "Lago Varese" will be, we suspect, the favorite with most readers. The image of the Italian girl is almost as distinctly reflected in the verse as it would have been in her own native lake.

"And sauntering up a circling cove,  
I found upon the strand  
A shallop; and a girl who strove  
To drag it to dry land.

I stood to see—the girl looked round—her face  
Had all her country's clear and definite grace.

"She rested with the air of rest  
So seldom seen, of those  
Whose toil remitted gives a zest,  
Not languor, to repose.  
Her form was poised, yet buoyant, firm, though  
free,  
And liberal of her bright black eyes was she.

"The sunshine of the Southern face,  
At home we have it not;  
And if they be a reckless race,  
These Southerners, yet a lot

More favored on the chequered earth is theirs;  
They have life's sorrows, but escape its cares.

"There is a smile which wit extorts  
From grave and learned men,  
In whose austere and servile sports  
The plaything is a pen;  
And there are smiles by shallow worldlings worn,  
To grace a lie or laugh a truth to scorn:

"And there are smiles with less alloy  
Of those who, for the sake  
Of some they loved, would kindle joy  
Which they cannot partake;  
But hers was of the kind which simply say,  
They came from hearts ungovernably gay."

The "Lago Lugano" is a companion picture, written "sixteen summers" after, and on a second visit to Italy. One thing we notice, that in this second poem almost all that is beautiful is brought from the social or political reflections of the writer: it is not the outward scene that lies reflected in the verse. He is thinking more of England than of Italy.

"Sore pains  
They take to set Ambition free, and bind  
The heart of man in chains."

And the best stanza in the poem is that which is directly devoted to his own country:—

"Oh, England! 'Merry England,' styled of yore!  
Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund laughter,  
where?

The sweat of labor on the brow of care  
Make a mute answer—driven from every door!  
The May-pole cheers the village green no more,  
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas mummers  
rare.

The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs;  
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,  
Has leisure to be wise?"

With some verses from a poem called "St. Helen's Auckland" we close our extracts. The author revisits the home of his boyhood:—

"How much is changed of what I see,  
How much more changed am I,  
And yet how much is left—to me  
*How is the distant nigh!*

"The walks are overgrown and wild,  
The terrace flags are green—  
But I am once again a child,  
I am what I have been.

"The sounds that round about me rise  
Are what none other hears;  
I see what meets no other eyes,  
Though mine are dim with tears.

"In every change of man's estate  
Are lights and guides allowed;  
The fiery pillar will not wait,  
But, parting, sends the cloud.

"Nor mourn I the less manly part  
Of life to leave behind;  
My loss is but the lighter heart,  
My gain the graver mind."

Poetry is no longer the most popular form of literature amongst us, and the drama is understood to be the least popular form of poetry. If this be the case, Mr. Taylor has the additional merit of having won his way to celebrity under singular disadvantages. But, in truth, such poetry as Mr. Taylor's could never appeal to the multitude. Literature of any kind which requires of the reader himself *to think in order to enjoy*, can never be popular. It is impossible to deny that the dramas we have been reviewing demand an effort, in the first instance, on the part of the reader: he must sit down to them with something of the spirit of the student. But, having done this, he will find himself amply repaid. As he advances in the work, he will read with increased pleasure; he will read it the second time with greater delight than the first; and if he were to live twenty years, and were to read such a drama as *Philip Van Artevelde* every year of his life, he would find in it some fresh source of interest to the last.

As we have not contented ourselves with selecting beautiful passages of writing from Mr. Taylor's dramas, but have attempted such an analysis of the three principal characters they portray as may send the reader to their reperusal with additional zest, so neither have we paused to dispute the propriety of particular parts, or to notice blemishes and defects. We would not have it understood that we admire all that Mr. Taylor has written. Of whom could we say this? We think, for instance, that, throughout his dramas, from the first to the last, he treats the monks too coarsely. His portraiture borders upon farce. His Father John shows that he can do justice to the character of the intelligent and pious monk. Admitting that this character is rare, we believe that the extremely gross portraiture which we have elsewhere is almost equally rare. This last, however, is so frequently introduced, that it will pass with the reader as Mr. Taylor's type of the monkish order. The monks could never have been more ignorant than the surrounding laity, and they were always something better in morals and in

true piety. We are quite at a loss, too, to understand Mr. Taylor's fondness for the introduction into his dramas of certain songs or ballads, which are not even intended to be poetical. To have made them so, he would probably contend, would have been a dramatic impropriety. Very well; but let us have as few of such things as may be, and as short as possible. In *Edwin the Fair* they are very numerous; and those which are introduced in *Philip Van Arterelde* we could gladly dispense with. We could also very willingly have dispensed with the con-

versation of those burgesses of Bruges who entertained the Earl of Flanders with some of these ballads. We agree with the Earl, that their hospitalities are a sore affliction. Tedium may be very dramatic, but it is tediousness still—a truth which our writer, intent on the delineations of his character, sometimes forgets. But defects like these it is sufficient merely to have hinted at. That criticism must be very long and ample indeed, of the dramas of Mr. Taylor, in which they ought to occupy any considerable space.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE METAMORPHOSES OF APULEIUS.\*

ON inquiring lately at an old book-shop for an Apuleius, we were told by the bookseller that since the appearance of this translation, he had disposed of many copies of the original which had long been a dead weight on his shelves. Sir George Head has recalled his author to the attention of scholars, and may, with good reason, feel flattered by this success, even if disappointed in his expectation that readers will resort to the book for "the light and amusing qualities of a romance." The *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius are not suited to modern taste, though they well deserve notice. Cervantes probably drew from them a hint for Don Quixote's adventure with the wine-skins; Boccaccio undoubtedly had read them; and the legend of Cupid and Psyche furnished subjects for the frescoes with which Raphael adorned the walls of the villa at Rome, which is now called the Farnesina. The structure of the story is like that of *Gil Blas*. In both the adventures of the hero form the groundwork; but in both also, more than half the book consists of stories and incidents from their own lives, told by the different personages. This resemblance is probably due to the fact, that Apuleius, like Le Sage, worked up into his book materials provided by preceding novelists.

There existed at that time a class of literary compositions, called Milesian Tales, the character of which we are at no loss to determine from incidental notices, though no specimens are now extant. Aristides of Miletus, an author whose date is not precisely known, first composed them, and to him they owe their designation. He was followed by other writers, whose names the curious may find preserved in the *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Græcorum*. The only circumstance worth our observing is, that this species of literature sprang up at the point of meeting between the Grecian and Eastern worlds. Owing partly to their adoption of Persian habits, and partly also to their political insignificance, the Greeks of Asia Minor turned their attention more and sooner than the Athenians to pursuits which minister to the refinement and elegance of life. We have a curious proof of this in the impression produced in Athens at an earlier period, by the accomplishments of the ladies of Ionia. Aspasia was a native of Miletus, and not only was her house the resort of the philosophers of the day, but according to Plato, she even gave lessons in rhetoric to Pericles and Socrates. We do not suppose he is to be taken to the letter, but the story shows that education in Ionia was less exclusively directed than in Athens towards public life, in which men alone could engage; but embraced within its sphere a dilettante study of

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\* *The Metamorphoses of Apuleius*. Translated from the Latin by Sir GEORGE HEAD. London: 1851.



morals, unaccompanied by the severity of practice, and also of philosophy clothed in that light and graceful drapery in which eloquence can disguise it. To this same turn of mind we attribute the productions of which we are speaking. They first appear in Greek literature at a time when all interest in politics had died out, and men, instead of living in public, as their forefathers had done, courted retirement and privacy. In many cases, such a life was one of voluptuous indulgence; in most, a life of intellectual poverty; and these tales became popular, because they relieved the ennui of idleness. This sufficiently explains their character. They were familiar, trifling compositions, containing descriptions of the laughable incidents of life, amusing pieces of fiction, and adventures in love and intrigue, mixed with great licentiousness. The Romans first became acquainted with them during their campaigns in Lesser Asia. Plutarch tells us that the officers of Crassus's army carried the novels of Aristides in their knapsacks. Their popularity induced Sisenna, the historian of the expedition, to translate them into Latin; but though Ovid mentions the fact of their publication, we hear no more of them during the golden period of Roman literature. In the next century, however, they again came into vogue, and must have been well known to the readers of Apuleius; for in his preface, he promises to string together his stories in the Milesian strain, and charm their ears with a merry whispering.

He has kept his promise. His story contains a pleasant account of the habits, the follies, and even the vices of his contemporaries. He had enjoyed extensive opportunities for observation, for he spent his early years in Africa, studied at Athens, and, for some years, practised at the bar in Rome; and as the result, he exhibits to us a collection of portraits taken from different classes of society, sufficiently resembling the sketches made by the satirists of the preceding century, to convince us of their truth, but less harshly drawn. There is the usurer,—the enchantress taking vengeance on her lover,—the harsh stepmother,—the hectoring soldier,—the oppressed provincial,—the Christian woman,—the interior of a workshop,—and the juggling priests of the Syrian goddess. Every picture tells its own date; the gallery was made under the Empire.

But Apuleius was a philosopher as well as a satirist, and desired, in portraying, to reform his generation. We are aware that this has been denied by many critics, both in

ancient and modern times; but on any other supposition a large portion of the book is unintelligible, and inconsistent with what we know of his character. Our best plan will be to tell the story, and then give the explanation; following his own words as far as possible, though at the risk of falling into his faults of style. It is but fair to add, that in our quotations we have taken great liberties with Sir George Head's translation.

Lucius, the hero of the novel, is introduced to us mounted on a milk-white steed, upon a journey from Corinth to Thessaly. In the way he overtook a commercial traveller, engaged in earnest conversation with a friend. The subject of their discussion was suited to the spot in which they were travelling, for they were discussing the pretensions of magic on the borders of Thessaly,—the chosen home of witchcraft from the days of Medea even to the present hour. Lucius overheard the loud laugh with which the friend scouted the merchant's story, and was tempted, by his thirst for the marvellous, to introduce himself to them as a man eager for information. He reproved the unbelieving listener in words, which, though intended to convey to us the real skepticism of the novelist, flattered the speaker into repeating his tale. It related the untimely death of an acquaintance, brought about by the incantations of a hag,—a fact of which the merchant had been himself a witness on some former expedition into Thessaly, to procure the honey and cheese for which the district was famous. The story was good enough to beguile the remainder of a toilsome journey, but is not worth our repeating. It is enough to say, that, though supported by the devout belief of the narrator, and the common talk of all the people of Thessaly, it failed to convince the skeptical companion, while the cautious Lucius, when appealed to, gave his verdict that nothing is impossible, but all things proceed according to the decree of fate; "for," continued he, "occurrences happen in the experience of us all, so wonderful, as to have been within an ace of never happening at all."

The tale thus ended, Lucius parted company at the entrance of Hypata, and inquired for the house of Milo, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Milo was one of a numerous and powerful class, which owed its origin to the imperfect state of commercial credit, and the difficulty of finding secure and ready investment for capital under the Roman Empire; he was a miser and a money-lender. The influence and extortions of his order had more than once invited



the interference of stringent laws, and exposed its members to popular hatred; and the old inn-keeper, who directed Lucius, did not miss the opportunity of speaking an ill word of her wealthy neighbor, who kept one maid for himself and his wife, and dressed like a beggar.

The door of the house was bolted fast; but, after a parley with the maid, who mistook him for a customer come to borrow, Lucius was admitted to see Milo. The money-lender was reclining upon a tiny couch, on the point of beginning his evening meal. His wife was sitting at his feet, and before them was a bare table, to which he pointed, and said, "You see all we have to offer." Then, bidding his wife rise, and dragging his unwilling guest into her place, he apologized for the want of furniture, on the ground of his dread of robbers, and, after a compliment on the handsome figure of Lucius, and his almost feminine delicacy of manners, invited him to occupy a nook in his cottage. Lucius accepted the invitation; but, observing Milo's parsimonious style of living, determined to forage for himself on his way to his evening bath. Accordingly he went to the market, and bought a basket of fish. Just then he was recognized by an old friend, named Pythias, whose dress and retinue showed him to be a magistrate. The two had not met since their school-days at Athens, and Pythias had now become an ædile and an inspector of the market. He caught sight of the basket, and inquired what had been given for the bargain. The price was exorbitant; and, on hearing it, he grasped Lucius by the hand, and leading him back to the stall, in the harshest tone which the majesty of the ædile could assume, threatened to show the fishmonger how rogues should be treated. Then, emptying the basket in the middle of the road, he ordered one of his attendants to trample upon the fishes; and, satisfied with his own sternness, advised his friend to come away, adding, "The disgrace is punishment enough for the old fellow." Lucius stood aghast at this rigorous system of administration; but there was no help for it; so, deprived alike of his money and his fish, and wearied by his long journey and an evening without any supper, except Milo's conversation, he betook himself to rest.

We will take this opportunity of making our readers more intimately acquainted with the female portion of Milo's household—Pamphile and Fotis. The popular belief of Hypata represented the former as a noto-

rious witch—the mistress of every sepulchral incantation. By the slightest puff of her breath upon a branch or a stone, or any other inanimate object, she could extinguish the light of the heavenly bodies, and plunge the world in the darkness of chaos. She became enamored of every handsome youth she met, and if he refused to gratify her passion she changed him into some brutish form. Fotis was her mistress's confidante, and herself an adept in magic; but her knowledge was not accompanied by the impatience and dark temper which characterized Pamphile. On the contrary, she was pert and coquettish, and readily responded to, if she did not anticipate, the advances of Lucius. His fancy was taken by her elegant figure, her graceful motions, and, above all, her luxuriant and unadorned tresses, to the praises of which he has devoted a chapter; and he determined to follow up an intimacy, which, besides its own attractions, promised him an opportunity of gaining the knowledge he was in search of. We shall presently see what were its consequences.

One incident during his stay in Hypata is too important to the plot to be omitted. There was a noble and virtuous matron, named Byrrhæna, who took a deep interest in him, and warned him against the dangerous company he had fallen into. It chanced that this lady gave a magnificent entertainment, at which all the fashion of the place was to be present, and she invited Lucius to join the party. Fotis, though unwillingly, gave her consent, on condition that he would return early, for fear of the mad-headed band of young nobles who infested the streets and massacred the passers-by. The supper was excellent; the wine flowed freely; one of the guests told how he had lost his ears and his nose, owing to a witch; jokes were bandied from side to side, and it was late before Lucius, with dizzy head and uncertain step, returned to Milo's house. There he saw three tall figures, to all appearance robbers, dashing against the door with the utmost violence. Without a moment's delay he charged into the midst of them, and engaged each in turn, till all three fell, pierced with wounds, at his feet.

Aurora was already shaking her rosy arm above the glowing trappings of her horses,—the fine writing is Lucius's, not ours,—and mounting towards the top of heaven, when night restored him to day. His mind was agitated by the remembrance of the last night's deed. With his legs bent under him, his hands clasped and resting on his

knees, he sat up in bed, and wept abundantly, while his imagination pictured a court, a trial, a conviction, and the executioner. At this moment the lictors arrived to arrest him on a charge of murder, and conducted him to the theatre, the only place large enough to accommodate the crowds assembled to witness the trial. The prefect of the night-watch stated the charge, and Lucius was called upon for his defence. He admitted the fact, but repeating word for word the language of their leader, which left no doubt of their intentions, and describing the violence of their attack on himself, and the deadly grip he had felt, he asked for a triumphant acquittal. By a procedure allowed in Greek courts, the widow of one of the deceased, with an infant in her arms, was now produced, in order to excite the commiseration of the judges, and, at her instance, the accused was compelled to lift the sheet which covered the corpses. Beneath it lay three wine-skins, slashed with gaping holes, which his recollection told him corresponded with the wounds inflicted on the robbers.

The laughter, which had been with difficulty suppressed during the trial, now burst into the loudest peals of merriment. The day was the festival of the Lord of Laughter—the patron saint of Hypata—and required annually for its celebration the invention of some new amusement. For this purpose the trial had been devised. Lucius received the explanation with all the composure he could muster; but was hardly appeased even by the honor of a statue, and being enrolled among the patrons of the city. Fotis, in tears, accounted for the rest. She had been sent to the barber's shop for some of the hair of a young man with whom her mistress was in love; but the barber threatened to inform against her; so, fearing to return empty-handed, she picked up the hair from some wine-skins hanging in the street. Her mistress was taken in by its flaxen color; the sorcery worked its effect, and the wine-skins, animated with a transient vitality, presented themselves at her door instead of the youth.

And now the opportunity for which he was waiting arrived, when he was admitted by Fotis to see Pamphile transform herself into an owl, and fly to her lover. The sight excited his desire to follow, and at length Fotis, yielding to his entreaties, produced a box of ointment from her mistress's cabinet. Lucius shall describe the scene himself:—

“Elated at the sight of the precious treasure, I

kissed the box several times; and, uttering repeated aspirations in hopes of a prosperous flight, I stripped off all my clothes as quick as possible, dipped my fingers greedily into the box; and having thence extracted a good large lump of ointment, rubbed it all over my body and limbs. When I was thoroughly anointed, I swung my arms up and down, in imitation of the movement of a bird's pinion, and continued to do so a little while, when, instead of any perceptible token of feathers or wings making their appearance, my own skin, alas, grew into a hard leathern hide covered with bristly hair, my fingers and toes disappeared, the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet became firm solid hoofs, and from the end of my spine a long tail proceeded. My face was enormous, my mouth wide, my nostrils gaping, my lips pendulous, and I had a pair of immoderately long, rough, hairy ears. In short, when I came to contemplate my transformation to its full extent, I found that, instead of a bird, I had become changed into an ass.”

Our readers must not expect the fairy fancy of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* in what follows.

Fotis, in her eagerness, had mistaken the box; and, though a compound of rose-leaves would have reversed the transformation, she had neglected to weave for her lover his evening chaplet, and he must take his place in the stable till they can be gathered at dawn of day. But at midnight Milo's house was sacked by a band of robbers, and long before morning Lucius, laden with the spoils of his late host, was far on the road to their cave in the mountains.

This cave is supposed to have suggested the corresponding scene in *Gil Blas*. The presiding genius—its dame Leonarda—was a crone bent double with age, and with the voice of a screech-owl, who attended upon the robbers, and received in return a rich reward of invective upon her habits and appearance. Soon another inmate arrived, a young lady whom the robbers captured in one of their raids. They handed her over to the beldame for consolation, but kind words, and harsh looks, were alike unavailing; so promising her an old wife's tale, she repeated the legend how “celestial Cupid”—

“Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,  
After her wandering labors long,  
Till free consent the gods among,  
Make her his eternal bride.”

The lady listened, and was soothed; and Lucius, forgetting his transformation, regretted that he had not his pen and tablets, to note down every word. Relief, however, more substantial was at hand. The robbers

had taken the resolution to slay Lucius, and sew the lady up in his hide, when a young man offered himself as a volunteer to the horde, and they were induced, from his commanding stature, his boasted achievements, and the rich prize he threw into the common stock, to take him at once as their leader. The youth was the lady's lover, and by his manœuvres soon effected her deliverance. All the inhabitants of her native city turned out to welcome her when she made her triumphal entry on the back of Lucius, and he, to testify his sympathy in the public rejoicing, made the place ring with brayings, according to his own account, as loud as thunder.

It would be tedious to follow him through his succeeding misfortunes, so we will pass to the time he spent in the service of a band of mendicant priests. He has described this passage of his life at some length.

The priests presented a fantastic appearance. Their faces were painted, and the insides of their eyelids darkened after the manner of Eastern women. They wore white tunics striped with purple, turbans, and yellow sandals. Their arms were bare, and in their hands were large swords or axes. In this guise they danced along in procession, with a wild step to the music of flutes, cymbals, and castanets, till they arrived at the mansion of some rich proprietor, who was willing to repay a grand exhibition of their rites. Those rites were gloomy and hideous. As the band entered they made the premises ring with discordant howlings, and ran to and fro with frantic gestures. They whirled their heads till their long hair stood out on end, and tore their flesh with their teeth and knives. Then one of the party, taking the lead, and panting deeply, pretended to be the subject of a more complete possession;—as though, says Lucius, the presence of the gods made men weak instead of strong. In a loud chaunt, he accused himself of some imaginary violation of their rules, requiring for its expiation punishment from his own hand. Seizing a whip, strung with the knucklebones of sheep,—the peculiar implement of their order,—he lashed himself severely, without betraying the least sense of pain. This exhibition continued till the earth was moistened with blood. At its close the spectators vied in offering them money and presents of every kind, which the flagellants, well provided with wallets for the purpose, greedily scraped together and piled upon Lucius, who discharg-

ed the double function of a "locomotive granary and temple."

In this way they plundered the whole neighborhood. Once, indeed, they were discovered while performing some disgraceful orgies, and compelled, for fear of public ridicule, to decamp. But no sooner had they got beyond the reach of this report, than they were again received everywhere with reverence. Nor was this feeling confined to the lower classes. On their approach to a town of considerable importance, one of the principal inhabitants, "a religious man and one that feared the gods greatly," hearing the cymbals, came out to meet them, and hospitably entertained them during their stay. At another place, they were pampered for several days at the public expense. Here they were held in high repute for their skill in divination. They were consulted on all the important emergencies of life,—the choice of a wife, the purchase of a farm, the success of a journey, or an expedition against banditti. Their fees were large, and their labor small, for they answered all comers in one formula, which the craft of the priests interpreted to suit each particular case. At length, however, their knavery was exposed. Under pretence of celebrating their secret rites, they repaired to the temple of the Mother of the Gods, and stole thence a sacred goblet. The theft was speedily discovered; the whole band was summarily thrown into prison; and Lucius put up to auction.

He was bought by a baker, "a kind-hearted and highly respectable man." We are careful to give his character, that his establishment may not be supposed to imply monstrous inhumanity. It was one of the workhouses into which were crowded the slaves who formed the manufacturing population of the Roman world. We are not often admitted to see their interior. Profound indifference rather than any desire of concealment has caused our exclusion. Ancient writers did not care to describe what none cared to read. But this indifference had for some time been giving way. Seneca had laid down a new rule for the treatment of slaves, that a man should do to his inferiors as he would his superiors should do to him. Hadrian and Antoninus Pius took the first steps towards embodying in laws the maxims of the Stoic philosopher. The absolute jurisdiction of life and death over slaves was transferred from their masters to the prefect of the city. They were allowed to appeal to him in cases of cruelty, starvation, and gross

personal affront. It is to this altered state of public feeling we probably owe the following account of Lucius's first view of the human inmates of their common abode:—

"What a stunted set of human beings did I see before me! Their lacerated backs and shoulders, shaded rather than covered with ragged cloaks, were marked with black and blue wheels; some had only a slight covering round the waist, and the flesh of the rest was visible through their tatters. Their foreheads were branded with letters; their heads half shaved, their ankles in fetters, their faces of ghastly paleness, their eyes eaten away and nearly blinded by the black smoke and hot air; and they were covered with a dirty-white mixture of ashes and flour, like the dust with which wrestlers sprinkle themselves before entering the ring."

The baker had a wife, who took an extraordinary dislike to Lucius. Before day-break, while in bed, she called out for the new ass to be harnessed to the wheel; her first act, on getting up, was to order him to be beaten; and he was the last led back to the manger. In return, he has described her character in terms of the bitterest hatred:—

"The heart of that most detestable woman was like a common cesspool, in which all the evil dispositions of our nature were collected together. There was actually no description of wickedness wanting. She was cruel, malevolent, abandoned, drunken, obstinate, close-fisted, avaricious in grasping, profuse in dissipation, an enemy to good faith, a foe to chastity. Then despising and trampling under foot the deities, in place of the true worship, she set up a false and impious imagination of a god, whom she might style the Only God; and, deceiving her neighbors and betraying her miserable husband by the pretence of her empty observances, she abandoned herself to morning draughts of wine and unceasing adultery."

The character may be summed up in one sentence—the lady was a Christian. Such, at least, has been the supposition of the most learned critics. She is not indeed called by the name, but some of the features bear the closest resemblance to, and none are at variance with, the popular conception of the character. The word which expresses her creed, "an imagination of a God," is the same which, a quarter of a century afterwards, Tertullian mentions as specifically applied by heathens to the Christian faith. The empty observances, and the morning draughts of wine recall to our minds the letter Pliny wrote to Trajan, and the charge of impurity finds an illustration in the remark of Tertullian, that the heathen viewed the sup-

per of the Lord with such disgust, that no man allowed his wife to go to it without a feeling of suspicion.

His next master was a gardener, who drove him every morning to the neighboring market with a load of fresh vegetables, and on his return shared with him his evening meal of "rancid lettuces as coarse as brooms." While here, he had an opportunity of observing two significant instances of the insecurity of life and property at a distance from the centre of government.

There was a cottager whose small farm adjoined the domains of a youthful and rich proprietor, who employed his family influence, and his position at the head of his party, to lord it over the city. He made open war upon his poor neighbor, killed his sheep, drove away his oxen, and trampled down his growing corn. After robbing him of the fruits of his industry, he became eager to eject him from his field, and upon some pettifogging quibble, laid claim to the whole property. The cottager, anxious to save enough of his patrimony for a grave, called together a large party of his fellow-citizens to beat his bounds. They expostulated in the mildest terms with the great man, but were answered with threats. A voice then exclaimed that it was vain for him to play the tyrant because of his wealth, for the law gave protection to the poor against the insolence of the rich. The words fell like oil upon fire. The tyrant maddened bade his shepherds let slip their dogs, and hark them on to the attack. The faster the party fled, the more keenly the hounds pursued, and many were torn in pieces. In the end, however, some satisfaction is made to our sense of justice. The aggressor himself fell. We are not told what became of the cottager.

But the tyranny of the wealthy was not the only species of oppression to which the poor in the provinces were exposed. The military quartered in the district treated the inhabitants with despotic insolence, and hardly indeed was the civilian, who, with justice on his side, dared to contend against a soldier. It is the history of all governments, which depend for their maintenance on the army. As the gardener was riding home on Lucius, musing over the occurrence just related, he was awakened from his reverie by a gaunt legionary demanding the ass for the use of his commanding officer, and enforcing the demand with a blow. The gardener wiped away the blood which streamed from his head, and mildly begged him to spare so sluggish and unsafe an animal. But the



soldier was inexorable, and was on the point of ending the controversy by dashing out the brains of the civilian, when the gardener, by a feint, tripped him up, and pommelling him soundly, left him for dead. He seized his sword, and rode off with it at full speed to hide himself till the affair blew over. The soldier slunk to barracks, ashamed and afraid, for by the Roman articles of war, the soldier who parted with his sword was to be treated as a deserter. His comrades took up his cause, and laid an information against the gardener, for refusing to give up a silver dish, the property of their commanding officer, which, they alleged, he had found. With their help, the magistrates discovered his hiding-place, and threw him into prison to answer the charge; and there being no one now to object, the soldier took possession of Lucius.

We are fast approaching the end of his wanderings. He passed into the hands of a rich Corinthian, who being anxious to signalize his accession to office by an exhibition of more than usual magnificence, had come to Thessaly to collect wild beasts and gladiators. To his surprise, he discovered in Lucius the power of living upon human food, and, in consequence, determined upon assigning him a part in the spectacle. What that part was, we must pass over in silence. On any supposition—whether these chapters contain an account of an actual occurrence, or are merely a caricature—the fact, that a man of high character should write, and hearers listen to them, is evidence of depravity we might have disbelieved, had it not been corroborated by pictures and pieces of sculpture still remaining. The exhibition opened with a ballet. Change the close atmosphere of a modern opera-house for a spacious amphitheatre open to the sky—the glare of gas lamps for the bright light of a spring morning—and we can have no difficulty in picturing to ourselves the “Judgment of Paris,” as it was represented that day at Corinth. The mazy dance of the corps of ballet girls, the scenery, the pantomime—in a word, the whole representation might be modern, except that public opinion in Corinth allowed a nearer approach to the costume in which the goddesses appeared on Mount Ida, than would be tolerated now-a-days, even in *poses plastiques*.

The slaves who had the charge of Lucius were so engrossed with the spectacle, that they left him to his own devices. He took advantage of the opportunity to escape, and galloping away to the neighboring town of

Cenchreæ, laid himself down to sleep in a retired spot on the sea-shore. When he awoke, the moon was just rising above the waves. He prayed to her, as the Queen of Heaven, to save him from his debased condition, and restore him to his former self. In answer to his prayer, Isis appeared,—revealing herself as the one deity worshipped under many names, and bidding him wait till the morrow for deliverance. In return, she demanded that he should consider the remainder of his life pledged to her service, to be spent in diligent obedience, devout ministrations, and inviolable purity.

In the morning, the streets of Cenchreæ were filled with crowds running hither and thither, preparing to celebrate the festival of Isis. Its contrast with the gloomy rites we witnessed just now is too marked not to be intentional. *Their* dismal howlings told of sin and expiation, the song of *this* is of mercy and thankfulness. *They* were sullied with hypocrisy and crime, *this* is all joy and purity. Even the objects of nature are supposed to sympathize in the rejoicings of the day. The ceremonial is minutely described. In front, were humorous representations of the different pursuits of mankind. There was the hunter, the soldier, the gladiator, the magistrate, the philosopher, the fowler, the fisherman, each with the emblems of his craft. There were also animals, connected by mythological fancy with the worship of Isis. A tame bear sat in a car, in the garb of a matron; the part of Ganymede was performed by an ape; and an ass, with a pair of wings glued to his back in imitation of Pegasus, walked beside a Bellerophon in the person of a decrepit old man. Next came the procession. A troop of women preceded the image of the goddess, carrying mirrors on their shoulders, to reflect her figure. Some with ivory combs imitated the action of dressing her hair; others sprinkled perfumes along the path, or brandished torches. They marched to the chant of a chorus, with an accompaniment of flutes and cymbals. Then followed the main body of the initiated—a crowd of men and women of all ranks and ages, dressed in white linen. The men had their heads shaved. Priests of tall stature carried the sacred vessels—a golden lamp like a boat, a palm tree, an altar, a model of the left hand, to signify fair dealing, and a winnowing-fan. Next were borne aloft the emblems of the gods—the dog Anubis, with his faces half sable, half gold; a cow, the type of production; an ark; and lastly, an object in the likeness neither of beast, nor



bird, nor even human being—a small urn, covered with hieroglyphics, with a handle of the shape of an asp, the peculiar symbol of the goddess. The high-priest closed the train, and, forewarned in a dream, paused at the approach of Lucius, to offer him his garland. He tasted, and the promise of the deity was fulfilled. The transformation was reversed. His neck, his ears, his teeth, reassumed their human dimensions, and his tail, the feature in his asinine incarnation most galling, completely vanished. The priest explained to him the events of his life. In youth, notwithstanding the advantages of birth, social position, and learning, he had given way to debasing pleasures and ill-fated curiosity. But the punishment which the blindness of Fortune had inflicted, had brought him to a better mind. Calamity had no hold over those whose lives the goddess claimed for herself. "Let the unhalloved behold, let them behold and acknowledge their error. Lo, delivered from his former woes by the providence of the mighty Isis, Lucius has triumphed over his destiny. Still, to be more secure, enlist in our sacred army. Devote thyself from this hour to the observance of our ritual, and freely take the yoke of its service; for when thou hast begun to serve the goddess, thou wilt more truly enjoy liberty."

When the rites of the day were celebrated, and the mimic ship sacred to Isis had been launched, to secure a prosperous navigation for the season, the crowd dispersed to spread abroad the fame of the miracle, and Lucius prepared to obey the monition of the goddess. A sense of religious awe delayed awhile his initiation. The ritual was difficult of observance. It ordained a severe rule of abstinence, and a life of the utmost circumspection. The high-priest, too, checked his impatience, representing the impiety of haste as no less than that of disobedience to the call. At length, however, the will of the goddess was clearly revealed, and he was admitted to initiation. He was bathed and sprinkled with pure water. Ten days of fasting were then prescribed. On the evening of the tenth day, the people flocked from all directions, according to ancient custom, to present him with their offerings. Presently the profane were ordered to withdraw, and the priest led him into the innermost sanctuary. We will hear from himself what he saw :—

"I approached the abode of death; with my foot I pressed the threshold of Proserpine's palace. I was transported through the elements, and con-

ducted back again. At midnight I saw the bright light of the sun shining. I stood in the presence of the gods,—the gods of heaven and of the shades below; ay, stood near and worshipped. And now have I only told thee such things, that, hearing, thou necessarily canst not understand; and, being beyond the comprehension of the profane, I can enunciate without committing a crime."

In the morning the people were again admitted to see him, placed like a statue in the middle of the temple, in a linen robe embroidered with hieroglyphics, and a crown of palm leaves. This was his spiritual birthday, and was spent in festivity and social intercourse. On the third day the same rites were repeated, and the initiation was then complete. Though Lucius has told us that it is beyond our comprehension, there can be little doubt but that the ceremony typified death and a resurrection.

After this he went to Rome, and was there initiated into the mysteries of Osiris, which differed widely from those of Isis, in the mode of their celebration, though the two deities were closely connected, or, more properly speaking, substantially one. Osiris revealed to him that he should become famous for his forensic success; and to distinguish him from the great body of his sacred profession, appointed him to a high office among the Pastophori, an order whose duty it was to bear the pall in the processions of the god.

"Thenceforward," says Lucius, "I fulfilled my duty as a member of that ancient college; and, with a head newly and thoroughly shaved, joyfully exposed my bald pate to the gaze of the multitude whithersoever I went."

Such is the outline of a story which acquired considerable popularity from the middle of the second to the fourth century. Its interest was increased by a curious theological discussion. When in their controversies with their heathen neighbors, the early Christians appealed for confirmation to the miracles of our Lord, they were met by a counter-appeal to current accounts of wonders performed by reputed magicians. Apuleius was ranked in this class, and the metamorphoses of Lucius, under which name he was supposed to represent himself, were quoted among his miracles. Lactantius and Jerome in the third century both allude to the dispute. At a later period Marcellinus applied to his father for an answer. The answer is remarkable. Apuleius has himself denied any knowledge of magic; and Augustin was obviously inclined to give credit to

the denial, though he was staggered by the universality of the rumor, and from feeling that those who started the difficulty would not appreciate so simple a solution. Adopting therefore the popular version, he contrasted him with David. Born in the higher ranks, highly educated and of great eloquence, he never with all his arts succeeded in obtaining any judicial office in the republic. And yet his actions showed that he was not insensible to ambition. He did his best, and his failure was due to want of power, not of will. David, on the contrary, not by magic, but by pleasing God, rose from a shepherd to a king. Without much astuteness, the heathen opponent might have replied that Apuleius was not really ambitious. He retired early in life from Rome to his native place Madaura, and there reached the highest judicial post a colony had to offer. He speaks with pride of succeeding to his father's office, and it is a fair conclusion that his ambition looked no higher. Be this as it may, the answer seems to have proved good as an *argumentum ad homines*, for we hear no more of the question.

But we should wrong Augustin were we to suppose his "strong, capacious, and argumentative mind" could rest satisfied with this solution. In his work "On the City of God," he has attempted to account for the phenomenon consistently with philosophy and religion. If true, it must be attributed to the agency of demons, beings to whom the power of creation, or of effecting real transformations, is denied by God, and the power of producing deceptive appearances alone conceded. Through some inexplicable exercise of that power, the phantasy of one man, that part of us which, though itself incorporeal, assumes with strange rapidity in thought, or sleep, a thousand corporeal shapes, is made to appear to another in the form of an animal; in such a manner that, while the one, far removed and buried in deep sleep, imagines himself an animal carrying a load, the other sees, not a real animal, but the appearance of an animal, carrying a load, which, if real, is carried by the unseen demon. Our first impulse is to laugh, but Augustin had to explain the evidence of persons who testified to having heard of, and actually seen, such transformations. The controversy has left no trace, except that of compelling each succeeding editor to examine the proof of identity between Apuleius and his hero. The earlier commentators are nearly equally divided on the subject. Sir George Head says, "Un-

questionably," from the beginning to the end of the "adventures of his hero Lucius, it was himself whom he intended to personate;" while nearly all modern scholars of authority take a different view. This last is our opinion. If we except, perhaps, the scene describing the initiation, they have apparently no more in common than any other novelist of manners and his hero; though much that the hero relates must most probably consist of the experience of the novelist.

Apuleius hated magic, because it had exercised a real and unpleasant influence upon his life. While studying at Athens, he became intimate with a young man, Pontianus, an African like himself. Pontianus's mother, Pudentilla, was a rich lady of forty, who had remained in widowhood thirteen years, for the sake of her sons. That reason no longer applied; and now her own inclination prompted, her family advised, and her physicians prescribed, matrimony. Pontianus fixed upon Apuleius as worthy of being his mother's husband and his own stepfather; and he proceeded in the matter like an adept in match-making. Apuleius happened to be visiting at Cæa, the modern Tripoli, where Pudentilla lived, on his way to Alexandria. Pontianus sounded him on the subject of marriage, and seeing his unwillingness, entreated him not to risk his health by traveling that winter, but to wait till next year, when he would himself accompany him,—begging him meanwhile to remain in their house, which was healthy, and commanded a view of the sea. Apuleius acquiesced, and common studies cemented his friendship with the lady. The favorable moment at length arrived; when after the delivery by Apuleius of a very successful public lecture, Pontianus told him that the whole of Cæa agreed he would make an excellent husband for Pudentilla. She was, he admitted, a widow without personal attractions; adding, with a shrewd knowledge of his friend's weaknesses, that to reserve himself in hope of a match for beauty or money, was unbecoming a friend and a philosopher. His wish to travel was the difficulty; but soon he became as eager to win the lady as if he had made the offer. Now her connections began to object. Pontianus was gained over to their faction, and every obstacle was placed in the way of the lovers,—of course without success. The opposition, nevertheless, did not cease even upon the marriage. They prosecuted him in the Court of the Proconsul for dealing in magic, and so obtaining the lady's affections.

Every topic, however irrelevant and absurd, which could make him ludicrous or unpopular, was foisted in to eke out the ridiculous charge; and it is to his *Apology* that we owe our knowledge of his personal history. He was handsome;—so had other philosophers been, but literary labor had worn away his good looks, and his neglected locks hung down in ropes: he used tooth-powder,—the habit was cleanly and not unphilosophical: he wrote love-sonnets,—his verses might be wanton, but his life was pure: he carried a looking-glass,—he was studying the laws of reflection: he was poor,—he had spent his patrimony in assisting his friends and in travelling: he collected fishes for the purposes of magic,—he was investigating their natural history, and trying to use them in medicine: a boy had suddenly fallen in his presence,—the boy had a fit: a lady of sixty had been charmed into marrying a man half her age,—he told the story, the lady was only forty; her relations had got up the prosecution from jealousy at his obtaining her property, and meanwhile he had induced the reluctant Pudentilla to leave her money to her son. The defence was complete; we need not add, he was acquitted.

Critics have perplexed themselves to find a hidden meaning in the book. They have supposed it an allegory, representing the soul invited by Virtue and Vice;—like the old story of the Choice of Hercules. Thus Byrrhæna is Virtue, warning Lucius against Pamphile and Fotis, the impersonation of Vice; but led astray by curiosity and love of pleasure, he neglects the warning, and his transformation typifies his fall into sensuality. In the end his better nature,—the human reason beneath the asinine form,—roused and strengthened by misfortune, becomes victorious, and induces him to pledge himself to Virtue by initiation among the worshippers of Isis. Warburton has lent his support to this theory. His ingenuity has tempted him to carry it a step further. He exalts Apuleius into a controversialist, and an inveterate enemy of Christianity; and he considers the true design of the story to be “to recommend Initiation into the Mysteries, in opposition to the New Religion.” This interpretation is founded on the character of the baker’s wife, and a passage in the *Apology*, from which Warburton concludes that his accuser was a Christian. For the honor of the African Church, we hope the conclusion is false; and assuredly, if Apuleius had intended to single out Christianity for his attack, he would have made his meaning

clearer. Nor do we think the tale an allegory. It was not new; we have it in Lucian, and both are said to have copied from an earlier writer—Lucius of Patrae.

But Apuleius introduced two remarkable additions,—the account of the Mysteries, and an allegory, closely connected with them, representing the fall, the trials, and the ultimate restoration of the soul to the love of what is divine,—the legend of Cupid and Psyche. In the Greek account Lucius regains his human form on merely tasting rose-leaves; Apuleius, by his version, obviously intended to use the old story as a vehicle for a panegyric on the “Mysteries.” The advantage of initiation was an established tenet of the philosophy of the day, and in his *Apology* he boasts of having studied “many sacred systems, rites, and ceremonies, in the pursuit of truth and the exercise of piety.” Now, by the side of the true mysteries had grown up a race of impostors, who brought discredit upon them by their debauchery, magic, and lying divinations. To this race belonged the priests of the Syrian goddess, with their bloody rites. To this the Jewish fortune-teller, who appears in Juvenal, between the howling priests of Osiris and the Armenian soothsayer. To this, in common apprehension, the Christian. Like the heathen mysteries, the Christian society was proselyting and migratory. Still more, like them, it was part of the dregs which the Syrian Orontes rolled into the Tiber. No more was needed to arouse prejudice, and render inquiry unnecessary, on the part of a Roman. Every fact and every report was made to harmonize with this theory of its character, and hence come the features in the baker’s wife which we can recognize, combined with others to which we know of no counterpart. Against all these superstitions Apuleius levelled his satire. They were gloomy and infernal; nay, more, they were caricatures of the truth. His object was to bring out the contrast. The best commentary on the book is his own confession of faith made on his trial:—“We, of the Platonic school, believe in nothing but what is joyous, cheerful, festive, from above, heavenly.”

One word upon his Latinity. Grammarians place him with Tertullian and Cyprian, in the African school, the chief peculiarity of which is an affectation of the old forms of speech. Punic was the common language of the north of Africa, and Apuleius learnt his Latin in the schools of the rhetoricians. The rhetoricians were indebted for the important position they then occupied to the

patronage of Hadrian; and, in return, they echoed his imperial criticism, that Cato ranked above Cicero, Ennius above Virgil. Apuleius caught their spirit, and in every page we have the florid declamation of a later age studded with archaisms and expressions which, even when new, are stamped to

resemble an early coinage. He is not one of those authors who live by their style. As a novelist he has had his day; but to the student of the history of literature and society during the decay of the Roman Empire, he will always be a useful and amusing companion.

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## GLASGOW IN 1851.

I HAD visited Glasgow about twenty years ago, and vividly remembered its noble Trongate-street, one of the loftiest and most picturesque street-pieces in Europe. I had also a recollection of several handsome ranges of modern cut stone buildings in the district lying west and north of the older parts of the city. A crowded wharf, a stately bridge, and considerable quantities of smoke issuing from many funnels and chimneys, completed the picture as memory had preserved it. On revisiting Glasgow this summer, it was with some difficulty I could believe it the same city. To reach the Trongate from the western suburbs, I had to go for a distance of two miles and upwards through a west end as handsome as most parts of the new town of Edinburgh, all of cut stone, all regularly laid out in terraces, circuses, crescents, squares, and long street perspectives; to pass by club-houses, banks, and public institutions, all built sumptuously; and to admire on every hand, especially at the intersections of these fine lines of building, a series of rival churches of the Establishment and of the Free Kirk lifting their emulous porticos and spires in every variety of architectural pretension. But alas! in proportion to the growth of this great new city has been the increase in the number of funnels and chimneys, and in their dense overcasting volumes of smoke, so that already the fine-dressed stones of the circuses and terraces, that only a year ago received their first occupants, are turned to a grimy gray; and wherever you raise your eyes past the richly-carved cornices and balustraded parapets which top the buildings on either hand, you perceive over-

head an impending soot-storm driven in murky whirls across the field of vision. The city is girdled with a belt of factories, and crowned, if the figure may be excused, with a chaplet of chimney-stalks. In the middle of the culminating group springs up the great St. Rollox chimney, a hollow brick pillar, forty feet in diameter at the base, and 450 feet high. You might imagine it the Genius of manufacturing Industry that keeps perpetually streaming forth the black, voluminous pennon from its summit, as from a mighty flag-staff. Night and day without intermission the St. Rollox stalk keeps some hundreds of bushels of soot continually suspended in dusky vortices over the heads of the citizens of Glasgow. About fifty minor vomitories surround it, and some 500 others of various sizes prolong the line of circumfumption on either side quite round the city to the river bank. Though the space enclosed is ample, no part of it is half a mile from some portion of the marginal cloud; and save through one segment, comprising about an eighth part of the circle on the north and west, the line of surrounding chimneys is almost continuous. Strange, that so much wealth should have been expended in creating a city so sumptuous in the midst of adjuncts so unpleasing. There are abundance of sites on the opposite side of the river, not much farther from the Exchange, and comparatively free from the neighborhood of factories; but a few cottage villas are as yet the only residences that have sprung up in that quarter, while year after year, almost month after month, the city stretches out the long white lines of its new



streets among the smutted hedge-rows and lugubrious groves of the northern river bank. Here was once as pretty a rural outlet as need be desired. The clear, full Kelvin running over its red ledges of sandstone, between green meadows and steep wooded banks, justified, in all but the height of its little cascade, the charming picture drawn by Tannahill:—

“ Let us haste to Kelvin Grove,  
Bonnie lassie, O!  
Through its mazes let us rove,  
Bonnie lassie, O!  
Where the glen resounds the call  
Of the lofty waterfall  
Through the mountain's rocky hall,  
Bonnie lassie, O!”

The Kelvin now for nearly a mile from its junction with the Clyde is no better than a running sink; and even though its sloppy mill-weirs and little clogged rapids made as much noise as the fall of Foyers, they would hardly be heard amid the outrageous clatter and whizz of the ship-yards, iron works, and spinning factories which lie around its embouchure. Above the fine archway, however, which carries the great western road over Kelvin Glen, the place retains as many of its original charms as muddied waters and the breathings of the smutty south will permit; for, with the wind in any other quarter, this region enjoys a comparatively pure atmosphere; and with its still verdant though dark-complexioned groves, and ivied terraces, contrasts refreshingly with the scene nearer the Clyde. It is a doleful spectacle indeed which is presented by the trees, hedge-rows, and what once were running brooks, on which the factory region has lately intruded. The trees stand stripped of their bark, like the last of a garrison subjected to the scalping-knife; ashes load their leaves, and shreds of cotton hang on their branches like ragged offerings on a bush at an Irish holy well. What was lately a babbling brook,

“ With its cool, melodious sound,”

now slobbers along, lukewarm, steaming, and red, blue, or yellow, according to the discharges it receives at different hours of the day. Here, in the remains of a half-stubbed hedge, all leafless and blue-moulded, you may behold a bush of broom; perhaps the last of the growth that once clothed with golden blossoms the long reach of river bank, from hence to the end of the *Broomielaw*. Industry now blossoms in gold of another

texture along this bank of Clyde. An acre of land here must be ill-circumstanced not to be worth five thousand pounds. Cast your eye along the river-side: what a *strepitus*—what a *fremitus* of industry! what a series of works! Here they are making yarns and cloths, there looms and spinning mules; here the hulls of iron-ships, there the steam-engines to propel them; here they are loading, there unloading the finished vessels—*ferret opus*; in the hot pursuit of wealth every man looks straight before him. The materials are their own. They dig the coal and iron out of their own soil. One of these great steamships, launched on the Clyde and ready for sea, value fifty thousand pounds, has not five thousand pounds worth of foreign material, including the imported bread of the workmen, in her cost of production. It is a calling up and creation of so much new wealth out of the land of Lanarkshire, and the minds and muscles of the artisans of the ship-yard. Little wonder that there are new streets of fine houses on the river banks, where new fleets of fine ships are yearly launched on the river's bosom. Here, too, the artisans have their streets of fine houses as well as the owners and contractors; built of the same cut stone, only not so smoothly chiselled; with the same airy windows, only not of plate-glass; and the same lofty and regular façades, only divided into flats internally, and having a common stair of stone, opening direct from the street. For from six to ten pounds a year, a workman can lodge himself and his family, comfortably, conveniently, and decently, in one of these tenements. His stair door separates him from the other inmates of the house as effectually as the street door of a householder in one of the courts or lanes of an Irish city. This is one great advantage arising from the use of stone in building, that everything is made solid and independent. A noisy neighbor on the other side of one of those substantial party-walls, or separated by a well-deadened flooring, is as little heard as in a separate dwelling. But it is only in the newer parts of the city that these well-arranged dwellings of the working classes are to be seen. In the wynds and lanes of the old town, the poor are huddled together, as wretchedly as even in the Dublin Liberties. But the artisans, the smiths, carpenters, shipwrights, and most of the better order of workmen, have their dwellings up the clean stone stairs, and in the well-ventilated and thoroughly-drained flats of the secondary streets of the new town. The dress and appearance of this



class bespeak comfortable independence, intelligence, and order. In nothing is the contrast between the humbler population of Dublin and of Glasgow more apparent, than in the appearance of the drivers of the public conveyances. Two-wheeled vehicles are not permitted to ply for hire; the hackney-cabs are consequently built as open broughams, the upper panels being glazed. He would be an unreasonable traveller who would desire anything more comfortable or easy than these little glass coaches, with their velvet cushions and stained transparencies. The drivers array themselves in such costumes as we would see here worn by a land-steward, or even by a country gentleman going about his farm. It must be owned, however, that after a sixpenny drive from side to side of Dublin, the fares of these Glasgow carriages, which you must pay at the rate of a shilling a mile, excite an unpleasing surprise. And what is worse even than the high rate of fares, you are constantly called upon, even within the city, for tolls. However, all things in this great hive of production are dear, except, indeed, coal, which they sell at the pit-mouth for three or four shillings a ton; and consequently care not to economize by any smoke-burning apparatus in their furnaces. If the coal were dearer, the city would be so much the cleaner; but then, if they had not that abundance of coal, one-half the city probably would not be there to be begrimed. If this were a statistical account of Glasgow, it would remain for the reader to be conducted through a succession of trades and manufactures, including almost every known species of productive industry practised in Britain; some of them, such as iron-founding and the manufacture of vitriol, soda, and the chemical agents of the bleach-field, being carried on here on a pre-eminent scale. But it is time to say something of the minor commercial arrangements for the distribution and retailing of the vast supplies required for this rich, and, as you shall presently see, luxurious population. Passing along the principal streets of retail business, the eye is attracted by the extraordinary display of plate and jewelry, of gilding, and of fine upholstery. There is not much equipage; there seems to be no promenading, no equestrianism; the streets are filled with people intent on business; it is within doors that the citizens of Glasgow indulge the love of splendor, which, strange as it may appear, is one of the most noticeable social characteristics of this hard-working and plain-mannered population. Next to the show of fine

plate, china, furniture, and hangings, your eye will be taken with the frequent display of the good things of the table—green-grocer, fruiterer, fishmonger, and flesh-er, all setting forth their wares with the accessorial splendors of plate-glass and gilding. There is no part of London or Paris more sumptuous in its shop-fronts than Buchanan-street; and no class of town residents, either in London or elsewhere, who are larger consumers of the good things of life than the merchants and manufacturers who inhabit the adjoining districts of the new city of Glasgow. Good living prevails even to the obstruction of good society. The early hours necessary for the pursuits of business prohibit balls and *soirées*. The dinner-table is the only point of social re-union; and the temptations among a wealthy community to outvie one another in the sumptuousness of those state banquets, is anything but conducive to easy intercourse; while the time devoted to an elaborate series of courses leaves little opportunity for cultivating the elegances of the drawing-room. Then, during six or seven months of the year, three out of four of the more respectable families are located at the sea-side. During this season the town entertainments are necessarily confined to gentlemen guests; and when the families return to town, religious exercises are said to engross the evenings of the ladies, to an extent that might be curtailed with social advantage. Here again the unhappy smoke is remotely a cause of these drawbacks. Out-door enjoyments are wholly prohibited by it. If the ladies of Glasgow could walk about in the forenoons without being smutted, they would devise open-air entertainments at which they could display themselves and their wardrobes to advantage, and would engage the youth in amiable pleasures without ceremony, cost, or the ignoble emulation of larders and plate chests. It is said that the smoke-consuming apparatus (the use of which, it seems, is now to be enforced under the act of Parliament) is only partially effectual, so that even though the owners be compelled, by legislative authority, to adopt these improvements, the nuisance will be but half abated. Surely the resources of science have not been taxed to the utmost to devise a cure. When we consider that the furnace only needs draught; that, provided the smoke be withdrawn, it matters not whether it goes up a chimney or along an underground pipe; that the soot which forms it is a ponderous body and would drop into proper reservoirs by its own gravity, if the gases which carry it were

compressed into closer bounds, while the heated gases, freed from their burthen, would spring upward by their own lightness, disengaged of the disseminated carbon :—again, when we consider that each particle of carbon has its affinities for other substances, and that in the course of a smoke funnel, whether over or under ground, there is room for every kind of contact ;—it does seem strange that the personal and social enjoyments of nearly four hundred thousand people should be compromised, and half the splendor of a magnificent city should be lost, because the art of combustion has been suffered to remain in exactly the same condition it was in before the invention of the steam engine. If some ingenious benefactor could free Glasgow from this plague of coal-smoke, it would emerge from its cloud the most sumptuous provincial city in Europe.

The style of domestic building is remarkably good. In the first-class private streets the houses frequently have independent façades, and these are usually distinguished by well decorated window architraves and a bold cornice. In the mansions of less pretension there is, perhaps, an excess of window over wall, a drawback attendant, no doubt, on the costliness of the ground. In internal arrangement, a marble hall, an oak dining-parlor, and a white-and-gold drawing-room, are prominent features. The oak-panelled parlor is almost universal, and the ceiling is generally included in the same style of decoration as the walls. In the clubs and in some new buildings in the region of the Exchange, the taste for *rococo* design, propagated from the school of the London *decadence*, deforms what would otherwise be very noble piles. But it is in their new churches, of which there is an inconceivable number, that the Glasgow architects have committed the most reprehensible extravagances. As a general rule, those of the Free Kirk are the more florid and, to speak truth, the more bizarre. Every variety of the Gothic has been adopted : pointed, perpendicular, flamboyant, and modern composite. They look much more like Roman Catholic chapels than houses of Presbyterian worship. There is not one of these in which the want of an altar would not be felt by a stranger familiar with ecclesiastical forms, as a patent incongruity. Others of them are in the style peculiar to what is known as the Engineering school ; but none built on the good old model of the rectangular, capacious apartment, with its serviceable porticoes and double range of common-sense windows. The greatest emu-

lation has been exhibited in the spires of these rival sets of edifices. The favorite aim appears to have been to surround the base of the spire with the richest possible arrangements of niches, canopies, and crockets. It is not to be denied that some of these steeples are both imposing and picturesque ; but they are invariably out of proportion with the little edifices to which they are attached, and in their whole design and feeling are Roman Catholic and not Presbyterian. The niches which one sees in such situations are useless, if they be not for images of the saints. The crosses which surmount every pinnacle seem set there in ostentatious perversity, to remind us that there are no crucifixes within. The dim tracery of stained glass windows, frequently adopted in the bodies of these buildings, is not the proper light in which to witness the simple Scottish service of the Lord's Table. There is an air of pettiness and inappropriateness about these Presbyterian *capellæ*. It needs great bulk in that style of building to obtain the effect of size ; and, in edifices designed for the convenient hearing of a preacher, which is the main object in the reformed worship of the Church of Scotland, great size is unattainable. Thus necessarily prohibited from any attempt at rivalling the grandeur of mediæval remains, it is vain for the Scottish architects to attempt an imitation of their minor characteristics. The old cathedral of Glasgow, though an edifice of only the third or fourth class in its kind, is magnified into inordinate majesty by the comparison. It looks as if it could take in a dozen of these imitative chapels through its great west window. The cathedral, indeed, is seen to great advantage, having been most thoroughly repaired and disencumbered of the masses of rubbish which had choked up its remarkable crypts and under-crofts. Immediately behind rises a bank of sandstone rock and gravel, which has been converted into an admirably arranged necropolis. A lofty archway carries the road across an intervening ravine, and conducts to the middle of the ascent, which is thickly covered with monuments of every variety of design. The colossal statue of John Knox, on its thick bulbous pillar, crowns the mount—not pleasingly. As a background to the cathedral this hill of tombs is strikingly appropriate ; but the effect would be better if the arrangements of the cemetery would admit of more greenery : at present the glare of so many separate white objects spotting the surface, detracts materially from the breadth and repose which are essential to

the harmonious combination of the necropolis with its solemn and antique foreground. As a corrective to the mediæval element in the scene, the eye of the philosophic spectator will dwell complacently on the adjoining Infirmary, a massive, substantial, well-ordered pile, in the taste of the earlier and better period of the present century, and will not be much offended even with the prospect of the St. Rollox stalk which towers high over spire and dome, although at a considerable distance on the north. A general impression prevails in Glasgow that their necropolis is superior to that at *Père la Chaise*, and in some respects it is so. But in the detail of the tombs, the elegance and purity of the French designs are wanting. The Glasgow necropolis, however, is about to receive a new feature, in the addition of a considerable space of cut-out quarry, which will place at the disposal of the tomb-designers the whole range of Lydian and Idumean examples in sepulchral art. We here might adopt the hint with advantage. The old quarry at Killiney, with its amphitheatre of rock, and quiet green area, might be converted into an appropriate resting-place for the inhabitants of Kingstown and Dalkey. It is true, the wall of granite would not carve into forms as delicate as those of the fine sandstone of *Telmessus* or *Petra*; but it would yield vaults as enduring, and mural devices sufficiently imposing. The rock which has been brought within the precincts of the Glasgow burial-ground is hard, impracticable basalt; but if these active people adopt the idea of rock-burial, it will be drilled into sepulchral galleries with as certain success as the softest sandstone. In some of the obeliscal tombs on the mount at present, are seen admirable examples of the art of cutting and polishing the hardest species of granite. Two blocks, one of the snow-white stone of Aberdeen, the other of the rose-colored porphyry of Peterhead, are particularly observable. Their polish is as perfect as that of a vitreous surface, and, so far, the atmosphere, loaded though it is with acrid ingredients, seems to have had no effect on them. No marble surface could endure the action of such solvents. This success in polishing a material of so great beauty, and capable of being employed for open air decoration in large masses, promises an important increase to the means of city decoration. How splendid an object, for example, would the York column be, if it were a polished instead of an opaque shaft; and surely if these obelisks at Glasgow retain their polish under the shadow almost of the St. Rollox chimney,

any monument of the same sort might safely set the smoke of London at defiance.

The bridge of Glasgow, meaning the lowest of its three bridges, at the head of the Broomielaw, I have characterized as a stately object. It is a notable example of the power of certain segmental and parabolic curves to detract from the effect of structures otherwise grand in their dimensions, and of noble position. This is a great bridge; long, lofty, and wide, spanning a river full of shipping, between quays of cut stone; itself built of white cut granite, still comparatively unsullied. No one can deny that it is a noble work; yet the eye is sensible of something uneasy, it might almost be called ungainly, in its high piers and straight-groined arches. They were the French who first set us the example of these parabolic curves in the archways of bridges; and where it is necessary to carry a roadway at a very low level, as across the Seine to the foot of the steps of the Chamber of Deputies, such a form of arch is appropriate, and in the hands of a French architect becomes elegant. But on the Clyde, at Glasgow, between streets high above the water-line at both sides, with a roadway necessarily approaching a dead level, whatever the form of arch adopted, these singularities of form are out of place, and, even though they were required, have been exaggerated. It is greatly to be wished that engineers had more regard to beauty. It is not enough that a public structure shall be large and convenient. It ought to have such a grace as the minds of the beholders might profit by; and undoubtedly there are certain orders of curves, and certain forms and proportions of parts in buildings, which are more in harmony with the minds and senses of educated men than others. Let any one, for example, crossing the Forth at Stirling, contrast the form of the arches in the modern and ancient bridges, which there stand side by side. The one disturbs, the other delights the eye. But it will be said the modern form is the stronger. This is an engineering delusion; the existence of the old bridge at this day testifies to its strength better than any formula; and it seems to have strength enough to stand five hundred years longer. It is narrow and unnecessarily lofty; but it would detract nothing from the beautiful effect of its semicircular arches, to lower it to the requisite level, or widen its roadway to a capacity for modern traffic. Notwithstanding the abrupt lines of its arch-groinings, the Glasgow bridge is, nevertheless, worthy of its noble site, looking down as it does over a



double line of wharfs, nearly two miles in extent, crowded at either side with shipping, and from end to end alive with the production and transfer of wealth. The shipping of Glasgow, however, is as nothing compared with that of Liverpool. Glasgow chiefly needs water-carriage for its own goods and its own population; but Liverpool is the port of Manchester, of Leeds, of Birmingham, and a dozen other great towns. It is the traffic of all the great midland towns of England that ascends the Mersey. But among all the rivers in Europe, next to the Thames, the Clyde probably takes precedence in the number of its river steamers, and in the transport of passengers to different localities along its banks. These vessels, which are of considerable size and very swift, have their principal station at the upper end of the Broomielaw, from which they may be said to ply in an endless chain, they come and go in so quick a succession. Descending the river by one of these water-omnibuses, the channel narrows as we proceed, till, opposite the extreme western limits of the city, it contracts for a short distance to a mere ship canal. But the city of Glasgow has set to work to cut its river a wide new channel at that point; and perhaps before these lines shall reach the more distant readers of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE the Clyde will have been put to bed in its new cradle by this watchful and untiring nurse of commerce. You perceive the retaining walls at either side of the channel are sunken and somewhat dilapidated; and the swell caused by the frequent paddles of the steamers brawls along the ragged masonry with destructive violence. But it is from no neglect towards the river that these counter-scarps of its banks are showing signs of subsidence and failure. The river, since they were built, has been scooped out by the action of steam-dredges to more than twice its former depth, and the old retaining walls are merely following the descent of their foundations. As soon as the dredging operations are complete, all will be replaced new and strong. But how abominably dirty the water is! It is getting blacker and fouler as we proceed; the melancholy-looking meadows are all scalded, sour and discolored, inward from the fetid margin. Right and left ascends the "clank of hammers closing rivets up," not, indeed, in helmets and cuirasses, but in engine-boilers and iron steamships, every rivet being half an inch thick, and the reverberation of the hammers making a stunning metallic din more intolerable than a cannonade. This salvo comes from

the works of Mr. Robert Napier; that from those of Messrs. Tod and Macgregor; this again resounds from the factories of Messrs. Smith and Rodger. These are the nether Joves of this Cocytus; they sit among their smoke-clouds and thunder.

As the channel widens the waters become somewhat purer. The meadows at length, with enough to do, carry their green to the water's edge. Here are suburban groves and villas on the height of Partick on the left, and presently we pass, on the opposite bank, some noble mansions of the old style embosomed in good timber. Elderslee, where once was the seat of Wallace Wight, and Blytheswood, a fine mansion of one of the Campbells, now probably the most powerful man of the clan, for he is owner of the ground-rents of a great part of Glasgow. On this side comes down the dismal river Cart from Paisley, stealing sluggishly round the "water-neb." The purity of the Clyde is not increased by the accession. But it winds and widens, and clarifies itself as it proceeds; and at length, sweeping round the wooded slopes and lawns of Blantyre, expands into the head of its salt-water estuary at Bowling. Here the ground which, so far, had been low and tame on the northern bank, rises into a finely wooded slope surmounted by crags, and trending away in picturesque hills and precipitous banks towards the rock of Dumbarton. On the left hand the woods of Blantyre clothe the nearer acclivities of a corresponding upland. Lord Blantyre's mansion is one of those wide-spread, large-windowed edifices which partake partly of the character of the great mansion, partly of that of the villa. It seems a much larger but less imposing house than that of Blytheswood, and, like all the great houses of this part of the country, is built of fine cut stone. The prospect towards the river commands a moving procession of all kinds of shipping passing and re-passing along the base of the wooded, crag-crowned eminences above described; but unhappily nine out of ten of the subjects of the panorama leave the trail of the carbon behind them. With regard to the woods here and elsewhere about the shores of the Clyde, beech seems to be the principal timber, and that not of a large growth. The aspect of the lower portion of the landscape is consequently somewhat tame. Below Bowling the estuary continues to expand till we pass the battlemented sea-rock of Dumbarton, and enter on the great basin between Helensburg and Greenock. Two permanent smoke depots, on the left, indicate the respective positions of Port Glasgow and

Greenock. With neither of these have we anything to do, our business being with Glasgow proper and its marine suburbs, of which we have just arrived opposite one of the most considerable, Helensburg, stretching about a couple of miles along the northern shore of the estuary, towards the entrance of that branch of it called the Gair Loch. The basin of the Clyde, which has Greenock and Port Glasgow on its southern shore, expands northward into three several collateral lochs, the Gair (or short) Loch, Loch Long, with its subordinate branch of Loch Goil, and the Holy Loch. Collectively these localities lie at a distance of from thirty to fifty miles from Glasgow, and for *twenty miles* and upwards, in the aggregate, their coasts are studded with the bathing and summer villas of the Glasgow citizens. There is no such assemblage of marine lodges in the world. At Helensburg, at the eastern or nearer extremity of the district, the Clyde still retains some trace of its fresh-water impurities. At the Gair Loch these are nearly imperceptible, and below Loch Long disappear altogether. It is not, however, until you get embayed in some of these collateral fiords, that you lose sight of the permanent eyesore of the smoke of Greenock. The Dukes of Argyle have wisely planted their palace of Rosneath on the inward slope of the headland which separates the Gair Loch from the outer waters, and have wrapped themselves up in a screen of thick wood, through which they expose only a turret of their stables towards the latter. Helensburg is more of a town than any other of these collections of villas. Its long and somewhat glaring series of shops, villas, and rival churches, terminates opposite Rosneath, in another set of ducal stables, a substantial square building, almost handsome enough itself for the residence of a peer. Rosneath is a pillared palace, the columns reaching from the basement to the parapet, low, but smooth and large, and of a rich-toned delicate stone, looking out with an air of polished placidity from between clumps of ancient timber. On the opposite bank of the Gair Loch all the resources of villa architecture have been put in execution. It is hard to say whether the mansions, the lodges, or the mere boxes display most elegance, or best adaptation to their uses. Here, as everywhere else along this series of marine retreats, the very best examples may be seen of the most that can be done with a limited sum and within limited space, for the accommodation of families coming to country quarters for the summer

season. Not but that there are occasional examples of bad taste, as where some ambitious citizen designs a Tudor villa with an inordinate excess of gables and finials, or, it may be, a Rhinfels, or a Tillietudlem, on his half-acre. One (Walter) Scottic enthusiast has reproduced, with marvellous fidelity to everything old, rude, and inconvenient, the ideal of a turreted house of the Tullyveolan character. It stands on a projecting rood of ground, close to the water's edge, at Port Glasgow, and looks out from amid the smoke of successively passing steamers with a woful air of folly and inappropriateness. There are, however, but few exceptions to the general neatness, compactness, and elegance of the villas. Some are of white cut stone, some cemented, and others built of the black basalt of the country, relieved by white coigns and architraves. These last have a particularly pretty and comfortable appearance; others, again, of the more ambitious class, affect the style of the Italian villa, with the Belvidere tower. On a promontory of the Gair Loch there is a very effective piece of lawn and villa in this taste. The richly-decorated white spire of a Free church rising from the adjoining woods, and the dark, square-set Belvidere, backed by the distant highlands which tower over the head of Loch Long, make a charming picture. The woods of Rosneath are succeeded, as we approach the entrance to Loch Long, by the villa districts of Cove and Killcreiggan. The promontory of Strowan, separating Loch Long from the Holy Loch, is in like manner fringed with the white line of villas of Strone Point. Rounding the promontory, we come on Kilmun. On the opposite side of the loch we have Sand Bank and Kirn; and, again, coming out on the Clyde side, we find, stretching westward from the entrance to the Holy Loch for a distance of, perhaps, two miles along the shore, another series of beautiful bathing villas called Dunoon. At each of these localities is a jetty, and at each jetty during the season are constant arrivals and departures of river steamers. It is half an hour to Greenock, and thence to Glasgow, by railway, an hour; so that the man of business, leaving his family in pure air and among delightful scenery at eight in the morning, may be seated at his desk among the lucrative disagreeables of Glasgow at ten. Hence the enormous traffic by river steamers, constantly carrying this great movable population to and from their town and country residences. The families of Glasgow men of business thus enjoy a larger



share of variety and of the enjoyments to be derived from fine country scenery and a fine sea-side than those of, perhaps, any other citizens of the Queen's dominions. But there are the two drawbacks of comparative absenteeism of their male members except on Saturdays at e'en, on the one hand, and of a sooty atmosphere, on the other. Loch Long and the Holy Loch reach boldly up into the heart of the mountains of Argyleshire. The former, in particular, with its collateral arm of Loch Goil, exhibits scenery of great grandeur, and entire seclusion from the busy world of the Clyde. The Holy Loch itself does not penetrate nearly so far, but it may be viewed as forming part of the long, deep, and picturesque Loch Eck, which discharges its waters by a short, broad channel into its upper extremity. A lovelier combination of land, water, and mountain cannot be desired than is presented by the Holy Loch. The forms of the mountains at the head of the lake are particularly graceful. A road, level and smooth as an avenue, encircles the inlet, and leads up between green, steep, impending mountains to Loch Eck; thence, within the compass of an easy drive, you may cross by Glen Finnert, amid grand and rugged scenery, to Ardentinn on Loch Long on the right, and so round by Strone, on the one side; or may make a circuit to the left, and embrace another equally delightful scope of highlands, terminating at Sand Bank. But the outlets of Glasgow are not yet exhausted. That little town of villas at Wemyss Bay, on the opposite side of the estuary, is another delightful, detached suburb; and beyond this, Largs, and still farther westward, Millport, on the Greater Cumbray Island; and here, again, on the Isle of Bute, on the northern side, Rothesay; and even farther off, in Arran, Brodick and Lamlash: all these places are mainly supported by the concourse of families from Glasgow. But at Dunoon ends what may be called the marine suburb of this wonderful city.

It is difficult to assign any probable limit to the growth of this vast industrial hive. Glasgow is comparatively independent of the casualties which might be speculated on as impediments to the increase of most of our other large cities. A further fall in rents, from the operation of free trade, a reverse in India, or a financial catastrophe at home, would depopulate large districts of London. A succession of short cotton crops, or a year's hostilities with America, would break up Manchester; but Glasgow owes

nothing to the presence of a landed or professional aristocracy or of a colonial proprietary; and although largely occupied with the manufacture of cottons, yet has no exclusive dependence on that or any other branch of trade exercised on an imported raw material. If all its cotton factories were closed to-morrow, the hum of industry would hardly be less loud or incessant. Its ships, engines, and machinery are its staple articles of trade; and the iron and coal necessary for the production of these are drawn from the earth on which the factories stand. It is impossible to imagine any catastrophe short of a complete social disruption, which can put an end to the demand for steam-vessels, steam-engines, and mill machinery. Every new improvement in machinery necessitates a renewal in whole or in part of the apparatus of the factory. Ingenious men are continually busy in devising fresh mechanical aids in every branch of production. A mill-owner, or other manufacturer, who has not changed his machinery for two or three years, is left hopelessly behind in the race of competition. So it is in the engines of steam-vessels, and in the form and build of the vessels themselves. There will be demand for these as long as civilization lasts; and these, and tens of thousands of other like products of the mine and the forge, Glasgow can always supply from within herself. Her destiny, therefore, seems to be one of steady and secure progress; and it is no rash conjecture to predict that men of the present generation may live to see her population mount to three-quarters of a million.

The political leanings of the people of Glasgow are democratic; but being men of business, they are thoroughly aware of the value of order; and there is no city in the empire where a revolutionist would be likely to receive less favor. War elsewhere, however, and the cessation of rival industry among competing nations, may not be as repulsive ideas to set before them as a philanthropist might wish; and thousands who would proffer themselves as special constables to suppress the least attempt at a street riot at home, sympathize enthusiastically with the cause of Mazzini, and throng in ecstasy to listen, although they do not understand his language, to the orations of Gavazzi. In the *personnel* of its mercantile classes—saving, of course, some individual exceptions—Glasgow must be satisfied to rank after Liverpool. The merchants of Liverpool are more citizens of the world, and better graced with worldly accomplishments.

In this respect they stand first, perhaps, in Britain. But, energetic though they are, they want the eager industry of the people of Glasgow. It was here the steam-engine was first applied to the propulsion of floating vessels; here that the substitution of iron for timber in the construction of shipping, first made us independent of imported materials in the production of these prime agents in civilization; here that the inhabitants of an inland city first set the example of opening a way for the sea and its heaviest burthens to their doors, through a distance of twenty miles of shallow river, so that first-class frigates now lie at their wharfs, receiving their engines out of the machine-makers' yards, where twenty years ago would hardly have been water for a frigate's tender. Perhaps in the whole course of centralizing interference, there never occurred a more monstrous instance of presumption than in the authorities at Somerset House claiming to transfer the management of the Clyde to London. Glasgow, it is true, measured by population, is but a sixth part of London; but measured by the wealth they respectively produce, London is not a sixth part of Glasgow. The one has grown great by the absorption of the wealth of the provinces; the other, without depriving the country of a single rich resident, of a single profitable trade or beneficial institution, has grown rich by the conversion of the gifts of nature into new forms of value and utility, which it adds from year to year to the national stock of wealth. If ever a community have given practical evidence of the capacity to manage their own affairs with advantage to themselves and the country, it has been this of Glasgow. In the midst of their prosperity and just elation, however, *surgit amari aliquid*. A population, in great part composed of the dregs of the Irish workhouses, has sprung up amongst them, and they groan, like ourselves, under an oppressive poor-rate. Of £65,000 poor-rate levied off one parish in Glasgow, £45,000 is consumed by Irish. They ship these wretches back to Belfast, and Belfast reships them to Glasgow; unprofitable commerce! The odor in which the Irish at large are held in Glasgow is not rendered the less pungent by these interchanges. We are regarded as beggarly, proud, lazy, Popish, and disaffected. We cannot all, however, be iron-workers, or even cotton-spinners; and it must be owned that a more just and temperate judgment of our demerits would probably be formed by a community less busy and more reflective. The

weak side of prosperity is its intolerance of the ill success in life of others. They have a similar contempt and dislike for the Highlanders. Democratic in a high degree—republican even, if a republic could be compassed without a disturbance—they have, nevertheless, a strong sense of the dignity of titles, and regard individual noblemen with singular consideration. The Duke of Athol, however, was near being roughly treated when he lately descended from his Glampians to lay the foundation stone of their new bridge. The Duke is a Celt and a Freemason; both characters involving a kind of sentiment with which the Glasgow people—though three-fourths of Celtic origin themselves—have little sympathy; and he came amongst them, laden with the odium of that unhappy right (or rather wrong) of way through Glen Tilt. There seems little doubt that the passage through Glen Tilt had become dedicated to the public before the Duke sought to revive the privilege formerly exercised by his father and grandfather, of stopping the passage on the occasion of great hunting matches. It seems that it is the nature of deer to fly even from the scent of man; and that once, when the Duke had projected a grand hunting match for the entertainment of the Queen and Prince Albert, and had got the deer assembled in Glen Tilt, some unsavory traveller passed up the defile, and the herd getting wind of him, went off in disgust. When the royal huntress came to Glen Tilt next morning, there were no deer to catch, and the Duke's disappointment was excessive, as well as his annoyance, at what he considered an intrusion on his rights. Hence the prohibition, the assertion of the counter-right, the collision, and the lawsuit, which is still pending. In the meantime, and we believe ever since the first assertion of the Duke's claim, every one who is not above asking, obtains permission to pass, as a matter of course. It seems no more than justice to say this much on the Duke's behalf, although he is alleged to be so proud a man that he disclaims the services of all apologists, and would not even condescend to disavow the forged letter, bearing his signature, which was published by the *Times*. He may be proud, and in the matter of Glen Tilt he probably is wrong; but whether he resent the liberty taken with his name or not, he cannot help the fact being here recorded, that while other Highland proprietors have turned their once cheerful straths into sheep-walks and solitudes, he has not allowed a single man of his tenantry

to leave his estate. It is a thousand pities that the public and such a man do not understand one another better.

An instructive lesson may be derived from noticing the names over the shop-fronts of Glasgow. A large proportion are those of men of Highland descent. It is, in great measure, a Celtic population; though here the Celts are in such disrepute. *Quam temere in nosmet!* Surely there must be as much in soil, air, and occupation, as there is in blood, that makes distinctions between classes and families of men. The slothfulness and imaginativeness of the Highlander are here converted into an immitigable activity and positiveness. One-half, probably, of the most prosperous men of business in the city are of Highland extraction. Celt and Saxon alike indulge a liberal love of whiskey, which they carry off with exemplary steadiness. We here in Ireland neither drink so much nor spend so much as these thriving and sober-minded people; yet we are accused of drunkenness and extravagance. It is consolatory to think, that, after

all, there is nothing in the blood of three out of four of our countrymen which need impede them in the pursuit either of wealth or knowledge. But it is time to remember that we went into these digressions opposite Dunoon.

The style of building in Rothesay, and the other lower towns on the Clyde, has less of the villa character than in those we have passed by. The shipping, scattered over a broader surface, no longer crowd the river. The mansions and parks on the shore are more wide-spread, secluded, and aristocratic; and, as in Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi the appearance of the blue water below New Orleans indicates that the exhibition draws to a close, so the swell that meets us as we pass beyond the Lesser Cumbray, and come in sight of the Craig of Ailsa, tells that we are out of the Clyde. We leave the scene of much enjoyment, of many kindnesses, and, let us hope, of some instruction, with a hearty aspiration—*let Glasgow flourish!*

MRS. SHERWOOD.—We have this week to record the death of an old and valued writer, whose tales have long been cherished by youthful readers. We are indebted for the following biographical notice to "The illustrated London News:"—Mrs. Sherwood, one of the most popular writers of juvenile and serious fiction, was the daughter of Dr. George Butt, Chaplain to George III., Vicar of Kidderminster, and Rector of Stanford, in the county of Worcester. Dr. Butt was the representative of the family of Sir William De Butt, well known as physician to Henry VIII., and mentioned as such by Shakspeare. Mary Martha Butt, afterwards Mrs. Sherwood, was born at Stanford, Worcestershire, on the 6th of May, 1775. In 1803, she married her cousin Henry Sherwood, of the 53d Regiment of Foot, and accompanied her husband to India the same year, where, in consequence of her zealous labors in the cause of religion amongst the soldiers and natives dwelling around her, Henry Martyn and the Right Rev. Daniel Corrie, D.D., late Bishop of Madras, became acquainted with her, and the intimacy which then commenced remained unbroken until death. Her principal works were, that exceedingly favorite tale of "Henry and his Bearer;" also, "The Lady of the Manor," "The Church Cate-

chism," "The Nun," "The Fairchild Family," and, more recently, "The Golden Garland of Inestimable Delight." The great number of her books prevents an enumeration of even the most popular of them. Mrs. Sherwood's husband, Captain Sherwood, expired after a most trying illness, at Twickenham, on the 6th of December, 1849. The fatigues she went through in devoted attention to him, and the bereavement she experienced at the severance by fate of a union of nearly half a century, were the ultimate cause of her own demise. Though she was of an advanced age, her mental faculties never failed her, and she preserved a religious cheerfulness of mind to the last. She expired at Twickenham, surrounded by her family, on Monday, the 22d October, leaving one son, the Rev. Henry Martyn Sherwood, Rector of Broughton Hacket, and the Vicar of White Ladies, Ashton, Worcestershire, and two daughters. The eldest is the wife of a clergyman, and mother of a numerous family. The younger has always resided with her parents, and has, of late years, assisted in her mother's writings, and bids fair to continue her parent's reputation. She has been, we are informed, intrusted, by her mother's special desire, with papers containing the records of Mrs. Sherwood's life, which will shortly be published.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

Who will venture to make catalogue of the possible results of the "Submarine Electric Telegraph?" The more we meditate, the more new wonders open before us. We are running a race with Time; we outstrip the sun, with the round world for the race-course. Yet, let us not boast: we do not run the race, but that more than a hundred million horse-power invisible to us, which was created with the sun. We are but the atoms involved, and borne about in the secrets of nature. And the secrets—what know we of them? The facts only of a few of them: the main-springs of their action are, and perhaps ever will be, hidden. The world progresses; it has its infant state, its manhood state, and its old age: in what state are we now? and what is the world's age? Madame de Staël considered it quite in its youth—only fifteen—scarcely responsible! It seems, however, making rapid growth. Is it past the conceited epoch, and now cutting its wise teeth? We stand like spectators at the old fair-show; we see the motley, the ever busy, ever running harlequin and columbine; we are astonished at the fooleries, and are amazed at the wit, the practical wisdom, the magical wand power of the fantastic descendants of Adam and Eve, the masculine and the feminine; and we laugh to behold the shuffling step of old Grandfather Time, as

"Panting Time toiled after them in vain."

It is through the agency of mind that a few secrets are disclosed to us, and for our use. We call the recipient and the inventor Genius. It is given, as it is wanted, at the right time, and for the preordained purpose. We are skeptical as to "mute inglorious Miltons." Where the gift is bestowed it is used; and if it appear to be partially used, it is where partially given, that one man may advance one step, his successor another—and thus invention leads to invention. Genius for one thing arises in one age, and sleeps after his deed is done; genius for another

thing succeeds him. Who shall dare to limit the number? One thing only we pause to admire—how seldom does the gift fall upon bad men!

There have been, perhaps, those who have had thrown in upon their minds a wondrous vision of things to come, which they were not allowed, themselves, to put forth in manifest action to the world. There have been seers of knowledge; and, perhaps, prophesiers in facts. No one will credit the assertion, therefore we make it not, that thousands of years ago steam was known, and applied to the purposes of life. We call, then, certain records the prophecies of Facts; that is, there was a certain practical knowledge, which in its description is prophetic of a new knowledge to be developed. Semiramis set up a pillar on which it was written, "I, Semiramis, by means of iron made roads over impassable mountains, where no beasts [of burthen] come." Did Semiramis prophesy a railroad—or were there Brunells and Stephensons then? When Homer spake of the ships of the Phocæans, how they go direct to the place of their venture, "knowing the mind" of the navigator, "covered with cloud and vapor," had the old blind bard a mind's-eye vision of our steam-ships? Many more may be the prophecies of Facts; for in these cases doubtless there were facts, the prophecy being in the telling.

But there have been visions also without facts—that is, without the practical visions of an inward knowledge—wherein nature had given a mirror and bade genius look into it. Friar Bacon's prophecy is an example.

"Bridges," says he, "unsupported by arches, can be made to span the foaming current; man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman, sitting at the helm, guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she



had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steeds, darts on its course with relentless force and rapidity. Let the pure and simple elements do thy labor; bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plough."

Here are poetry and philosophy wound together, making a wondrous chain of prophecy. Who shall adventure upon a solution of that golden chain, which the oldest of poets told us descended from heaven to earth, linking them as it were together? Was it an electric fluid in which mind and matter were in indissoluble union?

What prophetic truths may yet be extracted from myth and fable, and come blazing like comets we know not whence, into the world's field! Hermes "the inventor," what is his wand, serpent-twined, and its meaning, brought into vulgar translation, and seen in the buffoonery of harlequinade? of what new power may it not be the poetical prototype? Who shall contemplate the multiplicity of nature's facts, and the myriads of multiplicities in their combination? Knowing that all that has ever been written or spoken, in all languages, is but the combination of a few sounds transferred to the alphabet of twenty-four letters, or even less, are we not lost in the contemplation of the possibilities of the myriads of facts, in their interchangings, combinations, and wonderful dovetailings?

Perhaps, that we may not know too much before our time, facts are withdrawn from us as others are protruded. Memory may sleep, that invention may awake. Did we know by what machinery Stonehenge was built, we might have rested satisfied with a power inadequate to other and new wants, for which that power might have been no help. Archimedes did that which we cannot do, in order that we might do that which he did not. Who shall lift the veil of possibility?

Of this we may be sure, as the mind is made inventive, (and there is no seeming probability that a faculty once given will be taken away from our created nature,) there is a large and inexhaustible store-house, wherefrom it shall have liberty to gather and to combine. We do not believe that steam itself, the miracle of our age, is anything more than a stepping-stone to the discovery of another power—means superseding means. There is and will be no end, as long as the fabric of the world lasts.

There is an old German play, in which the whimsical idea of bringing the Past

and Present together in *dramatis personæ* is amusingly embodied. We forget the particulars, but we think Cæsar or Cicero figures in the dialogue. The ridiculous is their laughable ignorance of the commonest things. The modern takes out his watch and puts it to his ear, and tells the ancient the hour of the day. This is but one out of many puzzling new things; but, even here, how little is told of the real post-Ciceronian inventions; for the object of the play is to show the skill of the Germans only; it is but an offering to the German genius of invention.

Could a tale of Sinbad's voyage have been read to the Roman—how, as he approached the mountain, the nails flew out of the ship, for lack of comprehension of the load-stone—he would have thought it only fantastically stupid; and if he had laughed, it would have been at the narrator's expense. And so, indeed, it has fared with discoverers: they have been before the time of elucidation, like Friar Bacon; and some for fear of ridicule have kept back their knowledge; but not many perhaps; for knowledge, when it is touched by genius, becomes illuminated and illuminating, and will shine though men may shut the door, and stay themselves outside and see it not, while it brightens up only the four walls of a small chamber as it were with the magic lantern in a student's hand. Whereas it ought, according to its power, to gild the universe. The secrecy of invention is rather of others' doing—of an envious or doubting world of lookers on, than of the first perceiving genius. Fortunately, the gift of genius, as intended for the use of mankind, comes with an expansive desire of making it known.

If the memory of tradition fails, and some inventions are lost, that their details may not hamper the faculty that should take altogether a new line, so have we what we may term false lines, that yet, nevertheless, lead into the true. Science may walk in an apparently unnecessary labyrinth, and awhile be lost in the wildest mazes, and yet come out into day at last, and have picked up more than it sought by the way. Wisdom herself may have been seen sometimes wearing the fool's cap. The child's play of tossing up an apple has ended in establishing the law of gravitation. The boy Watt, amused himself in watching a kettle on the fire; his genius touched it, and it grew and grew into a steam-engine; and, like the giant in the show, that shook off his limbs, and each became another giant, myriads of gi-

gantic machines, of enormous power, hundred-armed Briareuses, are running to and fro in the earth, doing the bidding of the boy observant at his grandam's hearth. Is there an Arabian tale, with all its magic wonders, that can equal this? We said that Wisdom has worn the fool's cap; true, and Foolery was the object—the philosopher's stone; but in the wildest vagaries of her thought, there were wise things said and done, and her secretary, Common Sense, made notes of the good; and all was put down together in a strange short-hand, intelligible to the initiated; and the facts of value were culled, in time, and sifted from the follies, and from the disguises—for there were disguises, that strangers should not pry into them before the allowed hour. Alchemy has been the parent of chemistry—that “*σοφιστικὴ τέχνη*,” and its great mysteries, to reveal which was once death!! Secrets were hidden under numbers, letters, signs of the zodiac, animals, plants, and organic substances. Thus in the vocabulary of the alchemists, the basilisk, the dragon, the red and green lions, were the sulphates of copper and of iron; the salamander, the fire; milk of the black cow, mercury; the egg, gold; the red dragon, cinnabar. There is a curious specimen, in the work of the monk Theophilus, translated by Mr. Hendrie, how to make Spanish gold:—

“The Gentiles, whose skilfulness in this art is probable, make basilisks in this manner: They have under-ground a house, walled with stones everywhere, above and below, with two very small windows, so narrow that scarcely any light can appear through them: in this house they place two old cocks, of twelve or fifteen years, and they give them plenty of food. When these have become fat, through the heat of their good condition, they agree together, and lay eggs. Which being laid, the cocks are taken out, and toads are placed in, which may hatch the eggs, and to which bread is given as food. The eggs being hatched, chickens issue out like hens' chickens, to which, after seven days, grow the tails of serpents, and immediately, if there were not a stone pavement, they would enter the earth,” &c., &c. “After this, they uncover them, and apply a copious fire, until the animals' insides are completely burnt. Which done, when they have become cold, they are taken out, and carefully ground, adding to them a third part of the blood of a Red Man, which blood has been dried and ground.”

Doubtless it was the discovery of some

such language as this which led to the popular belief that the Jews, who were great goldsmiths and alchemists, made sacrifices with the blood of children; and many a poor Jew suffered for the sin of mystifying knowledge. “The toads of Theophilus,” says Mr. Hendrie, “are probably fragments of the mineral salt, nitrate of potash, which would yield one of the elements for the solvent of gold; the blood of the Red Man, which had been dried and ground, probably a muriate of ammonia,” &c. Such were the secrets of the “Ars Hermetica;” and their like may have been hidden in the wand of Hermes, Dragons, serpents, and toads! Awful the vocabulary, to scare the profane; but fair Science came at length unscathed out of the witches' cauldron; and thus it appeared that natural philosophy, like its own toad, ugly and venomous, bore a “precious jewel in its head.”

Alchemy and magic were twin sisters, and often visited grave philosophers in their study both together. The Orphic verses and the hexameters of Hesiod, on the virtues of precious stones, exhibit the superstitions of science. They descended into the deeply imaginative mind of Plato, and perhaps awakened the curiosity of the elder, scarcely less fabulous Pliny, the self-devoted martyr to the love of discoveries in science. The Arabian Tales may owe some of their marvels to the hidden sciences, in which the Arabs were learned, and which they carried with them into Spain. Albertus Magnus, in his writings, preserved the Greek and Arab secrets; and our Roger Bacon turned them over with the hand of a grave and potent genius, and his touch made them metaphorically, if not materially, golden. His prophecy, which we have given, was, when uttered, a kind of “philosopher's stone.”

Superstitions of science, of boasted and boasting philosophy! And why not? Is there not enough of superstition now extant—a fair sample of the old? Is the new philosophy without that original ingredient? It is passed down from the old, and will incorporate itself with all new in some measure or other, for the very purpose of misleading, that the very bewilderment may set the inventive brain to work, in ways it thought not of. Reasoners are every day reasoning themselves out of wholesome, air-breathing, awakening truths, into the visionary land of dreams, and, speaking mysteriously like uncontradicted somnambulists, believe themselves to be oracular. Materialists have followed matter, driven it into corners, divide—

it, dissected it, and cut it into such bits that it has become an undiscernible evaporation; and they have come away disappointed, and denied its existence altogether. Thus, mesmerism is the bewildered expression of this disappointment, their previous misapprehension. They will not believe that the wand of Hermes represents two serpents intertwined—they see but one, though the two look each other in the face before them, and they are purblind to the wand and the hand that holds it. Even the “Exact Sciences,” as they are called, are not complete; they lead to precipices, down which to look is a giddiness. The fact is, the action of the mind is as that of the body: mind and body have their daily outward work, and their times of sleep and of dreaming, and the dreaming of the one is not unfrequently the life of the other. The dream of the philosopher, be he waking or sleeping, is his refreshment, and at times suggestive of the to come. How know we but that “such stuff as dreams are made of” may serve for the fabrication of noble thoughts, and be inwoven into the habit of life, and become useful wear?

Perhaps magic was the first and needful life of philosophy—needful as a covering while it grew, and which it shook off as its swaddling-clothes, and became a truth. How few can trace invention to its germ, or know where the germ lies, and how that it fed upon reached it! The suggestion of a dream begetting a reality! They are no fools who think that good and bad angels are the authors of inventions. It is ingenious to suppose that we are rather the receivers and encouragers of our original thoughts than the authors of them. We may use the magnifying glasses of our reason or our passions, and do but a little distort them, or advance them to use and beauty, as we are good or bad in ourselves. And thus, from suggestions given, the imaginative genius, inventing, magnifies and multiplies by these his glasses and his instruments; and the thing invented requires much of this brilliant finery of our own to be removed before it be fitted for demand and use. Like wrought iron, the sparks must be beaten out of it while it is forming into shape. It must be off its red heat or white heat—be dipped in the cold stream of doubt, and look ugly enough to the eye of common opinion, and be long in the hand of experiment to try the patience of the inventor. And, after all, will the benefited be thankful? History has many a sad tale to tell on this subject. The “*Sic vos non vobis*” should be inscribed over the portals of the

patent office. Yet sometimes, in pity to lost expectations, in the carrying out one great idea to—shall we say its final incompleteness, to its last residuum of insanity?—some little scarcely noticeable matter in the machinery has been by some kind suggesting spirit held up to the eye of the philosopher, which has proved to be the *magnum bonum* of the whole scheme.

We once knew a tradesman who had spent the best years of his life, as well as his substance, to discover “perpetual motion.” He sold off his goods when he fancied he had discovered it, and left his provincial town for the great metropolis and a philosopher’s fame. As he travelled by the coach, going over in his mind the processes of his machinery, a portion of it struck him as applicable to a manufacture of common use, but of no very high pretensions. His perpetual motion failed. There was a good angel that whispered to him, “Descend from the ladder of your ambition—do not lose sight of it; but try the little interloping suggestion, and raise the means for prosecuting more favorably your perpetual motion.” He did so. The action saved him from lunacy—the undignified and by-sport, as it were, of his invention answered—from a ruined man he became rich, and his new business required of him so much perpetual motion bodily, that the idea of it, wonderful to say, was driven out of his speculative mind.

A sudden thought—a happy hit—we are too apt to call a *lucky* one. Will it be the worse if we give it a better name, and say it is a gift? The thankfulness implied in gift may make it a blessing. It was no deep study that brought the great improvements into our manufacturing machinery.

The poor boy Arkwright, in a moment of idleness or weariness, thought happily of a cog in the wheel; and that little cog was to him and his posterity a philosopher’s stone: realizing the alchemist’s hopes, by far more sure experiment than the dealings with “green” and “red lions” and “dragons,” for a result never to be reached. How wonderful has been the result, even to the whole world, of that momentary thought—that simple invention!

We have often heard it remarked that this is an age of inventions. It is true: not that the inventive mind was ever wanting. It is a practical age; the necessities of multiplied life make it so. The well-known “century of inventions” of the Marquis of Worcester is a stock not yet exhausted. But to speak of this our age, how can

it be otherwise? Not only are material means enlarged by geographical and other discoveries, but the inventive mind is multiplied because mankind are multiplied, whose nature it is to invent. A population—to speak of England, for it is of England we are thinking—of five millions, as it was in the time of Queen Elizabeth, cannot bear comparison with ours of nearer twenty millions. Then, if we enlarge our view, and take in England's transplanted progeny, whose activity and whose advancement in knowledge and science we share under every facility for the transmission of knowledge, we may fairly speculate upon a very wonderful futurity. The glory of the German dramatist, with his watch, and perhaps, but we forget, his printing-press, (for it ought to be in the play,) is annihilated: the author himself would now stand in the place of his Cæsar or Cicero.

It would be a dream worth dreaming to bring back from his Elysian Fields Agricola, the Roman governor of Britain—he who first discovered that it was an island—to show him his semi-barbarians, whom he so equitably governed, (passing by, however, how far we are, any of us, their descendants.) We will imagine but an hour or two passed with him at the Polytechnic Rooms, to show him enormous iron cables twisted into knots, as if they were pieces of tape—to see vast ponderous masses suspended by magnetism only—to let him look into the wonders of the telescope and the microscope, besides a thousand marvellous things, too numerous and too often enumerated to mention. Nor would it be unamusing to dream that we return with him, and on his way accompany him, summoned to the court of Pluto and Proserpine, to narrate the incidents of his sojourn above. We could believe the line of Homer verified, and that we see the grim and skeptical Pluto leap up from his throne in astonishment, and perhaps, as the poet would have it, fear lest our subterranean speculators should break in upon his dominions, and let in the light of our day. We have taken the humblest walk for the “surprise.” What if we had accompanied the ex-governor of Britain to the Crystal Palace? That we will not venture upon. But had he continued his narrative of all he saw there, Pluto would have given a look—at which Cerberus would have growled from his triple throats—and that the unlucky narrator might escape the castigation of Rhadamanthus, he would have been ordered a fresh dip in Lethe, as one contam-

inated, and who had contracted the lying propensities of people in the upper air.

We know not if the wonder in us be not the greater that we have not the slightest pretensions to mechanical knowledge. But we confess that, when we suddenly came upon the mechanical department, and saw the various machinery at work, the world's life and all its business came out vividly upon the canvas of our thought, as the great poetry of nature. Yes, nature rather than art, for art is but the capability of nature in practice. We thought of Sophocles and his chorus of laudation of man—the inventor and the *νομοποιος*—and how impoverished did the Greek seem, how tame and inadequate the description!

Shakspeare is more to the mark. The whole world is scarcely large enough for the exhibition of man's thought and deed, as Shakspeare sees him. There is no small talk of his little doings—how he passes over the seas and bridles the winds. Inimitable Shakspeare omits the doing to show the capacity; makes, for a moment of comparison only, the earth a sterile promontory, and man that is on it himself, and in his own bosom, the ample region of all fertility, in undefined thought and action. “What a piece of work is man!—how noble in reason!—how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable!—in action how like an angel!—in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!” Behold man the inventor!

We have said that the increase of population must necessarily enlarge the stock of inventions, both by new and multiplied demands, and by the added number of inventors. But there is another cause in operation, that is seldom taken into the account—there are not only more millions of human hands to do the work, but there is an artificial working population, if we may call horsepower of steam a population as equivalent to hands.

In this view the *working* population, or working power, so far exceeds our actual population, that they can scarcely be named together. If it be said, this is not a power of mind, and therefore cannot be said to be inventive; it may be answered that every instrument is a kind of mind to him who takes it up, improves, and works upon it, and with it: for, after all, it is mind that is operating in it. The man is not to be envied who in heart and understanding is dead to the man-



ifold evolutions of this great workshop of the human brain, who cannot feel the poetry of mechanics. Is it not a creative power?—and is it not at once subjecting and civilizing the world? Is not this poetry of mechanics showing also that man has dominion given him over the inert materials, as over other living creatures of the earth? We hail it in all its marvellous doings, as subject for creative dreams, scarcely untrue. Let those who will (and many there be who profess this blindness to the poetry of art and science) see nothing but the tall chimneys and the black smoke. To the imaginative, even the smoke itself becomes an embodied genie, at whose feet the earth opens at command; and they who yield themselves to the spell are conducted, through subterranean ways, to the secret chambers of the treasures of nature; and, by a transition to a more palpable reality, find themselves in a garden covered with crystal, to behold all beauteous things and precious stones for fruit, such as Aladdin saw, and fountains throwing out liquid gems, and fair company, as if brought together by enchantment—and this is the romance of reality. If we write rhapsodically, let the subject be the excuse, for the secrets of nature throw conjecture into the depths of wonder, and thought far out of the conveyance of language.

It was our purpose to speak of the Submarine Telegraph, and it is not surprising if we have in some degree been transported to great distances by its power.

The inventors, Messrs. Brett, under every difficulty and discouragement, have at length succeeded. Our greatest engineers for a long while withheld their countenance; practical philosophers denied the probability. The possibility was tested by the first experiment. Fortunately no accident occurred in laying down the wire across the Channel, until communication by means of it had been made between France and England; and even the subsequent accident—the cutting the wire by the fishermen—has only served the good purpose of making more sure the permanent setting up of this extraordinary telegraph. The protection of the wires by the gutta-percha covering is considered perfect; but should it turn out otherwise, it will not affect the certainty of the invention; it must be permanent. A narrative of all the difficulties which beset the inventors, and which have delayed the experiment for years, would be curious. The discouragements and the expenses would have crushed men of less energy. Even at last, in making the cable,

there was a disappointment and a hitch, arising from rival companies. We extract from the *Times* :—

“On the 19th of July last, Mr. Crampton undertook to construct and lay down a cable containing four electric wires, each insulated in two coatings of gutta percha, and the whole protected by ten strands of galvanized iron wire, on or before the 30th of September. The electric wires covered with gutta percha, in length a hundred miles, were turned out by Mr. Statham, at the works of the Gutta Percha Company, and nothing can be more perfect than the manner in which that order was executed. The wire covering was ordered from Messrs. Wilkins and Weatherly; but unfortunately, a dispute respecting the patent for making wire ropes occurred between that firm and Messrs. Newall, which seriously delayed the progress of the work, as an injunction was served by the latter to prevent Messrs. Wilkins and Co. from proceeding with the order.

“This was eventually compromised, and the rope was made conjointly by the workmen of the two firms on the premises of Messrs. Wilkins and Weatherly, at Wapping.

“The very hurried manner in which (from this unforeseen delay) the work had to be accomplished, prevented that close attention that ought to have been given to any fracture, however small, of the wire; and in consequence, the outer casing, though of great strength and solidity, was not made with the same exquisite nicety and care that had been bestowed on the core of the cable.”

The weather was unpropitious, and was probably the cause, from the circumstance of the *Blazer* being driven somewhat out of her course, that the length of the wire cable was not sufficient. This defect was, however, only of a temporary kind, and was supplied by that which was intended for another purpose. We extract the interesting account of the proceedings from the *Times* :—

“Shortly after 7 o'clock the fastenings at the end of the cable at the Foreland were completed, and the *Fearless* started to point out the exact course to be followed by the *Blazer*, which was towed by two tugs, one alongside, and the other ahead of her.

“A third tug belonging to the Government was also in attendance.

“The arrangements for paying out the cable consisted simply of a bar fixed transversely above the hold, over which the rope was drawn as it was uncoiled from below, and a series of breaks acting by levers fitted to the deck, in order to arrest the passage of the rope in the case of too rapid a delivery. On reaching the stem the cable passed overboard through a ‘chock’ of a semicircular shape, lined with iron. On starting, the steam-tugs proceeded at much too rapid a pace, (from four to five knots an hour,) and consequently one of the fractured wires (before alluded to) caught in the friction-blocks, and, before the way

of the vessel could be checked, one strand of the iron wire was, for a length of about eighteen yards, stripped from the cable. The steam-tug towing ahead was then ordered alongside, when the speed could be better regulated, and the rate was reduced to about one and a half to two knots an hour. About six miles from shore it was determined to test the wire; but, from a misapprehension of instructions, the telegraph instruments at the South Foreland were not joined up with those on board the Blazer. A steam-tug, with one of the engineers and directors on board, immediately returned to the Foreland, when communication was made by telegraph and fuses fired from the vessel to the shore, and from the shore to the Blazer.

"At about mid-Channel, in the midst of a heavy sea, and a strong wind from the S.W., an accident occurred, but for which the enterprise would have been carried out with the most perfect success; this was the snapping of the tow-rope (an eight-inch cable) and the consequent drifting of the Blazer from her appointed course to the length of a mile and a half. Notwithstanding the delay caused by this untoward incident, the Blazer arrived off Sangatte at about six o'clock. The evening was, however, too far advanced, and the weather too stormy to attempt a landing; and, after embarking most of her passengers on board one of the steamers that ran into Calais, she was anchored for the night about two miles from the shore.

"On Friday the wind blew a strong gale from the westward, which rendered all near approach to the shore impracticable; but the Blazer was towed to within a mile of the beach, when, it being considered dangerous to leave her at anchor, the remainder of the rope was made fast to a buoy and hove overboard. The steam-tugs then returned with the Blazer to England.

"On Saturday the weather continued unfavorable, but Captain Bullock proceeded with the Fearless to the buoy off Sangatte, and, having hauled up the end of the rope, he towed it some hundred yards nearer the shore, and then again moored it.

"On Sunday the wind shifted more to the southward and moderated. Accordingly, the engineers and managers of the Gutta Percha Company took on board the Fearless a large coil of gutta percha roping, and, after hauling up the end of the telegraph cables, the first wires were carefully attached, and at half-past five in the afternoon a boat landed them on the beach at Sangatte. The moment chosen for landing was low-water, and the coil of gutta percha ropes was immediately buried in the beach by a gang of men in attendance, up to low-water mark, and even to a short distance beyond it. Thence to where the cable was moored did not much exceed a quarter of a mile.

"The telegraphs were instantly attached to the submarine wires, and all the instruments responded to the batteries from the opposite shore. At six o'clock messages were printed at Sangatte from the South Foreland, specimens of which Captain Bullock took over to Dover the same evening for the Queen and the Duke of Wellington.

"On Monday morning the wires at Sangatte were joined to those already laid down to Calais, and two of the instruments used by the French Government having been sent to the South Foreland, Paris was placed in immediate communication with the English Court."

We have remarked that very important discoveries are accidentally made in pursuing one of quite a different character from those which come up in the search unexpectedly,

They who remember our towns lighted with the old lamps, that in comparison with our gas-lights made but a "palpable obscure," should also remember how the change was brought about. The gas, which has proved of such vast utility that we can now-a-days scarcely conceive how the world could go on without it, was first a misfortune. It was generated in the coal mines, and, in order to get rid of it, it was conveyed by tubes to the outer air: in doing this it was found there to ignite, and from this simple attempt to effect an escape for a nuisance is almost every town in the civilized world illuminated by gas—besides which, the advantageous use of it in manufactories is beyond calculation. Even of gutta percha, now applied as a coating to these wires, who can determine all the uses to which it may be found applicable? Nature, it should seem, does not fabricate one material for itself, or for one use only, but adapts one thing to many purposes—and thus, as it were, teaches us that there is a chain in the facts of nature, by showing us a few of the connected links; and, at the same time, so far from exhibiting any sudden breaks, offering evidences of a continuous connection reaching beyond our conception. Verily this poor opaque earth of ours is the foundation on which the Jacob's ladder of invention is laid. We know not where it reaches, but there may be suggesting angels passing to and fro, and when their feet touch the ground, it delivers up its secrets, that float into the ears of the dreamer.

Electricity, it would appear, is the great agent in this connecting chain—nay, is it not, whatever it be in its essence, the chain itself, and the universal power equally in inert matter and in life? It has neither boundary on the earth nor in space. Its home is ubiquity; like the sphere of Hermes, its centre is everywhere, its circumference nowhere. That this astonishing power is yet under restraint—that it is not only kept from the evil it would do, but rendered to us serviceable—is a proof of the great beneficence of Him who made it and us. When the

admiring child touches that gem, the dew-drop on the rose-leaf, it knows not that the little hand is on that which has lightning in it enough to cause instant death. It is scarcely the lover's poetical dream that he may be killed by the lightning of an eye—done dead by the tear that only moves his pity, on his mistress's eye-lid. In that little drop is the power of death—and by what miracle (truly all Nature is miraculous) is the execution stayed—the power forbidden to act? Nay, even the pity that we speak of, love itself, strange in its suddenness as we see it, how know we what of electricity be in it, instantly conveying from person to person natural but unknown sympathy?

Let us not get out of our depths,—but emerge from “the submarine,” to land; and for this purpose, and to complete our argument of unexpected and collateral uses, we offer an extract from the *Army and Navy Register* :—

“NEW MODE OF DISCHARGING GUNPOWDER.—On Monday, August 18, some interesting experiments were tried at the Gutta Percha Company's Works, Wharf Road, City Road, for the purposes of demonstrating the means by which this extraordinary production may be applied to the operation of discharging gunpowder. A galvanic battery was connected with upwards of 50 miles of copper wire, covered with gutta percha to the thickness of an ordinary black lead pencil. The wire, which was formed into coils, and which has been prepared for the projected submarine telegraph, was attached to a barge moored in the canal alongside the manufactory, the coils being so fixed together (although the greater portion of them were under water) as to present an uninterrupted communication with the battery to a distance limited at first to 57 miles, but afterwards extended to 70. A ‘cartridge’ formed with a small hollow roof of gutta percha, charged with gunpowder, and having an intercommunicating wire attached, was then brought into contact with the electric current. The result was, that a spark was produced, which, igniting the gunpowder, caused an immediate explosion similar to that which would arise from the discharge of a small cannon. The same process was carried out in various ways, with a view of testing the efficient manner in which the gutta percha had been rendered impervious to wet, and in one instance the fusee or cartridge was placed under the water. In this case the efficiency of the insulation was equally well demonstrated by the explosion of the gunpowder at the moment the necessary ‘contact’ was produced; and by way of showing the perfect insulation of the wire, an experiment was tried which resulted in the explosion of the fusee from the charge of electricity retained in the coils of wire, three seconds after contact with the battery had been broken. This feature in the experiment was especially interesting from the fact of its removing all difficulty and doubt as

to whether the gutta percha would so far protect the wires as to preserve the current of electricity under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Another experiment was successfully tried by passing the electric current to its destination through the human body. Mr. C. J. Wollaston, civil engineer, volunteered to form part of the circuit by holding the ends of 35 miles of the wire in each hand. The wire from the battery was brought to one end of the entire length of 70 miles, and instant explosion of the cartridge took place at the other end. The experiments were altogether perfectly successful, as showing beyond all question that the properties of gutta percha and electricity combined are yet to be devoted to other purposes than that of establishing a submarine telegraph. The blasting of a rock, the destruction of a fortification, and other operations which require the agency of gunpowder, have often been attended with considerable danger and trouble, besides involving large outlays of money; but it may be truly said that the employment of electricity in the manner described is calculated to render such operations comparatively free from difficulty. Amongst the company present on this occasion was Major-General Sir Charles Pasley, who took a warm interest in the proceedings, and expressed himself much gratified at the result. It is impossible to foretell the value of this discovery, particularly in engineering and mining operations. It forms a valuable addition to the benefits already conferred upon the public by the enterprise of the Gutta Percha Company.”

This extract may lead the reader to conclude that there are double and opposite purposes in the secrets of nature. The chain which was intended to connect all nations in a bond of peace, has, it should seem, also (incidental to the first discovery) its apparatus for war.

When his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury was blessing the Crystal Palace, and all within it, as emblems of a religious bond of peace, and of amity of all nations, and it pleased the admiring masses to proclaim it the Temple of Peace and of Love, there was little thought that, among the machinery and instruments it contained, those of murderous purpose would be the first required for use, which was actually the case, when permission was asked and given for the removal of revolving firearms from the American department, to be sent out to the Cape. Thus, good and evil are not unmixed. Either may be extracted, and leave the remainder, in appearance to us, a kind of *caput mortuum*.

It is far more pleasant to look to the peaceful results of inventions—to hear the spirit that is in the electric fluid say—

“I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spiriting gently.”

Let it be the means that far-off friends at the Antipodes shall communicate, if not by voice, by that which is like it—by sound and by lettered words. Let it touch a bell at their mid-day, and it may tingle at that instant in your ears at midnight, and awake you to receive, evolved from the little machinery at your bed's head, a letter in a printed strip, conveying "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," even as though you felt the breath that uttered them. Reader, be not skeptical. How many very practicable things have you denied, and yet found brought tangibly before your eyes, and into your hands! This simultaneous tingle of two bells—one at the Antipodes, and one within reach of your own touch, and at your own ear—may cause you to curl your lip in derision; but say, is it impossible? We have heard you say of much more improbable things, "Where there is a will there is a way." Well, here it is evident you have only a little to strengthen your will, and the length of the way will be no obstacle. You may amuse yourself with the idea, and make a comparison of it, and look at the figures on your China plate, and imagine them moved to each other under spell of their passion, (see the tale of the willow pattern,) to the defiance of all the ordinary rules of distance. Did not the foreseeing artist intimate thereby that love and friendship have no space-limits, and hold within themselves a power that laughs at perspective, as it does at "locksmiths"? The artist whom you contemned as ignorant was, you acknowledge, wise,—wise beyond his art, if not beyond his thought. He had a second-sight of a new mode of communication, and expressed it prudently in this his hieroglyphic.

Does any marvel exceed this in apparent absurdity—that you, in London or Edinburgh, shall be able to communicate instantaneously with your friend or relative at St. Petersburg or Vienna; for which purpose you have but to touch a few keys denoting letters of the alphabet, and under water and over land your whole thoughts pass as soon as your fingers have delivered them to the keys—nay, the letters are forestalling your thought, and those before it? Does it not seem very absurd to say that all the foreign news may be at your breakfast-table, fresh from every capital in Europe, before the *Times* can be published and circulated? How will the practice of the press be affected by this novelty? "The latest intelligence" becomes a bygone tale, "flat, stale, and un-

profitable." Far greater things than the poet dreamed of become daily realities. Richest in fancy, Shakspeare apologetically covers the incredible ubiquity of his Ariel with a sense of fatigue—of difficulty in his various passages—Ariel, the spirit who

"thought it much to tread  
The ooze of the salt deep."

Our Government officers will have ready on the instant, messengers far swifter than Ariel—wondrous performers on the "slack-wires." They will put you

"A girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes."

No; that was the lagging, loitering pace of the old spirit. It will not take forty seconds. What are thousands of miles to a second of time? Time is, as it were, annihilated: the sand in the glass must be accelerated, or the glass, held for ages, taken out of his hand, and some national exhibition ransacked for a new hour-instrument. The Prospero's wand broken, and newer wonders to be had for a trifle. Fortunatus's "wishing-cap" to be bought at the corner-shop, and the famed "seven-league boots" next door—and to be had cheap, considering that you may tell all your thoughts, at ever so great a distance, by a little bell and a wire, while you are sitting in your arm-chair. It will be quite an easy matter to

"Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

Railroads and the Submarine Telegraph more than double man's life, if we count his years by action. History itself must now begin as from a new epoch. All the doings of the world, through this rapidity given to person and to thought, must be so altered as to bear no parallel with the past. The old locomotive and communicating powers are defunct—they are as the water that has passed the mill. It must grind with that which succeeds. They are new powers that must set the wheels of governments and of all the world's machinery in motion.

There is in the *Spectator* a paper of the true Addisonian wit, descriptive of an Antediluvian courtship, in which the young couple, having gone through the usual process in the early art of love, complete their happiness in the some hundredth year of their ages. Theorists have entertained the notion that this long life was bestowed upon man in the world's first era, that knowledge might be more readily transmitted, there be-



ing few generations to the Flood. To the lovers of life it would be a sad thing to be led to the conclusion, that, transmission being quickened, life will be shortened; or that, as in the winding-up of a drama, events are crowding into the last act of our earth's duration. It may relieve their apprehensions to read of the advance the medical science is making simultaneously with all other sciences, so that they may look to a state in which a man may live as long as he likes, and at the same time do ten times the work: a man's day will perhaps be a year, counting by his doings. Morose poets and philosophers have lamented over us as ephemeral: if so, we are at least like the Antediluvian butterflies, and our day long. And now, with all our sanitary inventions, it stands a fair chance of a tolerable lengthening.

We have observed that it has been said that the world is not fifteen years of age; and, indeed, it looks like enough. Hitherto Nature has treated us as a kind mother does her children—given us toys and playthings, to be broken and discarded as we get older. We are throwing them by, we are becoming of age, and Nature opens her secrets to us, and we are just setting up for ourselves—as it were, commencing the business of life, like grown men in good earnest;

and every day we find out more secrets, and all worth knowing.

We will not lay down the pen without expressing our congratulations to the inventors of the Submarine Telegraph, the Messrs. Brett, and wishing them the fullest success. They themselves as yet know not the extent of the reach of their own invention, or they might well wonder at their own wonders, like

“Katerfelto, with his hair on end!”

We wish them long life to see the results—and that they will not, through mistrust of so great a discovery, imitate Copernicus, who, says Fontenelle, “distrusting the success of his opinions, was for a long time loth to publish them, and, when they brought him the first sheet of his work, died, foreseeing that he never should be able to reconcile all its contradictions, and therefore wisely slipped out of the way.” Messrs. Brett will think it wiser to live, and be in the way and at their post, (no *post obit*,) ready to answer all queries and contradictions, through the convincing, the very satisfactory means, of their “Submarine Telegraph.”

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## A COURT-POET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE reign of Elizabeth may be considered pre-eminently the age of chivalry. The dark days of feudalism were past; the burdens which had long lain heavy upon the liberties of the people, although not formally repealed, had been gradually relaxed; the intellectual ignorance which had formerly been the characteristic, if not the boast of all, except the clergy, had passed away before the humanizing influence of letters. The spirit of chivalry, however, still existed, not less potential because separated from the stern realities with which it had formerly been associated, not less fascinating because no longer connected with the remembrance of outrage and oppression. But the chivalry

of the age of the Tudors was not merely distinguished by external splendor, or by the absence of the intolerable evils inseparable from feudalism. Henry VIII., detestable as his memory must ever be, was no enemy to civil liberty, and he was a genuine patron of letters. In both these respects he was followed and excelled by Elizabeth. Literary merit was seldom overlooked in her court; and among the accomplishments necessary for the courtier who aspired to the favor of his royal mistress the talents of the *trouère* were not the least indispensable. Her court was consequently thronged with gentlemen, who, while they rivalled the *troubadours*—whom they proposed to them

selves as their models—in every other knightly accomplishment, far exceeded them in poetic feeling and refinement. In truth, Elizabeth seems to have looked for the union of the courtly graces with intellectual superiority in all whom she received into her favor or honored with her confidence. It is difficult otherwise to account for the neglect which Spenser experienced, and for which the disfavor of Burleigh is not a sufficient reason, unless we charge his disappointment to the want of those courtly graces which were at all times a sure passport to royal favor, although more solid acquirements might be needed for its preservation.

The natural result of the favor shown to men of letters ensued: almost every courtier aspired to be a poet, and every poet strove to be a courtier. Perhaps the former class succeeded better than their more gifted brethren. Among oceans of rhyme, distinguished for nothing but its servile imitation of the poems of the troubadours, disfigured by the same extravagance of metaphor, puerility of conceit, and ingenuity of versification, we occasionally discover traces of real poetic feeling, for which we should in vain search in their prototypes. Sir Walter Raleigh was undeniably the first of these courtier-poets, and excelled all his brother minstrels in the gentle science as far as he outstripped his age in more solid acquirements and romantic enterprise. Especially he differs from them all by abandoning the eternal theme of the Provençal poetasters and their imitators: his poetic magazine contains other weapons besides darts and flames; Cupid is not his sole auxiliary, nor his mistress his only divinity. When he occasionally deviates from the more lofty and natural style which he usually employs, and condescends to this well-worn theme, he seems only to disguise his real meaning under an allegorical garb: his loves are political, and the mistress whose bright eyes he worships, or whose frown he deprecates, is one whose displeasure was a real calamity, and whose smile brought with it those gifts of honor and fortune to which Raleigh, although a philosopher and a scholar, was by no means indifferent. The following stanzas indicate a quick perception of the beauties of nature. The invectives against the court may possibly have been dictated by some temporary disappointment, of which Raleigh experienced his full share; but the exquisite descriptive touches which it contains evidence the existence of a true poetic feeling which must be considered as a pledge of his sincerity:—

“Heart-tearing cares and quivering fears,  
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,  
Fly, fly to courts;  
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,  
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,  
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;  
Where mirth 's but mummery,  
And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,  
Sad troop of human misery!  
Come, serene looks,  
Clear as the crystal brooks,  
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see  
The rich attendance of our poverty.  
Peace and a secure mind,  
Which all men seek, we only find!

Abused mortals, did you know  
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comfort grow,  
You'd scorn proud towers,  
And seek them in these bowers,  
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may  
shake,  
But blustering care could never tempest make,  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here 's no fantastic masque nor dance,  
But of our kids that frisk and prance,  
Nor wars are seen,  
Unless upon the green  
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,  
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;  
And wounds are never found,  
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

Go, let the diving negro seek  
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;  
We all pearls scorn,  
Save what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;  
And gold ne'er here appears,  
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.”

Shakspeare has often been charged with plagiarism: assuredly, in one sense, not without reason: he was superior to the petty vanity which impels bookwrights to strive after originality, and to prefer a startling paradox, or a barren simile, which they can claim without dispute as their own, to the weightiest truth or most brilliant image which may have been suggested by another. Shakspeare read the book of nature; but he read other books too, and never hesitated to adopt and interweave with his own whatever of beauty he found in either. It is no slight distinction to be allowed the privilege of furnishing even the smallest of the gems which adorn the diadem of Shakspeare, and few

authors would be willing to forfeit the honor or to object to the appropriation. Shakspeare would seem to have been familiar with the writings of Raleigh, as several instances occur in which remarkable expressions, and in one case the whole of one of his best-known passages, have been borrowed from the poems of the accomplished courtier. One example of the former will be sufficient:

“That sauncing bell  
That tolls all into heaven or hell,”

bears too evident a resemblance to the famous exclamation of Macbeth, to be regarded as an accidental coincidence. Again, who will not instantly recognize in the following lines the germ of the soliloquy of Jaques? It is headed “De Morte,” and deserves to be placed in juxtaposition with the more elaborate paraphrase of Shakspeare, as a fair example of the readiness with which the dramatist was wont to adapt to his purpose any material that he met with and could turn to account:—

“Man’s life’s a tragedy: his mother’s womb,  
From which he enters, is the tiring-room;  
This spacious earth the theatre; and the stage,  
That country which he lives in: passions rage,  
Folly and vice are actors; the first cry,  
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.  
The former act consisteth of dumb shows;  
The second, he to more perfection grows;  
The third, he is a man, and doth begin  
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin;  
In the fourth, declines; in the fifth, diseases clog  
And trouble him; then Death’s his epilogue.”

The corresponding passage, it will be remembered, is put in the mouth of Jaques; and it is worth considering how far the poet, while adopting the thoughts of the courtier, may have made him further subservient to his purpose, by embodying in the person of the caustic moralist the character of that remarkable man, whose personal and mental qualities must have been as well known at the time when “As You Like It” was written as the extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune through which he passed.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Shakspeare is the life-like reality, the statuesque individuality of his characters—forcing upon us the conviction that he was not so much indebted to the liveliness of his imagination and fertility of his invention as to his intimate knowledge of nature derived from the living model. Such we know to be the fact in those historical characters whose lineaments are well known. No writer ever

took fewer liberties with history: careless of geographical detail, heedless of occasional anachronism, he never falsifies a fact or misrepresents a person. Even if we had not contemporary authority to attest his accuracy, who would not realize the intense reality of his delineations of the hero of Agincourt, of Wolsey, of Queen Katherine, or of Beaufort? They are evidently not sketches emanating from a poet’s brain, but *sun-portraits*, Daguerretyped by the genius of Shakspeare; invested with all the graceful ornaments that poetic imagery and diction can confer; and not only engaging our admiration for these, but claiming our sympathy from the irresistible conviction that they are the genuine portraits of the very men whose names they bear. The same remark applies to his own historical characters. The intense sympathy which these excite differing, not in degree but in kind, from that which attaches to the character of every other poet, can only be referred to our recognition of them as intensely faithful, though still poetic delineations of real beings. Of course this remark applies to a comparatively small class of Shakspeare’s characters, as the majority of them are adopted—together with the plot—from the old novels which he dramatized. However much, therefore, they may have been embellished and enriched in passing through his hands, they must not be confounded with his own creations.

Unhappily for us, literature in the time of Elizabeth was too stately a thing to be employed as the vehicle for gossip: Shakspeare was not blessed with a Boswell; no Horace Walpole had arisen to enliven his own and instruct after ages by his piquant anecdotes and lively sketches of society, bringing us face to face with our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, and giving us an assurance of their veritable existence, which history, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, fails to convey. Had Shakspeare been as fortunate in this respect as Dr. Johnson, how much labor might have been saved to commentators; how many an obscure passage would have been cleared up; with what interest might we have recognized Mercutio or Benedict in some of the gay flutterers of the court, under names possibly not unknown to fame; or enjoyed the castigation inflicted on folly and presumption in the persons of Slender and Malvolio. It is worthy of remark that the only characters in this play which are not copied from Lodge’s “Rosalind” are those of Jaques and Touchstone.

Neither is of the slightest service in the conduct of the plot, and both bear the strong impress of originality which invariably belongs to all of Shakespeare's own creations. The correctness of the portraits would doubtless soon be recognized by those who were familiar with the originals, and must have lent much extrinsic interest to the play in the eyes of those with whom the real Jaques, by right of birth, and the original Touchstone, by virtue of his profession, were entitled to associate. The character of Jaques affords much internal evidence in support of this theory: the haughty, cynical temper of the disappointed courtier; the rebuke of the duke—for Raleigh's life had not been blameless; the turn for philosophical speculation; the state of Sir Walter's fortunes at the date when the play is supposed to have been produced—about the year 1600—all agree with what we know of his character and history. One striking passage must not be overlooked. In act iv., scene 1, we find the following dialogue between Jaques and Rosalind:—

"*Jaques.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own. Compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous madness.

"*Rosalind.* A traveller! By my faith you have great reason to be sad! I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; though to have seen much, and have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

"*Jaques.* Yes, I have gained my experience!"

It is scarcely necessary to point out the applicability of this passage to Raleigh, who, eminent as he was in many respects, was doubtless best known as a traveller. The allusion to his broken fortunes in the reply of Rosalind is pointed and *à propos*. That such was the result of Raleigh's experience is confirmed by his own testimony. In his dedication of his discovery of Guiana, published in 1596, we find the following passage:—"I do not then know whether I should bewail myself either for my too much travel and expense, or condemn myself for owing less than that which can deserve nothing. From myself I have deserved no thanks, for I have returned a beggar and withered." These coincidences may possibly be merely

accidental; but they at least form as broad a foundation as many upon which imposing structures of hypotheses have been erected. It is at all events interesting even to imagine that we can discover some traces of one of the best specimens of our national character fossilized, as it were, in the poetry of our great dramatist. Many of Raleigh's poems have doubtless perished. Spenser refers to a projected work of his which was to have been entitled "*Cynthia*." It was intended to celebrate the glories of the maiden queen, and was probably planned upon a large scale, since Spenser alludes to it as being in some sort a rival of the "*Fairy Queen*." But the adventurous spirit which possessed him was incompatible with the life of contemplative solitude indispensably necessary to a great work of art. For his larger prose works the world is indebted to the tedium of his frequent sea-voyages and the constrained seclusion of his latter years. The few poetic specimens which we possess are scarcely more than ejaculatory—the almost involuntary expressions of a mind keenly alive to a sense of the beautiful, and clothing its thoughts intuitively in a poetic dress, as their most appropriate garb, with little appearance of labor or premeditation.

Spenser has recorded the circumstances of Sir Walter's first introduction to him in "*Colin Clout's Come Home Again*," in which he pays a high tribute to the poetic genius of the "*Shepherd of the Ocean*:"—

"*Emulating my pipe, he took in hand  
My pipe, before that emuled of many,  
And played thereon, for well that skill he  
conned,  
Himself as skilful in that art as any.*"

It seems that Raleigh was at that time under the cloud of regal displeasure:

"*His song was all a lamentable lay,  
Of great unkindness, and of usage hard;  
Of Cynthia, the lady of the sea,  
Which from her presence faultless him debarred;  
And ever and anon, with singults rife,  
He cried out to make his under song:—  
Ah, my love's queen, and goddess of my life!  
Who shall me pity when thou dost me wrong?"*

We are not informed of the reason of his disgrace; but it could have been only of short duration, as we soon afterwards find both him and Spenser at court and received with due distinction; probably it is to this temporary banishment from court that the following stanzas refer. They are not with-



out elegance : their humble tone, bordering on servility, might perhaps offend our modern ears, if we did not recollect that it was the fashion of the day to approach Elizabeth not merely with the homage due from the subject to the sovereign, but also with the gallant devotion exacted from the true knight by his lady :—

“ The frozen snake oppressed with heaped snow,  
By struggling hard gets out her tender head,  
And spies far off from where she lies below  
The winter sun that from the north is fled.  
But all in vain she looks upon the light,  
When heat is wanting to restore her might.

What doth it help a wretch in prison pent,  
Long time with biting hunger overpressed,  
To see without, or smell within the scent,  
Of dainty fare for others' tables dressed ?  
Yet snake and prisoner both behold the thing  
The which but not with sight might comfort bring.

Such is my task, or worse, if worse may be—  
My heart oppressed with heavy frost of care,  
Debarred of that which is most dear to me,  
Killed up with cold and pined with evil fare.  
And yet I see the thing might yield relief,  
And yet the sight doth cause my greater grief.

So Thisbe saw her lover through the wall,  
And saw thereby she wanted what she saw ;  
And so I see, and seeing want withal,  
And wanting so unto my death doth draw.  
And so my death were twenty times my friend,  
If with this verse my hated life might end.”

Raleigh's muse seems to have expired with Elizabeth. Poetry was no longer the fashion of the court, and the dark clouds which now rested on his fortunes, and which were destined to be dispersed only by his death, although they did not repress his love of historical and philosophical research, must have had the effect of quenching that fine fancy which once teemed with forms of beauty. The following lines, written the night before his execution, are the sole relique to which we can assign a date subsequent to the death of Elizabeth. This brief summing up of a long experience, simple and devout as be-

came the occasion, possesses a peculiar interest from the circumstances under which it was written :—

“ Even such is time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days.  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust !”

Such were the last notes of the last as well as the greatest of the bevy of courtier-poets who had embellished the reign of Elizabeth. Although infected by the characteristic affectation of the age, and trammelled by the rules which fashion had imposed upon poetry, it was impossible not to recognize in Raleigh the stuff of which poets have been made. With a keen eye for the beauty of external nature, and a strong bent for philosophical speculation, he combined remarkable purity of diction and considerable ingenuity in that complex and highly-artificial versification upon which the fashion of the times set the highest value. He has contrived even to lend interest to the eclogue. His shepherds and shepherdesses are not knights and ladies of high degree in masquing attire ; they bear the veritable stamp of Arcadia, and prattle with a *naïveté* which is really charming. It is a matter for infinite regret that a restless spirit, constantly goading him on to visionary schemes of impossible execution, should have hindered him from accomplishing some great work which would have reflected honor upon his age, and have entitled him to a niche side by side with Spenser. That he was capable of a great work that colossal fragment, the “History of the World,” attests. Had he devoted his energies to a great literary task earlier in life, when his fancy was still buoyant, and his mind unclouded by care, there can be little doubt that he would have selected a poem as the monument of his genius. It would have been *are perennius*.

## THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

*See Plate.*

NAPOLÉON cherished a strong attachment to his little grandchild, the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis. The boy was extremely beautiful, and developed all those noble and spirited traits of character which peculiarly delighted the Emperor. Napoleon had apparently determined to make the young prince his heir. This was so generally the understanding, both in France and in Holland, that Josephine was quite at ease, and serene days dawned again upon her heart.

Early in the spring of 1807, this child, upon whom such destinies were depending, then five years of age, was seized suddenly and violently with the croup, and in a few hours died. The blow fell upon the head of Josephine with most appalling power. Deep as was her grief at the loss of the child, she was overwhelmed with uncontrollable anguish in view of those fearful consequences which she shuddered to contemplate. She knew that Napoleon loved her fondly, but she also knew the strength of his ambition, and that he would make any sacrifice of his affection, which, in his view, would subserve the interests of his power and his glory. For three days she shut herself up in her room, and was continually bathed in tears.

The sad intelligence was conveyed to Napoleon when he was far from home, in the midst of the Prussian campaign. He had been victorious, almost miraculously victorious, over his enemies. He had gained accessions of power such as, in the wildest dreams of youth, he had hardly imagined. All opposition to his sway was now apparently crushed. Napoleon had become the creator of kings, and the proudest monarchs of Europe were constrained to do his bidding. It was in an hour of exultation that the mournful tidings reached him. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for

a long time seemed lost in the most painful musings. He was heard mournfully and anxiously to repeat to himself again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The struggle in his mind between his love for Josephine and his ambitious desire to found a new dynasty, and to transmit his name and fame to all posterity, was fearful. It was manifest in his cheek, in his restless eye, in the loss of appetite and of sleep. But the stern will of Bonaparte was unrelenting in its purposes. With an energy which the world has never seen surpassed, he had chosen his part. It was the purpose of his soul—the purpose before which everything had to bend—to acquire the glory of making France the most illustrious, powerful, and happy nation earth had ever seen. For this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, ease, and his sense of right. For this he was ready to sunder the strongest ties of affection.

Josephine knew Napoleon. She was fully aware of his boundless ambition. With almost insupportable anguish she wept over the death of this idolized child, and, with a trembling heart, awaited her husband's return. Mysterious hints began to fill the journals of the contemplated divorce, and of the alliance of Napoleon with various princesses of foreign courts.

In October, 1807, Napoleon returned from Vienna. He greeted Josephine with the greatest kindness, but she soon perceived that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was pondering the fearful question. He appeared sad and embarrassed. He had frequent private interviews with his ministers. A general feeling of constraint pervaded the court. Napoleon scarcely ventured to look upon his wife, as if apprehensive that the very sight of one whom he had loved so well might cause him to waver in his firm purpose. Josephine was in a state

of the most feverish solicitude, and yet was compelled to appear calm and unconstrained. As yet she had only fearful forebodings of her impending doom. She watched, with most excited apprehension, every movement of the Emperor's eye, every intonation of his voice, every sentiment he uttered. Each day some new and trivial indication confirmed her fears. Her husband became more reserved, absented himself from her society, and the private access between their apartments was closed. He now seldom entered her room, and when he did so, he invariably knocked. And yet not one word had passed between him and Josephine upon the fearful subject. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation immediately caused such violent palpitations of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture.

The months of October and November passed away, and, while the Emperor was discussing with his cabinet the alliance into which he should enter, he had not yet summoned courage to break the subject to Josephine. The evidence is indubitable that he experienced intense anguish in view of the separation; but this did not influence his iron will to swerve from its purpose. The grandeur of his fame, and the magnitude of his power, were now such, that there was not a royal family in Europe which would not have felt honored in conferring upon him a bride. It was at first contemplated that he should marry some princess of the Bourbon family, and thus add to the stability of his throne by conciliating the Royalists of France. A princess of Saxony was proposed. Some weighty considerations urged an alliance with the majestic Empire of Russia, and some advances were made to the court of St. Petersburg, having in view a sister of the Emperor Alexander. It was finally decided that proposals should be made to the court of Vienna for Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The Emperor and Empress dined at Fontainebleau alone. She seems to have had a presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all that day she had been in her retired apartment, weeping bitterly. As the dinner-hour approached, she bathed her swollen eyes, and tried to regain

composure. They sat down at the table in silence. Napoleon did not speak: Josephine could not trust her voice to utter a word. Neither ate a mouthful. Course after course was brought in and removed untouched. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically, and apparently unconsciously, struck the edge of his glass with his knife, while lost in thought. A more melancholy meal probably was never witnessed. The attendants around the table seemed to catch the infection, and moved softly and silently in the discharge of their duties, as if they were in the chamber of the dead. At last the ceremony of dinner was over, the attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon, rising and closing the door with his own hand, was left alone with Josephine. Another moment of most painful silence ensued, when the Emperor, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and in faltering accents said, "Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France."

Josephine's brain reeled; her blood ceased to circulate; she fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, threw open the door of the saloon, and called for help. Attendants from the ante-room immediately entered. Napoleon took a taper from the mantel, and uttering not a word, but pale and trembling, motioned to the Count de Beaumont to take the Empress in his arms. She was still unconscious of everything, but began to murmur, in tones of anguish, "Oh, no! you cannot surely do it. You would not kill me." The Emperor led the way, through a dark passage, to the staircase which conducted to the apartment of the Empress. The agitation of Napoleon seemed now to increase. He uttered some incoherent sentences about a violent nervous attack; and, finding the stairs too steep and narrow for the Count de Beaumont to bear the body of the helpless Josephine unassisted, he gave the light to an attendant, and, supporting her limbs himself, they reached the door of her bedroom. Napoleon then, dismissing his male attendants, and laying Josephine upon her bed, rung for her waiting-women. He hung over her with an expression of the most intense affection and anxiety until she began to revive. But the moment

consciousness seemed returning, he left the room. Napoleon did not even throw himself upon his bed that night. He paced the floor until the dawn of the morning. The royal surgeon, Corvisart, passed the night at the bedside of the Empress. Every hour the restless yet unrelenting Emperor called at her door to inquire concerning her situation. "On recovering from my swoon," says Josephine, "I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter Hortense weeping over me. No! no! I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh! how much reason had I to dread becoming an Empress!"

A fortnight now passed away, during which Napoleon and Josephine saw but little of each other. During this time there occurred the anniversary of the coronation, and of the victory of Austerlitz. Paris was filled with rejoicing. The bells rang their merriest peals. The metropolis was refulgent with illuminations. In these festivities Josephine was compelled to appear. She knew that the sovereigns and princes then assembled in Paris were informed of her approaching disgrace. In all these sounds of triumph she heard but the knell of her own doom. And though a careful observer would have detected indications in her moistened eye and her pallid cheek of the secret woe which was consuming her heart, her habitual affability and grace never, in public, for one moment forsook her. Hortense, languid and sorrow-stricken, was with her mother.

Eugene was summoned from Italy. He hastened to Paris, and his first interview was with his mother. From her saloon he went directly to the cabinet of Napoleon, and inquired of the Emperor if he had decided to obtain a divorce from the Empress. Napoleon, who was very strongly attached to Eugene, made no reply, but pressed his hand as an expression that it was so. Eugene immediately dropped the hand of the Emperor, and said,

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How!" exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him sadly; "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, leave me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene replied, firmly; "the son of her who is no longer Empress cannot remain Viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

• Napoleon was not without feelings. Tears

filled his eyes. In a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, he replied, "Eugene, you know the stern necessity which compels this measure, and will you forsake me? Who, then, should I have a son, the object of my desire and preserver of my interests, who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? Who will bring him up? Who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene was deeply affected, and, taking Napoleon's arm, they retired and conversed a long time together. The noble Josephine, ever sacrificing her own feelings to promote the happiness of others, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor—your more than father, to whom you are indebted for everything, and to whom, therefore, you owe a boundless obedience."

The fatal day for the consummation of the divorce at length arrived. It was the 15th of December, 1809. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, and princesses who were members of the imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the Empire, in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. Every individual present was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon thus addressed them:—

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraved on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice replied: "I respond to all



the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, and the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commended by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart, but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public; but in private Josephine surrendered herself to the unrestrained dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe. For six months she wept so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief. Upon the ensuing day the council were again assembled in the grand saloon, to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. The Emperor entered the room dressed in the imposing robes of state, but pallid, care-worn, and wretched. Low tones of voice, harmonizing with the mournful scene, filled the room. Napoleon, apart by himself, leaned against a pillar, folded his arms upon his breast, and in perfect silence, apparently lost in gloomy thought, remained motionless as a statue. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment, and upon this there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. Never did a multitude gaze upon the scaffold, the block, or the guillotine with more awe than the assembled lords and ladies in this gorgeous saloon contemplated these instruments of a more dreadful execution.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side door, and the entrance of Josephine. The pallor of death was upon her brow, and the submission of despair nerved her into a temporary calmness. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was entirely unable to control her feelings. The sympathetic daughter, immediately upon entering into the room, burst into tears, and continued sobbing most convulsively during the whole remaining scene. The assembly respectfully arose upon the entrance of Josephine, and all were

moved to tears. With that grace which ever distinguished her movements, she advanced silently to the seat provided for her. Sitting down, and leaning her forehead upon her hand, she listened to the reading of the act of separation. Nothing disturbed the sepulchral silence of the scene but the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, blended with the mournful tones of the reader's voice. Eugene, in the mean time, pale and trembling as an aspen leaf, had taken a position by the side of his mother. Silent tears were trickling down the cheeks of the Empress.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful but sublime tragedy.

But the anguish of the day was not yet closed. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. She remained in her chamber, in heart-rending, speechless grief, until the hour arrived in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his most faithful and devoted wife, and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with grief, her hair dishevelled, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed; then, irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had now no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon; but in another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting everything in the fulness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and

exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was for the moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they continued together in this last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish which few hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved.

After the Empress had retired, with a desolated heart, to her chamber of unnatural widowhood, the attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed-clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left in darkness and silence to the dreadful companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning the

death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and suffering.

Great as was the wrong which Napoleon thus inflicted upon the noble Josephine, every one must be sensible of a certain kind of grandeur which pervades the tragedy. When we contemplate the brutal butcheries of Henry VIII. as wife after wife was compelled to place her head upon the block, merely to afford room for the indulgence of his vagrant passions; when we contemplate George IV. by neglect and inhumanity driving Caroline to desperation and to crime, and polluting the ear of the world with the revolting story of sin and shame; when we contemplate the Bourbons, generation after generation, rioting in voluptuousness, in utter disregard of all the laws of God and man, while we cannot abate one tithe of our condemnation of the great wrong which Napoleon perpetrated, we feel that it becomes the monarchies of Europe to be sparing in their condemnation.

THE GROVE OF ACADEMUS.—A correspondent of the Recorder, writing from Athens, alludes with much spirit and interest to this spot. It was indeed a distinguished one in the history of Greece and the records of this city, the capital. But few men have lived who have possessed the native talents and the literary attainments of Plato. The Academy he planted in what is termed "The Grove of Academus," was consecrated to philosophy and letters, and its light shone over the whole republic of Greece. Plato, for a pagan, and living amid the darkness of paganism, did make some glorious discoveries of the future, and from it drew exalted and powerful motives to virtue and piety. As a teacher he was never surpassed; and the proof is found in such philosophers as he trained to imbibe his spirit and extend his researches. The master minds of illustrious Greece were those who received their discipline and knowledge in this far-famed "Grove." Had he lived in our day, and were his noble powers enlisted in the cause of Christianity, like those of a Paul, what wonders would he accomplish! Yet, we love to read of him and his influence in those dark times, and to hear of the place where he gave his lessons in philosophy and virtue. This correspondent proceeds to say:—

"To the left of the Acropolis is another object of

scarcely less interest. Stretching along the valley, which is watered by the Cephissus, is an extensive olive-grove. It is at once recognized to be the Grove of Academus. Though no very celebrated works of art were collected here, and though no illustrious spot, yet contests of a different kind were here carried on, and victories scarcely less glorious and permanent than those of Marathon and Salamis were here won. The laurels of Plato are still fresh and green as those of Miltiades and Themistocles. It is surely not easy to estimate the effect of the victories which were gained at Marathon and Salamis on the tide of human events; but it would be equally difficult to estimate the influence of that philosophy which proceeded from the Academy. The Persian, with his millions, without doubt, once occupied a much larger space in the eye of the world than the crowd of Athenian Sophists; but the day has now arrived when victories over mind are considered not less difficult and important than the resistance of physical force, however great; and the conquests of the Platonic philosophy, imperfect though it was as a system, over the sensual and skeptical tendencies of the age in which it flourished, are now ranked among the proudest achievements of the Grecian race."

From the North British Review.

## BURNS AND HIS SCHOOL.\*

FOUR faces among the portraits of modern men, great or small, strike us as supremely beautiful; not merely in expression, but in the form and proportion and harmony of features: Shakspeare, Raffaele, Goethe, Burns. One would expect it to be so; for the mind makes the body, not the body the mind; and the inward beauty seldom fails to express itself in the outward, as a visible sign of the invisible grace or disgrace of the wearer. Not that it is so always. A Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles, may be ordained to be "in presence weak, in speech contemptible," hampered by some thorn in the flesh—to interfere apparently with the success of his mission, perhaps for the same wise purpose of Providence which sent Socrates to the Athenians, the worshippers of physical beauty, in the ugliest of human bodies, that they, or rather those of them to whom eyes to see had been given, might learn that soul is after all independent of matter, and not its creature and its slave. But, in the generality of cases, physiognomy is a sound and faithful science, and tells us, if not, alas! what the man might have been, still what he has become. Yet even this former problem, what he might have been, may often be solved for us by youthful portraits, before sin and sorrow and weakness have had their will upon the features; and, therefore, when we spoke of these four beautiful faces, we alluded, in each case, to the earliest portraits of each genius which we could recollect. Placing them side by side, we must be allowed to demand for that of

Robert Burns an honorable station among them. Of Shakspeare's we do not speak, for it seems to us to combine in itself the elements of all the other three; but of the rest, we question whether Burns's be not, after all, if not the noblest, still the most loveable—the most like what we should wish that of a teacher of men to be. Raffaele—the most striking portrait of him, perhaps, is the full-face pencil sketch by his own hand in the Taylor Gallery at Oxford—though without a taint of littleness or effeminacy, is soft, melancholy, formed entirely to receive and to elaborate in silence. His is a face to be kissed, not worshipped. Goethe, even in his earliest portraits, looks as if his expression depended too much on his own will. There is a self-conscious power, and purpose, and self-restraint, and all but scorn, upon those glorious lineaments, which might win worship, and did, but not love, except as the child of enthusiasm or relationship. But Burns's face, to judge of it by the early portrait of him by Nasmyth, must have been a face like that of Joseph of old, of whom the Rabbis relate, that he was literally mobbed by the Egyptian ladies whenever he walked the streets. The magic of that countenance, making Burns at once tempter and tempted, may explain many a sad story. The features certainly are not as regular or well-proportioned as they might be; there is no superabundance of the charm of mere animal health in the outline or color; but the marks of intellectual beauty in the face are of the highest order, capable of being but too triumphant among a people of deep thought and feeling. The lips, ripe, yet not coarse or loose, full of passion and the faculty of enjoyment, are parted, as if forced to speak by the inner fulness of the heart; the features are rounded, rich, and tender, and yet the bones show thought massively and manfully everywhere; the eyes laugh out upon you with boundless good humor and sweetness, with simple, eager, gentle surprise—a gleam as of the morning star, looking forth upon the wonder of a new-born world—altogether

\* 1. *Elliott's Poems*. London, 1833.

2. *Poems of Robert Nicoll*. Third Edition. Edinburgh, 1843.

3. *Life and Poems of John Bethune*. London, 1841.

4. *Memoirs of Alexander Bethune*. By W. M'COMBIE. Aberdeen, 1845.

5. *Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver*. By WILLIAM THOM of Inverury. Second Edition. London, 1845.

6. *The Purgatory of Suicides*. By THOMAS COOPER. London, 1845.

7. *The Book of Scottish Song*. By ALEXANDER WHITEHEAD. Edinburgh, 1848.

"A station like the herald Mercury,  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

Bestow on such a man the wittiest and most winning eloquence—a rich flow of spirits and fulness of health and life—a deep sense of wonder and beauty in the earth and man—an instinct of the dynamic and supernatural laws which underlie and vivify this material universe and its appearances, healthy, yet irregular and unscientific, only not superstitious—turn him loose in any country in Europe, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and it will not be difficult, alas! to cast his horoscope.

And what an age in which to be turned loose!—for loose he must go, to solve the problem of existence for himself. The grand simple old Scottish education which he got from his parents must prove narrow and unsatisfying for so rich and manifold a character; not because it was in itself imperfect; not because it did not contain implicitly all things necessary for his "salvation"—in every sense, all laws which he might require for his after-life guidance; but because it contained so much of them as yet *only* implicitly; because it was not yet conscious of its own breadth and depth, and power of satisfying the new doubts and cravings of such minds and such times as Burns's. It may be that Burns was the devoted victim by whose fall it was to be taught that it must awaken and expand and renew its youth in shapes equally sound, but more complex and scientific. But it had not done so then. And when Burns found himself gradually growing beyond his father's teaching in one direction, and tempted beyond it in another and a lower one, what was there in those times to take up his education at the point where it had been left unfinished? He saw around him in plenty animal goodness and courage, barbaric honesty and hospitality—more, perhaps, than he would see now; for the upward progress into civilized excellences is sure to be balanced by some loss of savage ones—but all reckless, shallow, above all, drunken. It was a hard-drinking, coarse, materialist age. The higher culture, of Scotland especially, was all but exclusively French—not a good kind, while Voltaire and Volney still remained unanswered, and "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" were accepted by all young gentlemen, and a great many young ladies, who could read French, as the best account of the relation of the sexes.

Besides, the philosophy of that day, like

its criticism, was altogether mechanical, nay, as it now seems, materialist in its ultimate and logical results. Criticism was outward, and of the form merely. The world was not believed to be already, and in itself, mysterious and supernatural, and the poet was not defined as the man who could see and proclaim that supernatural element. Before it was admired, it was to be raised above nature into the region of "the picturesque," or what not; and the poet was the man who gave it this factitious and superinduced beauty, by a certain "komsologia" and "meteoroepeia," called "poetic diction," now happily becoming extinct, mainly, we believe, under the influence of Burns, although he himself thought it his duty to bedizen his verses therewith, and though it was destined to flourish for many a year more in the temple of the father of lies, like a jar of paper flowers on a Popish altar.

No wonder that in such a time, a genius like Burns should receive not only no guidance, but no finer appreciation. True, he was admired, petted, flattered; for that the man was wonderful, no one could doubt. But we question whether he was understood; whether, if that very flowery and magniloquent style which we now consider his great failing had been away, he would not have been passed over by the many as a writer of vulgar doggerel. True, the old simple ballad muse of Scotland still dropped a gem from her treasures, here and there, even in the eighteenth century itself—witness Auld Robin Gray. But who suspected that they were gems, of which Scotland, fifty years afterwards, would be prouder and more greedy than of all the second-hand French culture which seemed to her then the highest earthly attainment? The review of Burns in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review*, said to be from the pen of the late Lord Jeffrey, shows, as clearly as anything can, the utterly inconsistent and bewildered feeling with which the world must have regarded such a phenomenon. Alas! there was inconsistency and bewilderment enough in the phenomenon itself, but that only made confusion worse confounded; the confusion was already there, even in the mind of the more practical literary men, who ought, one would have thought, also to have been the most deep-sighted. But no. The reviewer turns the strange thing over and over, and inside out—and some fifteen years after it has vanished out of the world, having said out its say and done all that it had to do, he still finds it too utterly abnormal to make up his mind



about in any clear or consistent way, and gets thoroughly cross with it, and calls it hard names, because it will not fit into any established pigeonhole or drawer of the then existing anthropological museum. Burns is "a literary prodigy," and yet it is "a derogation" to him to consider him as one. And that we find, not as we should have expected, because he possessed genius which would have made success a matter of course in any rank, but because he was so well educated—"having acquired a competent knowledge of French, together with the elements of Latin and Geometry;" and before he had composed a single stanza, was "far more intimately acquainted with Pope, Shakspeare, and Thomson, than nine-tenths of the youths who leave school for the University," &c., &c.;—in short, because he was so well educated, that his becoming Robert Burns, the immortal poet, was a matter of course and necessity. And yet, a page or two on, the great reason why it was more easy for Robert Burns the cottar to become an original and vigorous poet, rather than for any one of "the herd of scholars and academical literati," who are depressed and discouraged by "perusing the most celebrated writers, and conversing with the most intelligent judges," is found to be, that "the literature and refinement of the age does not exist for a rustic and illiterate individual; and consequently the present time is to him what the rude times of old were to the vigorous writers who adorned them." In short, the great reason of Robert Burns's success was that he did not possess that education, the possession of which proves him to be no prodigy, though the review begins by calling him one, and coupling him with Stephen Duck and Thomas Dermody.

Now if the best critic of the age, writing fifteen years after Burns's death, found himself between the horns of such a dilemma—which indeed, like those of an old Arnee bull, meet at the points, and form a complete circle of contradictions—what must have been the bewilderment of lesser folk during the prodigy's very lifetime? what must, indeed, have been his own bewilderment at himself, however manfully he may have kept it down? No wonder that he was unguided, either by himself or by others. We do not blame them; him we must deeply blame; yet not as we ought to blame ourselves, did we yield in the least to those temptations under which Burns fell.

Biographies of Burns, and those good ones, according to the standard of biographies in

these days, are said to exist; we cannot say that we have as yet cared to read them. There are several other biographies, even more important, to be read first, when they are written. Shakspeare has found as yet no biographer; has not even left behind him materials for a biography, such at least as are considered worth using. Indeed, we question whether such a biography would be of any use whatever to the world; for the man who cannot, by studying his dramas in some tolerably accurate chronological order, and using as a running accompaniment and closet commentary those awe-inspiring sonnets of his, attain to some clear notion of what sort of life William Shakspeare must have led, would not see him much the clearer for many folios of anecdote. For after all, the best biography of every sincere man is sure to be his own works; here he has set down, "transferred as in a figure," all that has happened to him, inward or outward, or rather, all which has formed him, produced a permanent effect upon his mind and heart; and knowing that, you know all you need know, and are content, being glad to escape the personality and gossip of names and places, and of dates even, except in as far as they enable you to place one step of his mental growth before or after another. Of the honest man this holds true always; and almost always of the dishonest man, the man of cant, affectation, hypocrisy; for even if he pretend in his novel or his poem to be what he is not, he still shows you thereby what he thinks he ought to have been, or at least what he thinks that the world thinks he ought to have been, and confesses to you, in the most *naïve* and confidential way, like one who talks in his sleep, what learning he has or has not had; what society he has or has not seen, and that in the very act of trying to prove the contrary. Nay, the smaller the man or woman, and the less worth deciphering his biography, the more surely will he show you, if you have eyes to see and time to look, what sort of people offended him twenty years ago; what meanness he would have liked "to indulge in," if he had dared, when young, and for what other meanness he relinquished it, as he grew up; of what periodical he stood in awe when he took pen in hand, and so forth. Whether his books treat of love or political economy, theology or geology, it is there, the history of the man legibly printed, for those who care to read it. In these poems and letters of Burns, we apprehend, is to be found a truer history than any anecdote can supply, of the things which happened to himself,

and moreover of the most notable things which went on in Scotland between 1759 and 1796.

This latter assertion may seem startling, when we consider that we find in these poems no mention whatsoever of the discoveries of steamboats and spinning-jennies, the rise of the great manufacturing cities, the revolution in Scottish agriculture, or even in Scottish metaphysics. But after all, the history of a nation is the history of the men, and not of the things thereof; and the history of those men is the history of their hearts, and not of their purses, or even of their heads; and the history of one man who has felt in himself the heart experiences of his generation, and anticipated many belonging to the next generation, is so far the collective history of that generation, and of much—no man can say how much—of the next generation; and such a man, bearing within his single soul a generation and a half of working-men, we take Robert Burns to have been; and his poems, as such, a contemporaneous history of Scotland, the equal to which we are not likely to see written for this generation, or several to come.

Such a man, sent out into such an age, would naturally have a hard and a confused battle to fight, would probably, unless he fell under the guidance of some master mind, end *se ipso minor*, stunted and sadly deformed, as Burns did. His works are after all only the *disjecta membra poetæ*; hints of a great might-have-been. Hints of the keenest and most dramatic appreciation of human action and thought. Hints of an unbounded fancy, playing gracefully in the excess of its strength, with the vastest images, as in that robe of the Scottish muse, in which

“ Deep lights and shades, bold mingling, threw  
A lustre grand,  
And seem’d to my astonished view  
A well-known land.”

The image, and the next few stanzas which dilate it, might be a translation from Dante’s *Paradiso*, so broad, terse, vivid, the painter’s touch.—Hints, too, of a humor, which, like that of Shakspeare, rises at times by sheer depth of insight into the sublime; as when

“ Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch  
Just like a winking caudrons.”—

Hints of a power of verbal wit, which, had it been sharpened in such a perpetual word-battle as that amid which Shakspeare lived from the age of twenty, might have rivalled

Shakspeare’s own; which even now asserts its force by a hundred little never-to-be-forgotten phrases scattered through his poems, which stick, like barbed arrows, in the memory of every reader.—And as for his tenderness—the quality without which all other poetic excellence is barren—it gushes forth toward every creature, animate and inanimate, with one exception, namely, the hypocrite, ever alike “*spiacente a Dio e ai nemici sui*,” and therefore intolerable to Robert Burns’s honesty, whether he be fighting for or against the cause of right. Again we say, there are evidences of a versatile and manifold faculty in this man, which, with a stronger will and a larger education, might have placed him as an equal by the side of those great names which we mentioned together with his at the commencement of this article.

But one thing Burns wanted; and of that one thing his age helped to deprive him,—the education which comes by reverence. Looking round in such a time, with his keen power of insight, his keen sense of humor, what was there to worship? Lord Jeffrey, or whosoever was the author of the review in the *Edinburgh*, says disparagingly, that Burns had as much education as Shakspeare. So he very probably had, if education mean book-learning. Nay, more, of the practical education of the fireside, the sober, industrious, God-fearing education, and “drawing out” of the manhood, by act and example, Burns may have had more under his good father than Shakspeare under his; though the family life of the small English burgher in Elizabeth’s time would have generally presented, as we suspect, the very same aspect of staid manfulness and godliness which a Scotch farmer’s did fifty years ago. But let that be as it may, Burns was not born into an Elizabethan age. He did not see around him Raleighs and Sidneyes, Cecilis and Hookers, Drakes and Frobishers, Spensers and Jonsons, Southamptons and Wiltoughbys, with an Elizabeth, guiding and moulding the great whole, a crowned Titan-eas, terrible, and strong, and wise—a woman who, whether right or wrong, bowed the proudest, if not to love, yet still to obey.

That was the secret of Shakspeare’s power. Heroic himself, he was born into an age of heroes. You see it in his works. Not a play but gives patent evidence that to him all forms of human magnanimity were common and way-side flowers—among the humors of men which he and Ben Jonson used to wander forth together to observe. And thus

he could give living action and speech to the ancient noblenesses of Rome and the middle age; for he had walked and conversed with them, unchanged in everything but in the dress. Had he known Greek literature he could have recalled to enduring life such men as Cimon and Miltiades, Leonidas and Themistocles, such deeds as Marathon and Salamis. For had we not had our own Miltiades, our own Salamis, written within a few years of his birth; and were not the heroes of it still walking among men? It was surely this continual presence of "men of worship," this atmosphere of admiration and respect and trust, in which Shakspeare must have lived, which tamed down the wild self-will of the deer-stealing fugitive from Stratford, into the calm large-eyed philosopher, tolerant and loving, and full of faith in a species made in the likeness of God. Not so with Burns. One feels painfully in his poems the want of great characters; and still more painfully that he has not drawn them, simply because they were not there to draw. That he has a true eye for what is noble, when he sees it, let his "Lament for Glencairn" testify, and the stanzas in his "Vision," in which, with a high-bred grace which many a courtly poet of his day might have envied, he alludes to one and another Scottish worthy of his time. There is no vein of saucy and envious "banausia" in the man; even in his most graceless sneer, his fault—if fault it be—is, that he cannot and will not pretend to respect that which he knows to be unworthy of respect. He sees around him and above him, as well as below him, an average of men and things dishonest, sensual, ungodly, shallow, ridiculous by reason of their own lusts and passions, and he will not apply to the shams of dignity and worth, the words which were meant for their realities. After all, he does but say what every one round him was feeling and thinking: but he said it; and hypocritical respectability shrank shrieking from the mirror of her own inner heart. But it was all the worse for him. In the sins of others he saw an excuse for his own. Losing respect for and faith in his brother men, he lost, as a matter of course, respect for himself, faith in himself. The hypocrisy which persecutes in the name of law, whether political or moral, while in private it transgresses the very law which is forever on its tongue, is turned by his passionate and sorely-tempted character into a too easy excuse for disbelieving in the obligation of any law whatsoever. He ceases

to worship, and therefore to be himself worshipful,—and we know the rest.

"He might have still worshipped God?" He might, and surely amid all his sins, doubts, and confusions, the remembrance of the old faith learned at his parent's knee does haunt him still as a beautiful regret—and sometimes in his bitterest hours, shine out before his poor broken heart as an everlasting Pharos, lighting him homewards after all. Whether he reached that home or not, none on earth can tell. But his writings show, if anything can, that the vestal-fire of conscience still burned within, though choked again and again with bitter ashes and foul smoke. Consider the time in which he lived, when it was "as with the people, so with the priest," and the grand old life-tree of the Scottish Church, now green and vigorous with fresh leaves and flowers, was all crusted with foul scurf and moss, and seemed to have ceased growing, and to be crumbling down into decay; consider the terrible contradiction between faith and practice which must have met the eyes of the man, before he could write with the same pen—and one as honestly as the other—"The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Holy Willie's Prayer." But those times are past, and the men who acted in them gone to another tribunal. Let the dead bury their dead; and, in the meantime, instead of cursing the misguided genius, let us consider whether we have not also something for which to thank him; whether, as competent judges of him aver from their own experience, those very seeming blasphemies of his have not produced more good than evil; whether, though "a savor of death unto death," to conceited and rebellious spirits, they may not have helped to open the eyes of the wise to the extent to which the general eighteenth-century rottenness had infected Scotland, and to make intolerable a state of things which ought to have been intolerable even if Burns had never written.

We are not attacking the reviewer, far less the *Edinburgh Review*, which some years after this not only made the *amende honorable* to Burns, but showed a frank impartiality only too rare in the reviews of these days, by publishing in its pages the noble article on Burns which has since appeared separately in Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellanies*; what we want to show from the reviewer's own words, is the element in which Burns had to work, the judges before whom he had to plead, and the change which, as we think, very much by the influence of his own poems, has

passed upon the minds of men. How few are there who would pen now about him such a sentence as this—"He is" (that is, was, having gone to his account fifteen years before) "perpetually making a parade of his own inflammability and imprudence, and talking with much self-complacency and exultation of the offence he has occasioned to the sober and correct part of mankind,"—a very small part of mankind, one would have thought, in the British isles at least, about the end of the last century. But, it was the fashion then, as usual, to substitute the praise of virtues for the practice of them, and three-bottle and ten-tumbler men had a very good right, of course, to admire sobriety and correctness, and denounce any two-bottle and six-tumbler man who was not ashamed to confess in print the weaknesses which they confessed only by word of mouth. Just, and yet not just. True, Burns does make a parade of his thoughtlessness, and worse—but, why? because he gloried in it? He must be a very skin-deep critic who cannot see, even in the most insolent of those blame-worthy utterances, an inward shame and self-reproach, which if any man had ever felt in himself, he would be in no wise inclined to laugh at it in others. Why, it is the very shame which wrings those poems out of him. They are the attempt of the strong man fettered to laugh at his own consciousness of slavery—to deny the existence of his chains—to pretend to himself that he likes them. To us, some of those wildest, "Rob the Ranter" bursts of blackguardism are most deeply mournful, hardly needing that the sympathies which they stir up should be heightened by the little scraps of prayer and bitter repentance, which lie up and down among their uglier brethren, the *disjecta membra* of a great "De Profundis," perhaps not all unheard. These latter pieces are most significant. The very doggrel of them, the total absence of any attempt at ornament in diction or polish in metre, is proof complete of their deep heart-wrung sincerity. They are like the wail of a lost child, rather than the remorse of a Titan. The heart of the man was so young to the last; the boy-vein in him, as perhaps in all great poets, beating on through manhood for good and for evil. No! there was parade there, as of the lost woman, who tries to hide her self-disgust by staring you out of countenance, but of complacency and exultation, none.

On one point, namely politics, Burns's higher sympathies seem to have been awakened. It had been better for him, in a

worldly point of view, that they had not. In an intellectual, and even in a moral point of view, far worse. A fellow-feeling with the French Revolution, in the mind of a young man of that day, was a sign of moral health, which we should have been sorry to miss in him. Unable to foresee the outcome of the great struggle, having lost faith in those everlasting truths, religious and political, which it was madly setting at naught, what could it appear to him but an awakening from the dead, a return to young and genial health, a purifying thunder-storm? Such was his dream, the dream of thousands more, and not so wrong a one after all. For that, since that fearful outburst of the nether pit, all Europe has arisen and awakened into manifold and beautiful new life, who can deny? We are not what we were, but better; or rather, with boundless means of being better if we will. We have entered a fresh era of time for good and evil; the fact is patent in every sermon we hear, in every book we read, in every invention, even the most paltry, which we see registered. Shall we think hardly of the man who saw the dawn of our own day, and welcomed it cheerfully and hopefully, even though he fancied the mist-spectres to be elements of true sunrise, and knew not—and who knows?—the purposes of Him whose paths are in the great deep, and His ways past finding out? At least, the greater part of his influence on the times which have followed him, is to be ascribed to that very "Radicalism" which, in the eyes of the respectable around him, had sealed his doom and consigned him to ignoble oblivion. It has been, with the working men who read him, a passport for the rest of his writings; it has allured them to listen to him, when he spoke of high and holy things, which but for him they might have long ago tossed away as worthless, in the recklessness of ignorance and discontent. They could trust his "Cottar's Saturday Night;" they could believe that he spoke from his heart, when in deep anguish he cries to the God whom he had forgotten, while they would have turned with a distrustful sneer from the sermon of the sleek and comfortable minister, who in their eyes, however humbly born, had deserted his class, and gone over to the camp of the enemy, and the flesh-pots of Egypt.

After the time of Burns, as was to be expected, Scottish song multiplies itself tenfold. The nation becomes awakened to the treasures of its own old literature, and attempts, what after all, alas! is but a revival; and like most revivals, not altogether a successful one.



Of the twelve hundred songs contained in Mr. Whitelaw's excellent collection, whereof more than a hundred and fifty are either wholly or partly Burns's, the small proportion written before him are decidedly far superior in value to those written after him; a discouraging fact, though not difficult to explain, if we consider the great social changes which have been proceeding, the sterner subjects of thought which have been arising, during the last half century. True song requires for its atmosphere a state rather of careless Arcadian prosperity, than of struggle and doubt, of earnest looking forward to an unknown future, and pardonable regret for a dying past; and in that state the mind of the masses, throughout North-Britain, has been weltering confusedly for the last few years. The new and more complex era into which we are passing has not yet sufficiently opened itself to be sung about; men hardly know what it is, much less what it will be; and while they are hard at work creating it, they have no breath to spare in talking of it: one thing they do see and feel, painfully enough at times, namely, that the old Scottish pastoral life is passing away, before the combined influence of manufactures and the large farm system, to be replaced, doubtless, hereafter, by something better, but in the meanwhile dragging down with it in its decay but too much that can ill be spared of that old society which inspired Ramsay and Burns. Hence the later Scottish song writers seldom really sing; their proses want the unconscious lilt and flash of their old models; they will hardly go (the true test of a song) without music—the true test, we say, of a song. Who needs music, however fitting and beautiful the accustomed air may happen to be, to "Roy's Wife of Aldivallach," or "The bride cam' out o' the byre," or either of the casts of "The Flowers of the Forest," or to "Auld Lang Syne" itself? They bubble right up out of the heart, and by virtue of their inner and unconscious melody, which all that is true to the heart has in it, shape themselves into a song, and are not shaped by any notes whatsoever. So with many, most indeed, of Burns's and a few of Allan Cunningham's; the "Wet sheet and a flowing sail," for instance. But the great majority of these later songs seem, if the truth is to be spoken, inspirations at second hand, of people writing about things which they would like to feel, and which they ought to feel, because others used to feel them in old times, but which they do not feel as their forefathers felt—a sort of poetical Tracta-

rianism, in short. Their metre betrays them, as well as their words; in both they are continually wandering, unconsciously to themselves, into the elegiac—except when on one subject, whereon the muse of Scotia still warbles at first hand, and from the depths of her heart—namely, alas! the barley bree! and yet never, even on this beloved theme, has she risen again to the height of Burns's bacchanalian songs.

But when sober, there is a sadness about the Scottish muse now-a-days—as perhaps there ought to be—and the utterances of hers which ring the truest are laments. We question whether in all Mr. Whitelaw's collection there is a single modern poem, (placing Burns as the transition point between the old and new,) which rises so high, or pierces so deep, with all its pastoral simplicity, as Smibert's "Widow's Lament."

" Afore the Lammas tide  
Had dun'd the birken tree,  
In a' our water side,  
Nae wife was blest like me :  
A kind gudeman, and twa  
Sweet bairns were round me here ;  
But they're a' ta'en awa'  
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

" Sair trouble cam' our gate,  
And made me, when it cam',  
A bird without a mate,  
A ewe without a lamb.  
Our hay was yet to maw,  
And our corn was yet to shear ;  
When they a' dwined awa'  
In the fa' o' the year.

" I daurna look a-field,  
For aye I trow to see  
The form that was a bield  
To my wee bairns and me :  
But wind, and weet, and snaw,  
They never mair can fear,  
Sin' they a' got they ca',  
In the fa' o' the year.

" Aft on the hill at e'ens  
I see him 'mang the ferns,  
The lover o' my teens,  
The father o' my bairns :  
For there his plaid I saw,  
As gloamin' aye drew near ;  
But my a's now awa',  
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

" Our bonnie rigs theirsel'  
Reca' my ways to mind,  
Our puir dumb beasties tell  
O' a' that I ha'e tyned ;  
For whae our wheat will saw,  
And whae our sheep will shear,  
Sin' my a' gaed awa',  
In the fa' o' the year ?

"My heart is growing cauld,  
And will be cauld still,  
And sair, sair in the fauld,  
Will be the winter's chill;  
For peats were yet to ca',  
Our sheep they were to smear,  
When my a' dwined awa'  
In the fa' o' the year.

"I ttle whiles to spin,  
But wee wee patterin' feet  
Come rinnin' out and in,  
And then I first maun greet:  
I ken its fancy a',  
And faster rows the tear,  
That my a' dwined awa'  
In the fa' o' the year.

"Be kind, O heav'n abune!  
'To ane sae wae and lane,  
An' tak' her hamewards sune,  
In pity o' her mane:  
Lang ere the March winds blaw  
May she, far, far frae here,  
Meet them a' that's awa',  
Sin' the fa' o' the year."

It seems strange why the man who could write this, who shows, in the minor key of metre, which he has so skilfully chosen, such an instinct for the true music of words, could not have written much more. And yet, perhaps, we have ourselves given the reason already. There was not much more to sing about. The fashion of imitating old Jacobite songs is past, the mine now being exhausted, to the great comfort of sincerity and common sense. The peasantry, whose courtships, rich in animal health, yet not over pure or refined, Allan Ramsay sung a hundred years ago, are learning to think, and act, and emigrate, as well as to make love. The age of Theocritus and Bion has given place to—shall we say the age of the Cæsars, or the irruption of the barbarians?—and the love-singers of the North are beginning to feel, that if that passion is to retain any longer its rightful place in their popular poetry, it must be spoken of henceforth in words as lofty and refined as those in which the most educated and the most gifted speak of it. Hence, in the transition between the old animalism and the new spiritualism, a jumble of the two elements, not always felicitous; attempts at ambitious description, after Burns's worst manner; at subjective sentiment, after the worst manner of the world in general; and yet, all the while, a consciousness that there was something worth keeping in the simple objective style of the old school, without which the new thoughtfulness would be hollow, and barren, and windy; and so the two

are patched together, "new cloth into an old garment, making the rent worse." Accordingly, they are universally troubled with the disease of epithets, these new songs. Ryan's exquisite "Lass wi' the Bonny Blue Een" is utterly spoiled by two offences of this kind,—

"She'll steal out to meet her *loved* Donald again,"  
and—

"The world's *false and vanishing* scene;"

as Allan Cunningham's still more exquisite "Lass of Preston Mill" is by one subjective figure,—

"Six hills are woolly with my sheep,  
Six vales are lowing with my kye."

Burns doubtless committed the same fault again and again; but in his time it was the fashion; and the older models (for models they are and will remain for ever) had not been studied and analyzed as they have been since. Burns, indeed, actually spoiled one or two of his own songs by altering them from their first cast to suit the sentimental taste of his time. The first version, for instance, of the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," is far superior to the second and more popular one, because it dares to go without epithets. Compare the second stanza of each:—

"Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
That sings upon the bough;  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause love was true."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thou'lt break my heart, thou *warbling* bird,  
That *wantons* through the *flowery* thorn;  
Thou minds me o' *departed* joys,  
Departed *never to return*."

What is said in the latter stanza which has not been said in the former, and said more dramatically, more as the images would really present themselves to the speaker's mind? It would be enough for him that the bird was bonnie, and singing; and his very sorrow would lead him to analyze and describe as little as possible a thing which so painfully contrasted with his own feelings; whether the thorn was flowery or not, would not have mattered to him, unless he had some distinct association with the thorn-flowers, in which case he would have brought out the image full and separate, and not merely thrown it in as a make-weight to "thorn;"—and this is the great reason why epithets are, nine times out of ten, mistakes in song and ballad

poetry. He never would have thought of "departed" before he thought of "joys." A very little consideration of the actual processes of thought in such a case, will show the truth of our observation, and the instinctive wisdom of the older song-writers, in putting the epithet as often as possible after the noun, instead of before it, even at the expense of grammar. They are bad things at all times in song-poetry, these epithets; and, accordingly, we find that the best German writers, like Uhland and Heine, get rid of them as much as possible, and succeed thereby, every word striking and ringing down with full force, no cushion of an epithet intruding between the reader's brain-anvil and the poet's hammer to break the blow. In Uhland's "Three Burschen," if we recollect right, there are but two epithets, and those of the simplest descriptive kind—"Thy fair daughter" and a "black pall." Were there more, we question whether the poet would have succeeded, as he has done, in making our flesh creep as he leads us on from line to line and verse to verse. So Tennyson, the greatest of our living poets, eschews as much as possible, in his later writings, these same epithets, except in cases where they are themselves objective and pictorial—in short, the very things which he wants you to look at, as, for instance,—

"And into *silver* arrows break,  
The *sailing* moon in creek and cove."

This is fair enough; but, indeed, after laying down our rule, we must confess that it is very difficult to keep always true to it, in a language which does not, like the Latin and German, allow us to put our adjectives very much where we choose. Nevertheless, whether we can avoid it or not, every time we place before the noun an epithet, which, like "*departed* joys," relates to our consciousness concerning the object, not merely to the object itself; or an epithet which, like "*flowery* thorn," gives us, before we get to the object itself, those accidents of the object which we only discern by a second look, by analysis and reflection; (for the thorn, if in the flower, would *look* to us, at the first glance, not "*flowery*," but "*white*," "*snowy*," or what you will which expresses color, and not scientific fact)—every time, we repeat, this is done, the poet descends from the objective and dramatic domain of song, into the subjective and reflective one of elegy.

But the field in which Burns's influence

has been, as was to be expected, most important and most widely felt, is in the poems of working men. He first proved that it was possible to become a poet and a cultivated man, without deserting his class, either in station or in sympathies; nay, that the healthiest and noblest elements of a lowly born poet's mind might be, perhaps certainly must be, the very feelings and thoughts which he brought up from below, not those which he received from above, in the course of his artificial culture. From the example of Burns, therefore, many a working man, who would otherwise have "died and given no sign," has taken courage, and spoken out the thought within him, in verse or prose, not always wisely and well, but in all cases, as it appears to us, in the belief that he had a sort of divine right to speak and be heard, since Burns had broken down the artificial ice-wall of centuries, and asserted, by act as well as song, that "a man's a man for a' that." Almost every volume of working men's poetry which we have read, seems to re-echo poor Nicoll's spirited though somewhat overstrained address to the Scottish genius:—

"This is the natal day of him,  
Who, born in want and poverty,  
Burst from his fetters, and arose,  
The freest of the free.

"Arose to tell the watching earth  
What lowly men could feel and do,  
To show that mighty, heaven-like souls  
In cottage hamlets grew.

"Burns! thou hast given us a name  
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;  
The plant that creeps amid the soil  
A glorious flower has borne.

"Before the proudest of the earth  
We stand with an uplifted brow;  
Like us, thou wast a toil-worn man,  
And we are noble now!"

The critic, looking calmly on, may indeed question whether this new fashion of verse-writing among working men has been always conducive to their own happiness. As for absolute success as poets, that was not to be expected of one in a hundred, so that we must not be disappointed if among the volumes of working men's poetry, of which we give a list at the head of our article, only two should be found, on perusal, to contain any writing of a very high order, although these volumes form a very small portion of the verses which have been written, during the last forty years,

by men engaged in the rudest and most monotonous toil. To every man so writing, the art, doubtless, is an ennobling one. The habit of expressing thought in verse not only indicates culture, but is a culture in itself of a very high order. It teaches the writer to think tersely and definitely; it evokes in him the humanizing sense of grace and melody, not merely by enticing him to study good models, but by the very act of composition. It gives him a vent for sorrows, doubts, and aspirations, which might otherwise fret and canker within, breeding, as they too often do in the utterly dumb English peasant, self-devouring meditation, dogged melancholy, and fierce fanaticism. And if the effect of verse writing had stopped there, all had been well; but bad models have had their effect, as well as good ones, on the half-tutored taste of the working men, and engendered in them but too often a fondness for frothy magniloquence and ferocious raving, neither morally nor æsthetically profitable to themselves or their readers. There are excuses for the fault: the young of all ranks naturally enough mistake noise for awfulness, and violence for strength; and there is generally but too much, in the biographies of these working poets, to explain, if not to excuse, a vein of bitterness, which they certainly did not learn from their master, Burns. The two poets who have done them most harm, in teaching the evil trick of cursing and swearing, are Shelley and the Corn-Law Rhymer; and one can well imagine how seducing two such models must be, to men struggling to utter their own complaints. Of Shelley this is not the place to speak. But of the Corn-Law Rhymer we may say here, that howsoever he may have been indebted to Burns's example for the notion of writing at all, he has profited very little by Burns's own poems. Instead of the genial loving tone of the great Scotchman, we find in Elliott a tone of deliberate savageness, all the more ugly, because evidently intentional. He tries to curse; "he delights"—may we be forgiven if we misjudge the man—"in cursing;" he makes a science of it; he defiles, of malice prepense, the loveliest and sweetest thoughts and scenes (and he can be most sweet) by giving some sudden, sickening revulsion to his reader's feelings; and he does it generally with a power which makes it at once as painful to the calmer reader as alluring to those who are struggling with the same temptations as the poet. Now and then, his tricks drag him down into sheer fustian and bombast; but not always. There is a terrible Dantean vividness of imagination about him, perhaps unequalled in England, in his genera-

tion. His poems are like his countenance, coarse and ungoverned, yet with an intensity of eye, a rugged massiveness of feature, which would be grand but for the absence of love and of humor—love's twin and inseparable brother. Therefore it is, that although single passages may be found in his writings, of which Milton himself need not have been ashamed, his efforts of dramatic poetry are utter failures, dark, monstrous, unrelieved by any really human vein of feeling or character. As in feature, so in mind, he has not even the delicate and graceful organization which made up in Milton for the want of tenderness, and so enabled him to write, if not a drama, yet still the sweetness of masques and idyls.

Rather belonging to the same school than to that of Burns, though never degrading itself by Elliott's ferocity, is that extraordinary poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," by Thomas Cooper. As he is still in the prime of life and capable of doing more and better than he yet has done, we will not comment on it as freely as we have on Elliott, except to regret a similar want of softness and sweetness, and also of a clearness and logical connection of thought, in which Elliott seldom fails, except when cursing. The imagination is hardly as vivid as Elliott's, though the fancy and invention, the polish of the style, and the indications of profound thought on all subjects within the poet's reach, are superior in every way to those of the Corn-Law Rhymer; and when we consider that the man who wrote it had to gather his huge store of classic and historic anecdote while earning his living, first as a shoemaker, and then as a Wesleyan country preacher, we can only praise and excuse, and hope that the day may come when talents of so high an order will find some healthier channel for their energies than that in which they are now flowing.

Our readers may wonder at not seeing the Ettrick Shepherd's poems among the list at the head of the article. It seems to us, however, that we have done right in omitting them. Doubtless, he too was awakened into song by the example of Burns; but he seems to us to owe little to his great predecessor, beyond the general consciousness that there was a virgin field of poetry in Scotch scenery, manners, and legends—a debt which Walter Scott himself probably owed to the Ayrshire peasant just as much as Hogg did. Indeed, we perhaps are right in saying, that had Burns not lived, neither Wilson, Galt, Allan Cunningham, nor the crowd of lesser writers who have found material for their fancy in Scotch peculiarities, would have written as they have.



The first three names, Wilson's above all, must have been in any case distinguished; yet it is surely no derogation to some of the most exquisite rural sketches in "Christopher North's Recreations," to claim them as the intellectual foster-children of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." In this respect, certainly, the Ettrick Shepherd has a place in Burns's school, and, in our own opinion, one which has been very much overrated. But the deeper elements of Burns's mind, those which have especially endeared him to the working man, reappear very little, or not at all, in Hogg. He left his class too much below him; became too much of the mere æsthetic prodigy, and member of a literary clique; frittered away his great talents in brilliant talk and insincere Jacobite songs, and, in fine, worked no deliverance on the earth. It is sad to have to say this, but we had it forced upon us painfully enough a few days ago, when re-reading "Kilmeny." There may be beautiful passages in it; but it is not coherent, not natural, not honest. It is throughout an affectation of the Manichæan sentimental-sublime, which God never yet put into the heart of any brawny, long-headed, practical Borderer, and which he therefore probably put into his own head, or as we call it, affected, for the time being; a method of poetry writing which comes forth out of nothing, and into nothing must return.

This is unfortunate, perhaps, for the world; for we question whether a man of talents in anywise to be compared with those of the Ettrick Shepherd has followed in the footsteps of Burns. Poor Tannahill, whose sad story is but too well known, perished early, at the age of thirty-six, leaving behind him a good many pretty love-songs of no intrinsic value, if the specimens of them given in Mr. White-law's collection are to be accepted as the best. Like all Burns's successors, including even Walter Scott and Hogg, we have but to compare him with his original to see how altogether unrivalled on his own ground the Ayrshire farmer was. In one feature only Tannahill's poems, and those later than him, except where pedantically archaist, like many of Motherwell's, are an improvement on Burns; namely, in the more easy and complete interfusion of the two dialects, the Norse Scotch and the Romanesque English, which Allan Ramsay attempted in vain to unite; while Burns, though not succeeding by any means perfectly, welded them together into something of continuity and harmony—thus doing for the language of his own country very much what Chaucer did for that of England.—A happy union, in the

opinion of those who, as we do, look on the vernacular Norse Scotch as no barbaric dialect, but as an independent tongue, possessing a copiousness, melody, terseness, and picturesqueness which makes it, both in prose and verse, a far better vehicle than the popular English for many forms of thought.

Perhaps the young peasant who most expressly stands out as the pupil and successor of Burns, is Robert Nicoll. He is a lesser poet, doubtless, than his master, and a lesser man, if the size and number of his capabilities be looked at; but he is a greater man, in that, from the beginning to the end of his career, he seems to have kept that very wholeness of heart and head which poor Burns lost. Nicoll's story is, *mutatis mutandis*, that of the Bethunes, and many a noble young Scotsman more. Parents holding a farm between Perth and Dunkeld, they and theirs before them for generations inhabitants of the neighborhood, "decent, honest, God-fearing people." The farm is lost by reverses, and manfully Robert Nicoll's father becomes a day laborer on the fields which he lately rented: and there begins, for the boy, from his earliest recollections, a life of steady, sturdy drudgery. But they must have been grand old folks these parents, and in nowise addicted to wringing their hands over "the great might-have-been." Like true Scots Bible-lovers, they do believe in a God, and in a will of God, underlying, absolute, loving, and believe that the might-have-been ought not to have been, simply because it has not been; and so they put their shoulders to the new collar patiently, cheerfully, hopefully, and teach the boys to do the same. The mother especially, as so many great men's mothers do, stands out large and heroic, from the time when, the farm being gone, she, "the ardent book-woman," finds her time too precious to be spent in reading, and sets little Robert to read to her as she works—what a picture!—to the last sad day, when, wanting money to come up to Leeds to see her dying darling, she "shore for the siller," rather than borrow it. And her son's life is like her own—the most pure, joyous, valiant little epic. Robert does not even take to work as something beyond himself, uninteresting and painful, which, however, must be done courageously: he lives in it, enjoys it as his proper element, one which is no more a burden and an exertion to him than the rush of the strid is to the trout who plays and feeds in it day and night, unconscious of the amount of muscular strength which he puts forth in merely keeping his place in the stream. Whether

carrying Kenilworth in his plaid to the woods to read while herding, or selling currants and whiskey as the Perth-storekeeper's apprentice, or keeping his little circulating library in Dundee, tormenting his pure heart with the thought of the twenty pounds which his mother has borrowed wherewith to start him, or editing the *Leeds Times*, or lying on his early deathbed, just as life seems to be opening clear and broad before him, he

"Bates not a jot of heart or hope,"

but steers right onward, singing over his work, without bluster or self-gratulation, but for very joy at having work to do. There is a keen practical insight about him, rarely combined, in these days, with the single-minded determination to do good in his generation. His eye is single, and his whole body full of light.

"It would indeed," writes the grocer's boy, encouraging his despondent and somewhat Wertenan friend, "be hangman's work to write articles one day to be forgotten to-morrow, if that were all; but you forget the comfort—the repayment. If one prejudice is overthrown, one error rendered untenable; if but one step in advance be the consequence of your articles and mine—the consequences of the labor of all true men—are we not deeply repaid?"

Or again, in a right noble letter to his noble mother:—

"That money of R.'s hangs like a mill-stone about my neck. If I had paid it, I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother: I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and Mammon-worship on earth than is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man."

And yet, there is a quiet self-respect about him withal:—

"In my short course through life," says he in confidence to a friend at one-and-twenty, "I never feared an enemy, or failed a friend; and I live in the hope I never shall. For the rest, I have written my heart in my poems; and rude and

unfinished and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

"From seven years of age to this very hour, I have been dependent only on my own head and hands for everything—for very bread. Long years ago—ay, even in childhood—adversity made me think, and feel, and suffer; and would pride allow me, I could tell the world many a deep tragedy enacted in the heart of a poor forgotten, uncared-for boy. . . . But I thank God, that though I felt and suffered, the scathing blast neither blunted my perceptions of natural and moral beauty, nor, by withering the affections of my heart, made me a selfish man. Often when I look back I wonder how I bore the burden—how I did not end the evil day at once and forever."

Such is the man, in his normal state; and as was to be expected, God's blessing rests on him. Whatever he sets his hand to succeeds. Within a few weeks of his taking the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, its circulation begins to rise rapidly, as was to be expected with an honest man to guide it. For Nicoll's political creed, though perhaps neither very deep nor wide, lies clear and single before him, as everything else which he does. He believes naturally enough in ultra-Radicalism according to the fashions of the Reform Bill era. That is the right thing; and for that he will work day and night, body and soul, and if needs be, die. There, in the editor's den at Leeds, he "begins to see the truth of what you told me about the world's unworthiness; but stop a little. I am not sad as yet. . . . If I am hindered from feeling the soul of poetry among woods and fields, I yet trust I am struggling for something worth prizing—something of which I am not ashamed, and need not be. If there be aught on earth worth aspiring to, it is the lot of him who is enabled to do something for his miserable and suffering fellow-men; and this you and I will try to do at least."

His friend is put to work a ministerial paper, with orders "not to be rash, but to elevate the population *gradually*;" and finding those orders to imply a considerable leaning towards the By-ends, Lukewarm, and Facing-both-ways school, kicks over the traces, wisely, in Nicoll's eyes, and breaks loose.

"Keep up your spirits," says honest Nicoll. "You are higher at this moment in my estimation, in your own, and that of every honest man, than you ever were before. Tait's advice was just such as I should have expected of him; honest as honesty itself. You must never again accept

a paper but where you can tell the whole truth without fear or favor. . . . Tell E. (the broken-loose editor's lady-love) from me to estimate as she ought the nobility and determination of the man who has dared to act as you have done. Prudent men will say that you are hasty: but you have done right, whatever may be the consequences."

This is the spirit of Robert Nicoll; the spirit which is the fruit of early purity and self-restraint, of living "on bread and cheese and water," that he may buy books; of walking out to the Inch of Perth at four o'clock on summer mornings, to write and read in peace before he returns to the currants and the whiskey. The nervous simplicity of the man comes out in the very nervous simplicity of the prose he writes; and though there be nothing very new or elevated in it, or indeed in his poems themselves, we call on our readers to admire a phenomenon so rare, in the "upper classes" at least, in these days, and taking a lesson from the peasant's son, rejoice with us that "a man is born into the world."

For Nicoll, as few do, practises what he preaches. It seems to him, once on a time, right and necessary that Sir William Molesworth should be returned for Leeds; and Nicoll having so determined, "throws himself, body and soul, into the contest, with such ardor, that his wife afterwards said, and we can well believe it, that if Sir William had failed, Robert would have died on the instant!"—why not? Having once made up his mind that that was the just and right thing, the thing which was absolutely good for Leeds, and the human beings who lived in it, was it not a thing to die for, even if it had been but the election of a new beadle? The advanced sentry is set to guard some obscure worthless dike-end—obscure and worthless in itself, but to him a centre of infinite duty. True, the fate of the camp does not depend on its being taken; if the enemy round it, there are plenty behind to blow them out again. But that is no reason whatsoever why he, before any odds, should throw his musket over his shoulder, and retreat gracefully to the lines. He was set there to stand by that, whether dike-end or representation of Leeds; that is the right thing for him; and for that right he will fight, and if he be killed, die. So have all brave men felt, and so have all brave deeds been done, since man walked the earth. It is because that spirit, the spirit of faith, has died out among us, that so few brave deeds are done now, except on battle-fields, and

in hovels whereof none but God and the angels know.

So the man prospers. Several years of honorable and self-restraining love bring him a wife, beautiful, loving, worshipping his talents; a help meet for him, such as God will send at times to those whom he loves. Kind men meet and love and help him—"The Johnstones, Mr. Tait, William and Mary Howitt." Sir William Molesworth, hearing of his last illness, sends him unsolicited fifty pounds, which, as we understand it, Nicoll accepts without foolish bluster about independence. Why not?—man should help man, and be helped by him. Would he not have done as much for Sir William? Nothing to us proves Nicoll's heart-wholeness more than the way in which he talks of his benefactors, in a tone of simple gratitude and affection, without fawning, and without vamping. The man has too much self-respect to consider himself lowered by accepting a favor.

But he must go after all. The editor's den at Leeds is not the place for lungs bred on Perthshire breezes; and work rises before him, huger and heavier as he goes on, till he drops under the ever-increasing load. He will not believe it at first. In sweet, childlike, playful letters, he tells his mother that it is nothing. It has done him good—"opened the grave before his eyes, and taught him to think of death." "He trusts that he has not borne this, and suffered, and thought in vain." This, too, he hopes, is to be a fresh lesson-page of experience for his work. Alas! a few months more of bitter suffering and of generous kindness, and love from all around him,—and it is over with him, at the age of twenty-three. Shall we regret him?—shall we not rather believe that God knew best, and considering the unhealthy moral atmosphere of the press, and the strange confused ways into which old ultra-Radicalism, finding itself too narrow for the new problems of the day, has stumbled and floundered in the last fifteen years, believe that he might have been a worse man had he been a longer-lived one, and thank Heaven that "the righteous is taken away from the evil to come?"

As it is, he ends as he began. The first poem in his book is "The Ha' Bible;" and the last, written a few days before his death, is still the death-song of a man—without fear, without repining, without boasting, blessing and loving the earth which he leaves, yet with a clear joyful eye upwards and outwards and homewards. And so ends his

little epic, as we called it. May Scotland see many such another!

The actual poetic value of his verses is not first-rate by any means. He is far inferior to Burns in range of subject, as he is in humor and pathos. Indeed, there is very little of these latter qualities in him anywhere—rather playfulness, flashes of childlike fun, as in “The Provost,” and “Bonnie Bessie Lee.” But he has attained a mastery over English, a simplicity and quiet which Burns never did; and also, we need not say, a moral purity. His “Poems, illustrative of the Scotch peasantry,” are charming throughout—alive and bright with touches of real humanity, and sympathy with characters apparently antipodal to his own.

His more earnest poems are somewhat tainted with the cardinal fault of his school, of which he steered so clear in prose—fine words; yet he never, like the Corn-Law Rhymers, falls a cursing. He is evidently not a good hater even of “priests and kings, and aristocrats, and superstition;” or perhaps he worked all that froth safely over and off in debating club-speeches and leading articles, and left us, in these poems, the genuine methglin of his inner heart, sweet, clear, and strong; for there is no form of loveable or right thing which this man has come across, which he does not seem to have appreciated. Besides pure love and the beauties of nature, those on which every man of poetic power—and a great many of none, as a matter of course—have a word to say, he can feel for and with the drunken beggar, and the warriors of the ruined manor-house, and the monks of the abbey, and the old-mailed Normans with their “priest with cross and counted beads in the little Saxon chapel”—things which a radical editor might have been excused for passing by with a sneer.

His verses to his wife are a delicious little glimpse of Eden; and his “People’s Anthem” rises into somewhat of true grandeur by virtue of simplicity:—

“ Lord, from Thy blessed throne,  
Sorrow look down upon!  
God save the Poor!  
Teach them true liberty—  
Make them from tyrants free—  
Let their homes happy be!  
God save the Poor!

“ The arms of wicked men  
Do Thou with might restrain—  
God save the Poor!  
Raise Thou their lowliness—  
Sucoor Thou their distress—

Thou whom the meanest bless!  
God save the Poor!

“ Give them staunch honesty—  
Let their pride manly be—  
God save the Poor!  
Help them to hold the right;  
Give them both truth and might,  
Lord of all LIFE and LIGHT!  
God save the Poor!”

And so we leave Robert Nicoll, with the parting remark, that if the “poems illustrative of the feelings of the intelligent and religious among the working-classes of Scotland” be fair samples of that which they profess to be, Scotland may thank God, that in spite of glen-clearings and temporary manufacturing rot-heaps, she is still whole at heart, and that the influence of her great peasant poet, though it may seem at first likely to be adverse to Christianity, has helped, as we have already hinted, to purify and not to taint; to destroy the fungus, but not to touch the heart of the grand old Covenant kirk life-tree.

Still sweeter, and, alas! still sadder, is the story of the two Bethunes. If Nicoll’s life, as we have said, be a solitary melody, and short, though triumphant strain of work-music, theirs is a harmony and true concert of fellow-joys, fellow-sorrows, fellow-drudgery, fellow-authorship, mutual throughout, lovely in their joint-life, and in their deaths not far divided. Alexander survives his brother John only long enough to write his Memoirs, and then follows; and we have his story given us by Mr. M’Combie, in a simple unassuming little volume—not to be read without many thoughts, perhaps not rightly without tears. Mr. M’Combie has been wise enough not to attempt panegyric. He is all but prolix in details, filling up some half of his volume with letters of preternatural length, from Alexander to his publishers and critics, and from the said publishers and critics to Alexander, altogether of an unromantic and business-like cast, but entirely successful in doing that which a book should do—namely, in showing the world that here was a man of like passions with ourselves, who bore from boyhood to the grave hunger, cold, wet, rags, brutalizing and health-destroying toil, and all the storms of the world, the flesh and the devil, and conquered them every one.

Alexander is set at fourteen to throw earth out of a ditch so deep, that it requires the full strength of a grown man, and loses flesh and health under the exertion; he is twice



blown up in quarrying with his own blast, and left for dead; recovers slowly, maimed and scarred, with the loss of an eye. John, when not thirteen, is set to stone-breaking on the roads during intense cold, and has to keep himself from being frost-bitten and heart-broken by monkey-gambols; takes to the weaving trade, and having helped his family by the most desperate economy to save £10 wherewith to buy looms, begins to work them, with his brother as an apprentice, and finds the whole outlay rendered useless the very same year by the failures of 1825-26. So the two return to day-labor at fourteenpence a day. John in a struggle to do task-work honestly over-exerts himself, and ruins his digestion for life. Next year he is set in November to clean out a water-course knee-deep in water, and then to take marl from a pit, and then to drain standing water off a swamp during an intense December frost, and finds himself laid down with a three months' cough, and all but sleepless illness, laying the foundation of the consumption which destroyed him. But they will not give in. Poetry they will write, and they write it to the best of their powers on scraps of paper, after the drudgery of the day, in a cabin previous to every shower, teaching themselves the right spelling of the words from some "Christian Remembrancer" or other—apparently not our meek and unbiased contemporary of that name; and all this without neglecting their work a day or even an hour, when the weather permitted—the "only thing which tempted them to fret," being—hear it, readers, and perpend!—"being kept at home by rain and snow." Then an additional malady (apparently some calculous one) comes on John, stops by him for the six remaining years of his life. Yet between 1826 and 1832, John has saved £14 out of his miserable earnings, to be expended to the last farthing on his brother's recovery from the second quarry accident. Surely the devil is trying hard to spoil these men! But no. They are made perfect by sufferings. In the house with one long narrow room, and a small vacant space at the end of it, lighted by a single pane of glass, they write and write untiring, during the long summer evenings, poetry, "Tales of the Scottish Peasant Life," which at last bring them in somewhat; and a work on practical economy, which is bepraised and corrected by kind critics in Edinburgh, and at last published—without a sale. Perhaps one cause of its failure might be found in those very corrections. There were too many violent political allu-

sions in it, complains their good Mentor of Edinburgh, and persuades them, seemingly the most meek and teachable of heroes, to omit them; though Alexander, while submitting, pleads fairly enough for retaining them, in a passage which we will give, as a specimen of the sort of English possible to be acquired by a Scotch day-laborer, self-educated, all but the rudiments of reading and writing, and a few lectures on popular poetry from "a young student of Aberdeen," now the Rev. Mr. Adamson, who must look back on the friendship which he bore these two young men, as one of the noblest pages in his life:—

"Talk to the many of religion, and they will put on a long face, confess that it is a thing of the greatest importance to all—and go away and forget the whole. Talk to them of education: they will readily acknowledge that it is 'a braw thing to be weel learned,' and begin a lamentation, which is only shorter than the lamentations of Jeremiah, because they cannot make it as long, on the ignorance of the age in which they live; but they neither stir hand nor foot in the matter. But speak to them of politics, and their excited countenances and kindling eye show in a moment how deeply they are interested. Politics are therefore an important feature, and an almost indispensable element in such a work as mine. Had it consisted solely of exhortations to industry and rules of economy, it would have been dismissed with a 'Ou ay, its braw for him to crack that way: but if he were whaur we are, deed he wad just hae to do as we do.' But by mixing up the science with politics, and giving it an occasional political impetus, a different result may be reasonably expected. In these days no man can be considered a patriot or friend of the poor, who is not also a politician."

It is amusing, by the bye, to see how the world changes its codes of respectability, and how, what is anathema one year, becomes trite in twenty more. The political sins in the work were, that "my brother had attacked the corn-laws with some severity; and I have attempted to level a battery against that sort of servile homage which the poor pay to the rich!"

There is no use pursuing the story much further. They again save a little money, and need it; for the estate on which they have lived from childhood changing hands, they are, with their aged father, expelled from the dear old dog-kennel, to find house-room where they can. Why not?—"it was not in the bond." The house did not belong to them; nothing of it, at least, which could be specified in any known lease. True, there may have been associations, but what asso-

ciations can men be expected to cultivate on fourteenpence a day? So they must forth, with their two aged parents, and build with their own hands a new house elsewhere, having saved some £30 from the sale of their writings. The house, as we understand, stands to this day—hereafter to become a sort of artisan's caaba and pilgrim's station, only second to Burns's grave. That, at least, it will become, whenever the meaning of the words "worth" and "worship" shall become rightly understood among us.

For what are these men, if they are not heroes and saints? not of the Popish sort, abject and effeminate, but of the true, human, evangelic sort, masculine and grand—like the figures in Raffaele's Cartoons, compared with those of Fra Bartolomeo. Not from superstition, not from selfish prudence, but from devotion to their aged parents, and the righteous dread of dependence, they die voluntary celibates, although their writings show that they, too, could have loved as nobly as they did all other things. The extreme of endurance, self-restraint, of "conquest of the flesh," outward as well as inward, is the lifelong lot of these men; and they go through it. They have their share of injustice, tyranny, disappointment; one by one each bright boy's dream of success and renown is scourged out of their minds, and sternly and lovingly their Father in heaven teaches them the lesson of all lessons. By what hours of misery and blank despair that faith was purchased, we can only guess; the simple strong men give us the result, but never dream of sitting down and analyzing the process for the world's amusement, or their own glorification. We question, indeed, whether they could have told us; whether the mere fact of a man's being able to dissect himself, in public or in private, is not proof-patent that he is no man, but only a shell of a man, with works inside, which can of course be exhibited and taken to pieces—a rather more difficult matter with flesh and blood. If we believe that God is educating, the when, the where, and the how are not only unimportant, but, considering who is the teacher, unfathomable to us, and it is enough to be able to believe with John Bethune, that the Lord of all things is influencing us through all things; whether sacraments, or sabbaths, or sun-gleams, or showers—all things are ours, for all are His, and we are His, and He is ours;—and for the rest, to say with the same John Bethune:—

" Oh, God of glory ! thou hast treasured up  
For me my little portion of distress ;  
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But with each draught—in every bitter cup  
Thy hand hath mixed, to make its soreness  
less,  
Some cordial drop, for which thy name I bless,  
And offer up my mite of thankfulness.  
Thou hast chastised my frame with dire disease,  
Long, obdurate, and painful ; and thy hand  
Hath wrung cold sweat-drops from my brow ;  
for these  
I thank thee too. Though pangs at thy command  
Have compassed me about, still, with the blow,  
Patience sustained my soul amid its woe."

Of the actual literary merit of these men's writings there is less to be said. However extraordinary, considering the circumstances under which they were written, may be the polish and melody of John's verse, or the genuine spiritual health, deep death-and-devil-defying earnestness, and shrewd practical wisdom, which shines through all that either brother writes, they do not possess any of that fertile originality, which alone would have enabled them, as it did Burns, to compete with the literary savans, who, though for the most part of inferior genius, have the help of information and appliances, from which they were shut out. Judging them, as the true critic, like the true moralist, is bound to do, "according to what they had, not according to what they had not," they are men who, with average advantages, might have been famous in their day. God thought it better for them to "hide them in his tabernacle from the strife of tongues,"—and, seldom believed truism, He knows best. Alexander shall not, according to his early dreams, "earn nine hundred pounds by writing a book like Burns," even though his ideal method of spending be to buy all the boys in the parish "new shoes with iron tacks and heels," and send them home with shillings for their mothers, and feed their fathers on wheat bread and milk, with tea and bannocks for Sabbath-days, and build a house for the poor old toil-stiffened man whom he once saw draining the hill-field, "with a yard full of gooseberries, and an apple-tree!" not that, nor even, as the world judges, better than that, shall he be allowed to do. The poor, for whom he writes his "Practical Economy," shall not even, care to read it; and he shall go down to the grave a failure and a lost thing in the eyes of men;—but not in the eyes of grand God-fearing old Alison Christie, his mother, as he brings her, scrap by scrap, the proofs of their dead idol's poems, which she has prayed to be

spared just to see once in print, and when the last half-sheet is read, loses her sight for ever;—not in her eyes, nor in those of the God who saw him, in the cold winter mornings, wearing John's clothes, to warm them for the dying man before he got up.

His grief at his brother's death is inconsolable. He feels for the first time in his life, what a lot his is—for he feels for the first time that—

“Parent and friend and brother gone,  
I stand upon the earth alone.”

Four years he lingers; friends begin to arise from one quarter and another, but he, not altogether wisely or well, refuses all pecuniary help. At last Mr. Hugh Miller recommends him to be editor of a projected “Non-Intrusion” paper in Dumfries, with a salary, to him boundless, of £100 a year. Too late! The iron has entered too deeply into his soul; in a few weeks more he is lying in his brother's grave—“Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths not divided.”

“William Thom of Inverury” is a poet altogether of the same school. His “Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver” are superior to either those of Nicoll or the Bethunes, the little love-songs in the volume reminding us of Burns's best manner, and the two languages in which he writes being better amalgamated, as it seems to us, than in any Scotch song writer. Moreover, there is a terseness, strength, and grace about some of these little songs, which would put to shame many a volume of vague and windy verse, which the press sees yearly sent forth by men, who, instead of working at the loom, have been pampered from their childhood with all the means and appliances of good taste and classic cultivation. We have room only for one specimen of his verse, not the most highly finished, but of a beauty which can speak for itself:—

“DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

“The morning breaks bonny o'er mountain and stream,  
An' troubles the hallowed breath of my dream.  
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,  
But ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me.  
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,  
And fairer creations arise to the night;  
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,  
Then bright are the visions awakened to me!

“Oh, come, spirit-mother! discourse of the hours  
My young bosom beat all its beating to yours,  
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell  
On ears—how unheedful, proved sorrow might tell!

That deathless affection nae sorrow could break;

When all else forsook me, ye would na forsake;

Then, come, O my mother! come often to me,  
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee!

“An' then, shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,  
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!

'Twas kind—for the love that your e'e kindled there

Will burn, aye an' burn, till that breast beat nae mair—

Our bairnies sleep around me, oh bless ye their sleep!

Your ain dark-eyed Willie will wauken an' weep!

But blythe through his weepin', he'll tell me how you,

His heaven-hamed mammie, was daunting his brow.

“Though dark be our dwellin', our happin' tho' bare,

An' night closes round us in cauldness and care,

Affection will warm us—and bright are the beams

That halo our hame in your dear land o' dreams:

Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign,

Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;

The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,  
But, oh! for the night with its ghost revelrie!”

But, even more interesting than the poems themselves, is the autobiographical account prefixed, with its vivid sketches of factory life in Aberdeen, of the old regime of 1770, when “four days did the weaver's work—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, were of course jubilee. Lawn frills gorged (?) freely from under the wrists of his fine blue, gilt-buttoned coat. He dusted his head with white flour on Sunday, smirked and wore a cane; walked in clean slippers on Monday; Tuesday heard him talk war bravado, quote Volney, and get drunk: weaving commenced gradually on Wednesday. Then were little children pirn-fillers, and such were taught to steal warily past the gate-keeper, concealing the bottle. These wee smugglers had a drop for their services, over and above their chances of profiting by the elegant and edifying discussions uttered in their hearing. Infidelity was then getting fashionable.” But by the time Thom enters

on his seventeen years' weaving, in 1814, the nemesis has come. "Wages are six shillings a week where they had been forty; but the weaver of forty shillings, with money instead of wit, had bequeathed his vices to the weaver of six shillings, with wit instead of money." The introduction of machinery works evil rather than good, on account of the reckless way in which it is used, and the reckless material which it uses. "Vacancies in the factory, daily made, were daily filled by male and female workers; often queer enough people, and from all parts—*none too coarse for using*. The pick-pocket, trained to the loom six months in Bridewell, came forth a journeyman weaver, and his precious experiences were infused into the common moral puddle, and in due time did their work." No wonder that "the distinctive character of all sunk away. Man became less manly—woman unlovely and rude." No wonder that the factory, like too many more, though a thriving concern to its owners, becomes "a prime nursery of vice and sorrow." "Virtue perished utterly within its walls, and was dreamed of no more; or, if remembered at all, only in a deep and woful sense of self-debasement—a *struggling to forget, where it was hopeless to obtain*." But to us, almost the most interesting passage in his book, and certainly the one which bears most directly on the general purpose of this article, is one in which he speaks of the effects of song on himself and his fellow factory-workers:—

"Moore was doing all he could for love-sick boys and girls, yet they had never enough! Nearer and dearer to hearts like ours was the Ettrick Shepherd, then in his full tide of song and story; but nearer and dearer still than he, or any living songster, was our ill-fated fellow-craftsman, Tannahill. Poor weaver chiel! what we owe to you!—your 'Braes of Balquidder,' and 'Yon Burnside,' and 'Gloomy Winter,' and the 'Minstrel's' wailing ditty, and the noble 'Gleneiffer.' Oh! how they did ring above the rattle of a thousand shuttles! Let me again proclaim the debt which we owe to these song spirits, as they walked in melody from loom to loom, ministering to the low-hearted; and when the breast was filled with everything but hope and happiness, let only break out the healthy and vigorous chorus, 'A man's a man for a' that,' and the fagged weaver brightens up. . . . Who dare measure the restraining influences of these very songs? To us they were all instead of sermons. Had one of us been bold enough to enter a church, he must have been ejected for the sake of decency. His forlorn and curiously patched habiliments would have contested the point of attraction with the ordinary eloquence of that period. Church bells rang not for us. Poets were indeed our priests: *but for*

*those, the last relic of moral existence would have passed away. Song was the dew-drop which gathered during the long dark night of despondency, and was sure to glitter in the very first blink of the sun. You might have seen 'Auld Robin Gray' wet the eyes that could be tearless amid cold and hunger, and weariness and pain. Surely, surely, then there was to that heart one passage left.*"

Making all allowance for natural and pardonable high-coloring, we recommend this most weighty and significant passage to the attention of all readers, and draw an *argumentum a fortiori* from the high estimation in which Thom holds those very songs of Tannahill's, of which we just now spoke somewhat depreciatingly, for the extreme importance which we attach to popular poetry, as an agent of incalculable power in moulding the minds of nations.

The popular poetry of Germany has held that great nation together, united and heart-whole for centuries, in spite of every disadvantage of internal division, and the bad influence of foreign taste; and the greatest of their poets have not thought it beneath them to add their contributions, and their very best, to the common treasure, meant not only for the luxurious and learned, but for the workman and the child at school. In Great Britain, on the contrary, the people have been left to form their own tastes, and choose their own modes of utterance, with great results, both for good and evil; and there has sprung up, before the new impulse which Burns gave to popular poetry, a considerable literature—considerable not only from its truth and real artistic merit, but far more so from its being addressed principally to the working-classes. Even more important is this people's literature question, in our eyes, than the more palpable factors of the education question, about which we now hear such ado. It does seem to us, that to take every possible precaution about the spiritual truth which children are taught in school, and then leave to chance the more impressive and abiding teaching which popular literature, songs especially, give them out of doors, is as great a *niaiserie* as that of the Tractarians who insisted on getting into the pulpit in their surplices, as a sign that the clergy only had the right of preaching to the people, while they forgot that, by means of a free press, (of the license of which they too were not slack to avail themselves,) every penny-aliner was preaching to the people daily, and would do so, maugre their surplices, to the end of time. The man who makes the peo-



ple's songs is a true popular preacher. Whatsoever, true or false, he sends forth, will not be carried home, as a sermon often is, merely in heads, to be forgotten before the week is out: it will ring in the ears, and cling round the imagination, and follow the pupil to the workshop, and the tavern, and the fireside, even to the death-bed, such power is in the magic of rhyme. The emigrant, deep in Australian forest, may take down Chalmers's sermons on Sabbath evenings from the scanty shelf; but the songs of Burns have been haunting his lips, and cheering his heart, and moulding him unconsciously to himself, in clearing and in pasture all the weary week. True, if he be what a Scotchman should be, more than one old Hebrew psalm has brought its message to him during these week-days; but there are feelings of his nature on which those psalms, not from defect, but from their very purpose, do not touch; how is he to express them, but in the songs which echo them? These will keep alive, and intensify in him, and in the children who learned them from his lips, all which is like themselves. Is it, we ask again, to be left to chance what sort of songs these shall be?

As for poetry written for the working-classes by the upper, such attempts at it as we yet have seen may be considered *nil*. The upper must learn to know more of the lower, and to make the lower know more of them—a frankness of which we honestly believe they will never have to repent. Moreover, they must read Burns a little more, and cavaliers and Jacobites a little less. As it is, their efforts have been as yet exactly in that direction which would most safely secure the blessings of undisturbed obscurity. Whether “secular” or “spiritual,” they have thought proper to adopt a certain Tommy-good-child tone, which, whether to Glasgow artisans or Dorsetshire laborers, or indeed for any human being who is “grinding among the iron facts of life,” is, to say the least, nauseous; and the only use of their poematricula has been to demonstrate practically the existence of a great and fearful gulf between those who have, and those who have not, in thought as well as in purse, which must be, in the former article at least, bridged over as soon as possible, if we are to remain one people much longer. The attempts at verse for children are somewhat more successful—a certain little “Moral Songs” especially, said to emanate from the Tractarian School, yet full of a health, spirit, and wild sweetness, which makes its author-

ess, in our eyes, “wiser than her teachers.” But this is our way. We are too apt to be afraid of the men, and take to the children as our *pis aller*, covering our despair of dealing with the majority, the adult population, in a pompous display of machinery for influencing that very small fraction, the children. “Oh, but the destinies of the empire depend on the rising generation!” Who has told us so!—how do we know that they do not depend on the risen generation? Who are likely to do more work during our lifetime, for good and evil,—those who are now between fifteen and five-and-forty, or those who are between five and fifteen? Yet for those former, the many, and the working, and the powerful, all we seem to be inclined to do is to parody Scripture, and say, “He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still.”

Not that we ask any one to sit down, and out of mere benevolence, to write songs for the people. Wooden, out of a wooden birth-place, would such go forth, to feed fires, not spirits. But if any man shall read these pages, to whom God has given a truly poetic temperament, a gallant heart, a melodious ear, a quick and sympathetic eye for all forms of human joy and sorrow, and humor, and grandeur—an insight which can discern the outlines of the butterfly, when clothed in the roughest and most rugged chrysalis hide; if the teachers of his heart and purposes, and not merely of his taste and sentiments, have been the great songs of his own and of every land and age; if he can see in the divine poetry of David and Solomon, of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and, above all, in the parables of Him who spake as never man spake, the models and elemental laws of a people's poetry, alike according to the will of God and the heart of man; if he can welcome gallantly and hopefully the future, and yet know that it must be, unless it would be a monster and a machine, the loving and obedient child of the past; if he can speak of the subjects which will alone interest the many, on love, marriage, the sorrows of the poor, their hopes, political and social, their wrongs, as well as their sins and duties; and that with a fervor and passion akin to the spirit of Burns and Elliott, yet with more calm, more purity, more wisdom, and therefore with more hope, as one who stands upon a vantage ground of education and culture, sympathizing none the less with those who struggle behind him in the valley of the shadow of death, yet seeing from the mountain peaks the coming dawn, invisible as yet

to them; then let that man think it no fall, but rather a noble rise, to shun the barren glacier ranges of pure art, for the fertile gardens of practical and popular song, and write for the many, and with the many, in words such as they can understand, remembering that that which is simplest is always deepest, that the many contain in themselves the few, and that when he speaks to the wanderer and the drudge he speaks to the elemental and primeval man, and in him speaks to all who have risen out of him. Let him try, undiscouraged by inevitable failures; and if at last he succeeds in giving vent to one song which will cheer hardworn hearts at the loom

and the forge, or wake one pauper's heart with the hope that his children are destined not to die as he died, or recall, amid Canadian forests or Australian sheep-walks, one thrill of love for the old country, and her liberties, and her laws, and her religion, to the settler's heart;—let that man know that he has earned a higher place among the spirits of the wise and good, by doing, in spite of the unpleasantness of self-denial, the duty which lay nearest him, than if he had outrivalled Goethe on his own classic ground, and made all the cultivated and the comfortable of the earth desert, for the exquisite creations of his fancy, Faust, and Tasso, and Iphigenie.

**THE PUBLIC DEBTS AND STANDING ARMIES OF THE EUROPEAN STATES.**—The paper money now in actual circulation in Europe represents a value of 1,261,428,520 dollars. The total of the public debt is by far larger: it amounts to 11,397,096,000 dollars. Great Britain (without the Colonies) bears nearly one-half of this gigantic burden, viz., 5,000,000,000 dollars. The British army numbers 129,000 men; the fleet is composed of 678 vessels, with 18,000 guns. The detail of the debts and armies of the other European States is as follows:—

*Spain.*—Debt, 1,300,000,000 dollars; army, 160,000 men; fleet, 50 vessels, with 721 guns. *Austria.*—Debt, 1,100,000,000 dollars; fleet, 156 vessels, (including gunboats,) with 600 guns. *Russia and Poland.*—Debt, 733,000,000 dollars; army, 700,000 men; fleet, 175 vessels and 440 gun-boats, with 7,000 guns. *The Netherlands.*—Debt, 731,000,000 dollars; army, 50,000 men; fleet, 125 vessels, with 2,500 guns. *Prussia.*—Debt, 180,000,000 dollars; army, 121,000 men, (war footing, 492,000 men;) fleet, 47 vessels and gunboats, with 114 guns. *France.*—Debt, 1,330,000,000 dollars; army, 265,463 men; fleet, 328 vessels, with 8,000 guns. *Belgium.*—Debt, 165,000,000 dollars; army, 90,000 men; fleet, 5 vessels, with 36 guns. *Portugal.*—Debt, 160,000,000 dollars; army, 38,000 men; fleet, 36 vessels, with 700 guns. *Papal States.*—Debt, 120,000,000 dollars; army, 19,000 men; fleet, 5 vessels, with 24 guns. *Sardinia.*—Debt, 120,000,000 dollars; army, 38,000 men; fleet, 60 vessels, with 900 guns. *Naples.*—Debt, 100,000,000 dollars; army, 48,000 men; fleet, 15 vessels, with 484 guns. *Bavaria.*—Debt, 82,000,000 dollars; army, 57,000 men. *Denmark.*—Debt, 80,000,000 dollars; army, 20,000 men; fleet, 33 vessels, with 1,120 guns. *Saxony.*—Debt, 43,500,000 dollars; army, 25,000 men. *Turkey.*—Debt, 40,000,000 dollars; army, 220,000 men; fleet, 66 vessels, with 800 guns. *City of Hamburg.*—Debt, 34,000,000 dollars; army, 1,800 men. *Grand Duchy of Baden.*—Debt, 33,000,000 dollars; army, 18,000 men. *Hanover.*—Debt, 30,368,000 dollars; army, 21,000 men. *Wurtemberg.*—Debt, 28,000,000 dollars; army, 19,000 men. *Greece.*—Debt, 25,000,000 dollars; army, 8,900 men; fleet,

34 vessels, with 131 guns. *Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.*—Debt, 10,000,000 dollars; army, 4,700 men. *Grand Duchy of Tuscany.*—Debt, 10,000,000 dollars; army, 12,000 men; fleet, 10 vessels, with 15 guns. *City of Frankfort.*—Debt, 7,000,000 dollars; army, 1,300 men. *Duchy of Brunswick.*—Debt, 6,800,000 dollars; army, 3,000 men. *Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt.*—Debt, 6,200,000 dollars; army, 42,000 men. *Electoral Hesse.*—Debt, 6,000,000 dollars; army, 11,000 men. *City of Lubec.*—Debt, 6,000,000 dollars; army, 490 men. *Duchy of Saxe Weimar.*—Debt, 4,000,000 dollars; army, 2,000 men. *Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.*—Debt, 4,000,000 dollars; no army; no navy. *Duchy of Anhalt Dessau and Koethen.*—Debt, 3,500,000 dollars; army, 700 men. *City of Bremen.*—Debt, 3,000,000 dollars; army, 500 men. *Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.*—Debt, 2,556,000 dollars; army, 1,200 men. *Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen.*—Debt, 2,500,000 dollars; army, 2,400 men. *Duchy of Nassau.*—Debt, 2,000,000 dollars; army, 3,500 men. *Duchy of Parma.*—Debt, 1,800,000 dollars; army, 5,000 men. *Duchy of Anhalt Bernburg.*—Debt, 1,500,000 dollars; army, 300 men. *Duchy of Saxe-Allenburg.*—Debt, 1,500,000 dollars; army, 1,000 men. *Norway.*—Debt, 1,500,000 dollars; army, 23,000 men; fleet, 160 vessels, with 560 guns. *Grand Duchy of Oldenburg.*—Debt, 1,200,000 dollars; army, 600 men. *Langravate of Hesse Homburg.*—Debt, 860,000 dollars; army, 350 men. *Principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt.*—Debt, 252,000 dollars; army, 540 men. *Principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen.*—Debt 60,000 dollars; army, 450 men. *Danubian Principalities.*—No debt; annual tribute to Turkey, 3,000,000 piasters; army, 6,800 men. *Servia.*—No debt; tribute, 2,000,000 piasters; army, 3,000 men. *Sweden.*—No debt; army, 34,000 men; fleet, 340 vessels, with 2,400 guns. *Duchy of Modena.*—No debt; army, 3,500 men. *Principality of Lippe-Detmold.*—No debt; army, 820 men. *Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.*—No debt; army, 800 men. *Principality of Reuss.*—No debt; army, 745 men. *Principality of Lippe-Schaumburg.*—No debt; army, 430 men. *Principality of Waldeck.*—No debt; army, 520 men. *Principality of Lichtenstein.*—No debt; army, 60 men. *Switzerland.*—No debt; army, 69,500 men, a small number of whom only is in actual service. *Republic of San Marino.*—No debt, and no army.—*Kolnische Zeitung.*

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## FLINT JACKSON.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

FARNHAM hops are world-famous, or at least famous in that huge portion of the world where English ale is drunk, and whereon, I have a thousand times heard and read, the sun never sets. The name, therefore, of the pleasant Surrey village, in and about which the events I am about to relate occurred, is, I may fairly presume, known to many of my readers. I was ordered to Farnham, to investigate a case of burglary, committed in the house of a gentleman of the name of Hursley, during the temporary absence of the family, which had completely nonplussed the unpractised Dogberrys of the place, albeit it was not a riddle at all difficult to read. The premises, it was quickly plain to me, had been broken, not into, but out of; and a watch being set upon the motions of the very specious and clever person left in charge of the house and property, it was speedily discovered that the robbery had been effected by herself and a confederate of the name of Dawkins, her brother-in-law. Some of the stolen goods were found secreted at his lodgings; but the most valuable portion, consisting of plate, and a small quantity of jewelry, had disappeared; it had unquestionably been converted into money, as considerable sums, in sovereigns, were found upon both Dawkins and the woman, Sarah Purday. Now, as it had been clearly ascertained that neither of the prisoners had left Farnham since the burglary, it was manifest there was a receiver near at hand who had purchased the missing articles. Dawkins and Purday were, however, dumb as stones upon the subject; and nothing occurred to point suspicion till early in the evening previous to the second examination of the prisoners before the magistrate, when Sarah Purday asked for pen, ink, and paper for the purpose of writing to one Mr. Jackson, in whose service she had formerly lived. I happened to be at the prison, and of course took the liberty of carefully unsealing her

note and reading it. It revealed nothing; and save by its extremely cautious wording, and abrupt peremptory tone, coming from a servant to her former master, suggested nothing. I had carefully reckoned the number of sheets of paper sent into the cell, and now on recounting them found that three were missing. The turnkey returned immediately, and asked for the two other letters she had written. The woman denied having written any other, and for proof pointed to the torn fragments of the missing sheets lying on the floor. These were gathered up and brought to me, but I could make nothing out of them, every word having been carefully run through with the pen, and converted into an unintelligible blot. The request contained in the actually-written letter was one simple enough in itself, merely, "that Mr. Jackson would not on any account fail to provide her, in consideration of past services, with legal assistance on the morrow." The first nine words were strongly underlined; and I made out after a good deal of trouble that the word "pretence" had been partially effaced, and "account" substituted for it.

"She need not have wasted three sheets of paper upon such a nonsensical request as that," observed the turnkey. "Old Jackson wouldn't shell out sixpence to save her or anybody else from the gallows."

"I am of a different opinion; but tell me, what sort of a person is this former master of hers?"

"All I know about him is that he's a cross-grained old curmudgeon, living about a mile out of Farnham, who scrapes money together by lending small sums upon notes-of-hand at short dates, and at a thundering interest. Flint Jackson, folk about here call him."

"At all events, forward the letter at once, and to-morrow we shall see—what we shall see. Good evening."

It turned out as I anticipated. A few minutes after the prisoners were brought into the justice-room, a Guilford solicitor of much local celebrity arrived and announced that he appeared for both the inculpated parties. He was allowed a private conference with them, at the close of which he stated that his clients would reserve defence. They were at once committed for trial, and I overheard the solicitor assure the woman that the ablest counsel on the circuit would be retained in their behalf.

I had no longer a doubt that it was my duty to know something further of this suddenly-generous Flint Jackson, though how to set about it was a matter of considerable difficulty. There was no legal pretence for a search-warrant, and I doubted the prudence of proceeding upon my own responsibility with so astute an old fox as Jackson was represented to be; for, supposing him to be a confederate with the burglars, he had by this time in all probability sent the stolen property away—to London in all likelihood; and should I find nothing, the consequences of ransacking his house merely because he had provided a former servant with legal assistance would be serious. Under these circumstances I wrote to head-quarters for instructions, and by return of post received orders to prosecute the inquiry thoroughly, but cautiously, and to consider time as nothing so long as there appeared a chance of fixing Jackson with the guilt of receiving the plunder. Another suspicious circumstance that I have omitted to notice in its place was that the Guilford solicitor tendered bail for the prisoners to any reasonable amount, and named Enoch Jackson as one of the securities. Bail was, however, refused.

There was no need for over-hurrying the business, as the prisoners were committed to the Surrey Spring Assizes, and it was now the season of the hop-harvest—a delightful and hilarious period about Farnham when the weather is fine and the yield abundant. I, however, lost no time in making diligent and minute inquiry as to the character and habits of Jackson, and the result was a full conviction that nothing but the fear of being denounced as an accomplice could have induced such a miserly, iron-hearted rogue to put himself to charges in defence of the imprisoned burglars.

One afternoon, whilst pondering the matter, and at the same time enjoying the prettiest and cheerfulest of rural sights, that of hop-picking, the apothecary at whose house

I was lodging—we will call him Mr. Morgan; he was a Welshman—tapped me suddenly on the shoulder, and looking sharply round, I perceived he had something he deemed of importance to communicate.

“What is it?” I said quickly.

“The oddest thing in the world. There’s Flint Jackson, his deaf old woman, and the young people lodging with him, all drinking and boozing away at yon alehouse.”

“Show them to me, if you please.”

A few minutes brought us to the place of boisterous entertainment, the lower room of which was suffocatingly full of tipplers and tobacco-smoke. We nevertheless contrived to edge ourselves in, and my companion stealthily pointed out the group, who were seated together near the farther window, and then left me to myself.

The appearance of Jackson entirely answered to the popular prefix of Flint attached to his name. He was a wiry, gnarled, heavy-browed, iron-jawed fellow of about sixty, with deep-set eyes aglow with sinister and greedy instincts. His wife, older than he, and as deaf apparently as the door of a dungeon, wore a simpering, imbecile look of wonderment, it seemed to me, at the presence of such unusual and abundant cheer. The young people, who lodged with Jackson, were really a very frank, honest, good-looking couple, though not then appearing to advantage—the countenance of Henry Rogers being flushed and inflamed with drink, and that of his wife clouded with frowns, at the situation in which she found herself, and the riotous conduct of her husband. Their brief history was this:—They had both been servants in a family living not far distant from Farham—Sir Thomas Lethbridge’s, I understood—when about three or four months previous to the present time Flint Jackson, who had once been in an attorney’s office, discovered that Henry Rogers, in consequence of the death of a distant relative in London, was entitled to property worth something like £1500. There were, however, some law-difficulties in the way, which Jackson offered, if the business was placed in his hands, to overcome for a consideration, and in the meantime to supply board and lodging and such necessary sums of money as Henry Rogers might require. With this brilliant prospect in view service became at once utterly distasteful. The fortunate legatee had for some time courted Mary Elkins, one of the ladies’ maids, a pretty, bright-eyed brunette; and they were united in the



bonds of holy matrimony on the very day the "warnings" they had given expired. Since then they had lived at Jackson's house in daily expectation of their "fortune," with which they proposed to start in the public line.

Finding myself unrecognized, I called boldly for a pot and a pipe, and after some manœuvring contrived to seat myself within ear-shot of Jackson and his party. They presented a strange study. Henry Rogers was boisterously excited, and not only drinking freely himself, but treating a dozen fellows round him, the cost of which he from time to time called upon "Old Flint," as he courteously styled his ancient friend, to discharge.

"Come, fork out, Old Flint!" he cried again and again. "It'll be all right, you know, in a day or two, and a few halfpence over. Shell out, old fellow! What signifies, so you're happy?"

Jackson complied with an affectation of acquiescent gayety ludicrous to behold. It was evident that each successive pull at his purse was like wrenching a tooth out of his head; and yet while the dismalest of smiles wrinkled his wolfish mouth, he kept exclaiming: "A fine lad—a fine lad! generous as a prince! Good Lord, another round! He minds money no more than as if gold was as plentiful as gravel! But a fine generous lad for all that!"

Jackson, I perceived, drank considerably, as if incited thereto by compressed savageness. The pretty young wife would not taste a drop, but tears frequently filled her eyes, and bitterness pointed her words as she vainly implored her husband to leave the place and go home with her. To all her remonstrances the maudlin drunkard replied only by foolery, varied occasionally by an attempt at a line or two of the song of "The Thorn."

"But you *will* plant thorns, Henry," rejoined the provoked wife in a louder and angrier tone than she ought perhaps to have used, "not only in my bosom, but your own, if you go on in this sottish, disgraceful way."

"Always quarrelling, always quarrelling!" remarked Jackson, pointedly towards the bystanders—"always quarrelling!"

"Who is always quarrelling?" demanded the young wife sharply. "Do you mean me and Henry?"

"I was only saying, my dear, that you don't like your husband to be so generous and free-hearted—that's all," replied Jack-

son, with a confidential wink at the persons near him.

"Free-hearted and generous! Fool-hearted and crazy, you mean!" rejoined the wife, who was much excited. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to give him money for such brutish purposes."

"Always quarrelling, always quarrelling!" iterated Jackson, but this time unheard by Mrs. Rogers—"always, perpetually quarrelling!" I could not quite comprehend this. If so large a sum as £1500 was really coming to the young man, why should Jackson wince as he did at disbursing small amounts which he could repay himself with abundant interest? If otherwise—and it was probable he should not be repaid—what meant his eternal "fine generous lad!" "spirited young man!" and so on? What, above all, meant that look of diabolical hate which shot out from his cavernous eyes towards Henry Rogers when he thought himself unobserved, just after satisfying a fresh claim on his purse? Much practice in reading the faces and deportment of such men made it pretty clear to me that Jackson's course of action respecting the young man and his money was not yet decided upon in his own mind, and that he was still perplexed and irresolute; and hence the apparent contradiction in his words and acts.

Henry Rogers at length dropped asleep with his head upon one of the settle tables; Jackson sank into sullen silence; the noisy room grew quiet; and I came away.

I was impressed with the belief that Jackson entertained some sinister design against his youthful and inexperienced lodgers, and I determined to acquaint them with my suspicions. For this purpose Mr. Morgan, who had a patient living near Jackson's house, undertook to invite them to tea on some early evening, on the pretence that he had heard of a tavern that might suit them when they should receive their fortune. Let me confess, too, that I had another design besides putting the young people on their guard against Jackson. I thought it very probable that it would not be difficult to glean from them some interesting and suggestive particulars concerning the ways, means, practices, outgoings and incomings, of their worthy landlord's household.

Four more days passed unprofitably away, and I was becoming weary of the business, when about five o'clock in the afternoon the apothecary galloped up to his door on a borrowed horse, jumped off with surprising celerity, and with a face as white as his own

magnesia, burst out as he hurried into the room where I was sitting: "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Henry Rogers has been poisoned, and by his wife!"

"Poisoned!"

"Yes, poisoned; although, thanks to my being on the spot, I think he will recover. But I must instantly to Dr. Edwards: I will tell you all when I return."

The promised "all" was this: Morgan was passing slowly by Jackson's house, in the hope of seeing either Mr. or Mrs. Rogers, when the servant woman, Jane Riddet, ran out and begged him to come in, as their lodger had been taken suddenly ill. Ill indeed! The surface of his body was cold as death, and the apothecary quickly discovered that he had been poisoned with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), a quantity of which he, Morgan, had sold a few days previously to Mrs. Rogers, who, when purchasing it, said Mr. Jackson wanted it to apply to some warts that annoyed him. Morgan fortunately knew the proper remedy, and desired Jackson, who was in the room, and seemingly very anxious and flurried, to bring some soap instantly, a solution of which he proposed to give immediately to the seemingly dying man. The woman-servant was gone to find Mrs. Rogers, who had left about ten minutes before, having first made the tea in which the poison had been taken. Jackson hurried out of the apartment, but was gone so long that Morgan, becoming impatient, scraped a quantity of plaster off the wall, and administered it with the best effect. At last Jackson came back, and said there was unfortunately not a particle of soap in the house. A few minutes afterwards the young wife, alarmed at the woman-servant's tidings, flew into the room in an agony of alarm and grief. Simulated alarm, crocodile grief, Mr. Morgan said; for there could, in his opinion, be no doubt that she had attempted to destroy her husband. Mr. Jackson, on being questioned, peremptorily denied that he had ever desired Mrs. Rogers to procure sulphuric acid for him, or had received any from her—a statement which so confounded the young woman that she instantly fainted. The upshot was that Mrs. Rogers was taken into custody and lodged in prison.

This terrible news flew through Farnham like wildfire. In a few minutes it was upon everybody's tongue; the hints of the quarrelsome life the young couple led, artfully spread by Jackson, were recalled, and no doubt seemed to be entertained of the truth of the dreadful charge. I had no doubt either, but

my conviction was not that of the Farnham folk. This, then, was the solution of the struggle I had seen going on in Jackson's mind; this the realization of the dark thought which I had imperfectly read in the sinister glances of his restless eyes. He had intended to destroy both the husband and wife—the one by poison, the other by the law! Doubtless, then, the £1500 had been obtained, and this was the wretched man's infernal device for retaining it.

I went over with Morgan early the next morning to see the patient, and found that, thanks to the prompt antidote administered, and Dr. Edwards' subsequent active treatment, he was rapidly recovering. The still-suffering young man, I was glad to find, would not believe for a moment in his wife's guilt. I watched the looks and movements of Jackson attentively—a scrutiny which he, now aware of my vocation, by no means appeared to relish.

"Pray," said I, suddenly addressing Riddet, the woman-servant—"pray, how did it happen that you had no soap in such a house as this yesterday evening?"

"No soap!" echoed the woman with a stare of surprise. "Why——"

"No—no soap," hastily broke in her master with loud and menacing emphasis. "There was not a morsel in the house. I bought some afterwards in Farnham."

The cowed and bewildered woman slunk away. I was more than satisfied; and judging by Jackson's countenance, which changed beneath my look to the color of the lime-washed wall against which he stood, he surmised that I was.

My conviction, however, was not evidence, and I felt that I should need even more than my wonted good fortune to bring the black crime home to the real perpetrator. For the present, at all events, I must keep silence—a resolve I found hard to persist in at the examination of the accused wife, an hour or two afterwards, before the county magistrates. Jackson had hardened himself to iron, and gave his lying evidence with ruthless self-possession. He had *not* desired Mrs. Rogers to purchase sulphuric acid; had *not* received any from her. In addition also to his testimony that she and her husband were always quarrelling, it was proved by a respectable person that high words had passed between them on the evening previous to the day the criminal offence was committed, and that foolish, passionate expressions had escaped her about wishing to be rid of such a drunken wretch. This evidence,

combined with the medical testimony, appeared so conclusive to the magistrates, that spite of the unfortunate woman's wild protestations of innocence, and the rending agony which convulsed her frame, and almost choked her utterance, she was remanded to prison till that day week, when, the magistrates informed her, she would be again brought up for the merely formal completion of the depositions, and be then fully committed on the capital charge.

I was greatly disturbed, and walked for two or three hours about the quiet neighborhood of Farnham, revolving a hundred fragments of schemes for bringing the truth to light, without arriving at any feasible conclusion. One only mode of procedure seemed to offer, and that but dimly, a hope of success. It was, however, the best I could hit upon, and I directed my steps towards the Farnham prison. Sarah Purday had not yet, I remembered, been removed to the county jail at Guilford.

"Is Sarah Purday," I asked the turnkey, "more reconciled to her position than she was?"

"She's just the same—bitter as gall, and venomous as a viper."

This woman, I should state, was a person of fierce will and strong passions, and in early life had been respectably situated.

"Just step into her cell," I continued, "upon some excuse or other, and carelessly drop a hint that if she could prevail upon Jackson to get her brought by *habeas* before a judge in London, there could be no doubt of her being bailed."

The man stared, but after a few words of pretended explanation, went off to do as I requested. He was not long gone. "She's all in a twitteration at the thoughts of it," he said; "and must have pen, ink, and paper without a moment's delay, bless her consequence!"

These were supplied; and I was soon in possession of her letter, couched cautiously, but more peremptorily than the former one. I need hardly say it did not reach its destination. She passed the next day in a state of feverish impatience; and no answer returning, wrote again, her words this time conveying an evident though indistinct threat. I refrained from visiting her till two days had thus passed, and found her, as I expected, eaten up with fury. She glared at me as I entered the cell like a chained tigress.

"You appear vexed," I said, "no doubt because Jackson declines to get you bailed.

He ought not to refuse you such a trifling service, considering all things."

"All what things?" replied the woman, eyeing me fiercely.

"That you know best, though I have a shrewd guess."

"What do you guess? and what are you driving at?"

"I will deal frankly with you, Sarah Purday. In the first place, you must plainly perceive that your *friend* Jackson has cast you off—abandoned you to your fate; and that fate will, there can be no doubt, be transportation."

"Well," she impatiently snarled, "suppose so; what then?"

"This—that you can help yourself in this difficulty by helping me."

"As how?"

"In the first place, give me the means of convicting Jackson of having received the stolen property."

"Ha! How do you know that?"

"Oh, I know it very well—as well almost as you do. But this is not my chief object; there is another, far more important one," and I ran over the incidents relative to the attempt at poisoning. "Now," I resumed, "tell me, if you will, your opinion on this matter."

"That it was Jackson administered the poison, and certainly not the young woman," she replied with vengeful promptness.

"My own conviction! This, then, is my proposition: you are sharp-witted, and know this fellow's ways, habits, and propensities thoroughly—I, too, have heard something of them—and it strikes me that you could suggest some plan, some device grounded on that knowledge, whereby the truth might come to light."

The woman looked fixedly at me for some time without speaking. As I meant fairly and honestly by her, I could bear her gaze without shrinking.

"Supposing I could assist you," she at last said, "how would that help me?"

"It would help you greatly. You would no doubt be still convicted of the burglary, for the evidence is irresistible; but if in the meantime you should have been instrumental in saving the life of an innocent person, and of bringing a great criminal to justice, there cannot be a question that the Queen's mercy would be extended to you, and the punishment be merely a nominal one."

"If I were sure of that!" she murmured with a burning scrutiny in her eyes, which

were still fixed upon my countenance—"If I were sure of that! But you are misleading me."

"Believe me, I am not. I speak in perfect sincerity. Take time to consider the matter. I will look in again in about an hour; and pray, do not forget that it is your sole and last chance."

I left her, and did not return till more than three hours had passed away. Sarah Purday was pacing the cell in a frenzy of inquietude.

"I thought you had forgotten me. Now," she continued with rapid vehemence, "tell me, on your word and honor as a man, do you truly believe that if I can effectually assist you it will avail me with Her Majesty?"

"I am as positive it will as I am of my own life."

"Well, then, I *will* assist you. First, then, Jackson was a confederate with Dawkins and myself, and received the plate and jewelry, for which he paid us less than one-third of the value."

"Rogers and his wife were not, I hope, cognizant of this?"

"Certainly not; but Jackson's wife and the woman servant, Riddet, were. I have been turning the other business over in my mind," she continued, speaking with increasing emotion and rapidity; "and oh, believe me, Mr. Waters, if you can, that it is not solely a selfish motive which induces me to aid in saving Mary Rogers from destruction. I was once myself—Ah, God!"

Tears welled up to the fierce eyes, but they were quickly brushed away, and she continued somewhat more calmly: "You have heard, I dare say, that Jackson has a strange habit of talking in his sleep?"

"I have, and that he once consulted Morgan as to whether there was any cure for it. It was that which partly suggested——"

"It is, I believe, a mere fancy of his," she interrupted; "or at any rate the habit is not so frequent, nor what he says so intelligible, as he thoroughly believes and fears it, from some former circumstance, to be. His deaf wife cannot undeceive him, and he takes care never even to doze except in her presence only."

"This is not, then, so promising as I hoped."

"Have patience. It is full of promise, as we will manage. Every evening Jackson frequents a low gambling-house, where he almost invariably wins small sums at cards—by craft, no doubt, as he never drinks there. When he returns home at about ten

o'clock, his constant habit is to go into the front-parlor, where his wife is sure to be sitting at that hour. He carefully locks the door, helps himself to brandy and water—plentifully of late—and falls asleep in his arm-chair; and there they both doze away, sometimes till one o'clock—always till past twelve."

"Well: but I do not see how——"

"Hear me out, if you please. Jackson never wastes a candle to drink or sleep by, and at this time of the year there will be no fire. If he speaks to his wife he does not expect her, from her wooden deafness, to answer him. Do you begin to perceive my drift?"

"Upon my word, I do not."

"What, if upon awaking, Jackson finds that his wife is Mr. Waters, and that Mr. Waters relates to him all that he has disclosed in his sleep: that Mr. Hursley's plate is buried in the garden near the lilac-tree; that he, Jackson, received a thousand pounds six weeks ago of Henry Rogers's fortune, and that the money is now in the recess on the top-landing, the key of which is in his breast-pocket; that he was the receiver of the plate stolen from a house in the close at Salisbury a twelve-month ago, and sold in London for four hundred and fifty pounds. All this hurled at him," continued the woman with wild energy and flashing eyes, "what else might not a bold, quick-witted man make him believe he had confessed, revealed in his brief sleep?"

I had been sitting on a bench; but as these rapid disclosures burst from her lips, and I saw the use to which they might be turned, I rose slowly and in some sort involuntarily to my feet, lifted up, as it were, by the energy of her fiery words.

"God reward you!" I exclaimed, shaking both her hands in mine. "You have, unless I blunder, rescued an innocent woman from the scaffold. I see it all. Farewell!"

"Mr. Waters," she exclaimed, in a changed, palpitating voice, as I was passing forth, "when all is done, you will not forget me?"

"That I will not, by my own hopes of mercy in the hereafter. Adieu!"

At a quarter past nine that evening I, accompanied by two Farnham constables, knocked at the door of Jackson's house. Henry Rogers, I should state, had been removed to the village. The door was opened by the woman-servant, and we went in. "I have a warrant for your arrest, Jane Riddet," I said, "as an accomplice in the plate-stealing the other day. There, don't scream, but



listen to me." I then intimated the terms upon which alone she could expect favor. She tremblingly promised compliance; and after placing the constables outside, in concealment, but within hearing, I proceeded to the parlor, secured the terrified old woman, and confined her safely in a distant out-house.

"Now, Riddet," I said, "quick with one of the old lady's gowns, a shawl, cap, *et cetera*." These were brought, and I returned to the parlor. It was a roomy apartment, with small, diamond-paned windows, and just then but very faintly illumined by the star-light. There were two large high-backed easy-chairs, and I prepared to take possession of the one recently vacated by Jackson's wife. "You must perfectly understand," were my parting words to the trembling servant, "that we intend standing no nonsense with either you or your master. You cannot escape; but if you will let Mr. Jackson in as usual, and he enters this room as usual, no harm will befall you: if otherwise, you will be unquestionably transported. Now, go."

My toilet was not so easily accomplished as I thought it would be. The gown did not meet at the back by about a foot; that, however, was of little consequence, as the high chair concealed the deficiency; neither did the shortness of the sleeves matter much, as the ample shawl could be made to hide my too great length of arm; but the skirt was scarcely lower than a Highlander's, and how the deuce I was to crook my booted legs up out of view, even in that gloomy starlight, I could hardly imagine. The cap also was far too small; still, with an ample kerchief in my hand, my whiskers might, I thought, be concealed. I was still fidgeting with these arrangements when Jackson knocked at his door. The servant admitted him without remark, and he presently entered the room, carefully locked the door, and jolted down, so to speak, in the fellow easy-chair to mine.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he bawled out: "She'll swing for it, they say—swing for it, d'ye hear, dame? But no, of course she don't—deaf-er and deaf-er, deaf-er and deaf-er every day. It'll be a precious good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others."

He then got up, and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look up—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids, that he was helping himself to his spirituous sleeping-draughts. He reseated himself, and drank in moody silence, except *now and then* mumbling drowsily to himself,

but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping brain labored with affrighting and oppressive images; but the mutterings, as before he slept, were confused and indistinct. At length—half an hour had perhaps thus passed—the troubled moaning became for a few moments clearly audible. "Ha—ha—ha!" he burst out, "how are you off for soap? Ho—ho! done there, my boy; ha—ha! But no—no. Wall-plaster! Who could have thought it? But for that I—I—What do you stare at me so for, you infernal blue-bottle? You—you"——

Again the dream-utterance sank into indistinctness, and I comprehended nothing more.

About half-past twelve o'clock he awoke, rose, stretched himself, and said: "Come, dame, let's to bed; it's getting chilly here."

"Dame" did not answer, and he again went towards the cupboard. "Here's a candle-end will do for us," he muttered. A lucifer-match was drawn across the wall, he lit the candle, and stumbled towards me, for he was scarcely yet awake. "Come, dame, come! Why, the beast sleeping like a dead un! Wake up, will thee—Ah, murder! thieves! mur——"

My grasp was on the wretch's throat, but there was no occasion to use force; he recognized me, and nerveless, paralyzed, sank on the floor incapable of motion, much less of resistance, and could only gaze in my face in dumb affright and horror.

"Give me the key of the recess up stairs, which you carry in your breast-pocket. In your sleep, unhappy man, you have revealed everything."

An inarticulate shriek of terror replied to me. I was silent; and presently he gasped, "Wha—at, what have I said?"

"That Mr. Hursley's plate is buried in the garden by the lilac-tree; that you have received a thousand pounds belonging to the man you tried to poison; that you netted four hundred and fifty pounds by the plate stolen at Salisbury; that you dexterously contrived to slip the sulphuric acid into the tea unseen by Henry Rogers's wife."

The shriek or scream was repeated, and he was for several moments speechless with consternation. A ray of hope gleamed suddenly in his flaming eyes. "It is true—it is true!" he hurriedly ejaculated; "useless

—useless—useless to deny it. But you are alone, and poor, poor, no doubt. A thousand pounds!—more, more than that: *two thousand pounds in gold, all in gold*—I will give you to spare me, to let me escape!”

“Where did you hide the soap on the day when you confess you tried to poison Henry Rogers?”

“In the recess you spoke of. But think! *Two thousand pounds in gold—all in gold.*”

As he spoke, I suddenly grasped the villain's hands, pressed them together, and in another instant the snapping of a handcuff pronounced my answer. A yell of anguish burst from the miserable man, so loud and piercing, that the constables outside hurried to the outer door, and knocked hastily for admittance. They were let in by the servant woman, and in half an hour afterwards the three prisoners—Jackson, his wife, and Jane Riddet—were safe in Farnham prison. A few sentences will conclude this narrative. Mary Rogers was brought up on the following day, and, on my evidence, discharged. Her husband, I have heard, has since proved a better and a wiser man. Jackson was convicted at the Guilford assize of guiltily receiving the Hursley plate, and sentenced

to transportation for life. This being so, the graver charge of attempting to poison was not pressed. There was no moral doubt of his guilt; but the legal proof of it rested solely on his own hurried confession, which counsel would no doubt have contended ought not to be received. His wife and the servant were leniently dealt with.

Sarah Purday was convicted, and sentenced to transportation. I did not forget my promise; and a statement of the previously narrated circumstances having been drawn up and forwarded to the Queen and the Home Secretary, a pardon, after some delay, was issued. There were painful circumstances in her history which, after strict inquiry, told favorably for her. Several benevolent persons interested themselves in her behalf, and she was sent out to Canada, where she had some relatives, and has, I believe, prospered there.

This affair caused considerable hubbub at the time, and much admiration was expressed by the country people at the boldness and dexterity of the London “runner;” whereas, in fact, the successful result was entirely attributable to the opportune revelations of Sarah Purday.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The new publications in London during November embraced several of great importance, especially in the department of travels. Among these the following are the principal:

### TRAVELS, ETC.

Spain as it is, by E. A. Hoskins, Esq., author of *Travels in Ethiopia*—a work well spoken of by the papers. The *Spectator* says of the author, “He has the artist's eye for forms, colors, and groupings; he has a perception of characters and humors, and an utilitarian's sense of production, especially in agriculture.” The *Britannia* calls it a “delightful work.”

*Travels in European Turkey*, with a tour through Hungary and the Slavonian Provinces of Austria in 1850, by Edward Spencer. This work attracts great attention, and might be well republished. The *United Service Journal* pronounces it a “standard work.” The *Examiner* calls the author the well-known Eastern and Circassian traveller, who, coming home through Hungary and Croatia in 1850, is one of the latest authorities on the Hungarian subject. He knows the Slave tongues, and is almost a Philo-

Servian in inclination; yet he announces that the Slaves, now in misery under their Austrian tyrants, regret their folly in fighting against the Magyars, and on another opportunity will wreak their vengeance on the Austrians alone. Mr. Spencer also states that the South Slaves are (except the Croat military frontiers) democratic; and he prophesies a federation of republics on the Danube, as the only thing possible, since the infatuated course pursued by the Vienna Cabinet.

*Khartoum and the Niles*, by George Melly, Esq., 2 vols., said by the *Athenæum* to contain more pictures, and to convey more information, than many a Nile work of greater pretension.

*Thoughts on the Land of the Morning*; a record of two visits to Palestine in 1849–50, by H. B. Whittaker Churton, Chaplain of the Bishop of Chichester.

*The History of the War in Affghanistan*, by John William Kaye—written from the unpublished Letters and Journals of the most distinguished Military and Political Officers employed in Affghanistan throughout the momentous years of British connec-

tion with that country; 2 vols.—a work of great importance, and evidently well done. The critical journals are unanimous in awarding it high praise. The *Athenæum* commences its long critique:—"There have been abundance of narratives and memoirs drawn up in illustration of that disastrous and disgraceful episode in our Indian annals which extended from 1838 to 1841,—but to Mr. Kaye has been reserved the honor of writing its first complete history. We may add, that he has accomplished his task so well, and has had the advantage of sources of information so copious and authentic, that in all probability the book now before us will be the last separate work of consequence which will be written on the Affghan War. We ought to consider ourselves fortunate, that at so early a period after the conclusion of that great political and military enterprise we are put in possession of all the facts and circumstances which are of sufficient consequence to deserve remembrance;—that the origin and the failure of an indefensible war—a war which we are bound never to forget—has been described to us by a writer who at once embellishes and exhausts the subject." The *Literary Gazette* also says: "The political history is full and well supported; the military history neither over technical nor unduly loaded with knapsack minutiae. The tone is moderate, but free, with a settled air of prophecy from the beginning." Other journals speak as decisively.

Ansaryii, or Assassins; with Travels in the Further East, including a visit to Nineveh, by Lieut. the Hon. Frederick Walpole, R. N. 8 vols. The *Athenæum* thus describes the locale of this novel and much-praised book of travels: "Marco Polo, the old traveller, gives a romantic account of the followers of Hassan ben Sabah, known in European history under the name of Assassins,—of their mountain home at Alamoot,—and of the means by which they were wrought on by their chief to the perpetration of their terrible crimes. He describes one of the devotees of this strange sect, who had been selected by the Sheikh al Jebel for a dangerous mission, being carried, while under the influence of a powerful opiate, to the gardens of Alamoot, where, on awaking, he found himself surrounded by every luxury that could excite and gratify the human senses,—and was then told that this was but a foretaste of the bliss secured to all who sought death in the service of his lord. This sect was at one time spread over half the Islam world. The sheikh established a branch of his power in the mountains of Lebanon; and for more than a century and a half the repose of the greatest princes in Europe and in Asia was disturbed by incessant fears of poison and the dagger. But the time of retribution came. The Mongol conquerors rooted the sect out of Persia:—fourteen years later, they were subdued in Syria by the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt. A remnant, as is generally supposed, survived this terrible chastisement,—taking refuge in the wild ranges and recesses of the mountains, where they have continued to reside apart from all the other sects and populations of Syria, hating all and hated by all, Jew, Greek, Catholic, and Mohammedan, down to our own time. Certain it is, that up in the northern spurs of Lebanon there dwells a people, known as the Ansaryii, whose tenets resemble in some respects those of the Assassins. Of this people—and of the tract of country which they occupy—little is known in Europe. Our best maps

are there left blank,—our most adventurous travellers tell as little of that region. The Turks themselves, sovereigns of the country, seldom or never venture into it. In ancient times, the inhabitants called themselves the children of Ishmael; and the old announcement that the hand of the son of that chief should be against every man, and every man's hand against him, has been literally fulfilled in regard to the Ansaryii. Their district is consequently virgin ground for the adventurous tourist. Books will tell a man little or nothing of the country,—road-books, maps, and traveller's companions there are none. Even Burckhardt stayed but one night in an Ansaryii village. Nearly all that Pococke could learn about the people was, that they drank good wine. Mr. Walpole has consequently a novel and curious theme on which to employ his narrative powers;—and he brings to it, let us add, a ripper mind and steadier hand than he displayed in his 'Four Years in the Pacific.'"

Arctic Searching Expedition: a Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in search of the Discovery Ships under the command of Sir John Franklin,—a work that has met a warm reception. The *Literary Gazette* eulogizes it and its author in these words: "This work affords a glorious instance of genuine hearty philanthropy. With a self-devotion seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed, the author of these volumes, at a time of life when most men think seriously of exchanging the cares and anxieties of an arduous profession, or of an official occupation, for repose, adventured forth to the terrible regions of Arctic America, to seek, and, if possible, to rescue, a cherished friend. And this was done with no other incentive than friendship, hallowed by former companionship in the same regions, and the social intercourse of many years."

Travels from the Rocky Mountains to California, by the Hon. Henry Coke.

#### LITERATURE.

In the department of Literature the number of recent works is more limited, though embracing some of great interest.

The Life of Lord George Bentinck, a political biography of the distinguished Protectionist leader, by his successor, D'Israeli.

A great variety of novels have recently appeared in the English market, of which the following are the more important: Florence Sackville, by Mrs. Bunbury; Mrs. Matthews, or Family Mysteries, by Mrs. Trollope; The Livingstones; Cecile, or the Pervert, by the author of Rockingham; Lady Avise; Smugglers and Foresters; the Convent and the Harem, by Madame Pisani; The Old Engagement, by Julia Day; The Pappenheimers, by Capt. Ashton.

Lectures on the History of France, by the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, the celebrated contributor to the Edinburgh Review, and the most successful rival of Macaulay in that great department of composition. This is a work which attracts great attention, and should be reprinted. The best critical judges speak of it as follows. The *Athenæum* says: "The style has both nerve and fluency,—easily adjusts itself to speculation and description,—is occasionally brilliant, and generally eloquent. It has nearly all the merits that belong to good popular writing, addressed to the multitude of readers,—and

may be classified with the best performances in reviewing."

The Grenville Papers, being the Private Correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, and his brother, George Grenville, their Friends and Contemporaries; including Mr. Grenville's Diary of Political Events, 1763-65. Edited by Wm. J. Smith. The first two volumes of this important contribution to the political and personal history of this stirring and eventful period, have been published. Among the contents are letters from King George the Third; William, Duke of Cumberland; Dukes of Newcastle, Devonshire, Grafton, Bedford; Marquess Granby; Earls Bute, Temple, Sandwich, Egremont, Halifax, Hardwicke, Chatham, Mansfield, Northampton, Suffolk, Hillsborough, Hertford; Lords Lyttleton, Camden, Holland, Olive, George Sackville; Marshal Conway; Horace Walpole; Edmund Burke; Geo. Grenville; John Wilkes; William Gerard Hamilton; Augustus Hervey; Mr. Jenkinson, (first Earl of Liverpool); Mr. Whately; Mr. Wedderburn, (Earl of Roelyn); Mr. Charles Yorke; Mr. Hans Stanley; Mr. Charles Townsend; Mr. Calcraft; Mr. Rigby; Mr. Knox; Mr. Charles Lloyd, and the author of the Letters of Junius.

Memoirs and Adventures of Sir John Hepburn, Governor of Munich, Marshal of France under Louis XIII. and Commander of the Scots Brigade under Gustavus Adolphus, by James Grant, the well-known author of the Great Metropolis—a very important historical work, sketching the career of the Scottish heroes that mingled in the Thirty Years' War.

The Life and Times of Dante, by Count Cesare Balbo, edited with notes by Mrs. Bunbury.

The Passions of Animals, by Edward P. Thompson—spoken of as a very erudite yet graphic and amusing work on Natural History.

Petrifications and their Teachings; or a Handbook to the Gallery of Organic Remains of the British Museum, by Gideon A. Mantell, LL.D.—an admirable work, by the author of the "Wonders of Geology."

A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica, by Philip Henry Goreau.

A Sketch of Suwarrow and his last Campaign, by the late Major Edward Nevil Macready.

Wesley and Methodism, by the celebrated essayist, Isaac Taylor, author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm.

History of Greek Classical Literature, by Rev. R. W. Browne.

#### REPRINTS OF AMERICAN BOOKS.

Of American books, imported and reprinted, we notice some interesting notices in the leading critical journals.

Mr. Hildreth's History of the United States, published by the HARVARD, has been reprinted by Low, in London, and calls forth a long review in the *Athenæum*, the most serious and critical part of which we quote, as one indication of the estimate the work obtains abroad:—

"A vivid and spirited narrative, or a truly scientific history of this period of the career of the people of the United States, would certainly be a welcome contribution to English literature. We

cannot say that Mr. Hildreth's two bulky volumes are either the one or other. While they present, and even in an increased degree, the good qualities of the volumes which preceded them—fulness, conscientiousness, and accuracy of detail,—they exhibit in quite an equal degree the faults which we complained of in their predecessors—dryness, insipidity, want of power to arrest the reader's attention or stir his feelings, and absence of scientific breadth and generality. It is positively a matter of surprise to us how Mr. Hildreth could go over a period of history so abounding in notable men and incidents, with such fidelity to all the minutiae which make up their series, and yet with such absolute incapacity to convey any strong interest in them to his readers—such imperturbable apathy with regard to every person, place, or thing named or referred to. Here is a work treating—and treating with laborious and scrupulous amplitude—of the lives and actions of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, and their American coevals—men, surely, whose lineaments are worthy of being scanned and remembered by every member of the Anglo-Saxon race, as well as by many who do not belong to that race—and yet the execution of the work is so dull, stolid, and jejune, that the most wakeful reader will hardly be able to keep himself from falling asleep while perusing it. In the Preface to the fourth volume the author observes, that 'the nature of the subject must necessarily give to some portions of the work somewhat more of an emotional character than was consistent with the multiplicity and rapid succession of events in the former volumes.'—and adds, that 'very likely the charge of partisanship may now be urged by some of those same critics who thought those volumes too apathetic and coldly impartial.' The remark might have been spared. The charge of partisanship we care not particularly to bring forward; but we find not one trait of that 'emotional character' of which Mr. Hildreth desires thus apologetically to apprise us. Were he making out an inventory of goods for a sale, or copying a lexicon, Mr. Hildreth could not be more unemotional. American history ought to be written in the spirit of social philosophy:—it ought to be viewed both by writer and by reader less as the epic of the fortunes of a special nation (in any case the epic element is but small) than as an illustration on a large scale of the doctrines of political science. But as Mr. Hildreth's work is deficient in the one species of interest, so it is deficient in the other. For philosophic views of the political progress of America, and of the function of the American race in human civilization, we must go to such writers as De Tocqueville,—not to Mr. Hildreth, whose work may be described rather as a laborious *résumé* of the minutes of the meetings of Congress than as a history of what the great American people did, thought and said, from 1788 to 1867."

The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland, by Abraham Mills, originally published by the HARVARD, has also been republished in London. It receives a review from the *Athenæum*, which regards it as a fair work, but too superficial to give the book anything more than a qualified value as a literary treatise. "Considerable pains have been taken in gathering materials from various available sources; by which the author says he has been enlarging and verifying his lectures during their successive repetition for the



last twenty years. His data, as to matters of fact, may, with some exceptions, be accurate enough. But his power of giving a lively view of these or of the more genial part of his subject does not equal his industry; and the effect of the several essays, as now read in sequence, is, on the whole, both dry and fragmentary."

Mr. Whipple's Essays and Reviews, recently republished in London, get the following notice from the *Athenæum*: 'Prosy, but rich and droll,' was Miss Martineau's general character of American conversation. Of this we have been reminded by Mr. Whipple's 'Lectures.' The prosiness, however, makes the largest third in the compound. He has collected numerous examples and anecdotes, unfamiliar and familiar. There is a general want, however, of perspicacity of view and of decision of language. Are these utterly to vanish from the Essay, because of our fear of dogmatism?—or because of our love of intellectual dissipation, which thirsts for pleasant songs rather than for those plain truths that grow importunate unless they be acted on? There appears to be some chance of such a catastrophe on the other side of the Atlantic. Rarely has there ever existed a more practical people than the people of America. Their magnificent enterprises—their rapid growth in wealth and in the love of wealth—announce it. But rarely has there been, at any period of the world's literary history, such a body of hazy literature as now floats about in their cities and lecture rooms."

The Book of Home Beauty, by Mrs Kirkland, and the Home Book of the Picturesque, published by PUTNAM, have been well received abroad. The *Athenæum* says: "These are both magnificent books; and the care and cost which have gone to their production can be repaid only by a very extensive sale. It is not long since that we were led to comment on the 'avidity with which our Republican kinsfolk desire to be on a par with us in all that is most sophisticated in European proceedings and tastes;' but scarcely did we expect to receive so signal a warrant to the truth of our remark as this 'Book of Home Beauty.' Its twelve clever engravings are not after pictures in which the Allstons and Sullys of the New World have given to the loveliness of the Transatlantic *Mona Lisa* or *Nornarina* that artistic consecration which removes it beyond the pale of watering-place curiosity and drawing-room enthusiasm. They are spirited transcripts of pretty drawings made apparently on purpose, and equalling in style those which have been furnished to our boudoir books by Messrs. Parria, Rochard and Buckner."

"If the 'Beauty' bears the bell on the other side of the Atlantic, the 'Picturesque' will prove the more acceptable of these two books in England. Many, like ourselves, will turn with avidity to these records of American scenery by American landscape painters. Good justice has been done by the engravers; and a few of the subjects fulfil the promise of the title. Especially do we like the vignette of 'The Cascade Bridge, Erie Railroad,' for the sake of its character. Let us also specify Mr. Kensett's 'Catskill Scenery' as one of the landscapes which has pleased us best; because it is free from a certain insipidity and stiffness in the treatment of the trees and foliage which we have remarked in other of the designs. Then, who should write about 'Catskill Scenery' but the *Geoffrey Crayon* who gave it

first an European reputation by his capital ledger of 'Rip Van Winkle'—and pleasantly, accordingly, Mr. Washington Irving has written, to illustrate the striking landscape in question."

#### LITERARY ITEMS.

—The French papers state that Lord Brougham in his retreat at Cannes, is preparing for publication a work entitled, "France and England before Europe in 1851."

—The Royal Netherlands Institute of Science Letters and Fine Arts recently petitioned the King of Holland, in consequence of their limited income for letters of dissolution. The King took the Institute at its word, and granted letters which fix the 31st of December for the term of its existence. From the 1st of January, 1852, the Institute will be replaced by a Royal Academy, which will specially devote itself to exact and natural sciences. The body will receive from the state an annual grant of 6,000 florins. It will be composed of twenty-four ordinary, twenty-two extraordinary, and five free members. There are to be eighteen foreign members, and an unlimited number of correspondents.

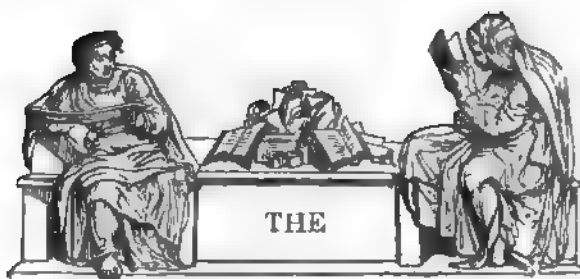
—A cargo of books on Oriental languages and literature recently arrived in Cork, as a present from the East India Company to the Queen's College in that city. The good people turned over the leaves of these works, admired the curious twists and contortions of Sanscrit and Arabic letters, and wondered what was meant by sending such a present to the capital of Munster. The secret has now come out in the agreeable shape of an announcement that the President of the Board of Control Lord Broughton de Gyfford, has placed at the disposal of Lord Clarendon, in his capacity of Chancellor of the University, a Writership in the civil service of the great company, to be bestowed by him on one of the students as a reward for academic merit.

—Mr. Samuel Beaseley, the dramatic writer and novelist, recently died. Of his literary works, the chief were—novels, "The Roué," and "The Oxonians;" farces, *Old Customs*, *Bachelors' Wives*, *Is He Jealous?* and others of less merit.

—The catalogue of books for the Leipzig fair shows, that in the short space of time between the Easter fair and the 30th of September there were published in Germany no less than 3,860 new works, and that there were on the latter date 1,130 new works in the press. Nearly five thousand new works in one country of Europe in one half year! The amount of intellectual labor dimly represented in the catalogue appears to have had on the whole a healthy impulse. Of the 3,860 works already published, more than half treat of various matters connected with science and its concerns. That is to say—descending to particulars—106 works treat of Protestant theology; 62 of Catholic theology; 36 of philosophy; 205 of history and biography; 102 of languages; 194 of natural sciences; 168 of military tactics; 108 of medicine; 169 of jurisprudence; 101 of politics; 184 of political economy; 83 of industry and commerce; 87 of agriculture and forest administration; 69 of public instruction; 92 of classical philology; 80 of living languages; 64 of the theory of music and the art of design; 168 of the fine arts in general; 48 of popular writings; 28 of mixed sciences; and 18 of bibliography.







# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

From the North British Review.

JOHN OWEN.\*

Two hundred years ago the Puritan dwelt in Oxford; but, before his arrival, both Cavalier and Roundhead soldiers had encamped in its Colleges. Sad was the trace of their sojourn. From the dining-halls the silver tankards had vanished, and the golden candlesticks of the cathedral lay buried in a neighboring field. Stained windows were smashed, and the shrines of Bernard and Frideswide lay open to the storm. And whilst the heads of marble apostles, mingling with cannon-balls and founders' coffins, formed a melancholy rubbish in many a corner, straw heaps on the pavement and staples in the wall reminded the spectator that it was not long since dragons had quartered in All-Souls, and horses crunched their oats beneath the tower of St. Mary Magdalen.

However, matters again are mending. Broken windows are repaired; lost revenues are recovered; and the sons of Crispin have evacuated chambers once more consecrated to syntax and the syllogism. Through these spacious courts we recognize the progress of the

man who has accomplished the arduous restoration. Tall, and in the prime of life, with cocked-hat and powdered hair, with lawn tops to his morocco boots, and with ribbons luxuriant at his knee, there is nothing to mark the Puritan,—whilst in his easy unembarrassed movements and kindly-assuring air, there is all which bespeaks the gentleman; but were it not for the reverences of obsequious beadies, and the recognitions of respectful students, you would scarce surmise the academic dignitary. That old-fashioned divine,—his square cap and ruff surmounting the doctor's gown,—with whom he shakes hands so cordially, is a Royalist and Prelatist, but withal the Hebrew Professor, and the most famous Orientalist in England, Dr. Edward Pocock. From his little parish of Childry, where he passes for “no Latiner,” and is little prized, he has come up to deliver his Arabic lecture, and collate some Syriac manuscript, and observe the progress of the fig-tree which he fetched from the Levant; and he feels not a little beholden to the Vice-Chancellor, who, when the Parliamentary triers had pronounced him incompetent, interfered and retained him in his living. Passing the gate of Wadham, he meets the

\* *The Works of John Owen, D. D.* Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM H. GOULD, Edinburgh. Vols. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 14, (to be completed in Fifteen Volumes.) London and Edinburgh 1850-51.



upbreking of a little conventicle. That no treason has been transacting, nor any dangerous doctrine propounded, the guardian of the University has ample assurance in the presence of his very good friends, Dr. Wallis the Savilian Professor, and Dr. Wilkins the Protector's brother-in-law. The latter has published a dissertation on the Moon and its Inhabitants, "with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither;" and the former, a mighty mathematician, during the recent war had displayed a terrible ingenuity in deciphering the intercepted letters of the Royalists. Their companion is the famous physician Dr. Willis, in whose house, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's own door, the Oxford Prelatists daily assemble to enjoy the forbidden Prayer-Book; and the youth who follows, building castles in the air, is Christopher Wren. This evening they had met to witness some experiments which the tall sickly gentleman in the velvet cloak had promised to show them. The tall sickly gentleman is the Honorable Robert Boyle, and the instrument with which he has been amusing his brother sages, in their embryo Royal Society, is the newly invented air-pump. Little versant in their pursuits, though respectful to their genius, after mutual salutations, the divine passes on and pays an evening visit to his illustrious neighbor, Dr. Thomas Goodwin. In his embroidered night-cap, and deep in the recesses of his dusky study, he finds the recluse old President of Magdalene; and they sit and talk together, and they pray together, till it strikes the hour of nine; and from the great Tom Tower a summons begins to sound, calling to Christ Church cloisters the hundred and one students of the old foundation. And returning to the Deanery, which Mary's cheerful management has brightened into a pleasant home, albeit her own and her little daughter's weeds are suggestive of recent sorrows, the doctor dives into his library.

For the old misers it was pleasant to go down into their bullion vaults, and feel that they were rich enough to buy up all the town, with the proud Earl in his mortgaged castle. And to many people there is a peculiar satisfaction in the society of the great and learned; nor can they forget the time when they talked to the great poet, or had a moment's monopoly of Royalty. But—

"That place that doth contain  
My books, the best companions, is to me  
A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
With the old sages and philosophers;

And sometimes for variety I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their  
counsels."

Not only is there the pleasant sense of property,—the rare editions, and the wonderful bargains, and the acquisitions of some memorable self-denial,—but there are grateful memories, and the feeling of a high companionship. When it first arrived, yon volume kept its owner up all night, and its neighbor introduced him to realms more delightful and more strange than if he had taken Dr. Wilkins' lunarian journey. In this biography, as in a magician's mirror, he was awed and startled by foreshadowings of his own career; and, ever since he sat at the feet of yonder sacred sage, he walks through the world with a consciousness, blessed and not vain-glorious, that his being contains an element shared by few besides. And even those heretics inside the wires—like caged wolves or bottled vipers—their keeper has come to entertain a certain fondness for them, and whilst he detests the species, he would feel a pang in parting with his own exemplars.

Now that the evening lamp is lit, let us survey the Doctor's library. Like most of its coeval collections, its foundations are laid with massive folios. These stately tomes are the Polyglots of Antwerp and Paris, the *Critici Sacri* and *Poli Synopsis*. The colossal theologians who flank them, are Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopius, Bellarmine and Jansenius, Baronius and the Magdeburg Centurionators,—natural enemies, here bound over to their good behavior. These dark veterans are Jewish Rabbis,—Kimchi, Abarbanel, and, like a row of rag-collectors, a whole Monmouth Street of rubbish, behold the entire Babylonian Talmud. These tall Socinians are the Polish brethren, and the dumpy vellums overhead are Dutch divines. The cupboard contains Greek and Latin manuscripts, and those spruce fashionables are Spenser, and Cowley, and Sir William Davenant. And the new books which crown the upper shelves, still uncut and fresh from the publisher, are the last brochures of Mr. Jeremy Taylor and Mr. Richard Baxter.\*

\* In his elaborate "Memoirs of Dr. Owen," (p. 848.) Mr. Orme mentions that "his library was sold in May, 1684, by Millington, one of the earliest of our book auctioneers;" and adds, "Considering the Doctor's taste as a reader, his age as a minister, and his circumstances as a man, his library, in all probability, would be both extensive and valuable." Then, in a foot-note, he gives some interesting particulars as to the extent of the early Non-conformist

This night, however, the Doctor is intent on a new book nowise to his mind. It is the "Redemption Redeemed" of John Goodwin. Its hydra-headed errors have already drawn from the scabbard the sword of many an orthodox Hercules on either side of the Tweed; and now, after a conference with the other Goodwin, the Dean takes up a ream of manuscript, and adds a finishing touch to his refutation.

At this period Dr. Owen would be forty years of age, for he was born in 1616. His father was minister of a little parish in Oxfordshire, and his ancestors were princes in Wales; indeed the genealogists claimed for him a descent from King Caractacus. He himself was educated at Queen's College, and, under the impulse of an ardent ambition, the young student had fully availed himself of his academic privileges. For several years he took no more sleep than four hours a night, and in his eagerness for future distinction he mastered all attainable knowledge, from mathematics to music. But about the time of his reaching majority, all his ambitious projects were suspended by a visitation of religious earnestness. In much ignorance of

libraries, viz.: Dr. Lazarus Seaman's, which sold for £700; Dr. Jacomb's, which sold for £1800; Dr. Bates's, which was bought for five or six hundred pounds by Dr. Williams, in order to lay the foundation of Red Cross Street library; and Dr. Evans's, which contained 10,000 volumes; again subjoining, "It is probable Dr. Owen's was not inferior to some of these." It would have gratified the biographer had he known that a catalogue of Owen's library is still in existence. Bound up with other sale-catalogues in the Bodleian, is the "*Bibliotheca Oweniana; sive catalogus librorum plurimis facultatibus insignium, instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Rev. Doct. Viri D. Joan. Oweni (quondam Vice-Cancellarii et Decani Ædis Christi in Academia Oxoniensi) nuperime defuncti; cum variis manuscriptis Græcis, Latinis, &c., propria manu Doct. Patricii Junii aliorumq. conscriptis: quorum auctio habebitur Londini apud domum auctionariam, adverso Nigri Cygni in vico vulgo dicto Ave Mary Lane, prope Ludgate Street, vicesimo sexto die Maii, 1684. Per Eduardum Millington, Bibliopolam.*" In the Preface, the auctioneer speaks of Dr. Owen as "a person so generally known as a generous buyer and great collector of the best books;" and after adverting to his copies of Fathers, Councils, Church Histories, and Rabbinical Authors, he adds, "all which, considered together, perhaps for their number are not to be paralleled, or upon any terms to be procured, when gentlemen are desirous of, or have a real occasion for the perusal of them." The number of volumes is 2899. For the knowledge of the existence of this catalogue, and for a variety of curious particulars regarding it, the Reviewer is indebted to one of the dignitaries of Oxford, whose bibliographical information is only exceeded by the obligingness with which he puts it at the command of others, the Rev. Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalene Hall.

the divine specific, his conscience grew tender, and sin appeared exceeding sinful. It was at this conjuncture that Archbishop Laud imposed on Oxford a new code of statutes, which scared away from the University the now scrupulous scholar. Years of anxious thoughtfulness followed, partly filled up by his duties as chaplain successively to Sir Robert Dormer and Lord Lovelace, when about the year 1641 he had occasion to reside in London. Whilst there he went one day to hear Edmund Calamy; but instead of the famous preacher there entered the pulpit a country minister, who, after a fervent prayer, gave out for his text—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The sermon was a very plain one, and Owen never ascertained the preacher's name; but the perplexities with which he had long been harassed disappeared, and in the joy of a discovered gospel and an ascertained salvation, the natural energy of his character and the vigor of his constitution found again their wonted play.

Soon after this happy change, his first publication appeared. It was a "Display of Arminianism," and, attracting the attention of the Parliamentary "Committee for purging the Church of Scandalous Ministers," it procured for its author a presentation to the living of Fordham, in Essex. This was followed by his translation to the more important charge of Coggeshall, in the same county; and so rapidly did his reputation rise, that besides being frequently called to preach before the Parliament, he was, in 1649, selected by Cromwell as the associate of his expedition to Ireland, and was employed in re-modelling and resuscitating Trinity College, Dublin. Most likely it was owing to the ability with which he discharged this service that he was appointed Dean of Christ Church in 1651, and in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It was a striking incident to find himself thus brought back to scenes which, fourteen years before, he had quitted amidst contempt and poverty, and a little mind would have been apt to signalize the event by a vain-glorious ovation, or a vindictive retribution. But Owen returned to Oxford in all the grandeur of a God-fearing magnanimity, and his only solicitude was to fulfil the duties of his office. Although himself an Independent, he promoted well-qualified men to responsible posts, notwithstanding their Presbyterianism or their Prelacy; and although the law gave him ample powers to disperse them, he never molested the liturgical meetings of his Episcopalian neighbors. From anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of the students, in

addition to his engagements as a Divinity lecturer and the resident head of the University, along with Dr. Goodwin he undertook to preach, on alternate Sabbaths, to the great congregation in St. Mary's. And such was the zeal which he brought to bear on the studies and the secular interests of the place, that the deserted courts were once more populous with ardent and accomplished students, and in alumni like Sprat, and South, and Ken, and Richard Cumberland, the Church of England received from Owen's Oxford some of its most distinguished ornaments; whilst men like Philip Henry and Joseph Alleine went forth to perpetuate Owen's principles; and in founding the English schools of metaphysics, architecture, and medicine, Locke, and Wren, and Sydenham taught the world that it was no misfortune to have been the pupils of the Puritan. It would be pleasant to record that Owen's generosity was reciprocated, and that if Oxford could not recognize the Non-conformist, neither did she forget the Republican who patronized the Royalists, and the Independent who befriended the Prelatists. According to the unsuspected testimony of Grainger, and Burnet, and Clarendon, the University was in a most flourishing condition when it passed from under his control; but on the principle which excludes Cromwell's statue from Westminster Palace, the picture-gallery at Christ Church finds no place for the greatest of its Deans.

The retirement into which he was forced by the Restoration was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own. He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife, but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband, to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could countervail the effects of bygone toils and privations, and from the brief remainder of his days, weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation, which had already shown at once its patience and its

piety, by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and which was afterwards to have its patience further tried and rewarded, in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr. Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had "something to say," it was cheering to him to recognize among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Anglesea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to his studies, and animation to his public addresses. Besides during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world those masterly works which have invigorated the theology and sustained the devotion of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Amongst others, folio by folio, came forth that Exposition of the Hebrews, which, amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent excess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his hand, and on the 23d of August, 1683, he dictated a note to his likeminded friend, Charles Fleetwood:—"I am going to Him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me, with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency." The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethren. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." A few hours of silence followed, and then

that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist.\*

Many of our readers will remember Robert Baillie's description of Dr. Twiss, the Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good—beloved of all, and highly esteemed—but merely bookish . . . and among the unfittest of all the company for any action."● In this respect Dr. Owen was a great contrast to his studious contemporary; for he was as eminent for business talent as most ministers are conspicuous for the want of it. It was on this account that he was selected for the task of re-organizing the Universities of Dublin and Oxford; and the success with which he fulfilled his commission, whilst it justified his patron's sagacity, showed that he was sufficiently master of himself to become the master of other minds. Of all his brethren few were so "fit for action." To the same cause to which he owed this practical ascendancy, we are disposed to ascribe his popularity as a preacher; for we agree with Dr. Thompson, (*Life of Owen*, p. cvi.) in thinking that Owen's power in the pulpit must have been greater than is usually surmised by his modern readers. Those who knew him describe him as a singularly fluent and persuasive speaker; and they also represent his social intercourse as peculiarly vivacious and cheerful. From all which our inference is, that Owen was one of those happy people who, whether for business or study, whether for conversation or public

speaking, can concentrate all their faculties on the immediate occasion, and who do justice to themselves and the world, by doing justice to each matter as it successively comes to their hand.

A well-informed and earnest speaker will always be popular, if he be tolerably fluent, and if he "show himself friendly;" but no reputation and no talent will secure an audience to the automaton who is unconscious of his hearers, or to the misanthrope who despises or dislikes them. And if, as Anthony à Wood informs us, "the persuasion of his oratory could move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased," we can well believe that he possessed the "proper and comely personage, the graceful behavior in the pulpit, the eloquent elocution, and the winning and insinuating deportment," which this reluctant witness ascribes to him. With such advantages, we can understand how, dissolved into a stream of continuous discourse, the doctrines which we only know in their crystallized form of heads and particulars, became a gladsome river; and how the man who spoke them with sparkling eye and shining face was not shunned as a buckram pedant, but run after as a popular preacher.

And yet, to his written style Owen is less indebted for his fame than almost any of the Puritans. Not to mention that his works have never been condensed into fresh pith and modern portableness by any congenial Fawcett, they never did exhibit the pathetic importunity and Demosthenic fervor of Baxter. In his Platonic loftiness Howe always dwelt apart; and there have been no glorious dreams since Bunyan woke amidst the beatific vision. Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with gospel blessedness. And like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his "Golden Treasury," from his "Box," and his "Cabinet," that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant. But Owen has no adventitious attractions. His books lack the extempore felicities and the reflected fellow-feeling which lent a charm to his spoken sermons; and on the table-land of his controversial treatises, sentence follows sentence like a file of ironsides

\* A copious Latin epitaph was inscribed on his tomb-stone, of which Mr. Orme speaks, in 1826, as "still in fine preservation." (*Memoirs*, p. 346.) We are sorry to say that three letters, faintly traceable, are all that can now be deciphered. The tomb of his illustrious colleague, Goodwin, is in a still more deplorable condition: not only is the inscription effaced, but the marble slab, having been split by lightning, has never been repaired.



in buff and rusty steel, a sturdy procession, but a dingy uniform; and it is only here and there where a son of Anak has burst his rags, that you glimpse a thought of uncommon stature or wonderful proportions. Like candidates for the modern ministry, in his youth Owen had learned to write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but then, as now, English had no place in the academic curriculum. And had he been urged in maturer life to study the art of composition, most likely he would have frowned on his adviser. He would have urged the "haste" which "the King's business" requires, and might have reminded us that viands are as wholesome on a wooden trencher as on a plate of gold. He would have told us that truth needs no tinsel, and that the road over a bare heath may be more direct than the pretty windings of the valley. Or, rather, he would have said, as he has written—"Know that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

True: gold is welcome even in a purse of the coarsest canvas; and, although it is not in such caskets that people look for gems, no man would despise a diamond because he found it in an earthen porringer. In the treatises of Owen there is many a sentence which, set in a sermon, would shine like a brilliant; and there are ingots enough to make the fortune of a Theological faculty. For instance, we open the first treatise in this new collection of his works, and we read:—"It carrieth in it a great condecency unto Divine wisdom, that man should be restored unto the image of God, by Him who was the essential image of the Father; and that He was made like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him, and unto God through him;" and we are immediately reminded of a recent treatise on the Incarnation, and all its beautiful speculation regarding the "Pattern Man." We read again till we come to the following remark:—"It is the nature of sincere goodness to give a delight and complacency unto the mind in the exercise of itself, and communication of its effects. A good man doth both delight in doing good, and hath an abundant reward for the doing it, in the doing of it;" and how can we help recalling a memorable sermon "On the Immediate Reward of Obedience," and a no less memorable chapter in a Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous Affections?" And we read the chapter on "The Person of Christ the great Representative of

God," and are startled by its foreshadowings of the sermons and the spiritual history of a remarkably honest and vigorous thinker, who, from doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, was led to recognize in the person of Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega of his theology. It is possible that Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, may never have perused the treatise in question; and it is equally possible that under the soporific influence of a heavy style, they may never have noticed passages for which their own minds possessed such a powerful affinity. But by the legitimate expedient of appropriate language—perhaps by means of some "ornament or elegance"—Jeremy Taylor or Barrow would have arrested attention to such important thoughts; and the cause of truth would have gained, had the better divine been at least an equal orator.

However, there are "masters in Israel," whose style has been remarkably meagre; and perhaps "Edwards on the Will" and "Butler's Analogy" would not have numbered many more readers, although they had been composed in the language of Addison. We must, therefore, notice another obstacle which has hindered our author's popularity, and it is a fault of which the world is daily becoming more and more intolerant. That fault is prolixity. Dr. Owen did not take time to be brief; and in his polemical writings, he was so anxious to leave no cavil unanswered, that he spent, in closing loop-holes, the strength which would have crushed the foe in open battle. No misgiving as to the champion's powers will ever cross the mind of the spectators; but movements more rapid would render the conflict more interesting, and the victory not less conclusive.\* In the same way that the effectiveness of his

\* In his delightful reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. J. J. Gurney says, "I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular animals. Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee." Dr. Owen often reminds us of an elephant: the same ponderous movements—the same gentle sagacity—the same vast but unobtrusive powers. With a logical proboscis able to handle the heavy guns of Hugo Grotius, and to untwist withal the tangled threads of Richard Baxter, in his encounters with John Goodwin he resembles his prototype in a leopard-hunt, where sheer strength is on the one side, and brisk agility on the other. And, to push our conceit no further, they say that this wary animal will never venture over a bridge till he has tried its strength, and is assured that it can bear him; and, if we except the solitary break-down in the Waltonian controversy, our disputant was as cautious in choosing his ground as he was formidable when once he took up his position.

controversial works is injured by this excursive tendency, so the practical impression of his other works is too often suspended by inopportune digressions; whilst every treatise would have commanded a wider circulation if divested of its irrelevant incumbrances. Within the entire range of British authorship there exist no grander contributions toward a systematic Christology than the Exposition of the Hebrews, with its dissertations on the Saviour's priesthood; but whilst there are few theologians who have not occasionally consulted it, those are still fewer who have mastered its ponderous contents; and we have frequently known valiant students who addressed themselves to the "Perseverance of the Saints," or the "Justification," but like settlers put ashore in a cane-brake, or in a jungle of prickly pears, after struggling for hours through the Preface or the General Considerations, they were glad to regain the water's edge, and take to their boat once more.

It was their own loss, however, that they did not reach the interior; for there they would have found themselves in the presence of one of the greatest of theological intellects. Black and Cavendish were born ready-made chemists, and Linnæus and Cuvier were naturalists in spite of themselves; and so, there is a mental conformation which almost necessitated Augustine and Athanasius, Calvin and Arminius, to be dogmatists and systematic divines. With the opposite aptitudes for large generalization and subtle distinction, as soon as some master principle had gained possession of their devout understandings, they had no greater joy than to develop its all-embracing applications, and they sought to subjugate Christendom to its imperial ascendancy. By itself, the habit of lofty contemplation would have made them pietists or Christian psalmists, and a mere turn for definition would have made them quibblers or schoolmen; but the two united, and together animated by a strenuous faith, made them theologians. In such intellects the seventeenth century abounded; but we question if in dialectic skill, guided by sober judgment, and in extensive acquirements, mellowed by a deep spirituality, it yielded an equivalent to Dr. Owen.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of Free Inquiry as well as the gate of Spiritual Wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by know-

ing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside the sacred inclosure; if he is a historian who has been carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith,—he is apt to patronize that gospel to which he has given his accession, and like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where Taste and Reason alternate with Revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his conscience and give him peace with Heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority, and, a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where Revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And without alleging that a long process of personal solicitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation-work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded religion as a life *for* God rather than a life *from* God, and in whose writings recognitions of Divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton, and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who from a region of carelessness or ignorance were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at last on a bright landing-place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards, in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change from first to last to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career be-

gan; and that creed, which is pre-eminently the religion of "broken hearts," became his system of theology.

"Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenses; and "the covenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his parliamentary sermons—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book of the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the Mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life re-appear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves they will be astonished at the mass of Scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we greatly err, they will find them peculiarly subservient to correction and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the Life of that noble-hearted Christian philosopher, the late Dr. Welsh, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the hundred and thirtieth Psalm."

And here we may notice a peculiarity of Owen's treatises, which is at once an excellence and a main cause of their redundancies. So systematic was his mind that he could only discuss a special topic with reference to the entire scheme of truth; and so constructive was his mind, that, not content with the confutation of his adversary, he loved to state and establish positively the truth impugned; to which we may add, so devout was his disposition, that instead of leaving his thesis a dry demonstration, he was anxious to suffuse its doctrine with those spiritual charms which it wore to his own contemplation. All

this adds to the bulk of his polemical writings. At the same time it adds to their value. Dr Owen makes his reader feel that the point in debate is not an isolated dogma, but a part of the "whole counsel of God;" and by the positive as well as practical form in which he presents it, he does all which a disputant can to counteract the skeptical and pragmatical tendencies of religious controversy. Hence, too, it comes to pass that, with one of the commonplaces of Protestantism or Calvinism for a nucleus, his works are most of them virtual systems of doctrino-practical divinity.

The alluvial surface of a country takes its complexion from the prevailing rock-formation. The Essays of Foster and the Sermons of Chalmers excepted, the evangelical theology of the last hundred years has been chiefly alluvial; and in its miscellaneous composition the element which we chiefly recognize is a detritus from Mount Owen. To be sure, a good deal of it is the decomposition of a more recent conglomerate, but a conglomerate in which larger boulders of the original formation are still discernible. The sermon-makers of the present day may read Cecil and Romaine and Andrew Fuller; and in doing this they are studying the men who studied Owen. But why not study the original? It does good to an ordinary understanding to hold fellowship with a master mind; and it would greatly freshen the ministrations of our pulpits, if, with the electric eye of modern culture, and with minds alive to our modern exigency, preachers held converse direct with the prime sources of British theology. We could imagine the reader of Boston producing a sermon as good as Robert Walker's, and the reader of Henry producing a commentary as good as Thomas Scott's, and the reader of Bishop Hall producing sketches as good as the "Horæ Homileticæ;" but we grow sleepy when we try to imagine Scott diluted or Walker desiccated, and from a congregation top-dressed with bone-dust from the "Skeletons," the crop we should expect would be neither fervent Christians nor enlightened Churchmen. And, even so, a reproduction of the men who have repeated or translated Owen, is sure to be commonplace and feeble; but from warm hearts and active intellects employed on Owen himself, we could expect a multitude of new Cecils and Romaines and Fullers.

As North British Reviewers, we congratulate our country on having produced this beautiful reprint of the illustrious Puritan; and from the fact that they have offered it at

a price which has introduced it to four thousand libraries, we must regard the publishers as benefactors to modern theology. The editor has consecrated all his learning and all his industry to his labor of love; and, by all accounts, the previous copies needed a reviser as careful and as competent as Mr. Goold. Dr. Thomson's memoir of the author we have read with singular pleasure. It exhibits much research, and a fine appreciation of Dr. Owen's characteristic excellences, and its tone is kind and catholic. Such reprints, rightly used, will be a new era in our Christian literature. They can scarcely fail to intensify the devotion and invigorate the faculties of such as read them. And if these

readers be chiefly professed divines, the people will in the long-run reap the benefit. Let taste and scholarship and eloquence by all means do their utmost; but it is little which these can do without materials. The works of Owen are an exhaustless magazine; and, without forgetting the source whence they were themselves supplied, there is many an empty mill which their garner could put into productive motion. Like the gardens of Malta, many a region, now bald and barren, might be rendered fair and profitable with loam imported from their Holy Land; and many is the fair structure which might be reared from a single block of their cyclopean masonry.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THORVALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

SOME fifty-five years ago, a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back-room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes which she had received from time to time. She took up one after the other, and turned them over and over; but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hands, and rocked to and fro in agony.

"Oh!" moaned she, "and is it come to this? All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, *Himlen!* that I have lived to see this bitter day! *Lovet være Gud!*"

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person middle-sized and strongly-built, his features massive, regular, and attractive—his long hair flaxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorvaldsen—a name which has since then sounded throughout the world as that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eyes bright, and his features glowing as he entered the room; but

when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female a shade passed over his countenance as he gently walked up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, murmured, "Amalie!"

"Bertel!" answered a smothered voice.

The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. "Amalie," said he, after a pause broken only by her quivering sobs, "I am come to bid thee farewell. I go in the morning."

She ceased weeping, raised her face, and releasing her hands, pushed back her dishevelled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed on him in a way that made his own droop. "Bertel," said she in a solemn tone, but void of all reproach—"Bertel, why did you win my young heart?—why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?"

"I—I always meant it; I mean it now."

She shook her head mournfully, and taking up the trinkets, continued: "Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this—and this?"

"What would you have, Amalie? I said I loved you: I love you still—but——"

"But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better!" added she bitterly.



Thorvaldsen started, and his features flushed; for he felt acutely the truth of her words.

"Yes, you will leave *gamle Danmark*—you will leave your poor, fond, old father and mother, whose only hope and only earthly joy is in you—you will leave me, and all who love the sound of your footstep, and go to the distant land, and forget us all!"

"*Min Pige!* you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee, and we shall all be happy again."

"Never, Bertel!—never! When once you have gone there is no more happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth, never! O no, never more will you see in this life either your parents or your poor broken-hearted Amalie!"—and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorvaldsen abruptly rose from his chair, and paced the room in agitation. He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared scenes and friends of his childhood, the affection of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome rose also, and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and earthly immortality. The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul, and he felt that the die was cast for ever.

He reseated himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand. She looked up, and in one glance read his inmost thoughts. "Go," said she, "go and fulfil your destiny. God's will be done! You will become a great man—you will be the companion of princes and of kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish! Only promise this: when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, sometimes turn aside from the high-born, lovely dames who are thronging around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel, *farvel!*"

The next day Thorvaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realized his own wildest aspirations of fame. But the prophecy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents, nor her, his first true love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing

spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly-expectant faces. At length the cry, "They come!" was echoed from group to group, and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of one common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house, and when the cry was taken up, she raised her wrinkled countenance, and passed her hands over her eyes, as though to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded a corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding-place. The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and ten thousand sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eyes of warriors as well as lovely women showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorvaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners! And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amalie, his first love! Thorvaldsen had never married, neither had she.

"Ah, *Himlen!*" murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry, "how marvellous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but, ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all had you stayed with your old father and mother, and married me? Ah, *Himlen*, there's only One can tell! Poor Bertel!"

Four years more sped, and one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded lower rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorvaldsen's Museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of the sculptor, but crept onward until she reached an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the centre of which a low tomb of gray marble incloses the mortal remains of him whose hand created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her skinny brow. "*Ju, ja!*" murmured she; "they told me he lay here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and He has heard me. Ah, *Himlen*, I can die happy now!"

She withdrew her hands, and peered at

the simple but all-comprehensive inscription of "BERTEL THORVALDSEN," deeply cut on the side of the tomb. Then she raised her fore-finger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly, she let fall her hand, and complacently sighed, while an evanescent gleam of subtle emotion lighted up her lineaments. "Tis true: he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again—in heaven!"

Her eyes closed and her head slowly sank

on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behavior, came up. "Gammel kone," (old wife,) said he, "what are you doing?"

She answered not; and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death!

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

FROM THE LITERATURBLÄTTER OF A GERMAN PH. D.

PROUD I am to be the countryman of the many-sided Goethe, and the impassioned Schiller, and Jean Paul the Only One, and Kant and Fichte, Tieck and Fouqué, Klopstock and Herder, Wieland and Körner. And I contend that there *are* characteristics in which Germany towers pre-eminently above all other peoples and tongues—intellectual traits wherein no other nation under heaven approximates to her likeness. But, as a literature, the English, I confess, seems to me superior to ours—in effect at least, if not in essence. It is vastly our master in style; in the art of saying things to the purpose, and not going to sleep—to sleep? perchance to dream—by the way. If we have authors who stand all alone in their glory, so have they—and more of them. We have no current specimen of the man I am going to write about—we have no Christopher North.

When I visited in May the exhibition of the English Royal Academy,\* much as I was interested in Landseer's "Titania and

Bottom," and Maclise's homage to Caxton, and other kindred paintings, on no canvas did I gaze so long and so lovingly as on that whereon the art of a Watson Gordon had depicted the form and features of Professor Wilson. One thing saddened me—to see him an old man, and leaning on his staff. The ideal Christopher North of the "Noctes," and yet more of the "Dies Boreales," is indeed preternaturally aged—old as the hills, the gray hills he loves so well. But I was not prepared to find so many traces of eld on the face of one whom Scott, it seems but the other day, was chiding with merry enjoyment the while for his tricky young-man-nishness.

Would that my countrymen were better acquainted with this "old man eloquent!" He deserves their pains. The Scotch assure me I cannot appreciate him, not being Scotch myself; and in principle they are right—doubtless I lose many a recondite beauty, many a racy allusion, many a *curiosa felicitas* in his fascinating pages, through my comparative ignorance of the niceties of a language, for the elucidation of which he himself employs a recurring series of the marginal note—"See Dr. Jamieson." But there is many a cognate idiom and phrase which the German recognizes in the Doric, and appreciates better probably than does the denizen of

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\* The Professor, whose notes are here "done into English," spent the spring and early summer of the present year in England. To mention his name would, as he modestly says, interest a *very* few; and might, to the many, give occasion only to witticisms at the expense of Teutonic cacophony.—*Translator.*

Cockaigne. However this may be, I exult with all my heart and mind and soul and strength in the effusions of Christopher North. Sure I am that every German who at my instigation studies the writings of Wilson will feel grateful for the hint. One will admire him as the gentle and pathetic tale-teller, as in "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Foresters," and "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay." Another, as the refined, reflective, tender, and true poet, who has sung in sweetest verse, "The Isle of Palma," "Unimore," and "The City of the Plague." A third, as the accomplished metaphysician and professor of moral philosophy, who can make his abstruse themes as rich with graceful drapery and jewelled front as with our ontologists they are withered and dry as dust. A fourth, as the imaginative commentator on the world's classics—Homer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth—around whose immortal lines he throws a new halo, so that their old glory seems as nothing by reason of the glory that excelleth. A fifth, as the ardent politician, dashing like an eagle on the dovecot, among Whigs, Radicals—*et hoc genus omne*. A sixth, as the shrewd, satirical, caustic reviewer, dealing out retribution wholesale on a herd of poetasters. And as there are eclectics who will thus admire him in some one or other of his aspects; so there are syncretists (myself among the number) who admire him in all.

Six summers have now come and gone since I learned to know and love Christopher North. In 1845 I was lecturing to a drowsy class on certain obscure developments of transcendental philosophy, when I had to call to order a red-haired foreign student, who, in violation of lecture-room decorum, was intent on the perusal of some work of fiction, and whose eyes, as I saw when he raised them at my protest, were suffused with tears. After lecture I summoned him to my rooms. He was a Caledonian to the backbone—from the wilds of Ross-shire—as primitive a specimen in dialect, though not in intellect, as that memorable stripling who told Dr. Chalmers\* before his class at St. Andrews that Julius Cæsar was the father of the correct theory of population. The book he had been crying over—and his eyes were still red—was Anderson's, "Dichters Bazaar;" and the passage that affected the poor fellow was that descriptive of Anderson's *rencontre* at Innsbruck with a young Scotchman, on a sentimental journey, who

manifested so much emotion at the resemblance of the scenery to his own native hills, and broke into a torrent of tears when Andersen, to intensify the association, began to sing a well-known Scottish air. Sentimental myself, I could not for the life of me scold one so susceptible to *Heimweh*; so instead of abusing I began to pump him, catechising him about the literature and national characteristics of his "land of the mountain and the flood." Of all living authors he panegyrized chiefly Professor Wilson, whom hitherto I had known by repute only as the editor of *Blackwood*. He dwelt enthusiastically on the critic, the poet, the novelist, and last, not least, the man; telling me many a tradition, apocryphal or otherwise, of his blithe boyhood, his Oxford career, and his doings at Ellera; how he threw himself into the roistering companionship of gipsies and tinkers, potters and strolling players; how he served as waiter, and won all hearts—Boniface's included—at a Welsh inn; how at Oxford he repeatedly fought a pugnacious shoemaker; and how, in all such encounters, he magnanimously recorded himself beaten when beaten he was.† I returned to my rooms that day with a pile of Wilson's writings under my arm.

The critics *en masse* will support me, I apprehend, in preferring Wilson's prose to his poetry. The latter is apt to pall upon the taste; it is too dainty, too elevated, too ornamental a thing for the uses of this "working-day world." It is delicious when seen in an extract; but read *extenso*, it is almost suggestive of a yawn. Moods of mind there are when it pleases almost beyond compare; but they are exceptional, transient. If you exult in it at soft twilight, and find that it then laps your senses in elysium, the probability is that at midday you will wonder what has come to it or to yourself that the spell is broken, the rapture diluted into satiety, the surge and swell of inspiration smoothened to a dead calm. According to Dr. Moir, its grand characteristics are delicacy of sentiment, and ethereal elegance of description—refining and elevating whatever it touches.‡ It avoids the stern and the rug-

\* Recorded also in Howitt's *Homes and Haunts*, vol. ii.

† This is mentioned, too, in De Quincey's *Autobiography*.

‡ See "Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century," by D. M. Moir: Blackwood & Sons. 1851. These sketches were lectures delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in the winter of 1840-1. The volume is a faithful and generous estimate of the great poets of the age just

\* *Life*, by Hanna, vol. iii.

ged at the expense of the sublime; preferring whatever is gentle, placid, and tender. The result of this, however, is—as Lord Jeffrey pointed out—along with a tranquillizing and most touching sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which ordinary readers of poetry will be apt to call dulness. As Wilson's friend Macnish—the modern Pythagorean—characterizes it:

“His strain like holy hymn upon the ear doth float,  
Or voice of cherubim, in mountain vale remote.”

It is not of the earth, earthy. But so much the more it fails in human interest, and seems to soar above human sympathies—as though, like the Ettrick Shepherd's “Kilmeny,” or our own Fouqué's “Undine,” the link were broken which “bound it in the bundle of life” with common clay. “I should like,” said Allan Cunningham, “to live in a world of John Wilson's making: how lovely would be the hills, how romantic the mountains; how clear the skies, how beautiful the light of the half-risen sun; how full of paradise the vales, and of music the streams! The song of the birds would be for ever heard, the bound of the deer for ever seen; thistles would refuse to grow, and hail-showers to descend; while amid the whole woman would walk a pure, unspotted creature, clothed with loveliness as with a garment, the flowers seeking the pressure of her white feet, the wind feeling enriched by her breath, while the eagle would hesitate to pounce upon the lambs, charmed into a dove by the presence of beauty and innocence.” This applies rather to the “Isle of Palms” and to “Unimore” than to the “City of the Plague,” the very title of which is sufficiently discordant with the above description, and the subject of which was declared monstrous by Southey.\* “It is,” says he, “out-Germanizing the Germans; it is like bringing rack, wheels, and pincers, upon the stage to excite pathos.” Perhaps the *tu quoque* might be here retorted upon the author of “Thalaba” with considerable unction; and at any rate he must include in his censure the genius of Dante, of Boccaccio, of Defoe, of Manzoni, of Shelley, of Brockden Brown, and many

past or still current. We do not, indeed, know any book which may be more confidently recommended to the young of the present day who may be anxious to know what is best worth their attention in one important branch of recent literature. Most sad it is to reflect that the amiable and accomplished author—the DELTA of “Blackwood's Magazine”—was suddenly cut off in the vigor of his days in July last.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

\* In a letter to O. W. W. Wynn, 1816.

another greater or lesser star. One cannot help wondering, however, that even with this theme Wilson should write so little that is powerful amid so much that is pathetic; that he should raise so few spirits of terror from the vasty deep of his imagination; and that, at his warm touch, the freezing horrors of such a topic should melt, thaw, and dissolve themselves almost into a gentle dew. Descriptions “beautiful exceedingly” abound in this work; and of his minor poems, “gems of purest ray serene” are “Edith and Nora,” the “Address to a Wild Deer,” and the “Lines Written in a Highland Glen.”

To his novels and tales, with all their peculiar charm, the same objection of “languor and monotony” is also applicable. He is too apt to cancel from his pictures whatever would offend a too fastidious ideal; to eliminate every negative quantity; to give us the rose without the thorn, poetry without prose, man without original sin. His shepherds and shepherdesses, his swains and cottars, are nearly as unreal, though far more interesting, than the pastoral creatures dear to Shenstone and Dresden china. They flit before us like figures in bas-relief, which want more background and less statuesque uniformity. Jeffrey, in his review of “Margaret Lyndsay,” “Lights and Shadows,” &c., objected to them as lamentably deficient in that bold and free vein of invention, that thorough knowledge of the world, and rectifying spirit of good sense, which redeem all Scott's flights from the imputation either of extravagance or affectation. But all must acknowledge the exquisite pathos and the generous enthusiasm, consecrated everywhere by a pervading purity of sentiment, which make them justly dear to youth and innocence.

Come we now to his connection with periodical literature. Putting on the anonymous, he forthwith became broader in girth, higher in stature, greater in strength. Like the cap of Fortunatus, it seemed to endow him with new faculties. Addison says there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name; and adds: “For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favors, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.” No sooner had Christopher North shouldered his crutch than he showed how fields are won—handling it like a sceptre that made him monarch of all he surveyed. He did not indeed use his liberty as a cloak for licentiousness, but he was laughingly and laughably reckless in his doings and darings. Coleridge in one of his



monologues, as De Staël called them, blamed his lawless expenditure of talent and genius in his protracted management of "Blackwood," but at the same time exclaimed: \* "How can I wish that Wilson should cease to write what so often soothes and suspends my bodily miseries, and my mental conflicts!" How indeed? With such cordiality in his chuckle, such glee in his eccentricities, such genius in his vagaries, such method in his madness, who could frown on the extravaganzas of North any more than utter grave strictures on the "All Fool's Day" of Charles Lamb? It was all so genial that you forgave everything and forgot nothing.† And then his eloquence was truly as "the rush of mighty waters"—

"How the exulting thoughts,  
Like children on a holiday, rush forth  
And shout, and call to every humming bee,  
And bless the birds for angels!"‡

One of his "Cockney" victims, upon whose shoulders he had laid the crutch with more bone-crushing (*beinbrechend*) emphasis than any other man's, eulogizes his prose as a rich territory of exuberance congenial with Keats's poetry—a forest tempest-tossed indeed, compared with those still valleys and enchanted gardens, but set in the same region of the remote, the luxuriant, the mythological—governed by a more wilful and scornful spirit, but such as hates only from an inverted spirit of loving, impatient of want of sympathy.§ Well might poor Hartley Coleridge call Christopher North the happiest speaking mask since Father Shandy and Uncle Toby were silent; "for Elia," he adds, "is Charles

himself." The *unique* style of Wilson's criticisms is hardly conceivable by those amongst us who are ignorant of his mother-tongue: we have nothing I can point to by way of parallel, hardly even of resemblance. He has the wit and searching intellect of Lessing; the facile analysis of Brockhaus; the philosophic tendency of the younger Schlegel; the discriminative faculty of the elder; Herder's catholic sympathies; Tieck's lively enthusiasm; much of Heine's withering sarcasm; and the dashing vigor of Menzel: together with a *nescio quid* which harmonizes their discords; a something that separates him from their conventionalisms, and makes him like "a star that dwells apart:" a comet if you will—but glorious in its vagrancy—brilliant with a light that never was on sea or shore of the *orbis veteribus notus*. His nature endowed with what Tennyson ascribes to the dead friend he memorializes so fondly:

"Heart-affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry;  
The critic clearness of an eye  
That saw through all the Muses' walk."\*

With all his partisanship and consummate irony, he is justly praised for tolerance, and for the fine spirit of frankness and generous good-will which animates many of his reviews of political and literary foes; for, as Justice Talfourd observes,† notwithstanding his own decided opinions, he has a compass of mind large enough to embrace all others which have noble alliances within its range. Seldom, if ever in fact, was so sound and warm a heart allied to so clear a head. If our Gutzkow is not more trenchant in his satire and scorn, neither is our Jean Paul more gentle, more meltingly tender, more winning and womanly in his gushing pathos. "The Recreations of Christopher North" collect some of his choicest miscellanea; but why does he not make a selection also from that glorious repository of eccentric, self-willed, ebullient genius, the "Nights at Ambrose's?" Nowhere else does he appear to such advantage. He there riots in prodigality of intellectual

\* Table-Talk, vol. ii.

† How characteristic these writings were of the man may be illustrated by a letter of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who, after calling Wilson "the most provoking creature imaginable," proceeds to say: "He is young, handsome, wealthy, witty; has great learning, exuberant spirits, a wife and children that he dotes on, and no vice that I know, but on the contrary, virtuous principles and feelings. Yet his wonderful eccentricity would put anybody but his wife wild. She, I am convinced, was actually made on purpose for her husband, and has that kind of indescribable controlling influence over him that Catherine is said to have had over that wonderful savage the Czar Peter."—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan*.

‡ Sydney Yendys: "The Roman." Scene vi.

§ Leigh Hunt: "Seer."

|| In his introduction to Massinger. Elsewhere Hartley Coleridge writes:—"Wilson is the best critic that Scotland has produced; nay, that is saying too little. When at his best, he is almost the best that Britain has produced."—*Essays*, ii.

\* "In Memoriam."

† "Life and letters of Charles Lamb." Lamb and Wilson met once only. Talfourd tells us they walked out from Enfield (Lamb's residence) together, and strolled happily a long summer day; not omitting, however, a call for a refreshing draught. Lamb called for a pot of ale or porter—*half* of which would have been his own usual allowance; and was delighted to hear the Professor, on the appearance of the foaming tankard, say reproachfully to the waiter, "And one for me!"

and imaginative wealth. He deluges you with good things, and swells the flood with your own tears, now of sorrow and now of mirth. He hurries you from sublimity to burlesque; from homily to *jeu d'esprit*; from grave disquisition to obstreperous fun: feasting you alternately with the items in Polonius's bill of fare—tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light. The "Noctes" show a dramatic power one could not have surmised from the conduct of his poetry. An intelligent English critic remarks, that, barring an occasional irregularity of plot, they are perfect specimens of comedy.\* If any fellow-countryman among my readers (*ex hypothesi*) are strangers to the English language, let him for once believe the assurance of an Anglo-maniac, that the language is worth learning if

\* Indeed, I know not any comedy in which actual conversation is so naturally imitated, without ever stiffening into *debate* or *amæban* oratory, or slipping into morning-call twaddle.—*Hartley Coleridge*.

only to read the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Robert Hall, aged and agonized by disease, betook himself—prostrate on the sofa—to the study of Italian, that he might read Dante. Youthful Germans, hale, hearty, and aspiring, take example by the Baptist preacher. O the aurora borealis of those "Noctes," dark with excessive bright! May their shadow never be less!

NOTE.—Since this paper was written, the merits of Professor Wilson have been recognized by his country, in the form of a handsome pension conferred by the government; but we deeply lament to add that still more recently the "old man eloquent" has been stricken by severe illness, and is for the present confined to his chamber, and the care of his attached family. In Scotland, as the one event was a matter of universal gratification—for Wilson has long been regarded with pride as the chief and representative of his country's literature—so will the other event be everywhere felt as a grievous, though we would hope temporary, misfortune.—*Ed.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

## EDMUND BURKE.

PART II.—Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for January.

THE three greatest literary men of England during the eighteenth century, Hume, Johnson, and Burke, were all in France a few years before the assembling of the States General. They were all men of great observation; they were all men of great ability; they had all thought deeply on the great questions of their age; they had all good, brave, honest hearts, and were sincerely devoted to what they believed to be the truth. It is therefore very curious to know what were their different impressions of French society, and how far they could read the signs of the great revolution that was approaching.

Of the triumvirate, Hume was the most attached to France, and had the greatest admiration of French literature; it is but the

bare truth to say, that of the three he had the least idea of any French Revolution. He saw nothing but devotion to the monarch, and the fascinations of the society in the capital. To him France was still the France of Louis the Fourteenth. He called the society of London "barbarous," and was delighted with all he saw at Paris. Before he went abroad as secretary to Lord Hertford, he was a plain, straightforward Scotchman. But Burke always said that the charming syrens of the literary drawing-rooms had vanquished even a philosopher, and that Hume returned to England a literary coxcomb. He seems, indeed, to have written his History with the express intention of pleasing the French wits; it abounds in sneers at the English people for making so

much noise about their liberties, and in compliments to "the gallant nation, so famous for its loyalty." The loyalty of France is Hume's constant theme; and he loves to contrast it with the turbulence of England. So much for philosophy. Of all the brilliant men who met together at the Turk's Head, Johnson seems to have had the greatest esteem for Burke. In politics, indeed, they were directly opposed to each other; they had even entered the lists under different banners. Johnson can scarcely be called a politician; he knew little of political philosophy. Much as he disliked Bolingbroke's religious opinions, his politics were very much the politics of St. John. He did not highly distinguish himself as a dramatic writer; but he never appears to so little advantage as in his political pamphlets. He seems to have thought everything fair, dogmatic assertion, scurrilous abuse; for these are the only weapons that the great moralist condescends to use. It is painful to contrast the tone of his pamphlet called *Taxation no Tyranny*, with that of Burke's two published speeches on America. Machiavelli never wrote anything more decidedly immoral than many passages in the political writings of the high-principled Samuel Johnson.

The autumn after he had published this *Taxation no Tyranny*, his strange figure appeared in the streets of Paris. He was accompanied by the Thrales. As Mr. Thrale was a brewer, he naturally sought the society of other brewers; and thus Johnson and Santerre met in the same room, and had a friendly conversation about brewing. The moralist was very careful to note in his diary that Santerre used the same quantity of malt as Mr. Thrale, and that though he paid very little duty, sold his beer at the same price. Johnson also observed that the moat of the Bastille was dry; some years afterwards it was still drier. The party rambled about Versailles, and viewed the palace and the menagerie. Samuel took particular care to look at the cygnets, the gulls, the black stags, the rhinoceroses with their horns broken, the young elephants with their tusks just appearing, the brown bears putting out their paws, the camels with one bunch, the dromedaries with two bunches, the pelicans catching fish; and he expresses his regret that he could not have a good look at the tigers; but in all his diary there is not a single thought about the literary men of Paris. That brilliant galaxy of talent to him was nothing; he scarcely seems to have been

aware of its existence. When asked by Boswell to give him an account of his travels he said, that he had "seen all the visibilities of Paris," and the greatest person of his acquaintance was "Colonel Drumgold, a very high man, Sir, the head of the Ecole Militaire, a most complete character." But with all his English prejudices, Johnson seems to have observed more than Hume, whose French partialities were quite as decided; for the author of *Taxation no Tyranny* at least declared that "the great in France live very magnificently, but the rest very miserably. There is no happy middle state, as in England."

It was in 1773, and again in the following year, that Burke crossed over to the continent. He could not have gone to France at a more remarkable time. It was, indeed, a strange sight that presented itself to the gaze of a thinking being. Everything that could dazzle the eye and deceive the judgment was displayed. A hectic flush of loveliness disguised the ravages of the deadly disease that was preying upon the body of the state. Never had literature more devoted worshippers; never was the position of the literary man more exalted: all Paris was at his feet. A golden age was about to come upon the earth. Glorious philosophy would be more powerful than the monarch's sceptre; and false priests would no longer hoodwink the reason of mankind. But there were still some less pleasing phenomena preceding the good time that was drawing near. The old king was not dead; he and his mistresses still encumbered the ground: Louis XV. did not wish to die. The monarchy that had lasted for so many centuries, he hoped would still last out his time; and Louis XV. prayed that himself and France might live yet for many years. In the dark alleys, wretchedness and misery fretted and pined; the squalid thousands were without bread, and almost without hope. Yet to the accomplished readers of the *Encyclopædia*, very little occurred to discourage their most sanguine dreams. Marie Antoinette was happy and gay; and Burke was received everywhere with adulation and smiles. But he had little sympathy with the philosophers; some of them learnt, to their utter astonishment, that during the next session of Parliament, he called them "atheistical conspirators," who ought to be carefully watched by all governments. He observed with great care the nobility and the priesthood, and many circumstances occurred to make him look anxiously for the commencement of the new reign.

Such were the different conclusions to which Hume, Johnson, and Burke had arrived. Hume died shortly afterwards, and died as he had lived. He had lived contentedly in a delusion, and died contentedly in a delusion. Johnson, also, was taken away from the evils that were to come; his death was earnest as his life had been earnest. Burke alone lived to see the great moral explosion at which all the world turned pale. But he also left the earth before the faintest glimmering of a better day was seen through the black clouds that lowered over Europe.

Although Burke did not live to see the catastrophe of the great French drama that he watched with so much interest, he saw the United States become great and powerful, and, contrary to the prophecies of many people, fully capable of maintaining their independence against all enemies. The truth of the great political philosopher's ideas became, thanks to the wisdom and abilities of his Majesty's ministers, very soon a matter of no doubt.

The brilliant success with which Mr. Pitt had conducted the last great war, had turned the heads of the English people. The ministers appear to have thought that victory was sure to accompany the English arms. The delusion was soon dispelled. Session followed session, campaign succeeded campaign, and America was still unsubdued. Many who had applauded all the rash measures which had driven the colonists to rebellion, began to awaken from their dream. The opposition gathered strength. The outcry about the expenditure began to be very loud. Ireland assumed a most menacing attitude. The sails of a hostile fleet were seen from the English shores. Then for the first time was heard the cry for reform. It was little heeded by the ministers, and little understood by gentlemen of the opposition. As usual, the great interests of the state were all threatened by this spirit. At this time, with the profound sagacity that always distinguished him, Burke first brought forward his plan of economy, and on the 4th of February, 1780, delivered his great speech on economical reform.

Many critics have considered this oration as the most wonderful of all his displays of eloquence. None of his speeches ever showed more of the high statesman-like intellect of its author. He is here not treating of America, of India, or of France; the speech is devoted to the internal government of the country, and shows how skilfully theory and practice

are combined. It ought to be studied night and day by those who profess to sneer at all eloquence and imagination, and assume to themselves the exclusive title of "practical men."

Since Burke's death, all statesmen have professed themselves economists; and it is very instructive to see what their notions were on this important subject. The spirit of this speech is directly contrary to the maxims that are adopted by a very popular school of reformers. These fashionable doctrines are all built upon the principle that it is best to economize by detail: the army and navy estimates are objected to, and a few hundred pounds less than the sum of the ministers is proposed. This is considered economy. Such were not Burke's ideas. Never was he more ready to inculcate any truth, than that there is a great and essential difference between the revenue of a powerful government, and the receipts of a private individual; between the affairs of a great empire, and those of a little counting-house. "Elevate your minds," he was ever exclaiming, "to the importance of that trust to which the order of Providence has called you." He pointed out clearly that the income of a great nation must be subject to many fluctuations, which never could disturb the yearly fortune of a single person, and that it was often necessary to expend the public money that private property might be secured. A merchant would of course look only to the present. To him whatever made him wealthy must be the first object of his care. His ships went out to all quarters of the globe, the creditor side of his ledger was a delightful spectacle, his name was of great weight on the exchange. What could a merchant desire more?

But the statesman's eyes cannot always be fixed on the fleeting panorama of the hour. Society is something more than a multitude of units, connected together by the chain of profit and loss. The statesman must therefore have long views. He is the inheritor of an entailed estate, handed down through countless ages, from generation to generation; and he is to transmit it unimpaired and unfettered to the countless ages that are yet to come after him, as wave after wave of humanity strikes against the shores of the world, and then again sinks into the great ocean of the past. Thus the state is fearfully and wonderfully made. As of the coral reef, life has arisen from death; the firesides of the present generation are situated on the graves of their fathers, and the hearths of our chil-



dren may be held on our tombs. Men are not, however, entirely forgotten: the laws of the land are their monuments, and ought to be engraved on the hearts of their children. Thus society is composed of life and death, of old age, matured manhood, youth, and infancy, of the past, the present, and the future. All is linked together by a sacred bond. Society therefore becomes indeed a contract; but it is a contract between those who have been before, those who now are, and those who are yet to be; between the grave, the altar, and the cradle. Individuals then become as nothing in the great commonwealth of ages.

These, if we understand what Burke has said, were his notions of society. From these it followed that even in his professed economical plan, he considered economy as merely of secondary importance.

Lord North praised the bills, and then defeated them; but it was only a momentary defeat. The hours of the ministry were numbered. Even their staunchest supporters began to waver, and in the January of 1782, they at length resigned. High-sounding as had been all their manifestoes, nothing could be more humiliating than their downfall. They had doubled the national debt, invaded the liberties of the subject, thrown away thirteen colonies, and left England full of misery, doubt, discord, darkness, and ruin. They seem at length to have died of utter inanition; they had done all the harm they possibly could do to their country, and resigned when their powers of destruction were exhausted. They retired; and none cried, "God bless them." Even Dr. Johnson, who called them his political friends, who had written *Taxation no Tyranny*, and who hated the name of America during the war, shook his head, and whispered confidentially to Boswell, that matters were not as they ought to be; and on the 20th of January, when the resignation of his friends was announced, returned thanks to Heaven as he prayed with Black Frank, and afterwards declared that "such a bunch of imbecility never disgraced a nation." The ghost of Grenville alone might regret these misfortunes, as it fled weeping to the shades below.

The new administration under the Marquis of Rockingham was then formed; and Burke was made a Right Honorable, and Paymaster of the Forces. His beloved bills on Economical Reform were brought in with all the authority of government, and after receiving some very important curtailments, became part of the law of the land.

It has been said that Burke's province was history, and that had he devoted himself to that branch of literature, he would have been the greatest historian that ever lived. It might be so; but we very much doubt it. His sketches of his contemporaries are certainly most admirable; but they do not seem to us to be drawn in the manner of a historian. They are perfectly well adapted to the place in which we find them; they illustrate very finely his political philosophy. But the only avowed historical work that he did write, the *Abridgment of English History*, is assuredly not one of his most valuable compositions.

We are far from thinking, with Mr. Carlyle, that a great poet may be a great anything; for all the history of genius shows that the very yearning after one species of excellence prevents any high excellence of another kind. Genius is, perhaps, not such a mechanical thing, such a creature of circumstances, as, were this doctrine correct, it certainly would be.

But there is nothing, perhaps, more lamentable, than the struggles of misplaced genius: circumstances contending against nature; the high-mettled race-horse dragging a coal-cart. Yet it is no easy thing for such a man to be quite chained down to the drudgery of the world; the spirit is not easily confined by the bars of a prison; if it be true that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, still more is it true that, from the tomb of a heart-broken great man, a celestial light arises, and illuminates the world. But, perhaps, it is not when the horizon is blackest, when he is most unfortunate, that he is the most to be pitied. The darkest hour of the night is nearest the dawn; but it is through the morning mists that the precipices, the mountains, the torrents, and all natural objects, appear most terrible. It is then that a tree becomes a spectre, a peaceful valley a yawning chasm, and the rattling of carriage-wheels the rumbling of an earthquake. Total darkness may be, therefore, better than partial light. It is not pleasant to observe the noble spirit, that has laughed at poverty, misfortune, and neglect, pining when the hour of a deceitful prosperity is over-clouded. Thus it was with Burke. Johnson said that, of all the men he had ever known, Burke seemed to be the most equable in his spirits, that he appeared always cheerful, good-humored, and contented. But a very interesting letter to Lord Rockingham, in 1774, just before the general election of that year, still remains as

evidence that Burke's spirits were very far from being always the same, however little he might be inclined to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

Some private circumstances made it necessary that Burke should not sit in Parliament again for Wendover. Of this he writes:—

"In this difficulty, which is superadded to others, sometimes, when I am alone, in spite of all my efforts, I fall into a melancholy which is inexpressible; and to which if I gave way, I should not continue long under it, but must totally sink; yet I do assure you, that partly, and indeed principally, by the force of natural good spirits, and partly by a strong sense of what I ought to do, I bear up so well, that no one who did not know them, could easily discover the state of my mind or my circumstances. I have those that are dear to me, for whom I must live as long as God pleases, and in what way he pleases. Whether I ought not totally to abandon this public station, for which I am so unfit, and have of course been so unfortunate, I know not. It is certainly not so easy to arrange me in it as it has been hitherto. Most assuredly I never will put my feet within the doors of St. Stephen's Chapel, without being as much my own master as hitherto I have been, and at liberty to pursue the same course."

This was but a momentary sinking of the heart. Burke was again solicited to stand for Wendover, and was elected for both Malton and Bristol.

At the time when Bristol did itself the honor to choose Burke as one of its representatives, it was the second city of the kingdom. As yet, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow did not threaten the pre-eminence of the metropolis. London was first and Bristol second. The Marquis of Rockingham and his friends were held in honor by the British merchants. Grenville had set their opinion at defiance; but Burke had always his house open for them, and his ears were always ready to listen to their complaints.

But Burke was the very antithesis of a democratical politician. He was far too much in earnest, far too philosophical, to abandon his ideas to the enthusiasm of his constituents. Hence the speech that he delivered on returning thanks for his election, is one of the calmest and most reasoning of all the productions of his mind. It has all the judgment of the closet; no academic lecture could ever exhibit less passion; and academic lectures, as we all know, are very passionless things. Even at that time an incident occurred, which was very ominous of what followed, and we could almost believe

that Burke foresaw his disagreement with the good constituents who rejected him six years after they had first made him member for Bristol. A popular politician must pay continued worship to Nemesis; the waves on the beach at Bristol were more stable than the minds of that great commercial constituency. The newly elected member disclaimed the idea that Parliament was an assembly of delegates, or that the member of each county and town was a mere ambassador of the electors.

One fine September day, in the year 1780, the noonday sun shone on a strange sight at the Bristol Guildhall. The greatest statesman and politician of that generation, or of any generation, stood forward to vindicate his parliamentary life for the six years during which he had been the member for that city. He had manfully struggled against all the powers of the court, shoved aside on every occasion the glittering bait of corruption; though poor himself, he had withstood every temptation of wealth, honor and applause; he had striven to preserve the empire from civil war; he had foretold the consequences of all the insane violence with which the ministers goaded their fellow-men on the other side of the Atlantic to throw off the yoke of the mother-country; he had endeavored to unite subordination with liberty, peace and quiet with energy and progress; he had labored night and day in the affairs of the empire; he had devoted himself to the private interests of his constituents, and might be seen full of ardor, running about on their business, like a shipbroker, to the custom-houses and wharves, the Treasury and the Admiralty; he had endeavored to introduce a great plan of public economy; he had applied most enlightened commercial principles to Ireland, but at the same time refused to join in the insolent triumphs and narrow provincial prejudices of his native country: for conceding this act of commercial justice he had become unpopular at Bristol; for thinking it no more than justice, he had become unpopular in Ireland; he had exerted himself, like a true philanthropist, to alleviate the miseries of those who were confined in prison for debt, and acknowledged himself a debtor to the debtors; he had contended for liberty of conscience for all men of all denominations; he had strenuously attempted to infuse a liberal and enlightened spirit into the British legislature; he had been elected without the least chicanery or flattery; and now, as he stood before them, he disdained to apologize

for what he had done during the six eventful years since his election. This was a noble spectacle. There is something sublime and heroic in the conduct of Burke at this moment. It affords a complete answer to those who say that he pursued highly popular courses at all times before the French Revolution. It is in the spirit of his later years, but not more so than the very first act of his public life. Never since the House of Commons became a great branch of the British legislature, had any of its representatives, in the short period of six years, done so much as Burke did while he represented Bristol. It would seem that no member ever had a better claim, not only to be again elected, but to be in every way applauded. Burke, however, was rejected. Philosophy, wisdom, and eloquence are as nothing to minds inflamed with party zeal, religious animosity, and selfish prejudices. Bristol was one of the most independent constituencies of the kingdom. Amid the coming political storms, perhaps this part of Burke's life may be worthy of some consideration.

The little borough of Malton again received the great philosopher, and Burke had had quite enough experience of great constituencies ever again to trust to their discernment. He represented Malton until he retired from Parliament, and his son succeeded him in that representation.

His brief career of office was eminently disinterested. But his aristocratic friends were by no means very ardent and grateful. It must ever remain as a matter for wonder that the man who had so long led the opposition, who had displayed every power of the statesman, the orator, the philosopher, and the patriot, who had been the life and soul of the party, and had kept it steadily in the true constitutional course amid all the quicksands of seventeen years, was not thought worthy of a seat in the cabinet when the Rockingham party acceded to power. Younger men with long pedigrees were considered better fitted to serve the party calling itself liberal, than Edmund Burke, who was only the greatest man of the eighteenth century. Had he immediately abandoned the party for ever, and united at once with Mr. Pitt, as some of these hereditary legislators said he wished to do, a few years later, assuredly it was not for them to accuse him of apostasy.

The death of the Marquis of Rockingham might well appear to have released Burke from a political fidelity that had been so ill-requited. But he proceeded in the same

course without hesitation. The affairs of India had been for awhile put out of view during the American war, but as that war was brought to a close, the Eastern empire now received Burke's constant attention. The energy, the industry, the determination, the eloquence, the principles that he had hitherto devoted to America, he now brought to bear on India. But the difficulties were still more numerous. America was at least colonized by Englishmen, and bore the impress of the English character; although the colonies were not well understood, yet they were at least not entirely unknown. On India the cloud of ignorance gathered in thick darkness. Strange tales reached the ears about palaces of gold and ivory, myriads of camels with their palanquins, turbaned guards covered with jewels, heaps of diamonds, widows burning themselves on funeral piles, parents tossing their children into the Ganges, worshippers throwing themselves under the cars of idols, princes surrounded with slaves, women carefully shrouded from the gaze of men, valleys black with jungle, whence the howl of the tiger and the laugh of the hyena were echoed—of rajahs, durbars, banians, polygars, duans, polams, soucars, zemindars, soubahs, and other barbarous things quite incomprehensible to plain English people. Our countrymen had not laid aside the idea that they were only islanders; they did not know what a high station they had to fulfil. Members and electors had just the same degree of knowledge, and that was no knowledge at all, about our Indian empire. They had not yet learnt to look at Great Britain in her imperial capacity: so sudden, so wonderful had been the establishment of our dominion in the East, that India was regarded as freebooters regard their prey, and not as a trust that involved the prosperity of millions, for whose welfare the ruling people were responsible. So late as ten years ago, a great writer, in an essay on Lord Clive, thought it necessary to apologize for writing on a subject that to educated English gentlemen had so little interest.

Burke, after spending his mornings on India committees, and all his leisure hours in studying Indian details, found himself shortly in a new world, of which his countrymen had no idea. With all his usual ardor, he set himself to understand the great questions that arose out of this subject. When he had once grasped them, he laid aside all European prejudices, all notions that the Hindoos and the Mussulmans were in a state of subjugation. A crime committed in India appeared to him in the same light as

a crime committed in England. The poorest native who ate his rice under the dominion of the Company, was, in his eyes, as worthy of protection as any free-born Englishman. Cabinet ministers were too much in the habit of considering the millions as mere machines for taxation; but Burke felt that all these multitudes were really individuals, and that each individual was a human being. Hence his blood boiled with indignation as he read of the brutal treatment of the two Begums; and hence he sympathized so deeply with the sufferings of Marie Antoinette. The two Begums, indeed, dwelt at Fyzabad, and were the mother and wife of the late Nabob of Oude; Marie Antoinette resided at Versailles, and was the daughter of Maria Theresa, and wife of the King of France; they were both foully wronged and tortured under pretence of public good; and Burke felt as acutely for the misery of the Indian princesses, as of the Queen of France. A son, after being plundered himself, was instigated and even forced by a British statesman to plunder his own mother. Her castle was stormed, her most devoted servants put into irons, and tortured. No buccaneer had ever used more barbarity in getting the treasures of his victims, than a Governor-General of the East India Company had thought himself right in exercising, because, forsooth, the Directors were clamorous for money. For money the greatest crimes are perpetrated; and it is to prevent those enormities that governments are established. For money an English statesman agreed to let out the bravery and skill of the English armies, and a gallant nation was given over to a cruel tyrant, to be robbed, murdered, and extirpated. The only defence that has ever been pleaded as an excuse for those bloody and barbarous measures is, that the Governor-General robbed and murdered, not for himself, but for his employers, and that all his wicked actions proceeded from misdirected public spirit. He was not sordid, he was not rapacious, he did not love blood; and what he did was from zeal for the cause of his country.

The pretence of public good has always been made for every great crime that stains the history of the world. Public good was alleged as some justification for the destruction of Carthage, for the alternate massacres of Marius and Sylla, for the murder of Socrates, for the persecution of the Christians, for the extirpation of the Albigenses, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for the *auto-da-fés* of Spain, for the fires in Smithfield, for the dragoonings of Louis XIV. All these

great crimes, Burke in his different writings has execrated; and he laughed with bitter irony at the excuses their apologists had offered. No frightful outrage that ever was perpetrated has wanted defenders; and even defenders of great name. Seneca wrote in defence of Nero, and the bloody assizes of Jefferies have had their white-washers. It was under pretence of public good, that the Protestant Association fanned the flames that in the year 1780 threatened London with a general conflagration. It was under the pretence of public good, that two years later, as we have before said, Hastings thought himself justified in setting at defiance all natural instincts, all private rights, when he obliged Cheyte Sing to disregard every filial feeling, and commit a base wrong on his mother. It was under the same miserable pretext that the September massacres in Paris were committed, and all the frightful crimes of the revolutionists. Burke condemned the Protestant Association, he condemned the revolutionists, and he condemned Hastings. It must be observed that he always valued himself on his consistency, and declared that it was the key to his public life. Whether his opinions were right or wrong, is not the question.

When Hastings' public spirit is pleaded in excuse for his public crimes, and when Burke's conduct is spoken of as violent and fanatical, it ought to be remembered that Burke never believed in the possibility of convicting the Governor-General. He knew the House of Lords too well. He knew that the cause of India gained nothing by his advocacy, for he was more unpopular than the veriest machine of office or the most corrupt minion of the court had ever been. He knew well that in the eyes of worldly politicians, success, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Hastings was certainly no ordinary man. Rome never set an abler proconsul over any of her conquered provinces. Fearless, resolute, full of resources, unconquerable by adversity, clear-sighted in all his schemes, often changing his means, but never losing sight of his end, patient under every difficulty, steady, ardent, sagacious, he was, indeed, a practical statesman. Had his energies been called forth in Europe, where rules were laid down that could not be easily broken through, he might have left a spotless name. Many men, with intentions no purer than his, have never had their actions questioned. But, unhappily, the social state of India at that time, if it called forth his abilities, also called forth the evil qualities



of his nature. The history of his long and eventful administration must be allowed even by his warmest advocates to contain many blemishes; and it gave rise to a very difficult moral and political question. With this subject we have at present nothing to do, except so far as it relates to Burke's conduct; and in whatever light Hastings' public character may be regarded, the crimes with which it was sullied afford a sufficient justification of his great accuser. They who will take the trouble of turning to the third volume of the *Correspondence*, p. 42, will see a most important letter from Burke to Sir Philip Francis about the affairs of India. He declares plainly that all he could expect would be to justify himself, and that he was quite aware, under present circumstances, how impracticable it was to convict Hastings. This remarkable letter is dated the 10th of December, 1785, before the inexplicable conduct of Mr. Pitt during the next session of Parliament.

But it may be asked, if Burke never believed that he could convict the Governor-General, why did he devote so many years of intense labor to that hopeless object? Why did he declare, in one of his latest works after the trial had been decided, that it was on this public duty that he valued himself most? It was not surely for the gratification of any idle vanity, nor for the wreaking of any private vengeance. The Rev. Mr. Gleig may think it becoming in him, as the panegyrist of Hastings, and the friend of Hastings' family, to suggest some discreditable motives for Burke's actions, but if his life and character do not prove the falsehood of these suggestions, we are not disposed, and have neither time nor space, to say anything about the matter. Was the conduct of Hastings so spotless that any one who found fault with it must of necessity be acting under personal malevolence? And though Burke did not succeed in convicting him, did he do no good by devoting so many years to this business, and bringing it before the world?

When he afterwards said that this was the most important business of his life, and that which, if he had to be rewarded at all, was most deserving of reward, he was not speaking like a maniac. Though nominally unsuccessful, success had really crowned his labors; though apparently defeated, he was not disgraced. Many years before Hastings returned from India, and even previous to many of his questionable actions, Burke had complained bitterly of the neglect that Par-

liament showed to the newly-acquired empire in the East. He spoke with scorn of the prevalent notion, that there was one morality for Europe, and another for India, and said that the Indian government would never act properly until some great offender met with deserved punishment. His object, then, in accusing Hastings, was to make a great and memorable example, from which all future Indian governors might take warning. With this object, he selected the greatest man who had ruled the Eastern dominions, the man who had been longest in power, who had shown the most abilities as a ruler, and who had the most frequently set at naught the plain rules of law and justice, when they stood in the way of the Company's interests. To use his own words, he sought out "the captain-general of iniquity," and struck with all his might at this leader's towering crest. He subjected Hastings to such a searching examination as perhaps no human being had ever before undergone. If the Governor-General was not formally condemned by the House of Lords, assuredly he did not pass quite scatheless through the ordeal; and if Burke did not brand the man whom he believed to be a great criminal, his ultimate object in prosecuting the offender was fully attained. That object was the welfare of the people of India. It was to protect the natives from oppression, to teach the East India Company some respect for public faith, to apply the public opinion of Europe to the government of India, that he spent many years of a most valuable life. He taught the proudest British proconsul of the East that distance did not annihilate the great instincts of right and wrong which the Author of mankind had implanted in the human breast, that there was a time when he would be called to account for every public action, that might did not always mean right, that though seas rolled between India and England, yet the English love of honesty, the English hatred of oppression, the English punishment of injustice, could extend even to Hindostan.

Was not Burke, then, successful? Was he wrong in believing the impeachment a sacred duty, which he was called by every law of God and man to perform? The history of India since that time affords a sufficient excuse for all his violence, in what he sincerely believed to be a holy war against Indian oppression; for, from the time of Hastings' impeachment began the purification of our Indian government. Men might differ about the merits of the old man who was

living quietly at Daylesford, but his most enthusiastic admirers, when they became rulers of India, were very careful not to imitate his crimes. Lord Clive, indeed, ventured, during his last mission in the East, to introduce great public reforms into the government; but he effected little, and the effects of that little were soon done away. Most certainly it is not to him we owe the benevolent and philanthropic system that has been more or less pursued during the present century; and we should have thought higher of Lord Clive's merits as an Eastern reformer, had not many of the greatest abuses against which he afterwards vainly struggled, sprung from his own deplorable breach of faith. He was the first Indian commander who sanctioned the doctrine of there being one morality for Europe and another for the East. Hastings may have believed himself to be only following the pernicious example that Chatham's "heaven-born general" first set, and the greatest corruption, mal-administration, peculation, and oppression continued after Clive's aching heart was at peace in its quiet grave. The Hindoos may reverence the statue of Lord William Bentinck; they may bless the memory of the many wise and good men who have endeavored to elevate them in the ranks of social beings; but that all this has been done, and more than this will be done, is principally due to the noble exertions of a man who had never set his foot on Indian ground, and whose name the natives had never heard.

Burke took the same delight in contemplating Hindostan as he did in contemplating America. The contrast of the civilization of the two countries was peculiarly interesting to his mind. India spoke to him of the past, of many races, many languages, many religions; of princes who had ruled great empires, while we were yet in the woods; of literature, science, and art, different from any that Europeans had yet studied; of the changing scenes, like the advancing and receding of a deluge, which the history of the Arab, Tartar, and Persian invasions presented. Nor with all his violence, and all his so-called bias of passion, do the charges he laid on the table of the Commons, and the most able reports that he drew up, contain any wild notions, or great exaggerations. We have been at some pains to examine the statements on which the charges against Hastings were founded, and we might say of Burke's writings on this subject, what Mr. Macaulay says of the *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*; there is scarcely

a single touch unsubstantiated by facts of unquestionable authority. The premises of both Hastings' accusers and advocates were, indeed, nearly the same; they began to differ when the conclusion was to be drawn. To his friends, Hastings' patriotic motives were everything; to Burke, these patriotic motives were nothing, in comparison with the acts of wrong and injustice of which the Governor-General was accused.

This desire to effect a great public reform in India, this devotion of all his energy and ability to the service of the suffering natives, accounts sufficiently for his conduct during the stormy period of the coalition ministry. In the able "Motion relative to the Speech from the Throne," after the general election which had been so fatal to the party of Fox and North, the principles on which Burke acted are fully explained. The motion, it is necessary to observe, was not a party measure; it was moved by Burke, and seconded by Windham; and was made without any encouragement from Fox or his immediate friends. From this, and from some circumstances shortly following, it becomes evident that the public and private friendship of Burke and Fox was not so very cordial even at this time, and that the French Revolution was not necessary to show the hollowness of this seeming union. Events, indeed, had thrown these two men together, but they had little in common. Charles Fox had assuredly many good, great, and amiable qualities, but to people who know the history of those times, and who are not inclined to worship as saints all the leaders of a certain party, it seems mere nonsense to call him "the greatest parliamentary defender of civil and religious liberty." He was as bad a representative of pure liberalism, as Pitt was of pure toryism. With the change of circumstances, it is not difficult to suppose that Pitt might have become the champion of the Whigs, and Fox the champion of the Tories. Pitt commenced his public career as a parliamentary reformer and as a respectable democrat; and Fox in his early days supported the Middlesex election, and set all public opinion at defiance. Now, during all these times, Burke acted consistently with himself and his avowed principles. No man advocated the constitutional cause so powerfully during the debates on Wilkes and Middlesex; he at all times spoke and wrote against a change in the representation; he at all times condemned abstract principles, and any violent and sudden innovations; even while he was composing the *Letters on a*

*Regicide Peace*, he corresponded with Grattan on Catholic emancipation, and with Dundas on the abolition of the slave trade. Pitt, it is now well known, had very much the same ideas as Fox about the French Revolution. Both these official statesmen, when the great convulsion first burst forth, spoke of it as an unmixed good. It was a dawning of a happy day for the French nation; the future was all bright and glorious to France and the world. The Bastille had scarcely fallen, the ruins were still smoking, when from out of its ashes Burke thought he saw a frightful spectre ascend, and stand glaring with fiery eyes, and menacing with outstretched arm all the palaces and sceptres, art and civilization of Europe. It is difficult to imagine him acting in any manner but in that which he did, at all the different periods of his life. He often met with "partings of the ways," but he never seems for a moment to have hesitated in the course which he took. This cannot be said either of Fox or Pitt, and all this is necessary to understand well, if the last act of Burke's life is to be rightly appreciated.

In all the Indian details, Sir Philip Francis was at Burke's elbow, and perhaps was at one time too much trusted, and had far too much influence over the impetuous orator. They were certainly on most intimate terms; Francis acted with his characteristic vanity and presumption, and indeed, it appears, took the liberty of saying things at which no other person ventured to hint. In the midst of the labors on the impeachment, the French Revolution broke out, and it was of course natural for Francis and Burke to converse on that important subject. The two or three letters from Sir Philip, in Burke's *Correspondence*, are an image of the man.

He communicated to Burke, in the December of 1789, a printed scheme of a general bank in France. It was for the purpose of giving credit to a new paper currency, to the amount of six hundred millions; and, with the economical difficulties of the period, it is scarcely necessary to say that Burke had no faith in such a financial scheme. Four months later, we find Francis writing to Burke about some proof sheets that were evidently part of the celebrated *Reflections on the French Revolution*. This letter is dated the 19th February, 1790, ten days after the debate on the army estimates, during which the first public and serious difference between Burke and Fox occurred. Francis entreats Burke to consider well the

step he is about to take; it was likely to be of very great consequence, and ought never to be undertaken without the most careful deliberation. At all events, Francis would act the part of a sincere friend, and give his opinion that the work both in matter and manner was of very questionable merit. The composition, Sir Philip thought, was very loose; it was unworthy of Burke to enter into a war of sarcasms with Dr. Price, and the sentiments about Marie Antoinette and French chivalry were mere foppery. Could Burke really be serious? Was he such a determined champion of beauty, as to be ready to draw his sword in defence of any jade, if she were only handsome?

Burke received this letter late one evening, after returning from Carlton House, and of course wrote a long reply to it, before going to bed. He regretted that Francis was the only one of his acquaintances who dared to give him advice; he must search himself, and endeavor, old as he was, to correct this rough and menacing manner. The composition of the work was undoubtedly loose; but he intended it to be loose. He had no idea of digesting his matter into systematic order; the style was open to correction, but his natural style of writing was somewhat careless. But Francis's main objections were of a much deeper nature, and Burke finds, with no sort of surprise, that they differ only in everything. It was a matter of some delicacy to suppress what he had written, for by doing so, he would indirectly admit that the infamy he was about to incur was really deserved. He was well aware that he was opposing the inclinations and prejudices of many people; it was for this very purpose that the letter was written. He was surprised how Francis, with the paper in his hand, could dream that the author found no other reason but her beauty, for disapproving of the manner in which the Queen of France had been treated. He would not wait until all calumnies and slanders were forgotten, before he gave way to his natural sympathies, and expressed his particular feelings. He was not to prove juridically the virtues of all those whom he saw suffering every kind of contumely and wrong, before he endeavored to interest others in their sufferings. Was he not to lament that he had lived to see all chivalrous manners extinguished, by means of speculations of finance, and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy? When he thought of what the Queen of France once was, and what she then was, the tears *did* flow from



his eyes, and wetted his paper. These tears came into his eyes again every time he looked at his own description. Francis might think this downright foppery, but it was true, and would be true when they were both no more.

Such was Burke's answer. It was, however, inclosed in another written communication to Francis from young Richard Burke. This is of the greatest interest, and, after having read and re-read it, until every word is impressed on our memory, we are convinced that Richard understood his father better than any man living during his generation. He certainly appreciated Burke much more truly than his correspondent Sir Philip Francis, or than Fox or Pitt, or any statesman of the day. The common opinion about Richard Burke is, that his father very much overrated the abilities of his son, and that, indeed, it was only parental fondness which clothed his offspring with all the attributes of genius. This assertion was only made after the grave had closed over both son and father, when it was impossible to discover what Richard's abilities really were. It is certain, however, that he was a good man and a dutiful son. It is certain that the letters which he wrote to Burke on French politics are far above mediocrity.

With the mention of the *Reflections*, we must conclude our present task. Our principal intention has been to dwell at length on the earlier publications of this distinguished man, and to show the correspondence of the opinions of his life. Were we to continue our analysis, it would be little more than a repetition of what we have said before; for we affirm that these later writings only contain the application of his principles to a remarkable phenomenon. What is the first great political problem that he attempts to solve in the *Reflections*? It is the propriety of judging on abstract principles of liberty, without any regard to times and circumstances. He says that circumstances, which with some people go for nothing, to him are everything, and that he cannot praise anything concerning mankind when it is stripped of all relation, and stands as a naked metaphysical abstraction. He then proceeds to give his ideas of the English Revolution, and says distinctly that James II. broke the original contract between king and subjects, that the people were on the defensive, that they confined themselves entirely to their own domestic affairs, and made a stand, not for the rights of man, but for the rights of Englishmen. His exposition of the English Revolution was much attacked at the time when the

*Reflections* were published; and he illustrated it, and established his principles still more firmly, in the Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs. At the present time no person doubts that Burke was right in the view he then took; and Mr. Macaulay, in the last pages of his history of James II., has only echoed Burke's words.

But still the remarkable word "ought" is often made use of in our day, when philosophers talk about Burke's ideas on the French Revolution. He ought to have made some qualifications. He ought to have seen that there was a great truth concealed under mountains of error, even in the Jacobin frenzy. He ought to have seen that the lava which was desolating the fertile plains would, after having spent its rage, make the ground still more fertile. He ought to have seen that order would even spring from disorder, and that much future good would arise from the great present evil. All this is very fine, and very false. The simple fact, that Burke was a statesman of a particular generation, and not a professor of moral or metaphysical philosophy, justifies him in looking only at the democratic spirit as it first arose, with all its imperfections on its head. To say that while he was decidedly condemning every measure of the revolutionists, he ought still to have looked with pitying fondness at all their efforts, is a most unstatesmanlike assertion. Burke believed that the example of what was going on in France would produce a great effect over all Europe. Can any one now say that he overrated this French influence? The history of the last four years is a sufficient answer. The throne of Louis Philippe was not the only one that the Parisian mob overturned; the triumph of the republicans acted as a signal of insurrection to all the discontented millions in every country. That Burke's anti-revolutionary writings produced a mighty effect, will not now be disputed. That evil was also mingled with the good which he did, that many execrable proceedings were defended by his name, must also be admitted. But there can be no question whether the good or evil outweighs. It is he who made the word "revolution" such a frightful one to English ears; and the high moral tone in which he wrote has also been a great blessing. What a contrast there is between his political morality and Lord Bacon's! Bacon seems to have considered everything but highway robbery excusable in a statesman; and this loose morality may account for many of his questionable deeds. But



Burke told those especially who professed to be political and social reformers, what he had before told Indian governors and Downing-street officials, that in the complex drama of human life, the dictates of humanity are truer guides than all the syllogisms of the logician; that a certain crime is never to be committed for an uncertain good; that the present time being our only possession, we have no right, under the pretence of conferring a benefit on our posterity, to mortgage the blood of our fellow-men.

Omniscience is not given to man. We do not mean to say that Burke was altogether right in these speculations on the effect of the democratic outbreak. It was not in the power of the combined armies of all the monarchs of the earth, though their hosts were led by Condés, Turennes, Marlboroughs, and Wellingtons, to silence the whispers of the still small voice that made itself heard amid the murderous cries at the barricades and the thunders of the revolutionary artillery. Had the Allied armies acted as Burke wished them to do, had they for once believed that the war they were engaged in was a war of principle, a war against a spiritual substance, a thing without a name; and had they stood forth, as he wished them to stand forth, in a noble, manly, patriotic, and generous manner, and not, like children, have chosen to throw stones into a volcano, Europe might not have been overrun with French armies, but in a certain degree the result would have been the same. In fact, all the mistakes and miseries of these revolutionary years proceeded from not looking, as Burke did, steadily at the mighty outbreak. When we speak of wisdom, we must speak comparatively; for on this earth there cannot be a perfectly wise man. On looking back into the past, it is easy to see the errors both of republicans and monarchists; but still the great question remains, who of all those that witnessed the fall of the Bastille best interpreted the portentous signs which perplexed the minds of that generation, and which, even yet, are far from being entirely explained? The subject of this essay was, undoubtedly, that man. He was even more the great man of his age, because, acting as a practical statesman of that time, and having to do with a present evil, he put out of his mind all thoughts of the good that these liberal speculations might one day produce. What is speculatively true, may be politically false; and assuredly they who could think and observe during the year 1848, will not say that Burke exaggerated the evils of a

state of society, in which all reverence for old institutions and established governments was taken away. More than sixty years have gone since the French Revolution; it is not yet ended, nor seems at all likely to end. During a season of tranquillity, that strange spirit only acquires more strength, and the speculators of the present time appear little wiser than those of the past. The experience of every day proves how very difficult it is to get constitutions to work. All the eloquent tongues are smitten with foolishness, when they begin to chant their prophetic songs. Amid all the doubt and struggles of the times, it is consoling to see the British Channel separating England from the Continent. The mere division of nature is nothing, however, to the great moral chasm that intervenes between the politicians of England and those of other countries.

The liberal speculators of Burke's time, if they erred in looking at man merely as an individual, were, at least, to a very great extent, correct in this limited view. They sincerely strove to benefit their kind; and we may now, without grudging, give them their meed of praise. They saw, at every step they took, the high aspirations of their race fettered by innumerable conventionalities which were incomprehensible to an unsophisticated man. Yet man was the lord of the creation. He was the noblest of nature's works. He had been given dominion over all the animate and inanimate world. He had yearnings for excellence such as this earth never could present. He naturally loved truth and justice, and hated hypocrisy and tyranny. What could withstand him? Were all the miserable cobwebs that had been accumulated through many ages, for ever to blind his eyes and sear his heart? Was there not to be a day when the proud and haughty of the earth might be punished for all their misdeeds? Were the precepts of morality, the doctrines of Christianity, only to be spoken of on Sundays; and had they nothing to do with every-day life? All men were admitted to be equals in the sight of Heaven; why, then, on this earth was there so great an inequality? And then civilization was so much praised: what was civilization? Were all the poor outcast wretches who burrowed in the alleys of our great cities, and who grew up ignorant of their duty to God or man, worthy of being called civilized men? What benefit did they derive from society? Society only appeared to them as a grim and bloody executioner; it never noticed them until they were initiated in all the mysteries

of crime. It was easy to talk to these out-cast millions of duty, but duty implied something reciprocal; it implied that society had also a duty; it implied that the millions had also rights. What had society done for them, and of what rights could they boast? They had neither rights nor privileges; they had only duties. The solitary freedom of the savage, or the unsocial liberty of the wild ass, was surely better for the multitude than thus to suffer all the evils of civilization and society, without participating in any of their blessings.

Burke, in all his speculations, looked only at the social man. The unsatisfactory state of present civilization might be admitted; but what then? Did it follow, that by sweeping away all the old landmarks of society, the condition of the millions would be bettered? He wished to bring all these speculations to the test of experience, and experience taught him a salutary distrust of all hasty reforms. History, the great chronicle of all the misery, sin, and bloodshed of the human race, told him nothing certain about the wisdom of violent solutions of continuity in the political body. It was easy to destroy, it was not so easy to create. Man was a most wise, and at the same time, a most unwise being; he required many guide-posts to keep him in the right path. True wisdom, then, consisted in following as nearly as possible in the track of our ancestors, and in not suffering the waters of a moral deluge to wash away all traces of past generations; if the flood burst its banks, and the waters were once out, it might be long before the ark of society could again find a resting place. The worm-eaten parchments, the ruined castles, the old cathedrals, the obsolete laws, the clumsy regulations of feudalism, the ancient precedents, were in some measure to be respected, even when our commerce was changing the condition of life, new interests growing up, new empires becoming of great importance, the islanders beginning to be recognized as a mighty imperial people. Whatever might be the faults of the old English constitution, the people had flourished under it,—as America, as India, as our fleets on all seas, our merchants in every country, our statesmen, soldiers, poets, and philosophers, sufficiently bore witness.

These two views of man and society appear very contradictory. But there was one great principle which Rousseau, Voltaire, and most of the philosophers of the continent entirely disregarded, but which, in England at least, as the events of the first few revo-

lutionary years occurred, caused both the friends of liberty and the friends of order to join hands and act together with some cordiality. It was the national principle. About whatever else they might differ, here they began to agree. Englishmen belonged to a particular portion of the earth, they were descended from the same ancestors, they spoke the same language, they had the same habits, the same associations, the same literature, the same aspirations. This principle, Burke, in his *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, endeavored to revive, and Napoleon accomplished what Burke had left undone. We at least were brothers; we were a nation; we had some solid ground to stand upon, a real spar to cling to, as the storm raged around. Among Englishmen, the love of the household gods and the family fireside is very strong; and perhaps this family affection, expanding into the national one, has been, more than anything else, the cause of England's greatness. It is a reality and a truth, whatever else is spurious and false. Our greatest authors, Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, were thorough Englishmen; and their great follower, Burke, wrote in the same spirit. He says, "To love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the germ of all public affections." True! most true! The innocent associations of childhood, the kind mother who taught us to whisper the first faint accents of prayer, and watched with anxious face over our slumbers, the ground on which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat during public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our hearts throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying-place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the first objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever widening circle.

We had hoped to have dwelt longer on the great national spirit of Burke's works. We had hoped to have made many further observations on the contrast between the civilization of the ancients, and that of the eighteenth century; between the Greek and Roman systems of colonization and emigration, and that which has contributed to people the wildernesses of America; between the Greek and Roman oratory, and that which is now prevalent in public assemblies.

We had hoped to have said something more about the past and future of America and India, and to have considered at some length the general question of the French Revolution, and the various theories which different writers and statesmen have propounded concerning the tendencies of this democracy. We had, above all, hoped to have considered Burke's general character, the merits of his writings as literary compositions, his speeches as specimens of oratory and eloquence, and the general influence that he has exercised, and is exercising, over the English people. To illustrate all these questions, we had collected materials; but disappointment is the lot of man.

There is no fear lest the subject should be exhausted; it branches on every side, and however much may have been written about Burke, much still remains to be written. How can it indeed be otherwise? What political problem is there now requiring solution, on which his works do not throw light?

All men look most anxiously to the new year; it is felt that the Gordian knot of many a weighty question will have either to be properly loosened or violently cut. So far from too much having been said about the great English political philosopher, the warnings that his works contain are for the most part disregarded; we know from bitter experience that the race of Grenvilles is not extinct, and that it is a mere chance whether we do not act over again the tragi-comic drama of colonial rebellion. In the meanwhile, we have no fears for the future. Cloudy as the day may seem, we have faith in the good sense of the English people. The spirit of our great men, the spirit of Spenser, Milton, Shakspeare, Burke, the spirit that has done so much in every part of the world, has not, we trust, yet left their descendants. Let us study our own history, find out the true meaning of our old warriors and our great thinkers, and believe that their hearts and minds are still living and working.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE PRESENT STATE OF GEOLOGY.

THE present state of geological knowledge, with its possible application to purposes of economic utility, is a subject well worthy of consideration. It is not absolutely necessary to understand a thing ourselves, in order to be convinced that it may be serviceable to others, or beneficial to society at large. The interest attached to this diversified, romantic, and highly fascinating science, is not confined to the student, who collects minerals and fossils for private instruction or amusement; or to the solitary philosopher, who buries himself in books and museums, dreaming away existence in the acquirement of information, which often perishes with himself. It extends to the engineer, the agriculturist, the miner, the mechanic, the artisan, the architect of the palace, and the laborer who cultivates the soil—to nearly all who are engaged in the practical avocations of ordinary life, with many of the simplest of which its most important discoveries are connected.

In devoting a short article to this topic, we propose to occupy the space allotted in general remarks and a few general deductions, rather than in a minute or connected review of the books named at foot,\* referring to them (and others) as occasion may require. These works are among the most recent, and may be classed with the most valuable contributions to a field of literature, well stocked with distinguished writers and eminent authorities. Even fifteen years ago, Professor Phillips in his "Guide to Geology," while giving a selection of authors, who illustrate the history of particular formations or districts, says, "Many of great merit, espe-

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\* "The Geological Observer." By Sir Henry T. De la Beche. 8vo. 1851. "Elements of Geology." By Sir C. Lyell. 8vo. 1851. "Ancient Sea Margins." By Robert Chambers. 8vo. 1848. "Tracings of the North of Europe." By Robert Chambers. 12mo. 1850. "Footprints of the Creator." By Hugh Miller. 12mo. 1849.

cially foreign, are unavoidably omitted. The mere list of eminent authors, and titles of their works, would fill a volume."

Since that date, with the progressive advancement of the science, the illustrative publications have increased in a tenfold ratio.

A great proportion of the standard works on geology are inaccessible to the general reader, from the expensive form in which they have appeared. Others from having been privately printed. The latter practice seems both ill-judged and inconsistent, (not to say, selfish,) on any subject embracing general utility. A particular instance may be named in Professor M'Coy's "Synopsis of the Carboniferous, or Mountain Limestone District of Ireland;" an admirable treatise (and the only one) on a most important formation, teeming with organic remains to such an extent, that it may be said, almost without exaggeration, to be entirely composed of them. A very limited impression was struck off, and the copies were either distributed in public libraries, or given to a few favored individuals. Neither interest nor disbursement can place this volume on the shelves of the geological collector.

The "Palæontographical Society," established in 1848, deserves the utmost praise and encouragement. For a trifling annual subscription of one guinea, an average of three monographs in quarto is supplied to each member. The plates are beautifully executed, and the letter-press descriptions written by the leading professors of the day. We know no other channel through which the same amount of value could be obtained for the same money. There has also lately been instituted, under the superintendence of an experienced geologist, Mr. E. Charlesworth, Curator of the York Museum, a "British Natural History Society," the object of which is, by raising a fund, to distribute among the subscribers series of fossils, so as to enable them, at a comparatively very small cost, to establish a large collection. Above forty thousand specimens have thus been distributed in sets, derived hitherto from the tertiary deposits of the Isle of Wight, and the adjacent Hampshire cliffs. These specimens are very perfect and beautiful, and if adequately encouraged, the conductors purpose extending their arrangements to collecting and distributing, in a similar way, the fossils of the mountain limestone of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Kildare. A single subscription of 12s. 6d. entitles the party to a suite of one hundred specimens, embracing examples of forty species; and so

on in a similar proportion, by doubling or trebling the amount paid. The geological student should not suffer the advantages offered by these societies to escape, or lose the opportunity of thus acquiring knowledge with a trifling expenditure of time and money, two valuable commodities, which all cannot afford to disburse with equal liberality.

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." These clear and impressive words of the Psalmist are selected by the Rev. Dr. J. Pye Smith, to head the opening chapter of his most agreeable and instructive volume, on the relation between Scripture and Geology, published about twelve years since. He has chosen them as an apposite text to introduce his subject, nor should they ever be lost sight of in pursuing geological inquiry, or in examining the phenomena so plainly and palpably preserved and held forward to the eye and heart desirous of knowledge, for the express purpose of investigation.

These physical evidences of other dispositions of the material world, distinct from, and by myriads of ages antecedent to those which now exist, were not placed where they are without object or arrangement. Neither did they assume special form and classified position by chance, by any self-dependent faculty, and immutable progressive law in nature, nor by any exercise of inherent, individual power or attribute. They are there by the single fiat or will of the Creator of all things; so arranged and planned in the changes and revolutions of matter produced by his omnipotent wisdom, to instruct MAN, the representative of himself on earth, his last and greatest work, made expressly after his own image, unconnected with, and unproduced by any inferior or intermediate agency, his sole responsible creature; *and to assist him in the development of truth.* They are land-marks, and directing beacons, designed by a superintending power to encourage and enlighten him in his course; and not breakers, shifting sands, or bewildering meteors, to entangle and destroy his vessel, or drive him from his haven of refuge. The organic remains of former worlds, so profusely distributed throughout our planet in its present state, have been aptly designated "Medals of Creation," and "Footprints of the Creator." To prove that they are so, to ascertain their history, to apply the knowledge thence derived to our own moral and intellectual improvement, and in so doing to glorify the one great source from whence all things emanate; this must surely be considered an ennobling



and profitable exercise of man's intellect—a just adaptation of the faculties and opportunities which have been pre-eminently accorded to him.

To this sole end, and with this single object, the rational disciples of geology employ their time, and direct their endeavors. The visions of enthusiasm, and the mischievous dogmas of infidelity, will in due course be reduced to reason, or compelled to retire from the field of discussion. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* In this case, all must be clear and convincing. Objection must be answered by fact, and argument vanquished by instance. Positive proof must be opposed to ingenious sophistry. In mere commonplace disquisitions, obscurity is injurious; on a leading point of ethical truth or religious conviction, mistification or doubt is fatal.

The scriptural passage quoted above has often been used and appealed to, as bearing directly on the subject of geology. That it does so, appears sufficiently evident, but only in connection with all other matters comprised within the system or arrangement of the universe. Each separate operation of nature, each minute illustration of the presiding providence which governs the external world, is included in the sentence. Any attempt at individual, exclusive application (which has more than once been set forward in the case of geology) is equally unnecessary and untenable. Such narrow reasoning weakens its own cause by relying on evidence which proves nothing.

Not very many years since, when geology began to assume general importance, to attract general attention, and to be received as an acknowledged science, religious people became alarmed, lest, as they said and feared, too close an investigation of the new and startling doctrine should impugn the Mosaic history of creation, or strike at the foundations of revealed religion. The clamor was natural, but the cause imaginary. The sound geologists, convinced they were right, boldly challenged the most scrutinizing inquiry. Never mind, said they, apparent discrepancies at first sight. They exist only on the surface, and will easily be reconciled. They resemble the morning mists which herald the brightness of day, and will all disappear as the subject is more carefully examined. The writings of Moses are inspired; the Bible is, unquestionably, the Word of God; it is a true record. The evidences of geology are actual, not imaginary. They are physical, tangible, before us, around us, in our hands,

subject to our sight, and offered to our researches. They prove themselves. They are not arguments, but facts. You cannot deny them, for if you do, your own senses confute you. The sacred records exist; the disinterred organic memorials exist along with them. They stand side by side. Both are true. Truth cannot oppose truth, each must support the other. They are branches of the same tree, derived from the same stem, and deduce authenticity from the same parent source.

Many prejudices were to be encountered, and many difficulties surmounted, although, fortunately, the days of darkness and tyranny had gone by, when Galileo was consigned to the dungeons of the Inquisition for demonstrating the rotatory motion of the earth, and Harvey had to encounter the tender investigation of the Star Chamber for discovering the circulation of the blood. Towards the end of the last century, the Canon Recupero, a learned naturalist of Catania, had like to have got into trouble with his Diocesan for discovering the antiquity of Etna, which, though a mountain of yesterday when compared with the Grampians of Scotland, the Mendips of Somerset, or the Granites of Wicklow, he ascertained to be at least more than 14,000 years old. It requires two thousand years and upwards to form a scanty soil on the surface of a lava. In sinking a pit near Iaci Reale, of a great depth, seven distinct lavas were pierced through, one under the other, the surfaces of which were parallel, and most of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth. "The eruption which formed the lowest of these lavas," says the Canon, "if we may be allowed to reason from analogy, must have flowed from the mountain at least 14,000 years ago." Recupero, who was timid and orthodox, was exceedingly embarrassed by his own discoveries. Moses, he said, hung like a dead weight upon him, and blunted all his zeal for inquiry, while, at the same time, he could not reject the physical evidences he beheld. The Bishop of Catania settled the question, by ordering him instantly to make his mountain young enough to agree with Moses, or take the consequences. "I could have wished," says Bishop Watson, "he had shut up his mouth with an argument, rather than the threat of an ecclesiastical censure."\*

But "time and the hour" have worked their full effect; and, with very few excep-

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\* See Brydone's Travels in Sicily, and Bishop Watson's Letter to Gibbon.

tions, those who cavilled against the existence of earlier forms of matter, have discovered that the reasoning submitted to them was sound, the test unimpeachable, and the result satisfactory. Geology, fairly interpreted, supports natural and revealed religion, in every point. The pious alarmists have gained an additional intrenchment where they apprehended a breaching battery.

Then arose ingenious, multiplied, and inconclusive discussions on the supposed length of the six days of creation. Whether each was a year, or a lustrum, or a decade, or a century, or simply twenty-four hours, according to our present division and estimate of time. All this afforded good scope for *theological* eloquence and argumentation, with, as usual, some sacrifice of temper, but was and is quite unnecessary for *geological* proof or purpose. The first two verses of Genesis were all that either required. "*In the beginning*, God created the heaven and the earth: and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." There is an interval of undefined duration between these two epochs, that of the first production of matter, and the time when it had become shapeless. This interval suffices for all the successive cataclysms, which alternately submersed and upheaved the various ingredients of which our planet the earth is composed, until it was finally remodelled from its last chaotic state for the reception of man, its new inhabitant, with the new race of animals, then also for the first time created, to be subject to his rule and subservient to his necessities.

It is needless here to recapitulate the arguments leading to this conclusion, so ably and convincingly set forth by Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster, Dr. Pye Smyth, Professor Sedgwick, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, Connecticut, Dr. Conybeare, Mr. Joshua Trimmer, and other eminently learned and religious authorities. For a single selection, the opinion of the late Dr. Chalmers (who examined long and decided cautiously) may be introduced, as quoted by the Dean of Westminster in his celebrated *Bridgewater Treatise*, entitled, "*Geology and Mineralogy considered with Reference to Natural Theology*:"—

"I have great satisfaction in finding that the view of this subject, which I have here expressed, and have long entertained, is in perfect accordance with the highly valuable opinion of Dr. Chalmers, recorded in the following passages of his '*Evidence of the Christian Revelation*,' Chap. VII.:—'

Moses ever say, that when God created the heavens and the earth, he did more at the time alluded to than transform them out of previously existing materials? Or does he ever say that there was not an interval of many ages between the first act of creation described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at the *beginning*, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse, and which are described to us as having been performed in so many days? Or, finally, does he ever make us understand that the genealogies of man went any farther than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculation of philosophers?'"

On the influence of progressive proof as leading to conviction, no case more decisive could be produced than that of so clear an arguer and so thoroughly a religious man as Dr. Chalmers. In his work on the *Evidences of Christianity*, already referred to, he devoted a chapter to the refutation of what he then called the "*skepticism of geologists*." Twenty years after, in his publication on *Natural Theology*, he commenced his considerations respecting the origin of the world with a section headed, "*The Geological Argument in behalf of a Deity*."

It having been found that Scripture and geology might easily be reconciled by those who were desirous of finding them in accordance, some writers who still questioned the great antiquity of the earth, although they could not dispute the evidence of successive changes, set themselves to prove that all these transformations in the crust or surface of the terrestrial globe had taken place within the six thousand and odd years which have elapsed since the creation of man; that the powers of Omnipotence had been quiescent except during that inconsiderable segment of time; that stratification and fossilization of every kind were produced at the Noachian Deluge; and that all which geology presents and claims, must be taken as tokens and relics of that mighty but recent occurrence. Among the earliest and best-known supporters of this doctrine we may enumerate De Saussure, Professor De Luc, and his editor, the Rev. H. De La Fite, the Rev. Joseph Townsend, in his "*Character of Moses*," and Mr. Granville Penn, in his work called "*A Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaical Geologies*." We believe the present Dean of York to be the latest defender of a theory which has been sufficiently shown to be quite impossible. All these zealous but mistaken advocates wasted considerable time and ink on works, some of which were scantily circulated, excited but little atten-

tion, and gained few converts to their side of the argument.

These writers are men of religious conviction, thoroughly impressed with a sense of the truth of sacred history, and the possibility of reconciling that truth with the memorials which the earth itself presents. They fail only through the means they adopt, and the road on which they travel, to arrive at a safe conclusion. A reconciliation of conflicting evidence is not to be accomplished by referring all the various changes which have taken place to the 1655 years comprised between the creation of Adam and the day when the generation of Noah went into the ark, "and the ark went upon the face of the waters." The regular super-position of strata, the enormous thickness and solidity of some of the formations, the time they must have taken in depositing, and the strength and force with which they are cemented together; the vegetable nature of coal, which is now clearly ascertained, and the 120,000 years which the Newcastle bed alone is calculated to have required for production; the inconceivable number of organic occupants which the world could not have contained altogether; so opposed in nature; so incongruous in habits;\* these and many other physical evidences subvert the doctrine of limitation, and demonstrate unanswerably that a preadamite world did exist for countless ages, formed of materials and elements similar to those we see, investigate, and tread upon, but differently arranged and modified. Man could never have been coeval or contemporaneous with the animal creation which preceded him, and was not made for his dominion. With all his mental and intellectual superiority, he could not physically have disputed territory with the gigantic iguanodon, the ravenous hylæosaur, the rapid ichthyosaur or plesiosaur, the enormous megalosaurus, the massive, stately mastodon, or the colossal megatherium. They were never formed or intended to be denizens of the same community, or to hold intercourse or fellowship. The age of reptiles was distinct from the age of the large mammalia, and that of man widely removed from either. Our world was not for them nor theirs for us.

According to the best evidence, the deluge recorded in Scripture was a gradual overwhelming of the earth by water, for the purpose of sweeping away all living things, except those only preserved in the ark. This

\* In the confined district of Tilgate Forest alone, Dr. Mantell discovered the remains of above eighty individuals of the Iguanodon species.

was followed by a slow subsidence of the same agent; but in neither proceeding were there the violent convulsions or disruptions which geological changes require. In the words of Dr. Buckland, "Bridgewater Treatise,"—"It has been justly argued, that as the rise of the waters of the Mosaic deluge is represented to have been gradual, and of short duration, they would have produced comparatively little change on the surface of the country overflowed. The large preponderance of extinct species among the animals we find in caves, and in superficial deposits of diluvium, and the non-discovery of human bones along with them, afford other strong reasons for referring these species to a period anterior to the creation of man." This is a remarkable and valuable recantation, by a leading geologist, of a theory which he himself had labored to establish, and which, on further examination, he was compelled to abandon. In his celebrated treatise, "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*," published in 1828, he had referred all the bones of animals, and other remains discovered in Kirkdale Cavern, Yorkshire, to the period of the Mosaic inundation. Professor Sedgwick, who had entertained similar notions, also renounced them from the chair of the Geological Society in 1831. On these, and other changes of opinion, together with the resignation of some insufficiently proved hypotheses, to make room for more solid ones, the opponents of geology exulted and clapped their hands, and then threw in the teeth of its supporters the charge, that because they were not agreed among themselves, and unanimous, their science was naught. We should like to know what science or invention, in its nonage and progress towards maturity, could be found good under this postulatam? Dr. Buckland replied, with sound reasoning, "It is argued unfairly against geology, that because its followers are as yet agreed on no complete and incontrovertible theory of the earth, and because early opinions, advanced on imperfect evidence, have yielded in succession to more extensive discoveries, therefore nothing certain is known upon the whole subject, and that all geological deductions must be crude, unauthentic, and conjectural. Admitting that we have much to learn, we contend that much sound knowledge has been already acquired, and we protest against the rejection of established parts, because the whole is not yet made perfect." In the thirteen years which have elapsed since Dr. Buckland penned these lines, geology has made a giant stride in advance; from a few conjectural



theories, many of them not more than half a century old, it is rising fast into a proved science, as Herschel has pronounced it, second only to astronomy in the magnitude and sublimity of the objects of which it treats, and almost equally wonderful in its scope and discoveries.

Some very pious and orthodox writers question whether the Noachian deluge was universal, and produce reasonable arguments to show it was not necessary it should be so for the purpose intended. Among other corroborative evidences, the actual existence of trees in Central Africa and America, said to be older than the date assigned to that event, is brought forward to support this hypothesis; it being impossible that vegetable, any more than animal matter, could endure for ten months under water without decomposition or decay.\* In the words of Dr. Pye Smith, "Certainly the experiment cannot be tried; but all analogy, all physiological reasoning from the functions of vegetable life, decide in the negative, and determine that elephants, and oxen, and men might live so long under water, almost as well as dicotyledonous trees." If the gigantic Baobab (*Adansonia digitata*) of Senegal, and the Taxodium (*Cypressus disticha*) of Mexico, be as old as Mons. de Candolle and other eminent naturalists maintain them to be, it is quite certain they never could have been covered over by the deluge, and that the deluge never covered the countries where they are to be found.

When the ark rested on Ararat, and the family of Noah, with their train of attendant animals, came forth from long confinement, in all probability they stepped out on a world, in outward form and attributes, but little changed from that which they had left. The olive remained standing while the waters were abating. This fact, which is beyond the solution of philosophical inquiry, imparts to the flood altogether the character of a preternatural event, (according to Sir C. Lyell, "Principles of Geology,") and in this light we suspect it must ever be considered. That the deluge, with all its accompanying incidents as related by Moses, occurred, we cannot be permitted to doubt; but on the question as to whether any traces of it now exist on the earth, we may answer with Professors Sedgwick and Buckland, "none have yet been found, and perhaps it is not intended that they ever should be found."

\* See Supplementary Note I. at page 440 of Dr. Pye Smith's "Scripture and Geology," on the longevity of trees, where many authorities are quoted.

On a topic so important, and opening such an extensive arena of discussion, there has been exhibited, as was to be expected, much angry feeling; a great diversity of reasoning, with considerable shifting, skirmishing, fencing, advancing, and retreating, before the parties engaged fairly joined issue in the conflict, and came to a decision. It could have been wished there had been more personal civility, as well as greater simplicity of language, in these and other similar conflicts. Much time is commonly wasted, hard words exchanged, and learned expletives, with a new-fangled phraseology, are bandied about in unintelligible profuseness. There have not been wanting irreverent scoffers, who compare these outrageously scientific controversies to what Squire Ralpho calls "cobwebs of the brain," and charges on the good knight Sir Hudibras as the abuse of human learning,

"That renders all the avenues  
To truth impervious and abstruse,  
By making plain things in debate,  
By art perplex and intricate:  
For as in sword and buckler fight  
All blows do on the target light,  
So, when men argue, the great'st part  
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,  
Until the fustian stuff be spent,  
And then they fall to th' argument."

Notwithstanding the rapid progress of geological science, with the clearing up of many obscurities and impediments, we suspect some time must yet elapse before it becomes popular in the usual acceptation of the term. It is too essentially scientific for the million, and yet we scarcely know how this is to be remedied. Learning loves not willingly to dispense with its classical derivations, its Greek and Latin compounds, its sesquipedalian nominatives; while the unlettered or half-educated disciple finds it difficult either to understand or remember them. Something might be done on the road to simplification, if one general nomenclature was agreed on and established, instead of leaving every professor or discoverer to adopt his own, according to his individual views, and the locality of his researches. But this, if at all practicable, must be a work of slow progression, resulting from constant intercourse, a perfect understanding between distant parties, and very enlightened views. Even the great Exhibition has not yet brought the ends of the world into such close contact, as to induce all mankind to work together on one concentric principle of general improvement.



It would be very desirable if some limit or restrictive power could be laid on the practice so unsparingly adopted lately, of multiplying species of fossil shells upon the most minute and sometimes almost microscopic variation. The ambition of contributors to seek the alluring immortality of a name is natural and laudable enough; but, at the same time, science is terribly encumbered by these unnecessary augmentations. This remark may be particularly applied to the families of Ammonitidæ, Spiriferæ, and Terebratulæ, which are becoming almost endless. On the slightest difference in the position or course of a siphuncle, the structure of a hinge, the circularity of a whorl, the shape of an aperture, or the number of septa and striæ in a specimen, a hard name is immediately invented, and a new species proclaimed. For instances may be named two fossils of the lias formation, or alum shale at Whitby, the Ammonites Annulatus and Angulatus of Sowerby, which are so nearly identical that the most experienced examiner can with difficulty distinguish one from the other.\* Also many of the smaller terebratulæ, or atrypæ, as they are sometimes called, of the carboniferous limestone. A man is not less an individual of the Genus Bimana, Species Homo, because he happens to have a Roman nose two inches longer than the usual allowance, or one leg a little shorter than the other, or six fingers on his right hand and five on his left. He may be a variety, or an exception, or an eccentricity, if you please: but he is still a man, *homo simplex*, and certainly not a new species. If half the so denominated new species were classified and amalgamated with the old ones, it would materially elucidate the study of fossil remains, and diminish, to his infinite comfort, the labor of the student. There has also been a very unhandsome and immoral piracy practised by some unconscientious geologists against unsuspecting or defunct brethren in the article of names, which have been appropriated without scruple or acknowledgment in many cases. Among the ill-used may be set forth prominently Mr. W. Martin, author of "*Petrificata Derbiensia*," who published, in 1809, a valuable work on the limestone fossils of Derbyshire, and containing (with the exception of "Ure's Rutherglen") the earliest figured examples

from that formation. Martin's names of the fossils he discovered have been unceremoniously and remorselessly pillaged from him by succeeding laborers, with little reference to the original parent. His book and Ure's are scarce, and are worth consulting as early pioneers. The plates to "*Petrificata Derbiensia*" are as faithful as they are elegantly engraved.

Mr. W. Smith, who has been complimented with the title of the father of English Geology, in 1815 published his Geological Map of England, the result of many years' laborious personal examination, and long journeys on foot. It has, as a matter of course, been improved and augmented by more recent discoveries; but will ever remain an invaluable memorial of his ability and untiring perseverance, an acquisition which may be added to, but can never be disregarded or set aside. D'Aubisson, in praise of this map, says, "What many celebrated mineralogists have accomplished for a small part of Germany only during half a century, has been effected by a single individual for the whole of England." But William Smith bestowed even a greater benefit on geological science in his treatise entitled "*Strata identified by Organic Remains*," in which he ascertained and clearly demonstrated that the order of succession among stratified rocks was never inverted, although some are occasionally absent in particular localities, and that they may be recognized and compared at the opposite ends of the earth by their characteristic fossils. This is by far the most valuable general rule which has yet been laid down, and may be invariably depended on by the geological inquirer. It is not pretended there are no exceptions; such are equally well known to exist, although the identical species are peculiar, and confined to identical formations, beginning and ending with them; yet now and then a stray individual escapes into the next series, and is perpetuated for a time; while in two instances, the Nautilus and Terebratula, they have been preserved throughout from the Cambrian group, the earliest producing organic remains, down to the newest tertiary inclusive, without a single break or omission in the chain, and both exist still among recent genera. There is more simplification, and with it more advantage to science, in this one conclusion, which is admitted by all sound geologists to be incontrovertible, than in many ponderous volumes of reasoning not derived from practical observation. Notwithstanding the present advanced state of geological knowledge, we

\* Several of the *oolitic ammonites* appear quite the same, though all have different names assigned to them. The entire number includes nearly five hundred species.

must still expect mistakes, erroneous conjectures, and varying theories, before we can establish a practical science as perfectly harmonious in all its parts as mathematics or astronomy. But Cuvier and comparative anatomy have rendered it impossible that the world should again be entertained by the wild speculations of a Scheuchzer, who, in 1726, declared a salamander or batrachian reptile from the quarries of Enningen\* to be a fossil man, "*Homo diluvii testis*," or a human witness of the Deluge; neither shall we again be mystified by the earlier and more daring imposition of a Mazurier, who, in 1613, having found the bones of a mastodon in a sandpit, near the Chateau de Chaumon, gave out that he excavated them from a sepulchre, thirty feet in length, on which was inscribed *Teutobochus Rex*; and that the said bones were the gigantic skeleton of *Teutobochus*, King of the Cimbri, killed in the great battle where he and his nation were destroyed by Marius, 101 years before the Christian era. These occasional absurdities are inseparable from the progress of all scientific investigation, but geology, from its complicated nature, is pre-eminently exposed to them.

"Footprints of the Creator" is the title of a very well written and extremely interesting volume, by Mr. Hugh Miller, of Edinburgh, whose name has already obtained honorable note in the records of Geology. He established an enduring reputation by his work on the "Old Red Sandstone" of Scotland, first published in 1841. That important formation was then but little known, and he being among the earliest investigators who examined it in careful detail, the result of his researches proved in a high degree valuable and satisfactory. With no apparent pretence, and without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, his book at once became popular. There is pure ore in every chapter, unmixed with dross, and a simple, forcible style, in which amusement is pleasingly blended with instruction. His present treatise consists partly of a description and comparative analysis of the "*Asterolepis*," a fossil ganoid of large dimensions, lately discovered by him in the lower old red sandstone, or Devonian series, as it is sometimes called, at Stromness, in Orkney. Specimens of this singular individual, and others appertaining to kindred classes, had long been known to exist in Russia, and had been

mentioned by Kutorga, a writer seldom heard of in England, and the eminent French savant, Lamarck, of whom it may be said, in homely phrase, he is better known than trusted. But, as Mr. Miller informs us, "it was left to a living naturalist, M. Eichwald, to fix their true position zoologically among the class of fishes, and to Sir Roderic Murchison to determine their position geologically as ichthyolites of the old red sandstone!" These ichthyolites are, in some cases, gigantic, varying from twelve to eighteen and twenty-three feet in length, and they occur in a *very early* fossiliferous formation. We request the attention of the reader to these facts, for reasons which will presently be set before him. The remaining portion of Mr. Miller's volume is occupied by an able and, we may say, conclusive reply to the unsteady sophistical arguments of the "progressive development" advocates, as set forth in the "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*," a book published anonymously in 1845, and of which no one seems particularly anxious to acknowledge the paternity or maternity, as the case may be. It has been whispered, amongst other surmises, that the authorship might be claimed by a fair and noble lady, but science, in such cases, does not care to individualize, and has nothing to do with what may be idle conjecture. We know not, and we heed not, who wrote the book, but we are satisfied its bent is evil, and we are very desirous to abate the mischief which might arise from its obtaining currency. The avowal, which, perhaps, was held back, in the first instance, as a sort of commercial speculation, until it was seen "how the book would take," is not likely to be volunteered now when public opinion has so generally denounced its tenets, and both arguments and facts have so thoroughly disproved its conclusions. This production ("*Vestiges of Creation*") has been much read and more talked of by some who did and a great many who did not perceive or comprehend its object. It was soon felt that subtle, dangerous, undermining principles were here propounded, not boldly announced, but sily insinuated, implied rather than declared, but, at the same time, subversive of true religion and utterly opposed to the doctrines of revelation. Joined to all this, may be observed a goodly mixture of pious phraseology, with respectful acknowledgments of the attributes of Divinity—a style seldom wanting in the disquisitions of freethinkers and deistical casuists. The sacred name is ever in their mouths, but to

\* There is a very fine specimen in the British Museum.

detract from rather than augment the honor with which it should be accompanied. They shelter themselves behind the buckler of Deity, and are all the while endeavoring to weaken their own defence. If you tax them with the fact, they deny your inference. "It is quite a mistake," say they, "to suppose we have any wish to break down established theories or run counter to received opinions; we are pursuing a scientific inquiry for the pure love of science—these are open questions to be argued without prejudice on either side." That the history of man's origin, so distinctly laid down in the Mosaic account, is still an *open* question, will startle some and make others smile. These new doctrines, not the less dangerous that they are disingenuously set forward, being supported by plausible evidence, it was not immediately seen how they were to be disproved. Of all who have grappled with the discussion, Mr. Miller (with the single exception, perhaps, of Professor Sedgwick\*) has given this development hypothesis the roughest and most decisive fall, and on the very ground demanded by its advocates—geologic facts opposed to geologic assertions, physics against physics, real instances against imaginary deductions, and clear, straightforward evidences of non-development in the face of an intricate romance of developing progress. Mr. Miller writes logically and intelligibly, with a vigorous and healthy mind, a perfect knowledge of his subject, and a power of reasoning in well-chosen language entirely divested of obscurity. We understand every word he writes, and we feel quite satisfied that he understands them all himself—a condition not always following as a necessary consequence. It has been said that no reader of Corneille's *Heraclius* was ever found capable of unravelling the plot of that most complicated tragedy under three perusals, and that he, the author, after a lapse of five years, was never more able to disentangle the web he had wrought himself.

The system of progressive development, or *transmutation*† of one species into another, originally promulgated in France by Maillet, in the reign of Louis XV., enlarged and adopted by Lamarck, and, in the present day, encouraged by several of our own writers, supposes that the creative power, originally established by a presiding Omnipotence, has been fixed from the beginning on an immuta-

ble law of nature; that each succeeding form of organic animal, beginning with the lowest and ascending up to man, grows out of a preceding and inferior race, without any separate or renewed act of creation; that the First Cause having provided the system, interferes no longer, but suffers all things to proceed on the plan laid down, and to act according to that undeviating plan without free will or responsibility. The system does not assume to explain how or when the lower order of existence merges into the superior one, or by what process the limited instinct of the brute expands into the unbounded intellect of the man; but simply asserts that it does so, and that nothing is extinguished or destroyed, but that all living things are undergoing continual change; that the fish in appointed time becomes a bird, the bird a reptile, the reptile a mammal, the mammal a monkey, and the monkey a human being endowed with reason, "in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a god!" Neither does the system deny, but rather implies, that at some subsequent period not defined, man may yet rise into a higher development, somewhat resembling the angelic nature, and still be a terminable inhabitant of this existing planet. But he is not to be sensible of this change, nor thereby to endure for ever. The immortality of the soul is set aside; the soul itself is not accounted for; and a future state, with rewards and punishments, entirely renounced. As far as it is possible to understand what is not very clearly expressed, we believe this to be a fair synopsis of the Lamarckian theory and its dependencies, when fairly examined, although it would be difficult to establish thus much from the actual words of its supporters. Under the conditions of this doctrine, the entire scheme of Christian redemption is treated as a fable. It can signify little to the transmuted man, who will neither retain a sense of what he formerly was, nor a knowledge of what he is ultimately to become, whether he is advanced in the scale to a height of perfection, and expanded into a seraphic essence, or reduced back to an insignificant monad; whether he dwindles into the infinitesimal atom of vitality from which he originally emanated, or becomes the microscopic *Acarus Crossii*, which these ingenious discoverers maintain he can create himself by a certain combination of chemical and electrical forces.

This, perhaps, is not direct, unmitigated *Atheism*, honestly avowed and boldly adopt-

\* See *Edinburgh Review*.

† A term suggested by Dr. Buckland as more distinctly expressing the Lamarckian theory.



ed, but it bears a strong resemblance to that consolatory and enlightened creed. The disciples of this doctrine suppose and admit an original Creator, with power to do all things, but at the same time take from him the power of superintending, revising, and regulating his own work. He has constructed it on certain fixed principles, with self-acting faculties of perpetual renewal, and so he leaves it ever after to proceed by itself. Such a presiding Deity is very different, indeed, from the Great First Cause we are taught to love and worship, and whose attributes we think and hope we understand through the aid of reason and revelation. It is truly marvellous that doctrines such as we have described should be gravely set forth in responsible print, and still *more* so, that in an enlightened (and, let us suppose, a religious) age, they should find believers and followers. Mr. Miller expresses his opinion with regret, that "this development hypothesis, that would fain transfer the work of creation from the department of miracle to the province of natural law, and would strike down, in the process of removal, all the old landmarks, ethical and religious, is fast spreading among an active and ingenious order of minds, both in Britain and America, and has long been known on the Continent." And in a few pages farther on he adds, "The evangelistic Churches cannot, in consistency with their character, or with a due regard to the interests of their people, slight or overlook a form of error, at once exceedingly plausible and consummately dangerous, and which is telling so widely on society, that one can scarce travel by railway, or in a steamboat, or encounter a group of intelligent mechanics, without finding decided traces of its ravages." The following observations of Mr. Miller, on the best mode of combating these insidious fallacies, are so sound, and so clearly expressed, that we give the extract without comment. The reasoning speaks for itself:—

"But ere the Churches can be prepared competently to deal with these, or the other objections of a similar class, which the infidelity of an age, so largely engaged as the present in physical pursuits, will be from time to time originating, they must greatly extend their educational walks into the field of physical science. The mighty change which has taken place, during the present century, in the direction in which the minds of the first order are operating, though indicated on the face of the country in characters which cannot be mistaken, seems to have too much escaped the notice of our theologians. Speculative theology and the metaphysics are cognate branches of the same science; and when, as in the

last and the preceding ages, the higher philosophy of the world was metaphysical, the Churches took ready cognizance of the fact, and in due accordance with the requirements of the time, the battle of the evidences was fought on metaphysical ground. But judging from the preparations made in their colleges and halls, they do not seem sufficiently aware—though the low thunder of every railway, and the snort of every steam-engine, and the whistle of the wind amid the wires of every electric telegraph, seem to publish the fact—that it is in the department of physics, not of metaphysics, that the greater minds of the age are engaged. . . . Let them not shut their eyes to the danger which is obviously coming. The battle of the evidences will as certainly have to be fought on the field of physical science, as it was contested in the last age on that of metaphysics. And on this new arena, the combatants will have to employ new weapons, which it will be the privilege of the challenger to choose. The old opposed to these would prove but of little avail. In an age of muskets and artillery, the bows and arrows of an obsolete school of warfare would be found greatly less than sufficient in the field of battle, for purposes either of assault or defence."

It is no new discovery, but an authentic truism, that if you wish to win in any contest, you must fight your enemy with his own weapons. Strike harder with these than he can, and your victory is certain. If, when the next war occurs, we bring into effect the "long range" principle, and send forth steamers armed with a battery of two hundred pounders, warranted to carry a point-plank shot twenty miles,—and against the feasibility of this, there is only the same negative evidence, which Dr. Johnson said might be adduced on the non-existence of witches,—why, our opponents must fabricate the same, or superior leviathans of destruction, or we shall assuredly annihilate them in every battle. Acting precisely on this plan of tactics, Mr. Miller grapples with the author of the "Vestiges," and when he demands a *fish* from an early fossiliferous formation, knocks him down with an enormous "Asterolepis" from the old red sandstone of Orkney. This "Asterolepis" is an ugly customer, more difficult to dispose of than a folio of metaphysics. It appears as a positive fact against a negative argument. Ay, but the old red sandstone represents only the second period in the physical history of the world. To beat our man completely, to drive him from his own chosen field of battle, we must find a fish for him in an earlier formation; and fortunately we can produce more than one. Building on the insecure ground of negative evidence, up to a certain date, and disregarding the fact that ever since the publication of Sir R. Murchison's great work on the



"Silurian System," in 1839, ichthyolites were known to occur in the upper series of that formation, the author of the "Vestiges" asserts, as a leading corroboration of his principle of creation, that the first seas were, for numberless ages, destitute of fish. "I fix my opponents," says he, "down to the consideration of this fact, so that no diversion respecting high mollusks shall avail them." "And how," retorts Mr. Miller, "is this bold challenge to be met? Most directly, and after a fashion that at once discomfits the challenger. 'I fix my opponents down,' says the author of the Vestiges, 'to the consideration of this fact, i. e. that of the absence of fishes from the earliest fossiliferous formations.' And I, in turn, fix you down, I reply, to the consideration of the antagonist fact, that fishes were *not* absent from the earliest fossiliferous formations. From none of the great geological formations were fishes absent; not even from the formations of the Cambrian division." He then proceeds to show, on authorities that will not be disputed, viz., Sir Roderic Murchison, Professors Sedgwick and Phillips, that the *Onchus* has been found in the Llandeilo flags, and in the lower Silurian rocks of Bala; and the defensive spines of placoids in the Oriskany and Onondaga limestone of New York, rocks which occur near the base of the upper Silurian system, as developed in the western world. One of these last is figured by Professor Silliman in the *American Journal of Science* for 1846, and must have belonged to an individual of goodly dimensions, a full grown bulky fish, disporting amid the smaller ones, as we often see in the existing waters. Here is at once an answer to, and a geological refutation of the leading dogma set forth by Professor Oken as champion elect for the progressive development hypothesis, that "no organism is, nor ever has one been created, which is not microscopic." The teachers of this unsound philosophy are equally unfortunate in their assumed deductions from physical geology, and their arguments drawn from metaphysical subtleties. Both are daring yet shadowy, full of glitter and pretension, but unsubstantial, and based on sand. They remind us of what experienced grandmothers, and anxious, depreciating aunts say of the eccentric genius of the family, who is perpetually astonishing with some wild feat, but never satisfies or convinces them. "Ah! what a pity it is such talents should be so unprofitably employed." Strange infatuation, which impels the most brilliant elements of mind to wander by choice and

lose themselves in the mazes of error, when the broad highway of truth lies open for investigation. What is it but another evidence of the empty, inherent pride which led presumptuous man to attempt the tower of Babel, and the fabled Titans to imagine they could carry Olympus by assault? The gigantic strides making hourly in every department of industrial science, the great discoveries in mechanics and chemistry, the power of the electric telegraph, which almost realizes the poet's rhapsodical wish to annihilate time and space, the superhuman speed of the railroad, the congregated wonders of the Crystal Palace, where the produce of the world was so lately assembled under one view, throwing into the shade Arabian fictions of splendor; all these things, which ought to elevate the intellect of man, improve his social happiness, and increase his sense of responsibility, at the same time awaken new ideas of self-importance, and dangerously expand his vanity. He fancies himself no longer an insignificant, dependent consequence, but an influential cause. His faculties run riot in the contemplation of their own achievements, and thus he—

"Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
Dress'd in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep."

Under the specious name of "philosophic inquiry," more audacious infidelity is concealed than the inquirers find it convenient to acknowledge, or many who are invited to accompany them can easily detect.

A new impetus has lately been given to the cupidity of man, and his avaricious propensities have been roused into action in an unnatural degree, by the discovery of apparently exhaustless stores of gold in the far distant regions of California.\* The restless activity of Saxon enterprise has brought to light what Mexican indolence might have disregarded for ages. Neither distance, disbursement, danger, nor disease, with death in the perspective, endless toil and privation in the foreground, deter the unsettled spirits of the world in both hemispheres from this absorbing centre of attraction, this ascertained, palpable El Dorado, the produce of which appears likely to realize the most glowing anticipations of early travellers, whose overheated inquiries tended to create

\* Since this was written, the accounts of the new gold diggings in Australia have reached England.

the fables they easily persuaded themselves to believe. Much loss of life and property, accompanied by misery and attendant crime in more than the usual proportion, has arisen, is constantly multiplying, and will continue to multiply for a long series of years, until necessity imposes restraint, unbriiled license demands its own corrective, and the boiling fever of excitement has cooled down to a more moderate temperature. What the effect of this large quantity of gold, so amply and recklessly brought into the market, may ultimately be, it is impossible to calculate at present. It has not yet appeared that the increased diffusion of the precious metal is changing the relations of commerce, or is even perceptible in the reciprocal dealings of civilized nations. The distance from whence the new supply comes, the labor of obtaining it, the natural peculiarities of the locality, with other causes, will render this change, when it occurs, a work of slow progression, even supposing the increase to go on steadily, without interval, and the sources it emanates from to continue uniformly prolific. The countries which produce the greatest quantities of gold and silver are not (with the exception, perhaps, of Russia, which State is an anomaly, imperfectly understood\*) included among the richest, the most enlightened, or the most powerful in the world. There are veins and arteries of greater strength and influence, more replete with sound, wholesome vitality, where these glittering ores, with their alluring, but often nominal importance, are not to be found at all. Lead, copper, tin, iron, and above all, coal, decide the destinies of nations and fix their value in the political scale, with a preponderating weight, in comparison with which the diamond treasures of Golconda, the golden sands of the Sacramento, the interminable silver of Potosi and Guanaxuato, and all the costly products which teem as it were spontaneously from the bowels of the new world, appear as feathers when considered in the balance.† It has been computed by able authorities, that the British islands contain a greater quantity of the metallic and mineral substances most essential

in commerce, than all the other countries of Europe combined; while the supply of iron and coal, the most material of all, exceeds in a degree almost incalculable. The coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland are nearly eight hundred square miles in extent. Those of Whitehaven, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Wales and Scotland are also of vast magnitude; while in many parts of Ireland are seams unopened and neglected, from want of capital and local objections, which have hitherto checked the spirit of enterprise. It is also to be remarked that in our favored land iron and coal are invariably found in close proximity, a condition not commonly existing in other countries. This juxtaposition more than doubles the relative value of each, as the profitable working of one depends on the other. Here is an evident arrangement of Providence, demanding thoughtful gratitude, not sufficiently expressed, but which the "Vestiges" men would pass over and include in their immutable laws of self-acting nature, *if they could*; only, in our case, it constitutes the exception rather than the rule. The vast demand for coal, owing to the increase of steam in every branch of mechanics and engineering, a demand continually augmenting, with the reckless waste usually attendant on great consumption, has excited many fears as to the probable failure, and at no very distant period, of this invaluable commodity. Able arguments have been set forth on both sides of a question, which, with many others, argument can never decide. But unnecessary waste in anything cannot be sufficiently reprobated. The early settlers in unexplored lands hew down primeval trees without remorse or measure, for immediate fuel or convenient clearance, and fancy they can never be entirely swept away. How often, in a few years, do they look on the empty space with tardy, unavailing self-reproach, and regret the stately patriarchs of the forest it would take centuries to replant and restore. The world would still move on in systematic rotation; society, though unhinged for a moment, would recover itself, and, under a little remodelling, might exist happily and improvingly, without gold or silver. Something else would soon be substituted for these symbols of circulating opulence. But the extinction of coal would paralyze all human energies, entirely change the current of the human mind, and strike a death-blow at the welfare and improvement of the posterity of Adam. Whether as regards personal comfort, intellectual progress, or commercial prosperity, the catastrophe, in

\* The quantity of gold said to be derived from Siberia is conjectural, and has never been clearly ascertained. Russian policy mystifies on all points.

† It is an ascertained fact that the mountain of Potosi, in Peru, had supplied, since its discovery, in 1545, to the beginning of the present century, as much silver as amounts in value to 235 millions of pounds sterling. The vein of Guanaxuato, in Mexico, in a given number of years, has produced double this average.

an age of universal steam application, would be a decisive one.\* The remarks of Professor Ansted on this point are well put, and are worthy of consideration, while they are at the same time less gloomy than those of other competent writers, and embrace a different view of our internal resources:—

"I confess it seems to me but a vain thing to attempt any calculation as to the duration of our mineral treasures, as it is a problem for the solution of which there can be no sufficient data. Nor, indeed, can I perceive what useful object is to be gained by the endeavor to make out how many hundred years England may exist, assuming, as it is not unusual to do, that the source of the greatness she has attained is to be looked for in her mineral riches, and chiefly in her large supplies of coal. I am convinced that it is not to the possession of coal or iron, but to the energetic habits of her people, who make the best use of those advantages, that England owes her greatness; and I believe that her resources are strictly within herself, and that so long as her sons press forward in the race, and are earnestly determined not to lose, without a struggle, the high position they have attained amongst nations, so long will she continue fertile in resources, and constantly communicate fresh supplies of life and energy.†

Before quitting the subject, it may be well to observe, that some portion of the Newcastle district is the only important deposit of coal which has yet given any symptoms of exhaustion, and that the great fields of Wales are still almost untouched. According to the computation of Mr. Bakewell, the coal in South Wales alone would supply all England for 2,000 years. There is no reason to suppose new seams will not be discovered as the old ones decay. Exportation to foreign countries is also a very serious consideration; so much so, that the ministry in 1846 imposed a tax with a view of restraining the practice. Dr. Buckland, in his *Bridge-water Treatise*, denounces the export of coal abroad in strong terms, as equally destructive with waste; while Mr. Buddle, and other advocates on the opposite side, maintain, that "by imposing restrictions we shall only stimulate other nations to discover coal in their own territories, and thus to become independent of us for their supply."

For all purposes connected with mining, civil engineering, the construction of railroads, or agriculture, geological knowledge is an invaluable auxiliary. Large fortunes have

been frittered away in futile attempts to discover veins of ore, or beds of coal, in formations where, by the ordinary arrangements which regulate the natural world, it was impossible either could exist. Had geology been studied and attended to in those days, many idle, ruinous speculations could never have enticed deluded victims, and much money had been reserved for better purposes. It is true this noble science does not undertake to direct, with unerring aim, where the metallic vein so anxiously sought for is to be found; but it has established the more essential negative in this case of where it is not, and has destroyed for ever the idiotic nonsense of the incantation and the divining rod. It shows to a demonstration that the hidden treasures of the earth are not scattered at random, without object, order, or method, but are regularly distributed in certain deposits, attainable under certain conditions; and directs the search for them on fixed principles instead of uncertain conjecture. As regards coal, geology may be considered a faithful guide that never wanders from the safe track. The casual appearance of the substance called *lignite*, or wood coal, in strata where the true mineral is not to be found, is a dangerous deception which has misled many. Some years since the Duchess of Dorset was induced by certain parties, who were blinded by the discovery of this *ignis fatuus* at Bexhill, in the Wealdon formation of Sussex, to expend £10,000 in a hopeless experiment, which never had the slightest foundation for a successful issue. Sir Roderic Murchison, in his "*Silurian System*," mentions numerous enterprises conducted with equal wisdom, and leading to a similar result. At the Kingsthorpe pits, within a mile of Northampton, in the middle of the oolitic formation, not long ago, £20,000 was thrown away by a joint-stock company, before they suffered themselves to be convinced that by continuing to bore through the strata which presented themselves, they might reach the centre of the earth, provided their apparatus extended so far, sooner than they would stumble on a bed of coal. An able geologist, the late Mr. Richardson, of the British Museum, who happened to be lecturing in the neighborhood, was consulted at the commencement of the hopeful undertaking, and his opinion laughed at when he decidedly predicted its failure. Many, who could ill afford even a small outlay, paid dearly for their imprudence, and were nearly ruined by the mad presumption that inveigled them into a specu-

\* The value of coal annually raised to the surface in England amounts to nearly ten millions of pounds sterling.

† "Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical." By D. T. Ansted. Vol. i. p. 386.

lation, which even a rudimentary acquaintance with geology would have shown to be fruitless. "It will thus be seen," says Mr. Richardson, "that the power which the skilful geologist possesses to determine on the existence or non-existence of coal in any given locality, may be regarded as one of the most striking proofs of the importance and usefulness of the science."\* In the infancy of railroads, when they first began to intersect the country, after the fashion of an enormous gridiron, somewhat resembling the ground-plan of the Palace of the Escorial in Spain, great mistakes were made in forming deep cuttings through soft clays and sandy soils, not sufficiently solid to resist the rains of winter, and which occasionally fell in like an avalanche on a small scale, with enormous loss to the company and considerable danger to the public. All this is now guarded against, and similar mistakes are not likely to occur in future, an acquaintance with geology being included as an essential ingredient in the education of the civil engineer.

To the agriculturist, there is no part of his business more important than draining. In the skill with which this process is applied, the value of farming or gardening land, in nine cases out of ten, almost entirely consists; and here especially a knowledge of the strata of each particular district becomes a matter of leading consideration. A soil naturally good may be rendered barren and unproductive by being superimposed on a bed of impervious clay, through which the confined water which has accumulated beneath cannot force itself, and bring the accompanying fertilization, except through the medium of boring for Artesian wells—an operation in geology so well known and understood that minute description is unnecessary. The most stupendous experiment which has yet been made in this branch, and attended with triumphant success, was that effected in the Plaine de Grenelle, near Paris. After boring to the unprecedented depth of fifteen hundred feet, and being almost reduced to give up in despair, in a happy moment the engineers persevered, under the urgent representations of M. Arago, and going three hundred feet deeper still, at last up gushed the imprisoned store, impatient of escape; and thence sufficient water is now derived, in a few days, to supply the entire city of Paris for twelve months.

"About half a million of gallons is regularly ejected every twenty-four hours, the water being perfectly limpid since tubes were inserted in the aperture."\*

The practice of boring for water by means of Artesian wells, where natural springs are deficient, and which has derived its name from an erroneous conception that these wells were first introduced in the province of Artois in France, is of ancient date, and has been in use ever since the beginning of the twelfth century. It is based on a very simple principle in hydrostatics—namely, that water, when directed by confined tubes, will always rise to the level of the open fluid with which it communicates, whenever the means of so doing are afforded. According to Professor Ansted (vol. ii. p. 528)—"There is no reason to doubt the permanency of the supply of water obtained from Artesian wells. As an instance, perhaps the oldest on record, may be mentioned a spring of this kind at Lillers, in the north of France, which has continued to give the same supply of water, projected to the same height above the surface, for upwards of seven hundred years, the quantity daily poured out at the surface not having been known to vary during that long period."

These are no natural phenomena, such as the subterranean thermal springs of Bath, which supply an unceasing aggregate of water daily at the high temperature of 116 degrees. That they have continued to do so from the date of the Roman occupancy is historically ascertained, and there can be little doubt they were in existence for many centuries earlier. The water produced by the Artesian system of boring has passed through a projecting porous deposit, overlaid again in some places by an impervious one, under which it has collected itself waiting to be released; it is continually supplied by fresh rains which fall on the upper surface, and again find a passage through that portion which is permeable.

Another interesting fact deserves mention, as connected with the subject of enriching land. Lime, which is much used in many localities, according to the nature and disposition of the strata, may become scarce; guano, now so generally preferred, may cease to be abundantly imported from exhaustion; and animal manure at home may prove insufficient, in the lapse of time, for the demand, or unequal to the supply which the continual nourishment of the soil requires.

\* Richardson's "Geology for Beginners," p. 15. 1846.

\* Ansted's "Geology," vol. ii. p. 527.



Geology instructs us that the great bone-bed, as it is sometimes called, extending for miles near the Aust Passage, in the neighborhood of Bristol, contains, in the Lias formation, an extensive deposit of the *coprolites* of large fish and saurian animals, a ready-made, natural magazine of rich compost, close at hand, easily worked, stored up in inexhaustible profusion, and as effective in its components for the purposes required, as if accumulated within the date and by the hands of the existing generation.

The Rock of Gibraltar consists, in great part, of a very superior kind of limestone,\* but for a long time, this was either unknown, disregarded, or treated as unimportant. For many years large sums were annually employed by Government in completing the stupendous fortifications of this national trophy of British prowess, with the double object of rendering a stronghold of the first importance impregnable, and of instructing the young engineer officers in the practical part of their duties. It was the custom to send out the lime thus used in barrels, and ships were freighted for the purpose of conveying this, with other public supplies, at considerable cost. Sundry thousands of pounds sterling were thus deducted from the common exchequer; rather an expensive illustration of the profound policy of sending coals to Newcastle, which a little insight into the local geology might have rendered superfluous. Whence came the mortar which had been used in building the town of Gibraltar itself, or Algesiras, San Roque, Tangiers, Tetuan, or Ceuta, all as it were within a stone's throw? Was it found in the neighborhood, or imported from some distant land, or did it fall from the moon, as *aërolites* and meteoric stones are supposed to do? We wonder some Solomon, in so many successive ministries, never thought of asking such a simple question. They were as easily mystified as the Royal Society, when Charles II., whose reputation as an amateur chemist gave authority to his proposition, demanded of that erudite body, why, if a silver basin was filled to the brim with water, and a live fish was then immersed, the water would not overflow? Meetings were held, and more than one profoundly elaborate and learned essay written without coming to a satisfactory conclusion, until, at last, the president began to suspect they were in danger of passing into a proverb. He suggested that, as his

Majesty was notoriously a wag, he might possibly be laughing at them, and that it would be just as well to verify the experiment before committing themselves further. Accordingly, a well-filled basin was produced, when the gambols of the intrusive fish at once settled the question by displacing a considerable quantity of the aqueous element.

The new edition of the "Elements of Geology," by Sir Charles Lyell, and the thick corresponding octavo of Sir Henry De la Beche, founded on an earlier and more condensed publication, entitled "How to observe Geology," are standard works of the first class, sedulously revised and improved by late discoveries. They will be found most important instructors to the student, when the rudiments are mastered, yet they cannot with justice be classed as A B C books, but require to be preceded by a grammar and dictionary. They are not to be read carelessly, or with a pre-occupied mind; and though a little diffuse and expanded, scarcely more so than the subject requires. Imaginative and entertaining, in some respects, as the wildest romance, geology at the same time embodies a substantial reality, which is not to be dismissed or understood by general reference, or without lengthened and laborious explanation. It must be examined with mathematical acuteness, and where the evidences are not conclusive, they should be rejected as inadmissible, or at least held in abeyance until better can be brought forward to supply their places.

The neglect of geological knowledge in architecture has produced deplorable consequences in the decomposition of magnificent structures, owing to the perishable quality of the stone employed in their erection. The Capitol, at Washington, is crumbling down to its very base; and thus one of the most splendid senate houses in the world presents a memorable record of the human ignorance which refused to learn, although a very easy page in nature's book was offered for perusal. This Capitol is built of perishable sandstone, while the marble quarries which have supplied materials for the admired public buildings of Baltimore lie within forty miles. The new church of St. Peter's, at Brighton, has already the appearance of dilapidated antiquity. Several colleges have been entirely rebuilt. The bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars, which cost, respectively, £427,000 and £153,000, and are neither of them more than a century old, have several times required repairs nearly equivalent to renewal. The latter is now pronounced almost irre-

\* It is capable of a high polish, and often manufactured into cannon and other fanciful devices for chimney or table ornaments.

coverable, while the former is under sentence, and will be removed as soon as a new one can be erected in the same vicinity.

Many fine sculptures, both ancient and modern, are depreciated in value by flaws, which a scientific selection of the material would never have permitted to exist. The attic marble of Pentelicus, used by Phidias, Praxiteles, and Lysippus, their contemporaries and successors, is disfigured by metallic stains, producing absolute deformity in some of the otherwise perfect productions of the Grecian masters. It is there yet, abundant to-day as of old, the veins are not exhausted—

“Still in Apollo’s beam Mendell’s marbles glare.”\*

But more recent experience has transferred the demand to the Italian localities of Massa and Carrara, as producing a superior stone of unblemished purity. Canova and Thorwaldsen worked invariably with the produce of the Italian quarries. We have as good at home in some parts of Devonshire, Derbyshire, and Staffordshire, in Scotland and in Ireland, in the barren wilds of Connemara. Start not, incredulous reader! What is here stated is true; and of this the unpatriotic skeptic may satisfy himself by examining the specimens in the British Museum, and in the new Geological collection in Jermyn street. If during the Exhibition he happened to extend his walks to the department assigned to native British rocks, in the Crystal Palace, there he might have seen before him ample corroboration. Should he be particularly locomotive, with time on his hands, and find himself endowed with cash as well as curiosity, let him venture across the channel, and pay a morning call to old Dublin. There, in an obscure corner called Stephen’s Green, to be discovered only by means of McGlashan’s Handbook, which will carry the gentle bearer through the penetralia of that ancient metropolis, even as the telescope of my Lord Rosse enables the eye of science to traverse throughout what Milton calls the “vast empyrean,” the enterprising stranger will light upon a goodly edifice, occupied of late by the Earl of Cardigan, but now devoted to geological curiosities. There are things there worth coming to see; and among others, specimens of native Irish marble, which must render the shade of Phidias himself uneasy, if it knows anything about them. To suit

the prevailing taste for foreign productions, they are occasionally sold as such, and not easily detected. The late Sir Francis Chantrey was well versed in mineralogy and geology, and was always minutely particular in the choice of his marbles.

It has been said and repeated, we pretend not to decide whether on slender or substantial foundation, that the new Houses of Parliament, those gorgeous illustrations of florid Gothic, in all the glory of revival, so carefully determined on, so deliberately proceeded with, are already exhibiting symptoms of a tendency to decay before they are completed. If this be really the case, it offers another lamentable instance of money wasted, and judgment falsified by the event. Discolored in part they certainly are, and more than might have been looked for, considering how few years have elapsed since they struggled above the level of the Thames; but that may be inevitable from the smoky atmosphere of London, and the exhalations of the river.\* Every precaution, too, appears to have been taken in the selection of the vast congeries of materials “from turret to foundation-stone,” and the advantages of experience in all departments duly applied. In 1839, a commission, including more than one eminent geologist, was appointed by Parliament to visit the most remarkable quarries in the kingdom, to inquire into the qualities of the stone to be used in erecting the great national palace of legislation, and to recommend that which to their judgment seemed the most eligible.† Their Report was published, for the information of the House of Commons, on the 27th of August in the same year. They appear to have executed this most responsible duty with all possible diligence, care, and attention to every important detail. The Report is interesting in itself, and replete with valuable information for the architectural student. There are tables annexed containing a list of the principal quarries visited in England and Scotland; the chemical composition and

\* This is clearly a local disadvantage, and no fault in the composition of the stone. Many recent buildings in London become begrimed and dingy in five years; while in the new town of Edinburgh, there is scarcely any perceptible change in the color of houses which have been erected for nearly a century.

† The Commission consisted of Charles Barry, Esq., Architect of the New Buildings; Sir Henry De la Beche; William Smith, Esq.; and Mr Charles H. Smith. It would have been difficult to select parties with more practical knowledge, or better suited to the work they had in hand.

\* Childe Harold, Canto ii. Mendell is the modern Roman name of Pentelicon.

other qualities of the different stones; also, a list of the most remarkable buildings, with the dates when they were first constructed, and an account of their present condition. On the recommendation of the Commissioners, it was determined to select magnesian limestone from the well-known quarries in the neighborhood of Bolsover, in Derbyshire. This stone, when taken from its original bed, is of a very beautiful light yellow color, has a pearly lustre when broken, was said to exhibit very slight disintegration, and not to change by exposure. Southwell Minster, in Nottinghamshire, was examined in evidence of its durability. This church is described as in excellent preservation; and the Norman portions of the eleventh century, built of limestone, similar to that of Bolsover, are reported as being throughout in a perfect state, and betraying no injury from time or weather. We have never seen Southwell church, except at a distance, from the top of a coach in the good old days of horses and ostlers, when eight miles an hour was considered a desperate rate of locomotion; but in all the buildings, whether lay or ecclesiastic, we have examined, in which magnesian limestone from Yorkshire and Derbyshire had been used, there are both discolorization and decay to an extent which would make the founders of York and Beverley Minsters, the old church of Doncaster, and many other coeval and younger edifices, turn themselves and rattle their bones in their coffins with disgust, provided they retained in those narrow domiciles any reminiscence of what Coleridge used sometimes to call sentiety. It is to be regretted that the Commissioners were not tempted to visit Ireland in the progress of their scientific investigation. The gray compact limestone which abounds in the south, particularly throughout Cork and Tipperary, was well worthy of a place in the Report. The old bridges, castles, and abbeys scattered over those extensive counties are permanent evidences of its durability, while the new College of Cork, and many other recent buildings in that city and elsewhere, attest the superior beauty of the material. The traveller who visits the Rock of Cashel,\* when he

can take his eye from the splendid panorama of nature which lies spread out like a map under his gaze, to examine the extraordinary relics of man's labor with which that far-famed eminence is crowned, cannot fail to be particularly struck by the quality of the stone of which they are composed. Cormac's Chapel, which, with the exception of the Round Tower, takes the lead in antiquity, is, as is well known, an early structure in the Norman style of the beginning of the twelfth century, and now therefore nearly 750 years old. The stone, either in substance or color, exhibits no symptoms of decay or disfigurement, while the rich ornamental sculptures and carved mouldings are as perfect, distinct, and sharp as if they were produced yesterday by the hand of the chiseller. The expense of quarrying in Ireland is less than in England, and the cost of transit by sea from Cork to London would hardly exceed that by canal and wagon from Derbyshire, Yorkshire or Durham. Even if it did, the consideration is of inferior moment in a mighty national undertaking. A fatality seems to attend many of our great public buildings. They are no sooner completed than it is discovered there was some radical error in the commencement. Either the style is ill-chosen, the plan incongruous, or the site inconvenient. A double outlay is thus incurred to rectify mistakes which ought never to have existed. Building to pull down, and pulling down to build up again, have become almost as national with John Bull as playing at cricket, riding steeplechases, or paying taxes. A wondering foreigner who inquired the other day for what certain unsightly edifices in the metropolis were intended, (the National Gallery being one,) was answered in the words which the poet applied to even a more important subject:

"For nothing else but to be mended."

Triumphal arches, statues, columns, and

regularity of the arrangements, or the civility of the officials. Time is kept to a moment, and the comfort and privileges of each distinct class of passengers most scrupulously attended to. We are a little emphatic in these remarks from the constant complaints we see daily in the London papers of the total irregularity and inattention practised on many of the English lines. It may seem very like a joke to invite our brother John over to Ireland to enlighten him, but we are quite serious when we assure him that a trip by rail from Dublin to Cork and Limerick, and back again, will open his eyes, and show him that we know something of business, although it is the prevailing fashion to think the contrary.

\* The United Kingdom contains no spot more worthy of a visit than the Rock of Cashel. In one respect it resembles the "Crystal Palace" and its contents,—description falls far below the reality. This interesting locality is now within three hours of Dublin by the Great Southern and Western line, which may be recommended as a model railroad, perfect in every department, whether as regards the solid beauty of its construction, the

fountains are either thrust back into obscure localities where they are seldom noticed, or pushed forward into crowded thoroughfares where they are chiefly remarked as ingenious deformities. Why, with an unlimited command of money, high pretensions, and acknowledged endowments, taking a distinguished lead, as we are entitled to do, in mechanical science, we should be so glaringly deficient in architectural taste, is a problem which ought to be solved, and a national reproach which might easily be removed.

The observations we have ventured are not strung together with any ambitious aspirations after originality, or any unjust desire to appropriate the ideas of other and far abler exponents. We are humble commentators following in the track of discovery, disciples rather than teachers, anxious to learn ourselves, and zealous to dissipate the errors into which succeeding students may be seduced by plausible and conflicting theories. We wish to show what Geology really is, how it has been occasionally mis-

applied, and how it may operate in the transactions of the world. In proportion as this noble science becomes simplified and intelligible, its uses will be acknowledged, and its advantages perceived. The development of strata in our own land is singularly favorable to the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants. A glance over the geological map of the British Islands will show the peculiar blessings which Providence has thus vouchsafed to us, at once as incentives to industry and evidences of dispensation. We cannot conclude more aptly than with a passage from Scripture, which has been felicitously quoted already by more than one writer, as expressing with forcible distinctness our own individual position: "A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee."\*

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## PLEASURES OF LITERATURE.†

THE Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature, is a somewhat comprehensive title for this modest little volume. Mr. Willmott, however, does not attempt to fill up the outline which he has drawn: a few graceful touches serving to suggest, rather than complete his picture. He is a lover of elegant literature; and in a series of essays, short, but exceedingly pleasing, both from their pointed style, and the genial tone that pervades them, gives us the result of his meditations on a variety of subjects connected with it. Books, their writers, circumstances attendant upon their composition, the mood in which they should be read; the mode, criticism, poetry, fiction, history, philosophy, pass in review before him; and each in its turn receives such treatment as

may be expected from one who thoroughly enjoys his work, and goes about it in that quiet, tranquil spirit which seems to indicate more of the literary mind and feeling of the last century than of the present. His turn of thought is a retrospective one. Not only is this apparent in his matter and manner. A passing allusion to the "classical criticism and biography of the eighteenth century," seems also symptomatic of it. And his publisher has further introduced him to us, in the appropriate costume of the period to which his mind belongs.

Without professing to undervalue ourselves of the nineteenth century,—we believe that, like our great-grandfathers, we have our good points,—we must own to a considerable enjoyment of this peculiar cast of mind. There is a sort of sober, autumnal grace about it. And it stands out in agreeable contrast with the peculiarities of our own

\* Deuteronomy, viii. 9, 10.

† Pleasures, Objects and Advantages of Literature. A Discourse by Robert Aris Willmott.



age, whose tendencies are to an excess of haste ; to live two days in one ; not so much in amount of usefulness, as in mere business. A temperament that can sympathize with the "sequestered spirit of meditative enjoyment recognized in much of our early fancy and learning," is in antithesis to this, and affords a useful corrective both of it and of that other inclination which we, perhaps in common with all former ages, evince, to sever ourselves, as to our mental life, from those who have more immediately preceded us. An isolation as unfavorable to intellectual vigor and moral expansion, as is that other isolation of which we have been writing to those interests for whose sake it has been practised. The mind that would attain its completeness, must live in all time. Yet must it specially beware of contemning that in which it has its own immediate existence. Whoso falls into this error, cannot enter into the full value of the past.

Literature under its less severe aspect has the greatest charm for our accomplished country clergyman. "It is only Wisdom, with the girdle of Beauty, that belongs to our subject." "Science is not embraced in the pleasures of literature. Refined readers and noble authors are made without it." And hereupon, with a sort of mild maliciousness, he quotes Fenelon's "Diabolism of Euclid," by way of eking out the condemnation which he, and Dean Swift, and Bossuet, and Bishop Burnet, have thought fit to pronounce upon mathematics, which stands as the representative of its unfortunate class. We know not of what university Mr. Willmott may be ; but we conclude that the banks of the Cam were never paced by his devious feet. If they were,—we dare not say what our conclusion would be. But whether he ever contended with the great geometer of Alexandria, and came off "second best," or not, we must be allowed to think that the view which he takes of mathematics, relatively to their educational or disciplinary purpose, is any but a correct one. Speaking in general terms, we suppose to include logic, which has had its separate slight a little earlier, he says : "Such studies can only be useful to a full mind : if they find it empty, they leave it in the same state." Passing over that by the very name which he has given to them—disciplinary—he excludes, or at least does not profess to include, the idea of putting anything into the mind, it may be said that the object of disciplinal studies is not only to teach the right use of stores of knowledge already collected, but more specifically, to

teach the mind how to use its powers so as to be not only intelligently operative, but intelligently receptive also. And that it may not yet have got much to work upon, is surely a very small objection to the teaching it how to work. One great object of education, as its name imports, is to teach us how to apply our mental powers ; not merely or chiefly to "fill" the mind with facts and ideas. And the value of mathematics, and similar studies in relation to this object, consists in their training the mind to those habits of close and consecutive reasoning, the absence of which so often strikes us in the ordinary intercourse of life. It is to the want of thorough disciplinary study of this nature, in the education usually received by the middle classes, that we must attribute the very common habit of confounding—to use a hackneyed phrase—the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*, so irritating to all who have been accustomed to discern a difference between the two ; and which, from the hasty and erroneous judgments that it must involve them in, cannot fail of having a most pernicious effect on those important interests wherein men in our age and country are necessarily concerned. "Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands," is the type of a logic that is sadly too prevalent. And that must be so, we fear, till some improvement be made in the character of the instruction ordinarily afforded to that large and important class claimed by mercantile pursuits, just at the time when they are beginning to be voluntary agents in the work of their own education. Some notion of the laws of reasoning should be afforded them. We do not say that the study of mathematics is the only means of doing so ; though we do think they might be made to answer the purpose. Mr. Willmott's poetical temperament disqualifies him, we suspect, for sympathizing with these crabbed studies, which we incline to consider the fittest foundation, or framework, for more elegant ones. In his essay on "Philosophy and its Delights," that department of it that aims at systematizing the anatomy and workings of the mind, receives no more favorable notice than does this, concerning which we should have had something more to say had space permitted. Metaphysical researches, he tells us, "offer few lasting rewards. Exploring expeditions into the mind generally bring back fabulous news of the interior." It may be so. We perhaps put no more faith in the results of these exploring expeditions than he does. Yet seeing that in all ages men have been irresistibly impel-

led to make them, their history becomes part of the history of the human mind; and that can never fail of being deeply interesting to all who partake of humanity. "Know thyself," has been written upon man's inmost heart; and ceaselessly, however erroneously, must he seek to obey the command as to his intellectual, as well as spiritual nature. Eager research, prying into every, even the meanest object of creation, with passionate desire to ascertain both the laws and conditions of its existence, cannot leave the noblest of all uninvestigated. It may be baffled. Nay, the subtle analysis often defeats its own purpose. But still the attempt will and must be made again and again. Applied mental science is more attractive to our author. Yet, indeterminate as has been their results, there are minds to whom these researches have had all the fascination of poetry; and as they do not, for the love of them, think lightly or inappreciatingly of the more graceful characteristics of his intellectual conformation, he is entreated, in return, to have charity even for the metaphysician. It may be that a taste for such pursuits, inconclusive as they must be, indicates rather a love of the curious than of the useful. And if so, to be hedged round with "ultimate facts," to find at every turning, "No road this way," after the manner of a certain school, may be beneficial rather than otherwise. Yet, "where they agree," if not useful as to results obtained, they may perchance be so in their effect upon the mind itself, disciplining it to acute discrimination, patient thought, and fixed attention on objects somewhat difficult to bring within the right mental focus, still more difficult to retain there. Mr. Willmott will perhaps excuse them as a species of mental gymnastics.

Taste, criticism, history, poetry, fiction, the drama, and the interior of the literary workshop, offer to him more congenial themes. To them we will follow him.

How to read, seems naturally to come before what to read.

"A good reader," he says, "is nearly as rare as a good writer. People bring their prejudices, whether friendly or adverse. They are lamp and spectacles, lighting and magnifying the page. It was a pleasant sarcasm of Selden, that the alchemist discovered his art in Virgil's golden bough, and the optician his science in the annals of Tacitus. . . . It is not enough for a reader to be unprejudiced. He should remember that a book is to be studied as a picture is hung. Not only must a bad light be avoided, but a good one obtained. This Taste supplies. It puts a history, a tale, or a poem, in a just point of view, and there examines the execution."

He who regards not the object and character of a book, does a like injustice to its writer. While upon works of genius, no decision must be pronounced without frequent perusal.

"Whoever has spent many days in the company of choice pictures will remember the surprises that often reward him. When the sun strikes an evening scene by Both, or Berghem, in a particular direction, the change is swift and dazzling. Every touch of the pencil begins to live. Buried figures arise; purple robes look as if they had just been dyed; cattle start up from dusky corners; trunks of trees flicker with gold; leaves flutter in light; and a soft, shadowy gust—sun and breeze together—plays over the grass. But the charm is fleeting, as it is vivid. In a few minutes the sun sinks lower, or a cloud catches it: the scene melts—the figures grow dark, and the whole landscape faints and dies into coldness and gloom.

"Life has its gay and hopeful hours, which lend to the book a lustre, not less delightful than the accidents of sunshine shed upon the picture. Every mind is sometimes dull. The magician of the morning may be the beggar of the afternoon. Now the sky of thought is black and cheerless; presently it will be painted with beauty, or glowing with stars. Taste varies with temper and health. There are minutes when the song of Fletcher is not sweeter than Pomfret's. The reader must watch for the sunbeam. Elia puts this difficulty in a pleasant form, and shows us that our sympathy with a writer is affected by the time, or the mood in which we become acquainted with him:—'In the five or six impatient minutes' before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the 'Faëry Queen' for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrews' sermons? Milton almost requires a solemn service to be played before you enter upon him.' Only a zealot in political economy begins Adam Smith before breakfast; and he must be fast growing benumbed in metaphysics who wishes Cudworth to come in with the dessert."

And yet we have known people to take the "Paradise Lost" for their after-dinner reading; and should scarcely ourselves object to see Cudworth at any time.

Perhaps Ariosto selected an unpropitious hour when he presented his *Orlando* to the Cardinal D'Este, and was startled by the inquiry of his eminence, "Whence he had gathered such a heap of fooleries?" The cardinal must either have been very hungry, or very dyspeptic. To meet with a reader in such mood is bad enough for the unfortunate author; but worse still must be his fate if he should fall into the hands of a reviewer suffering the same evils of our common humanity. For we, too, are mortal. It suggests an additional range of responsibili-

ties beyond those which we have been accustomed to regard as sufficiently formidable. We once fell in with an amusing diet-table compiled for the benefit of book-writers; but who shall administer "tea and dry toast," and other salubrities, to the critics? Yet, it is too true, that fine sensibilities, and powers of thought, all the most intellectual and emotional parts of our nature, are under dictatorship of a most unromantic kind. Our head and our heart may do credit each to the other, and yet the inharmonious condition of another organ may effectually nullify the excellence of both. Lobster salad may crush a new philosophical speculation; and a bad dinner may blight a poet.

"A classification of books to suit all hours and weathers might be amusing. Ariosto spans a wet afternoon like a rainbow. North winds and sleet agree with Junius. The visionary tombs of Dante glimmer into awfuller perspective by moonlight. Crabbe is never so pleasing as on the hot shingle, when we can look up from his verses at the sleepy sea, and count the

'crimson weeds, which spreading slow,  
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;  
With all those bright-red pebbles, that the sun  
Through the small waves so softly shines upon.'

"Some books come in with lamps, and curtains, and fresh logs. An evening in late autumn when there is no moon, and the boughs toss like foam raking its way down a pebbly shore, is just the time for *Undine*. A voyage is read with deepest interest in winter, while the hail dashes against the window. Southey speaks of this delight. . . . The sob of the storm are musical chimes for a ghost-story, or one of those fearful tales with which the blind fiddler in *Red Gauntlet* made 'the auld carlines shake on the settle, and the bits of bairns skirl on their minnies out frae their beds.'

"Shakspeare is always most welcome at the chimney-corner; so is Goldsmith. Who does not wish Dr. Primrose to call in the evening, and Olivia to preside at the urn? Elia affirms that there is no such thing as reading or writing but by a candle; he is confident that Milton composed the morning hymn of Eden with a clear fire burning in the room; and in Taylor's gorgeous description of sunrise, he found the smell of the lamp quite overpowering."

But under what circumstances soever the book be read, "no fruit will be gathered unless the thoughts are steadily given up to the perusal." We may hereupon give a short formula for the benefit of those who complain of bad memories: for retention the pre-requisite is attention. It is the certainty that the want of the one is caused by the want of the other, that makes us par-

ticularly impatient of that excuse, held so sufficing alike by child and senior—"I forgot!" "Attention," says Mr. Willmott: "is not often the talent of early life. But if not acquired then, it rarely is afterwards."

"Criticism," writes our essayist, "is taste put into action. A true criticism is the elegant expression of a just judgment. It includes taste, of which it is the exponent and supplement. The frame of genius with its intricate construction and mysterious economy is the subject of its study. The finest nerve of sensation may not be overlooked. But criticism must never be sharpened into anatomy. . . . The life of the imagination, as of the body, disappears when we pursue it."

Good advice this for ourselves. A remark of Alison's, which Mr. Willmott quotes previously, expresses, though with far too little qualification, our own feeling on this subject. Instead of saying with him, that "the exercise of criticism *always destroys*," we should phrase it, *often endangers* "our sensibility to beauty." Were we to admit it in his form, we should admit our own unfitness for our office. Yet how ~~much~~ beauty has criticism been the means of discovering! Mr. Willmott does not, however, impress us with a high opinion of his own critical acumen, when he tells us, in illustration of the inventive power of criticism, that "it infers the lowly station of Homer, from internal evidence. *He tells us what a thing cost*. Some pages of the *Iliad* are a priced catalogue." The doing this is no peculiarity of poverty. It is just as much the besetting sin of the *nouveaux riches*. If we knew nothing of Homer from any other source, we might with equal justice infer that he belonged to this latter class. He concludes his discourses upon criticism by thus expressing his superior sympathy with the last century as compared with the present one:—

"This discourse scarcely presumes to speak of criticism as it now lives and flourishes. . . . If there be in it little of the splenetic heart of a former century, there is abundance of untimely fruit and confident foreheads. Its defects are twofold—a want of modesty, and a want of knowledge. A remedy for the former is to be found in the removal of the latter. The truest critic, like the deepest philosopher, will produce his opinions as doubts. Only the astrologer and empiric never fail.

"A thoughtful person is struck by the despotic teaching of the modern school. The decisions of the eighteenth century are reversed; the authority of the judges is ignored. Addison's chair is filled by Hazlitt; a German mist intercepts Hurd. Our



classical writers daily recede further from the public eye. Milton is visited like a monument. The scholarly hand alone brushes the dust from Dryden. The result is unhappy. Critics and readers, by a sort of necessity, refer every production of the mind to a modern standard. The age weighs itself. One dwarf is measured by another. The fanciful lyrist looks tall when Pindar is put out of sight. This is like boarding up Westminster Abbey, and all the cathedrals, and then deciding on the merits of a church by comparing it with the newest Gothic design that, sent too soon to the road-side, implores of every passer-by the charity of a steeple."

We admit it—with a difference. Criticism that may be thus severely yet truly characterized, does present itself in our modern literature. There is a school that appears not indisposed to take for the motto of its critical labors, "We think our fathers fools." But it is scarcely fair to select writers of secondary merit and influence as the exponents of any particular literary period. That more brilliant one to which Mr. Willmott turns so regretful a gaze, would not bear judgment passed upon it after this fashion. We know not whether he himself has ever received ungentle treatment from critical hands or not. An allusion in his preface seems to look that way. If it be so, we may, without offence, presume that personal feeling has, unconsciously, sharpened the expression of this sweeping condemnation of the present generation.

His Essay on the Drama must claim our next notice. The love of dramatic representations seems an innate one. The savage shares it with the man of civilized life. The products of the imagination are variously modified by temperament and circumstance; but under one form or other the faculty manifests itself throughout our humanity. The earliest sports of children show its influence strikingly. They revel in fictitious circumstances in which themselves are the actors, for they have scarcely yet learned to abstract their own relation to it from the world of things and events around them. The next step is to people these with fictitious characters. Here is the germ of the novel. What interminable ones children will pour out. But quietly evolved monologue and dialogue are felt insufficiently expressive of the emotions of the young fictionists. Some action naturally accompanies them; a few "properties" are added, probably of the scantiest, for their faith is large, and the spectators not sensitive in the matter of discrepancies,—the tiniest child might play

"Wall," independent even of "lime" and "roughcast"—and we have the drama.

"Dryden defined a play to be a just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions, and humors, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind. Hurd expands the view. Man is so constructed, that whatever his condition may be—whether pleasurable or painful—the imagination is continually presenting to the mind numberless varieties of pictures, conformable to his situation. These images are shaped and tinged by the circumstances of birth, feeling, and employment. The exhibition of them is the poetry, and a just representation is the art of dramatic writing. Supposing this outline to be earnestly filled up, the stage would become a school of virtue, and tragedy, in the words of Percy, be a supplement to the pulpit.

"And this, according to his light, was the character of the Greek dramatist. He instructed and entertained. His page was solemnized by wisdom. . . . The choice of subject, not more than its treatment, gave an educational tone to old tragedy. The writer selected the grandest features of national story. It is found that a spectator is affected by the rank and remoteness of a sufferer. Belisarius asking for an obolus, is more touching than a blind sailor who lost his sight before the mast. Hurd puts this feeling with force:—"The fall of a cottage by the accident of time and weather is almost unheeded, while the ruins of a tower which the neighborhood hath gazed at for ages with admiration, strikes all observers with concern."

"The drama is the book of the people. In all countries, the circumstances of a life, however rudely displayed, possess an incomparable attraction. The story-teller is the play-wright of Constantinople. The adventures of an ancient Javanese prince will hold a native assembly from evening until daylight. Yet the properties consist only of a transparent screen, with a large lamp behind it, and a hundred painted puppets, twelve inches high, cut out of buffalo-hide. The poetry is a monotonous recitative, and the action, is confined to throwing the shadow of each successive figure upon the curtain. A dramatic poet wields the sceptre of the masses; he reaches the national heart through all its organs of sensation. Eye and ear are his ministers. A brave exploit is riveted in the audience. A fine saying grows into an argument. When a moral purpose animates the author, he works it through the play. The commonest burlesque submits to the oversight of conscience."

It is the frequent absence of this "moral purpose," or the injudicious, not to say immoral, means by which it has been sought to be worked out, which has led to the pronouncing almost an interdict upon the acted drama, by persons not only of differing nations, but of the most opposite sentiments.



The *Histrionic Mastix* was no mere expression of puritanism. Rome reaffirmed her share of its anathemas, little more than a century ago, in refusing the rites of Christian sepulture to the remains of an actress. That its accessories should be exceptionable is, of course, an accident; but it is one by which it has been so frequently accompanied, that they may be pardoned who have fallen into the error of believing it of its substance.

Mr. Willmott's remarks upon the lighter species of dramatic entertainment merit transferring almost entire to our pages.

"The preacher tells us that laughter is mad, and the Proverb of the Wise Man adds a warning, that the end of mirth is heaviness. There was a deep moral in the Athenian law which interdicted a judge of the Areopagus from writing a comedy. The habit of looking at things on the ludicrous side is always hurtful to the moral feelings. The pleasure is faint and vanishing, and leaves behind it an apprehension of disgrace."

We commend the short sentence which we have italicized, to those in our own ranks who make it their business to stimulate, while they cater for, a morbid appetite for this sort of thing.

"Wit quickly loses its flame." But humor, which is the pensiveness of wit, enjoys a longer and a wider life. After one brilliant explosion, the repartee is worthless. The drunken fireworks offend the eye; but the quiet suggestiveness of Mr. Shandy is interesting as ever; the details of the great army in Flanders will last as long as the passage of Hannibal. The pleasure of Shakespeare's comedies arises from their humor. His smile is serious. Johnson commended *tragi-comedy*, as giving a true reflection of those grave and trifling incidents which compose the scenes of experience. Joy and grief are never far apart. In the same street the shutters of one house are closed, while the curtains of the next are brushed by the shadows of the dance. A wedding party returns from church, and a funeral winds to its door. The smiles and the sadnesses of life are the *tragi-comedy* of Shakespeare. Gayety and sighs brighten and dim the mirror he holds. In this respect he differs from his contemporary, Ben Jonson, in whom is enjoyed in its perfection the comedy of erudition.

"If the reader descends from the reign of Elizabeth and James into the time of the second Charles, his gratifications of mirth are purchased by a wounded conscience. Comedy has no whole place in its body. Greek farce was riotous and insolent; yet fancy—like a summer breeze from a green farm—sometimes refreshes the hot stage. Aristophanes paints town-life with a suburb of gardens. A blade of grass never grew in the theatre of Farquhar and his kindred. Wide was their scholarship in wit:

*'They sauntered Europe round,  
And gathered every vice on Christian ground.'*

"They cast nets over the old world and the new. No venomous epigram, or sparkling idiom of sin, escaped the throw. Every line glitters and stings. Upon the whole, the pleasures of the drama—tragic and comic—are larger than its advantages. In the bold figure of Cowley, it must be washed in the Jordan to recover its health. A deep purpose of religion alone can make it useful to a nation. Taste may purify it, but the disease continues. It is only the waters of Damascus to the leper. Of English poets, belonging to our golden age, none but Shakespeare come before us undefiled. His vigor of constitution threw off the ranker contagion. With Fletcher's vice, and Decker's coarseness, he would have been the fearfulest spectacle the world has beheld of genius retaining its power, and bereft of its light. The temple of our poetry, bowed in his sacrilegious arms, might have remained a melancholy monument of supernatural strength, and sightless despair."

Fiction, as embodied in the romance and novel, we have very agreeably treated. The universality of some of its favorite subjects first meets us. Some of its uses, peculiar to the olden time, are next touched upon. Then its different forms. First, the heroic romance, such as turned the head of "Signor Don Quixote;" succeeded by its "reduced and feeble copy," the Romance of Chivalry. This was "the incredible in water colors." Presently—

"Fiction put on another shape, and received the name, without the inheritance, of Minerva. Medieval exaggerations were clothed in modern dresses. Giants living in impregnable castles, gave way to heroes of preternatural stature in their sentiments, who raved through four volumes,—sometimes five,—for dark ladies of impossible beauty. What a geography was theirs! Puck found himself out-run. The chronicler of the sayings and doings of the Black Penitents put a girdle round the world in considerably less than forty minutes. Time and space were mere circumstances. Kingdoms fraternized. Constantinople abutted on Moorfields; and Julius Caesar conquered Mexico with Cortes. Probability was despised. Everything came to pass when it was wanted; and the healthiest people died the moment they were in the way.

"The incidents of these tales resembled drop-curtains in small theatres. The effect was terrible. The vicar's daughter watching a fine sunset from the churchyard was ruthlessly carried off by banditti, who stepped out of a *Salvator* on purpose. Perhaps the scene was laid in a mountain-country, and then, about the middle of the first volume, a sentimental youth was entranced during a moonlight walk by unearthly strains of music proceeding from a lady in thin muslin, who stood with her harp upon a pinnacle of frozen snow, where

the wild goat, in these prosaic days, would not find a footing. These extravagances melted before the dazzling creations of Scott, and a fourth class of fiction delighted the world."

We have no purpose here to attempt to illustrate or eulogize the *genius* of the great novelist; but we must remark, that one service rendered by Walter Scott to this class of literature, has perhaps not been adequately estimated; and that is, his having contributed to purify it. Even the moral and semi-religious novels of the last century can now scarcely be allowed to lie upon our tables.

There has been recently, we say it with pain, a tendency in some quarters to the commission of sins against taste, similar to theirs, but we fear without the palliation of that moral purpose which our older writers, strangely enough, thought to accomplish by it. Whether this be the natural out-pouring of bitter waters from a bitter fountain, or whether it be specially and deliberately prepared to meet the requirements of those who have been nourished on what Mr. Willmott terms "the politer wickedness of the French lady who calls herself a man," we know not. But we do heartily desire that we may meet no more of it. In allusion to offences of this sort, on the part of some of our celebrated novelists of an earlier period, Mr. Willmott justly remarks: "To say that they . . . have their sting drawn by the moral, is like telling us to live tranquilly over a cellar of combustibles, because an engine with abundance of water is at the end of the street."

Our next extract will not be particularly grateful to some of our most popular writers of fiction:—

"But the harshest observer cannot fail to remark that in gay, as well as in graver efforts, our century is the era of revised editions. Richardson, Smollett, and their contemporaries, come out in clever abridgments, adapted to the changes of taste, and under various titles. Old friends revisit us with new faces. Amelia has watched the dying embers for a dozen husbands since Fielding left her; and uncle Toby's mellow tones have startled us down a college staircase, and through the railings of counting-houses in the city. Gentlemen and heroines from whom we parted years ago, with slight respect for their attainments or morals, have now taken a scientific or serious turn. Lovelace is absorbed in entomology, and Lady Bellaston is a rubber of brasses."

Perhaps the last appearance of the modern novel writer is in the character of the preacher; with an aim beyond that of morals only, which we have been wont to consider as the

boundary of his legitimate influence. The design, of course, is to represent so vividly those necessary truths of man's spiritual existence, which transcend mere morals, as to lay hold on the conscience, which has hitherto been insensible to the exertions of the pulpit. So far the intent is good; and, in some instances, the skill of the writer has enabled him (we want an epicene pronoun here) to work out the idea in a manner greatly superior to that in which a particularly disagreeable and fortunately small class of books—the old religious novel—was wont to shape its ends. But it may be doubted whether the very people for whose especial benefit this style of composition is intended, will not skip all the sermonizing, or, if it be so interwoven with the texture of the book as not to be easily separable from the story, throw it aside altogether. Morals, we know, may be illustrated and recommended most effectually in compositions of this nature. As one of the most excellent of its class, we may name Miss Edgeworth's "Helen." We know nothing better adapted to arrest that tendency to slight deviations from veracity, to which many are inclined, and which some are disposed to excuse. We might, also, allude to another recent phase of fiction, that of the psychological novel, with a tinge of the religious element, as one that, in very able hands, is capable of much effect.

We do not, however, hold it essential that works of fiction should have a direct moral purpose to serve. The mind requires relaxation and amusement; hours of weariness and pain, and of that mental languor which is the result of long-continued overstrain of the mental faculties, have to be beguiled. And if these can be accomplished innocently, by sketches of life and manners varied by pleasing incident, such as might be met with in the real world, and which would then please and interest us; by the products of pure imagination, or by the play of fancy, we imagine that no unworthy end has been realized. Mr. Willmott apparently differs from us in this. And we have no quarrel with him for so doing. We hope we may take it as an evidence that he does not often require such solace.

In considering the objects of prose fiction, he deems that its usefulness is in proportion to the predominance of its poetical or romantic element, and cites instances in support of his opinion. It has been urged against works of this class, that they exhibit such a disregard of harmony between the means and the

end, as is entirely opposed to the maintaining those sober views of the relation between the two, which are essential for the practical purposes of life. The objection is pleasantly and wisely dealt with. One of the most absurd of its kind, in the rich-uncle-from-India style, is given in brief, and then—

"Suppose this adventure, in all its absurdity, to be really written and read, who is likely to be injured by it? Is it worth a moralist's trouble to work himself into a frenzy, and say that his indignation is excited at the immoral tendency of such lessons to young readers, who are thus taught to undervalue and reject all sober regular plans for compassing an object, and to muse on improbabilities till they become foolish enough to expect them?"

"In the first place, it may be denied that one young man in a million ever built his hopes of prosperity or love upon recollections of visionary relatives in Benares. Even real uncles are forgotten when they never return; and, secondly, it is not to be assumed that the remote contingencies of life ought to be rejected as hurtful. The improbabilities of experience are many, the impossibilities few. The rich kinsman may not arrive from India to make two hearts happy; but circumstances do fall out in a way altogether contrary to expectations; helping friends rise up quite as strangely as apparitions of Nabobs from the jungle; and the dearest chains of affection are sometimes riveted by means scarcely less astonishing, and certainly not more anticipated than the magical cheque of the dreamer. Instead, therefore, of starting from a romantic danger, I am inclined, under proper limitation, to welcome a romantic advantage. It is something to keep the spirits up in so long and harassing a journey: and even the pack-horse goes better with its bells."

"Fiction, like the drama, speaks to our hearts by exhibitions. Mr. Allworthy was acting a sermon upon charity, when the gentle pressure of the strange infant's hand on one of his fingers, out-pleaded in a moment the indignant proposal of Mrs. Deborah to put it in a warm basket—as the night was rainy—and lay it at the churchwarden's door; Corporal Trim's illustration of death, by the falling hat in the kitchen, strikes the fancy more than a climax of Sherlock; and the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in the prison is a whole library of theology made vocal."

There is one essential for the enjoyment of novel reading: that it should be taken in extreme moderation. The young ladies and young gentlemen who devour whole circulating libraries, and yet cannot get amusement enough out of it, will do well to "make a note" of this.

Mr. Willmott writes of poetry like a genuine lover of it. But we can only refer to those essays, as we want to have a word on history, which—

"Present the pleasantest features of poetry and fiction; the majesty of the epic: the moving accidents of the drama; the surprises and moral of the romance. . . . The historian has one advantage over the poet. He is not obliged to look abroad for shining illustrations, or corresponding scenes of action. His images are ready; his field of combat is inclosed. He wants only so much vivacity as will supply color and life to the description. Read the meeting of Cyrus and Artaxerxes in Xenophon. A white cloud spots the horizon; presently it grows bigger, and is discovered to be the dust raised by an enormous army. As the cloud advances, its lower edge of mist is seen to glitter in the sun; spear, and helm, and shield shoot forth and disappear, and soon the ranks of horse and foot, with the armed chariots, grow distinctly visible. This is the splendor of the epic; it is Homer in prose."

"For an instance of the dramatic in history the reader may go to Dalrymple. Dundee, wandering about Lochabar with a few miserable followers, is roused by news of an English army in full march to the pass of Killicranky. His hopes revive. He collects his scattered bands and falls upon the enemy, filing out of the stern gateway into the highlands. In fourteen minutes infantry and cavalry are broken. Dundee, foremost in pursuit as in attack, outstrips his people; he stops, and waves his hand to quicken their speed; while he is pointing eagerly to the Pass, a musket-ball pierces his armor. He rides from the field, but, soon dropping from his horse, is laid under the shade of trees that stood near; when he has recovered from the faintness, he desires his attendants to lift him up, and, turning his eyes to the field of combat, inquires, 'How things went?' Being told that all is well, he replies, with calm satisfaction, 'Then I am well,' and expires."

Here—

"Every circumstance heightens the catastrophe. His bed in the wild heather, shut in by a mountain bastion, of which the gloom is broken by frequent flashes of random guns. The Pass stretches in dreary twilight before us. The sound is in our ears of a dark river foaming among splintered rocks,—over tumbling down, and losing itself in thick trees, while the eagle utters a lonely scream over the carnage, and sails away into the rolling vapors."

This is picturesque writing. Mr. Willmott occasionally falls into the error of expressing himself in a manner too uniformly curt and pointed. A just intermixture of sentences of brief energy, in which the idea is as it were darted at the reader, and those in which it is more deliberately conveyed, the medium of thought being converted into a separate, independent source of pleasure, forms the most pleasing style. We do not like our music to be all staccato passages; the flowing melody must intervene to give these their full value.

History is considered in its pleasurable, moral, and educational character. In this latter, we may speak of it as perhaps one of the most richly instructive studies to which the attention can be directed: one from which the largest amount of such knowledge as may be brought to bear upon practical life, may be reaped by the intelligent and thoughtful student. The nature of man is, in all ages, the same. There is no signal variety, save in adventitious circumstances, in the cycle of human events. Those who borrow no light from the past, will not see clearly into the future. In the present, they must walk with uncertain step. With regard to political life, a subject of much interest to us all just now, it appears to us that, without a competent knowledge of the past, derived from history, it is all but impossible for a man, whatever other qualifications he may possess, to form any intelligent opinion on the various political questions submitted to him. Without it, he must be in entire ignorance of how often those combinations of political events, which to him appear new, have already presented themselves in national life, and been treated, perhaps, in vain, or with but temporary benefit, by that very remedy, or class of remedies, which he is now assured, and believes because he is pertinaciously assured, to be specific in the case. He must be at the mercy of others, be content to take his opinions ready made; or, what is worse still, in his unfurnished condition, make what must be called haphazard opinions for himself. It is, however, to be added that, without some mental discipline, such as we have before alluded to, some acquaintance with the *art* of thinking, which has to be patiently learned—we are no more intuitive reasoners than we are intuitive politicians—he will be utterly unable rightly to deduce from his historical reading those lessons of instruction which it so abundantly yields to the logically-trained mind. For their complete education and application, a discriminating, weighing, and reasoning intellect is essential. And this, unlike “reading and writing,” does not “come by nature.”

There are some passages, good both as to manner and matter, in the essay on biography; but we have not space for any of them. Nor from another interesting one on the literature of the pulpit; a fruitful subject, did he pursue it at length, to so thoroughly sympathizing a reader of old sermons as Mr. Willmott is. Latimer's strong, homely diction; Donne's “manifold style;” the crabbed, yet learned composition of Andrewes,

something like a bad translation of a difficult foreign tongue, wanting in the auxiliary parts of speech; Taylor's architecturally piled-up sentences; the copiousness of Barrow; and the exertions of a host of others, whom we may not stay to characterize, would all by turn attract and charm him who deems that “in every Christian land the learned mind has poured its choicest gifts into theology.” One well-known name among our English divines furnishes him a subject for the following beautiful sketch of the scholar's life. Bishop Hall, like his contemporary, Milton—

“was up in summer with the bird that first rises, and in winter often before the sound of any bell. His first thoughts were given to Him who made the cloud for rest, and the sunshine for toil. While his body was being clothed he set in order the labors of the day, and entering his study besought a blessing for them upon his knees. His words are: ‘Sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients whom the church hath honored with the name of Fathers; sometimes to those later doctors who want nothing but age to make them classical; always to God's Book.’ The season of family devotion was now come, and this duty heartily fulfilled, he returned to his private reading. One while, as he tells us, his eyes were busied, and then his hands, or contemplation took the burden from both; textual divinity employed one hour, controversy another, history a third; and in short intervals of pensive talk with his thoughts, he wound up the scattered threads of learned research for future use. Thus he wore out the calm morning and afternoon, making music with changes.

“At length a monitor interrupted him. His weak body grew weary. Before and after meals, he let himself loose from scholarship. Then company, discourse, and amusement were welcome. These prepared him for a simple repast, from which he rose capable of more, though not desirous. No book followed his late trencher. The discoveries and thoughts of the day were diligently recollected, with all the doings of hand and mouth since morning. As the night drew near he shut up his mind, comparing himself to a tradesman who takes in his wares and closes his windows in the evening. He said that the student was miserable who lies down, like a camel, under a full burden. And so, calling his family together, he ended the day with God, and laid him down to sleep, took his rest, and rose up again, for He sustained him.”

Mr. Willmott suggests that truly noble man, Robert Southey, for a companion-picture: dwelling on the happy Christian spirit that animated him in his unwearied career of duty. “He followeth not with us,” has for eighteen centuries been the ground of mutual ostracism, the plea for



denial, or grudging recognition of personal virtues. Yet the wide gulf touching things political and things polemic, that stands between him and the majority of those who are accustomed to dwell upon our pages, will not, we feel assured, prevent their joining in that fine-spirited eulogy, both on his genius and his personal excellences, which those whose lives have been passed in literary antagonism to his have already pronounced over his tomb. The cold depreciatory estimate, the grudging recognition, have been reserved for others who, entering into his labors, have not deemed it unmeet to employ pages to which some of his best powers were dedicated, as the vehicle for their ungenerous treatment of his memory. The genial love of the true scholar for the quiet companions of his solitude has perhaps rarely been more exquisitely expressed than in that beautiful little poem of Southey's, originally designed for his colloquies, beginning—

“My days among the dead are passed,  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes I cast,  
The mighty minds of old:  
My never failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.”

A poem recently illustrated by a most astounding criticism pronounced upon it by Wordsworth, who objected to the poetical phrase, “casual eyes,” on the ludicrously

prosaic ground of its being the glance, not the eyes, that was “casual”! The emendation suggested was in perfect keeping with the objection—“Where'er these *eyes I round me cast* ;” an expression to whose deliberate truth certainly no exception could be taken. Mr. Cuthbert Southey gives the finishing touch to this rich little narration, by regretting that his father had not had the opportunity of profiting by the poet's strictures! Such a criticism belongs to the class of the severely literal. It reminds us of a similar one passed by an ancient gentlewoman upon Mrs. Hemans's pleasing little poem, *The Dial of Flowers*; in which the line, “Like a pearl in an ocean shell,” was, on the authority of her critical judgment, restored to what she deemed its true reading—“Like a pearl in an *oyster*-shell;” pearls being, as everybody knew, except, perhaps, unfortunate Mrs. Hemans, ordinarily produced by that amiable fish. “Great Homer nods!” But what a pity to chronicle it.

The Accountableness of Authors is touched upon in a serious vein. None can be too much so for such a subject. It is one on which, we doubt not, all implicated in it have, at times, mused with feelings of even painful intensity. A manuscript letter of Anna Maria Porter's that came under our notice some years ago, showed the writer to have been penetrated with it. A *Parting Word* closes the volume. And with it we bid Mr. Willmott a very cordial farewell.

GOOD WINNING HANDS.—The American leg is likely to have such a successful run, that an ingenious inventor is trying his hand at a false arm; for he declares that enterprise and talent can always find elbow-room. There is no doubt that if he succeeds in producing the article he contemplates, and can offer a good practicable arm, the public will take him by the hand with the utmost cordiality. The Railway Companies will be excellent customers, for their difficulty has always been that a man has by nature only one pair of hands, while a railway servant is expected to do the

work of at least twenty. If by any new invention the directors may be able to take on an unlimited number of extra hands without employing one additional man, the great object will be achieved of getting the work done by some ten or a dozen pair of hands performed for a single salary. Another branch of the expected demand for false hands will arise from public meetings and elections; for where it is important to have an imposing show of hands, to be able to hold up a dozen or so, instead of a single pair, will become a very valuable privilege.—*Punch*.

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## DIVINATION, WITCHCRAFT, AND MESMERISM.

It seems strange that so obvious a case as that of Barlaam and the monks of Mount Athos has not been brought into the mesmeric collections of *pièces justificatives*. The first compiler of the authorities on which it rests is Ughelli. The story is told in modern language by Mosheim, by Fleury, and by Gibbon at the years 1341-51. In taking the version of it by the last, (Decline and Fall, c. 63,) we shall run least risk of being imposed on by over-credulity.

"The Fakirs of India and the monks of the Oriental Church," says the complacent philosopher of Lausanne, "were alike persuaded that in total abstraction of the mind and body, the purer spirit may ascend to the enjoyment and vision of the Deity. The opinions and practices of the monasteries of Mount Athos will be best represented in the words of an abbot who flourished in the eleventh century. 'When thou art alone in thy cell,' says the ascetic teacher, 'shut thy door and seat thyself in a corner: raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy beard and chin on thy breast; turn thine eyes and thy thoughts towards the middle of thy belly, the region of the navel; and search the place of the heart, the seat of the soul. At first all will be dark and comfortless; but if you persevere day and night you will feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystic and ethereal light.' This light, the production of a distempered fancy, the creature of an empty stomach and an empty brain, was adored by the Quietists as the pure and perfect essence of God himself; and as long as the folly was confined to Mount Athos, the simple solitaries were not inquisitive how the divine essence could be a *material* substance, or how an *immaterial* substance could be perceived by the eyes of the body. But in the reign of the younger Andronicus these monasteries were visited by Barlaam, a Calabrian monk, who was equally skilled in philosophy and theology. The indiscretion of an ascetic revealed to the curious traveller the secrets of

mental prayer, and Barlaam embraced the opportunity of ridiculing the Quietists who placed the soul in the navel; of accusing the monks of Mount Athos of heresy and blasphemy. His attack compelled the more learned to renounce or dissemble the simple devotion of their brethren; and Gregory Palamas introduced a scholastic distinction between the essence and operation of God."

Gregory illustrated his argument by a reference to the celestial light manifested in the transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Thabor. On this distinction issue was taken by the disputatious Calabrian, and the result was the convocation of a synod at Constantinople, whose decree "established as an article of faith the uncreated light of Mount Thabor; and, after so many insults, the reason of mankind was slightly wounded by the addition of a single absurdity."

Of the truth of facts so long and openly discussed, there can be no question. The monks of Mount Athos did indeed put themselves into a state which may with safety be called one of mental lucidity, by fixing their eyes intently on a point. Mr. Robertson who used to induce the mesmeric sleep by causing his votaries to fix their eyes on a wafer, had better precedent than he supposed for his practice; and Miss Martineau, who, in her artificial trances, saw all objects illuminated, has been unconsciously repeating a monastic method of worship. The contemptuous indifference of Gibbon for once arises from defect of information; and when in a note he observes that Mosheim "unfolds the causes with the judgment of a philosopher," while Fleury "transcribes and translates with the prejudices of a Catholic priest," himself gives a luculent example of the errors of philosophy, and of the often unsuspected approach of prejudice to truth. Mosheim's observation, notwithstanding the damaging approval of Gibbon, is not without its value. "There is no reason," he says, "for any to be surprised at this account, or to question its correctness. For among the precepts and rules of all those in the East who teach men

how to withdraw the mind from the body, and to unite it with God, or inculcate what the Latins call a contemplative and mystic life, whether they are Christians, or Mohammedans, or Pagans, there is this precept, viz., *that the eyes must be fixed every day for some hours upon some particular object*, and that whoever does this will be rapt into a kind of ecstasy. See what Engelbert Kempfer states concerning the monks and mystics of Japan, tom. i. p. 30; and the account of those of India by Francis Bernier, tom. ii. p. 127." Strange that Mosheim, observing the uniformity both of the process and of its results in so many different parts of the world, should not have suspected that there was something more in this species of lucidity than the merely casual effects of a distempered imagination. By fixing the gaze even of the lower animals on an immovable point, they fall into a condition equally unnatural, and which, if they had language to express their visions, would probably be found equally clairvoyant.

A favorite subject of medieval art is the life of the Christian ascetic in the Desert. In these representations a human skull may generally be seen placed before the eyes of the devotee. Such an object would fix the gaze and induce the ecstasy as well as any other. The charm of this species of contemplation must have been intense, since in search of its exaltations and illuminations the very convents were deserted; and during the fourth and fifth centuries the deserts of Idumea, of Egypt, and of Pontus, swarmed with anchorites, who seemed to live only for the sake of escaping from life, and in their fasts and mortifications rivalled, if they did not for a time even surpass, the Fakirs of the East. To such an extent was this religious enthusiasm carried, that in Egypt the number of the monks was thought to equal that of the rest of the male population. Strange consideration, if it be the fact, that a few passes of a mesmeric operator should produce the same effects which these multitudes procured through toils so painful and sacrifices to themselves and to society so costly.

The Egyptian method of inducing clairvoyance in boys, by causing them to gaze on a pool of ink in the palm of the hand, has already been identified with the practice of Dr. Dee, whose black spherical mirror is now said to be in the possession and use of a distinguished modern mesmerizer. Divination by the crystal is a well-known medieval practice; and from the accounts of it which Delrio and others have handed down, it appears to have resembled, in some remarkable

particulars, the method now in use among the soothsayers of Cairo. It does not appear to make any difference whether the polished object be black or white, a mirror, a solid ball, or a transparent globe containing water; the same extraordinary series of appearances is alleged to follow an earnest inspection of it. Before proceeding to Delrio's singular corroboration of this use of the crystal, it will be well to state what is known of divination by the phial and by the mirror. Divination by the phial is technically known as *gasteromancy*. "In this kind of divination," says Peucer, (12mo, Wurtemberg, 1560, p. 146, a,) "the response is given by pictures, not by sounds. They procured glass vessels of a globular shape, filled with fair water, and set round them lighted tapers; and after invoking the demon with a muttered incantation, and proposing the question, they brought forward a pure boy-child, or a pregnant woman, who, gazing intently on the glass, and searching it with their eyes, called for, and demanded, a solution of the question proposed. The devil then answered these inquiries by certain images, which, by a kind of refraction, shone from the water on the polished and mirror-like surface of the phial."

*Catoptromancy*, or divination by the mirror, is as old as the time of the Roman Emperors. In one of the passages relating to this method of inducing what is called clairvoyance, we have an illustration of the early acquaintance of mankind with some of the forms of mesmerism. The passage is found in Spartian's life of Dittus Julian, the rich Roman who purchased the Empire when it was put up to auction by the Prætorian guards. "Julian was also addicted to the madness of consulting magicians, through whom he hoped either to appease the indignation of the people, or to control the violence of the soldiery. For they immolated certain victims (human?) not agreeable to the course of Roman sacrifice; and they performed certain profane incantations; and those things, too, which are done at the mirror, in which boys with their eyes blindfolded are said, by means of incantations, to see objects with the top of the head, Julian had recourse to. And the boy is said to have seen (in the mirror) both the approach of Severus and the death of Julian."

The passage may be variously rendered, according to different readings and punctuations, either as "boys, who can see with their eyes blindfolded, by reason of incantations made over the top of the head;" or, "boys who, having their eyes blindfolded,

can see with the top of the head, by reason of incantations ;" or, "boys who, having their eyes blindfolded, can see with the top of the head, it being operated on by way of incantation." This seeing, or seeming to see, with the top of the head, is one alleged variety of the modes of modern clairvoyance. It seems difficult to imagine that the boy Horner, whose case is related by Mr. Topham, in a letter to Dr. Elliotson, dated May 31, 1847, (*Zoist*, No. 18, p. 127,) could have heard anything of these pagan practices. Mr. Topham, a barrister and man of credit, states—"After five or six weeks' mesmerism, he began spontaneously to exhibit instances of clairvoyance. The first occasion was on the 11th of September. It was in the dusk of the evening, so that the room where he was mesmerized was nearly dark. My previous mode of mesmerizing him had been by looking at his eyes, but on this occasion I began by making passes over the top of his head, and continued them after he was in the sleep. In the course of five or six minutes after the sleep was induced, he suddenly exclaimed that he could see into the room above us (the drawing-room). I said, 'Your eyes are closed; how can you see?' And he replied, 'I don't see with my eyes; I see from the top of my head. All the top of my head seems open.' He then described, &c. I found everything as he had described, &c." Mr. Topham, it need scarcely be added, does not appear to have been at all aware of the passage in Spartian, which, indeed, has not been cited or referred to in any published work for nearly two hundred years back.

A like use of the suspended ring, indicating the early acquaintance of practitioners in these arts with one of the alleged evidences of the so-called *odylic* force, is thus described by Peucer (p. 146, *b*) among various modes of hydromancy:—"A bowl was filled with water, and a ring suspended from the finger was librated in the water; and so, according as the question was propounded, a declaration or confirmation of its truth, or otherwise, was obtained. If what was proposed was true, the ring, of its own accord, without any impulse, struck the sides of the goblet a certain number of times. They say that Numa Pompilius used to practise this method, and that he evoked the gods, and consulted them in water in this way."

*Crystallomancy* is the art of divining by figures, which appear on the surface of a crystal ball, in like manner as on the phial filled with water. Concerning this practice, Delrio has the following remarkable passage,

citing his contemporary Spengler (*Disq. Mag.* l. 4. c. 2, q. 5, s. 6):—"A man well versed in the Greek and Latin fathers, and happy, if he had not presumed, with unclean hands, to dabble in the mysteries of our faith, (Spengler.) has published in Germany a learned commentary on the nature of demons, which he has prefixed to Plutarch's Essay, *De Defectu Oraculorum*. From this (says Delrio) I extract, in his own words, the following narrative. There are some (he says) who, being consulted on matters unknown, distinctly see everything that is inquired after in *crystals*; and a little further on proceeds to state, that he once had an acquaintance, a man of one of the best families of Nuremberg, and that this acquaintance of his came to him on one occasion, bringing with him a crystal gem, of a round form, wrapped up in a piece of silk, which he told him he had received from a stranger, who, encountering him several years before in the market-place, had asked his hospitality, and whom he had brought home with him and lodged for the space of three days; and that when the stranger was departing, he had left him the crystal as a present, in token of his obligation, and had taught him the use of it; thus, that if there was anything he particularly wished to be informed of, he should take out this crystal and desire a pure male child to look into it and say what he should see there; and that it would come to pass that whatever he desired to be informed of, would be indicated by appearances seen by the boy. And he affirmed that he never was deceived in any instance, and that he learned matters of a wonderful kind from the representations of these boys, although no one else, by the closest inspection, could see anything except the clear and shining gem. At a certain time, however, when his wife was pregnant of a male child, appearances were visible to her also in the crystal. First of all, there used to appear the form of a man clad in the ordinary habit of the times, and then would open the representation of whatever was inquired after; and when all was explained, the same figure of the man would depart and disappear; but in his departure would often appear to perambulate the town and enter the churches. But the report of these appearances having spread in all directions, they began to be threatened by the populace. It also appeared, that certain men of learning had read in the crystal some statements respecting doubts entertained by them in their studies; and moved by these and other reasons, Spengler stated that the



owner of the crystal came to him, representing that he thought the time was come when he ought to cease making such a use of it; for that he was now persuaded he had sinned in no light degree in doing so, and had for a long time suffered grievous pangs of a disturbed conscience on that account, and had come to the determination of having nothing further to do with experiments of that kind, and had accordingly brought the crystal to him to do with it whatever he pleased. Then Spengler, highly approving his resolution, states, that he took the crystal, and having pounded it into minute fragments, threw them, together with the silk wrapper, into a draw-well." So far Delrio.

Another variety of this process is found in the *Onuchomanteia*, or nail-divination, also spoken of by Delrio. "In this species," says he, "male children, before they have lost their purity, smear their nails with oil and lamp-black, and then holding up the nail against the sun, repeating some charm, see in it what they desire. This mischief," he goes on to say, "has gone even further in our own time. I myself knew one Quevedo, a veteran Spanish soldier, but more distinguished in war and arms than in piety, who being in Brussels when the Duke of Medina Cæli set sail from Galicia for Belgium, clearly showed in more than one of his nails the fleet leaving the port of Corunna, and soon after dreadfully tossed by a tempest. Thus this man, who could also cure the wounds of others by his words alone, rendered his own spiritual state incurable by any one."

The like use of the crystal ball and spherical phial, containing water, suggests a version of the epigrams of Claudian—"De crystallo in quo aqua inclusa"—which has not been afforded by any of the commentators. Globules of water are sometimes found inclosed in crystals, as well as in amber. On one of these singular gems Claudian has composed a series of epigrams, which ascribe properties to the stone, and make allusion to uses of it, hardly reconcilable with the idea of its being a merely puerile curiosity. The earlier epigrams of the series are neat and playful, but insignificant:—

"The icy gem its aqueous birth attests,  
Part turned to stone, while part in fluid rests.  
Winter's numbed hand achieved the cunning feat,  
The perfecter for being incomplete."

"Nymphs who your sister nymphs in glassy thrall

Hold here imprisoned in the crystal ball;  
Waters that were and are, declare the cause  
That your bright forms at once congeals and thaws."

"Scorn not the crystal ball, a worth it owns  
Greater than graven Erythrean stones;  
Rude though it seems, a formless mass of ice,  
'Tis justly counted 'mongst our gems of price."

And so on through several others, until he comes to that one which seems to indicate something beyond a merely figurative use of the word "nymphs;" though, after all, it is possible that the word was originally written with an *l*, instead of an *n*, which would make all the difference between "nymphs" and "waters":—

"While the soft boy the slippery crystal turns,  
To touch the waters in their icy urns,  
Safe in its depths translucent he beholds  
The nymphs, unconscious of the winter colds;  
And the dry ball exploring with his lip,  
Seems, while he fails, the illusive lymph to sip."

Not the least remarkable of the qualities here ascribed to the crystal ball is its energy in impairing the sensation of cold. Dom Chifflet, who, in 1655, published his learned treatise at Antwerp on the objects then recently discovered in the supposed tomb of King Childeric, at Tournay, says of the crystal ball which was found amongst them: "You would say it was petrified ice; so cold it was, that my palm and fingers, after handling it, were quite torpid." And cites Anselm Boetius, in his book on stones and gems, as saying, "The crystal is of so cold and dry a nature, that placed beneath the tongue of a feverish person, it allays the thirst; and held in the hands even of those violently fevered, it refreshes and cools them, especially if it be of considerable size, and of a spherical figure," (Lib. i. c. 44;) and another writer on the same subject, Andreas Cisalpinus, who states (Lib. ii., *De Metallis*, c. 13) of the marble called ophite, that "they make of it little globes, for the handling of such as are in burning fever, the coldness of the stone expelling the disease." So far Dom Chifflet. (*Anastasis*, pp. 244–5.) It seems almost as if we were reading Reichenbach. "He (Reichenbach) found that crystals are capable of producing all the phenomena resulting from the action of a magnet on cataleptic patients. Thus, for instance, a large piece of rock crystal, placed in the hand of a nervous patient, affects the fingers so as to make them grasp the crystal involuntarily, and shut the fist. Reichenbach found that more than half of all the persons he tried were sensible of its action." (*Dublin Medical Journal*, vol. i. pp. 154–5.) Chifflet probably was a man of a nervous temperament.

Those who desire to see the crystal ball in question, may inspect it, where it is still preserved, with other objects found in the tomb, at the Gallerie de Medailles, in Paris. Two similar balls may be seen here in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy.

The use of water in communicating an ecstasy similar to the mesmeric lucidity, is largely dwelt on by the mystical writers known as the Neo-Platonists. Psellus describes a mode of divination among the Assyrians by a basin, which smacks strongly of the mesmeric practice. "The water, which is poured into the basin, seems, as to its substance, to differ in nothing from other water; but it possesses a certain virtue, infused into it by incantations, whereby it is rendered more apt for the reception of the demon." (*De Dæmonibus*.) The effect of the waters of some sacred places, on those accustomed to their influence, was also such as is claimed for the mesmerized waters of our present practitioners. Jamblichus gives this account of the Colophonian oracle:—"There was a subterranean place at Colophon, near Ephesus, in which was a fountain. The priest on stated nights sacrificed, then drank the water, and afterwards prophesied, being rendered invisible to the spectators. It might seem," he says, "to some that the Divine Spirit passed into the priest through the water. But this is not so; for the divine influence is not transmitted thus according to the laws of distance and division, through these things which participate in it, but comprehends them from without, and inwardly illuminates and fills them with lucidity, and fills the water also with a certain virtue conducive to the prophetic faculty, that is, a clarifying virtue; so that when the priest drinks, it purifies the luminous spirit which is implanted in him, and accommodates it to God, and by that purifying and accommodating process, enables him to apprehend the Deity. But there is another kind of presence of the god, besides the virtue infused into the water, which illumines all around, above, and within us, and which no man wants, if he can only attain to the necessary state of congruity. And so of a sudden it falls on the prophet, and makes use of him as an instrument; and he in the meantime has no command of himself, and knows not what he says, nor where he is, and with difficulty comes to himself again, after the response given. Moreover, before drinking the water, he abstains for a day and night from food, and partakes of certain mysteries inaccessible to the vulgar; from which it is to be col-

lected that there are two methods by which man may be prepared for the reception of the divine influence: one by the drinking of purgatorial water, endowed by the Deity with a clarifying virtue; the other, by sobriety, solitude, the separation of the mind from the body, and the intent contemplation of the Deity."—*De Mysteriis*,\* pp. 65, 66.

I shall now proceed with the effects alleged to have been produced on the *afflati*. Jamblichus must still be our principal authority. Lucidity and prevision have already been sufficiently indicated, and have doubtless been readily recognized: the other symptoms will be found not less remarkable and equally familiar:—"Man has a double life—one annexed to the body, the other separate from everything bodily. . . . In sleep we have the capacity of being wholly loosed from the chains that confine our spirit, and can make use of the life which is not dependent on generation. When the soul is thus separated from the body in sleep, then that (latter) kind of life which usually remains separable and separate by itself, immediately awakes within us, and acts according to its proper nature, . . . and in that state has a presaging knowledge of the future." Then, omitting a distinction between sleeping and waking inspiration, and coming to the latter, in which, also, the *afflati* have a presaging power, he proceeds:—"Yet these (latter) are so far awake that they can use their senses, yet are not capable of reasoning, . . . for they neither (properly speaking) sleep when they seem to do so, nor awake when they seem awake; for they do not of themselves foresee, nor are they moved by any human instrumentality; neither know they their own condition; nor do they exert any prerogative or motion of their own; but all this is done under the power and by the energy of the deity. For that they who are so affected do not live an ordinary animal life is plain, because many of them, on contact with fire, are not burnt, the divine inward afflatus repelling the heat; or, if they be burnt, they do not feel it; neither do they feel prickings, or scratchings, or other tortures. Further, that their actions are not (merely) human, is apparent from this, that they make their way through pathless tracts, and pass harmless through the fire, and pass over rivers in a wonderful manner, which the priestess herself also does in the Cataballa. By this it is plain that the life they live is not human, nor animal, nor dependent on the use

\* "*Marsil. Ficin.*" Lugdun. 1577. 12mo.

of senses, but divine, as if the soul were taking its rest, and the deity were there instead of the soul. Various sorts there are of those so divinely inspired, as well by reason of the varying divinity of the inspiring gods as of the modes of inspiration. These modes are of this sort—either the deity occupies us, or we join ourselves to the deity, &c. . . . According to these diversities, there are different signs, effects, and works of the inspired; thus, some will be moved in their whole bodies, others in particular members; others, again, will be motionless. Also they will perform dances and chants, some well, some ill. The bodies, again, of some will seem to dilate in height, or others in compass; and others, again, will seem to walk in air.” —Ibid, pp. 56, 57.

Taking these various manifestations in order, and beginning with the alleged power of resisting the action of fire, the reader will not need to be reminded of many seemingly well-authenticated cases of escape from the fire-ordeal. It has been usual to ascribe the preservation of those who have walked barefooted over heated ploughshares to the use of astringent lotions; and where opportunity existed for preparation of that kind, their escape may perhaps be so explained. But in most instances the accused was in the custody of the accusers, and not likely to have access to such phylacteries. The exemption from the effects of fire was not confined to those cases of exaltation attendant on the enthusiasm of conscious virtue. Bosroger (*La Piété Affligée*, Rouen, 1752) states of one of the possessed sisters of St. Elizabeth at Louviers, in 1642: “One morning Sister Saint-Esprit was rapt as in an ecstasy. The bishop commanded the devil to leave her. Immediately she experienced dreadful contortions, and an access of rage, and, on a sudden, says the exorcist, her demon left her like a flash of lightning, and threw the young woman into the fire, which was a considerable one, casting her with her face and one hand direct between the two andirons; and when they ran to drag her away, they found that neither her face nor her hand were in anywise burnt.”

It would be idle to multiply instances of this sort from the monkish writers. The preservation of the three youths in the Chaldean furnace was one of the miracles most adapted to the servile yet audacious imitations of the Thaumaturgists. It is only when their statements correspond in unsuspected particulars with the phenomena of experience—as, for example, in the case of Barlaam and the monks of Mount Athos—that they can be

adduced without offending the judgment of rational inquirers. But the action of burning is an operation of mechanical and chemical forces; and how any amount of spiritual or electrical effusion could prevent the expansion of the fluids in the tissues and the disruption of the skin, seems hard to imagine. Something more must, one should think, have been needed; and if the mesmeric and Pagan oracular ecstasies be identical, this testimony of Jamblichus would lead us to suppose that that something was supplied by the mind. However this may be, we shall be better able to judge after the investigation of some other of the alleged concomitants of Pagan inspiration.

The insensibility to prickings and pinchings is perhaps the commonest test of the cataleptic condition; and, as will doubtless suggest itself to every reader, was, until modern times, a popular test of witchcraft. That the unhappy wretches who were put to death in such numbers during the middle ages for this offence were actually in an unnatural and detestable state of mind and body, cannot be doubted. They really were insensible to punctures; for if they had winced when pricked with pins and needles by their triers, it would have been deemed a proof of their innocence. A person feigning the mesmeric sleep, and whose interest it is to feign, may endure such prickings with seeming insensibility; but it was not the interest of the ancient witch to affect an insensibility, which would be taken as one of the surest proofs of guilt. A perverse desire to be believed guilty is the only motive that can be suggested as likely to lead to such conduct; and those who have studied human nature most profoundly will be disposed to give great credit to that suggestion. The same nature which in the fourth century ran into the epidemic frenzy of anchoritism, and impelled the Circumcellionist multitudes to extort the boon of martyrdom from reluctant tribunals, may be admitted capable even of the madness of a voluntary aspiration to the stake and pyre of the witch. Certain it is that many of the convicts boasted of their interviews with the Devil, and seemed to be, if they were not, possessed with the conviction of having actually partaken of the orgies imputed to them. Had they really been there in imagination? Was it that the popular mind had realized to itself an epidemic idea, and that the effect of the contagion was to put its victims *en rapport* with the distempered picture present to the minds of the multitude? In a moral epidemic the crowd, possessed with one idea,



are the operators; it is the *Panic* possession of the ancients, which was not confined to general terrors, but applied to general delusions of every kind. The multitude itself radiates its own madness; witness the Crusaders, the Flagellants, the Dancing Fanatics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; perhaps even we might add the Mathewites of our own day.

The next symptom of possession was the power of passing through trackless places, the disposition to run to wilds and mountains, like that rage of the votary of Bacchus:

“Quo me Bacche, rapis tui

Plenum? Quæ in nemora aut quos agor in specus  
Velox mente nova?”

The Bacchic ecstasy was not merely drunkenness, but an epidemic madness induced by long-continued dancing and gesticulating to the sound of cymbals and other noisy instruments, in all respects identical with the methods of inducing the Hindoo *Waren* detailed in THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The dancing mania also of the fifteenth century, described by Hecker in his “Epidemics of the Middle Ages,” was induced in the same manner, and its effects were the same,—possession, illumination, and insensibility to external influences. That the Bacchic and Corybantic frenzies were, in all respects, identical with the middle age dancing manias, and with the possession of those who still exhibit the influences of *Waren* in Hindostan, can hardly be doubted. “As for the Bacchanalian motions and friskings of the *Corybantes*,” says Plutarch in his Essay on Love, “there is a way to allay these extravagant transports, by changing the measure from the *Trochaic* to the *Spondaic*, and the tone from the *Phrygian* to the *Doric*.” Just as with the dancers of St. Vitus, and those bit by the Tarantula. Hecker states, “The swarms of St. John’s dancers were accompanied by minstrels playing those noisy instruments which roused their morbid feelings; moreover, by means of intoxicating music, a kind of demoniacal festival for the rude multitude was established, which had the effect of spreading this unhappy malady wider and wider. Soft harmony was, however, employed to calm the excitement of those affected, and it is mentioned (*Jo. Bodin. Method. Historic.*, p. 99) as a character of the tunes played with this view to the St. Vitus’s dancers, that they contained transitions from a quick to a slow measure, and passed gradually from a high to a low key.”

*Epidem.*; p. 107.) After the termination of the frenzy the conduct of the dancers, as well indeed as of all the victims of this species of possession, whether *Tarantati*, convulsionnaires, or revivalists, tallied precisely with that of the Bacchic women. Plutarch, in his thirteenth example of the Virtues of Woman, has this graphic picture of the condition of a band of Bacchantæ after one of their orgies: “When the tyrants of Phoea had taken Delphos, and the Thebans undertook that war against them which was called the Holy War, certain women devoted to Bacchus (which they call *Thyades*) fell frantic, and went a gadding by night, and, mistaking their way, came to Amphissa, and being very much tired, and not as yet in their right wits, they flung themselves down in the market-place and fell asleep, as they lay scattered up and down here and there. But the wives of the Amphisceans, fearing because the city was engaged to aid in the Phoecean war, and abundance of the tyrants’ soldiers were present in the city, the *Thyades* should have any indignity put upon them, ran forth all of them into the market-place, and stood silently round about them; neither would offer them any disturbance while they slept, but when they were awake they attended their service particularly, and brought them refreshments; and, in fine, by persuasion, obtained leave of their husbands that they might accompany them to bring them in safety to their own borders.”

In the same way, throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, might groups of both sexes be seen lying, exhausted from their agitations, in the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Strasburg, Naples, and elsewhere; and even in our own century sights not dissimilar have been witnessed at revival assemblages in Wales and Scotland, and at camp-meetings in North America. The rending of Pentheus on Mount Citheron by his own mother and sisters, who, while under the influence of the Bacchic *afflatus*, imagined they saw in his form the appearance of a wild beast, might be adduced as an example at once of the furious character of the frenzy, and of the liability of the afflated to optical illusions. Has what we read of fairy-gifts and glamour any foundation in this alleged power of the biologist to make his patient imagine different forms for the same object? But we are still among the mountain tops, and must descend to the remaining symptoms enumerated by Jamblichus.

“They pass over rivers in a wonderful manner, which the priestess herself also does



in the Cataballa." We here again encounter the *indicia* of that possession which went by the name of witchcraft in the middle ages. A witch, really possessed, could not sink in the water, any more than she could feel the insertion of a needle. The vulgar belief is, that the suspected witch was cast into a pond, where, if she floated, she was burned, and if she sank she was drowned. The latter alternative was not so; if she betrayed no preternatural buoyancy, the trial was so far in her favor, and she was taken up.

Nor was water the only test. In some parts of Germany the triers, less philosophically, employed scales; and had fixed weights, (from 14 to 15 lbs.,) which, if the accused did not counterpoise, they concluded them to be possessed. But it will be asked, how can there be degrees of philosophy in practices equally insane, and which have been condemned by the common consent of enlightened nations for nearly three hundred years? Insanity there certainly was, and on a prodigious scale, in these ages; but the judges and executioners were not so insane as the multitudes who either believed themselves possessed by others, or believed that they themselves exercised the power of possessing. To us, living in an age of comparative rest from spiritual excitement, it seems almost incredible that thousands of persons, in all ranks and conditions of life, should simultaneously become possessed with the belief that they were in direct communication with the devil; should cease to attend to their duties and callings, passing their time in hysterical trances and cataleptic fits, during which they seemed to themselves to be borne through the air to witch orgies and assemblies for devil-worship, in deserts and mountains; and that while one portion of society gave themselves up to these hallucinations, another class should, with an equal abandonment of every duty of life, have betaken themselves to mope and pine, going into convulsions, and wasting to skeletons, under the idea of having been bewitched; yet nothing is more certain than that it was such a frenzy as this the heads of the Church and the temporal Government had to contend against in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There were no mad-houses; if there had been, even to the extent we now possess them, they would not have sufficed to hold a tenth part of the numbers whose contact and example would have been fatal to the peace, perhaps even to the existence, of society. If such frenzies were, unhappily, to burst out among mankind at present, civilized

nations might transport their *energumens* to distant possessions; but the middle-age magistrates had no facilities of that kind: they should deal with a terrible plague by the only means at their disposal; and these were, either to let the madness wear itself out, or to repress it by the rope and fagot. If they had adopted the former course, the epidemic would probably have passed through the usual stages of popular distempers; would have had its access, its crisis, and decline; and when the scourge had passed, the public would have awakened to a full sense of the madness of which they had been the victims; but in that process there was the danger of society going to pieces—of the visionary frenzy of the possessed being taken up by fanatics as the foundation of a new and abominable religion, and of the hostility of the ignorant and uneducated class, among whom chiefly the possession prevailed, being directed against the restraints of government and the principle of property. Having adopted the other course, they pushed it to cruel and inexcusable lengths; punished many innocent persons, and suffered many of the really possessed to go free. For they whose madness was most to be apprehended, as most contagious, were not the wretches who fancied they possessed the power of bewitching others; but the *convulsionnaires*, who deemed themselves bewitched, and were their accusers. Certainly if the same epidemic should ever again break out among a European population, or even among a British population, the arm of the magistrates would be again required to suppress it, and we would be better able to judge of the conduct of those whom it has been the fashion of modern historians to represent as altogether ignorant and brutal executioners. So long as possession is only the result of manual passes, or of fixing the gaze on indifferent objects; so long as the effects are regarded as physical or psychological phenomena, due to a physical cause, and the pretensions of the practitioner are not rested on any peculiar religious sanction, there is no danger of mesmerism degenerating into a dangerous epidemic; but we might have seen a very different state of affairs if the magnetizers and biologists had referred their powers to any species of supernatural agency; and possibly would have found ourselves long since under the necessity of reviving those penal proceedings which we have so generally been taught to abhor, as among the most revolting remnants of medieval superstition. Even as it is, these powers of

the biologist, if in truth they exist, are capable of fearful abuse. Let us take, for example, one of the oldest methods of exercising influence, for good or evil, on an absent person :—

“ As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,  
And this of wax with fire consumes away ;  
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be,  
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.”

If the waxen or clay image be but a concentrator of the good or evil will of the operator towards the distant object, and the witchcraft of the love-sick magician in Virgil, or of the evil-disposed wizard of the middle ages, be in truth no more than an exertion of biological power, it behooves society to take care how individuals should be suffered to acquire mesmeric relations with others, over whom they may exercise malignant as well as healing influences. If the pretensions of the biologists be established, biology must soon be put under medical supervision. But to return to the phenomena of possession.

The propriety of trying alleged witches by water has been impugned and defended with abundance of scholastic learning; and, singular to say, its opponents have been chiefly found among the Roman Catholic writers, and its advocates among the Reformers. Delrio, by far the most learned of all the writers on demonology, vigorously assails Rickius, the only notable Roman Catholic advocate of the practice. The arguments on both sides being based entirely on scholastic definitions and distinctions respecting the nature of demons, and the baptismal and other spiritual virtues of water, are of little relevance in the present method of discussing physical phenomena. Both parties assume that the persons of witches exhibit a preternatural levity—Delrio admitting that something less than fourteen or fifteen pounds was the actual weight which popular belief throughout Germany ascribed to persons in that possessed state, no matter how large or fat they might seem to the eye; and Rickius gives an example of a woman, executed by drowning in 1594, whom the executioner could hardly keep under with repeated thrusts of his pole, so high did she bound upwards from the surface, and “so boil up,” as it were, out of the depths of the water. The levity of possessed persons in water might be accounted for by a phenomenon attendant on those preternatural conditions of the body which follow excitements of an analogous kind. The victims of the flogging

and dancing manias in the middle ages, and the subjects of the fanatical fervors of camp-meetings and revivals, alike experienced a windy intestinal distension, consequent on the departure of their mental frenzy. To control this disagreeable symptom, the candidates for both species of afflatus used to come to their meetings provided with napkins and rollers with which to bind their middles, and prevent the supervening inflation. Persons so puffed up would certainly float with all the buoyancy ascribed to the German witches, if cast into water; but they would still preserve their proper corporeal gravity if placed in a scale. Unless, then, we suppose Delrio to have been the dupe of some singular and unaccountable delusion on this point, the tympanitic affections of the *convulsionnaires* will not account for the anti-gravitating phenomena ascribed to medieval witchcraft. There are some reasons, however, for the belief that these appearances may not have been wholly imaginary; for if any reliance can be placed on the concurrent traditions of all religions, Pagan as well as Christian, supported by wide-spread popular belief, the high mental exaltation induced by religious abstraction, and also by other vehement affections of the mind, is actually attended with a diminished specific gravity. Of alleged ecclesiastical miracles of this kind it is better to say nothing. The Roman Catholic and the Hindoo devotees equally claim for their adepts in religious contemplation an exemption from (among other earthly liabilities) the hindrance of weight. In the rapture of prayer the ascetic and the saint alike rise in the air, and spurn the law of gravitation with the other incidents of matter. Suspected evidences of this kind are, however, of no weight in philosophical inquiry. It will be safer to leave the Etstaticas and the Fakirs to their respective believers, and to take a story of the people, into which religious considerations do not so directly enter. The native Irish, then, have a remarkable tradition, as old, at least, as the seventh or eighth century, that phrenetic madmen lose the corporeal quality of weight. A picturesque and romantic example of this belief is found in the story of the fate of Suibhne, son of Colman, King of Dalnairidhe, as related in the bardic accounts of the Battle of Moira. Suibhne, a valiant warrior, has offered an insult to Saint Erc, Bishop of Slane; the affront is avenged by a curse, the usual retaliation of aggrieved ecclesiastics in those days. The curse falls on Sweeny in the most grievous form of visitation that could afflict a

warrior :—a fit of cowardice seizes him in the very onset of the battle, and drives him frantic with terror. “Giddiness came over him at the sight of the horrors, grimness, and rapidity of the Gaels; at the fierce looks, brilliance, and ardor of the foreigners; at the rebounding furious shouts of the embattled tribes on both sides, rushing against and coming into collision with one another. Huge, flickering, horrible, aerial phantoms rose up (around him), so that from the uproar of the battle, the frantic pranks of the demons, the clashing of arms, and the sound of the heavy blows reverberating on the points of heroic spears, and keen edges of swords, and warlike borders of broad shields, the hero Suibhne was filled and intoxicated with horror, panic, and imbecility; his feet trembled as if incessantly shaken by the force of a stream; the inlets of his hearing were expanded and quickened by the horrors of lunacy; his speech became faltering from the giddiness of imbecility; his very soul fluttered with hallucinations, and with many and various phantasms. He might be compared to a salmon in a weir, or to a bird after being caught in the strait prison of a crib,” &c. “When he was seized with this frantic fit, he made a supple, very light leap, and where he alighted was on the boss of the shield of the warrior next him; and he made a second leap, and perched on the crest of the helmet of the same hero, who, nevertheless, did not feel him. Then he made a third active, very light leap, and perched on the top of the sacred tree which grew on the smooth surface of the plain in which the inferior people and the debilitated of the men of Erin were seated, looking on at the battle. These shouted at him when they saw him, to press him back into the battle again; and he in consequence made three furious leaps to shun the battle, but through the giddiness and imbecility of his hallucination, he went back into the same field of conflict; but it was not on the earth he walked, but alighted on the shoulders of men and the tops of their helmets,” &c.—“Battle of Moy-rath,” p. 234–5.

In this state Suibhne flits off the field of battle like a bird, or a waif of the forest, without weight, and betakes himself to the wilds, where he “herds with the deer, runs races with the showers, and flees with the birds,” as a wild denizen of the wilderness; but with his ecstasy of terror, he receives the gift of prophecy. Dr. O'Donovan, in a note on this curious passage, observes, “It was the ancient belief in Ireland, and still is in the wilder mountainous districts, that lunatics are

as light as feathers, and can climb steep and precipices like the somnambulists.” See *Buile Suibhne*, a bardic romance on the madness of this unfortunate warrior. This latter romance is occupied with Suibhne's adventures as a mad prophet, *Omadh*, in Irish. Query, did the Bacchus *Omadios* of the Greeks derive his name from a similar source? It would be a singular coincidence that would make a Greek god an *omadhan*. Keats, with a fine intuition, has depicted those *mores afflaturum*, in the satyrs who do the benevolent biddings of Pan:

“Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies  
For willing service; whether to surprise  
The squatted hare, while in half-sleeping fit,  
Or upward ragged precipices flit  
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;  
Or by mysterious enticement draw  
Bewildered shepherds to their paths again.”

Compare with this picture of the Irish lunatic among the boughs of the tree on the field of Moira, the following extracts from Bosroger's account of the possession of the nuns of Louviers, in A.D. 1642 (Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 73, et seq.) One of the sisters, sur-named De Jésus, conceived herself to be possessed by a demon whom she called *Arracon*. “On the occasion of a procession of the host by Monseigneur the Bishop of Evreux, *Arracon* exhibited another example of his quality, causing sister De Jésus to pour forth a torrent of blasphemies and furious expressions all the time of the procession. When she was brought into the choir, and held fast by an exorcist, for fear of her offering some insult, the holy sacrament was borne past her. *Arracon* immediately caused her to be shot forward through the air to a considerable distance, so as to strike the gilt sun in which the adorable eucharist was placed out of the hands of the lord bishop; and the exorcist making an effort to detain her, the demon lifted her up in the air over an accoudoir, or leaning place, of three feet in height, intending to lift her, as he declared, into the vault, but the exorcist holding fast, all he could do was to cast the nun and exorcist back to the floor together,” &c. *Putiphor*, the possessor of Sister Saint Sacrament, “made her with wonderful impetuosity run up a mulberry tree, of which the stem was easy enough of ascent; but when she got up the stem, he forced her onward till she approached the extremities of the slenderest branches, and caused her to make almost the entire circuit of the mulberry tree, in such sort that a man who saw her from a distance cried out that



he flew like a bird. Then the demon permitted her to see her peril; she grew pale, and cried out with alarm. They ran in haste to bring a ladder, but *Putiphar* mocked them, crying, 'As I made this *chiene* get up without a ladder, so she shall go down,' and caused her to descend the same slender ladders to the stem, and thence to the ground."—P. 107.

Père de la Menarday, in his *Examen Critique de l'Histoire des Diables de Loudon*, gives a letter from a missionary priest in Pochin China, describing a case of demonopathy, in the course of which, if we could believe the narrator, the patient seemed for a moment to have conquered all the ordinary tendencies of gravitation. The missionary, M. Delacourt, writing from Paris, 25th Nov., 1738, begins by protesting his unwillingness to expose himself to the repulses of public incredulity; but for his friends' sake consents to give the particulars. "Voici donc le fait dans ses principales circonstances tel que je l'ai vu de mes propres yeux." In the month of May, 1738, a young native communicant, named Dodo, residing at the town of Cheta, in the province of Cham, and kingdom of Pochin China, being reproached by his conscience for the suppression of some facts in his confession, fell into violent convulsions on attempting to take the host in his mouth. He was brought to the missionary, foaming, leaping, and blaspheming in the manner usual among victims of his malady. After many exorcisms, both by the missionary and by two other ecclesiastics, which only increased his sufferings, he was at length, by gentler entreaties, brought to make a confession. The missionary then renewed his exorcisms, which he continued for a month with little success. At last," says he, "I determined to make a last effort, and to imitate the example of M. le Comte de Tilopolis on a like occasion, namely, in my exorcism to command the demon in Latin to transport him to the ceiling of the church, feet up and head down. In the instant his body became rigid, and as though he were impotent of all his members, he was dragged from the middle of the church to a column, and there, his feet joined fast together, his back closely applied to the pillar, without aiding himself with his hands, he was transported in the twinkling of an eye to the ceiling, just like a weight run up by a cord, without any visible agency. While he hung there, with his feet glued to the ceiling, and his head down, I made the demon, for I had determined to confound and humiliate him, confess the falsehood of the Pagan reli-

gion. I made him confess that he was a deceiver, and at the same time admit the holiness of Christianity. I kept him for better than half an hour in the air, and not possessing enough of constancy to hold him there any longer, so frightened was I myself at what I saw, I at length commanded him to lay the patient at my feet without harming him. Immediately he cast him down before me with no more hurt to him than if he had been a bundle of foul linen."—(Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 423.) It is by no means improbable that Père Delacourt himself had become infected with the madness of the monomaniac whom he was engaged in exorcising, before his eyes conceived that extraordinary image of the patient ascending by invisible agency to the ceiling of the church. But his letter bears evident marks of having been written under a sincere belief of the reality of what he describes, and he refers to several living witnesses of the scene.

Reverting to this subject of optical illusion, already glanced at, we find still another resemblance between the mysticism of the ancients and moderns. The priestess rendering herself invisible to the bystanders, appears to transcend all the rest of Jamblichus's wonders. Strange to say, even this pretension of the Colophonian prophetess is not without something analogous among the alleged phenomena of mesmerism. "I requested a young lady," says Dr. Elliotson, "whom I had long mesmerized, with the never-tiring devotion of a parent, and in whom I produced a variety of phenomena, to promise to be unable on waking to see her maid, who always sat in the room at work during my visit, till I left the room, and then at once to discern her. On waking, she said she did not see the maid, but said she saw the chair on which the maid sat. Presently, however, she saw the maid, was agitated, had an hysterical fit, and passed into the sleep-waking state. I now inquired how she came to see her maid, as I had not left the room, and told her she must not [see the maid] when I awoke her again. I then awoke her again; she could not see the maid, was astonished at the maid's absence, and at first supposed she was in an adjoining room; but presently rang the bell twice, though the woman was standing before her. I moved just out of the room, leaving the door open, and she saw the maid instantly, and was astonished, and laughed." (Zoist, No. xi. p. 365.) In the Colophonian oracle, they were the spectators, not the prophetess, who had need thus to be put under the influence of



the mesmeric *glamour*. Can it be that, in certain diseased states of the optic nerve, it really is subject to the illusion of seeing objects rise in air, as well as go round in horizontal motion? They who saw these sights in the *adyta* of temples, in caves and sacred groves, in initiations and oracular consultations, were all prepared by fasting, watching, and prayer, for the reception of biological influence, and possibly may have seemed to themselves to see what others desired they should believe themselves to have actually seen. Was Lord Shrewsbury under this influence at Caldaro?

But the reader will begin to suspect that his credulity is about to be solicited for the aerial flights of witches on their sweeping brooms. This apprehension may be dismissed. Witchcraft, or, to call it by its proper pathological name, demonopathy, was a true delusion, true so far as the belief of the monomaniacs themselves was concerned, but resting wholly in their own distempered imagination.

From a learned and philosophic review of the great work of Calmeil, "*De la Folie*,"\* in vol. i. of the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine*, p. 459, we extract the following *resumé* of the symptoms of this dreadful epidemic malady:—"The leading phenomenon was the belief of the sufferers that Satan had obtained full mastery over them; that he was the object of their most fervent worship, a certain portion of their life being spent in the actual company of himself and his legion of darkness, when every crime that a diseased imagination could suggest was committed by them. Both sexes attended at the Devil's Sabbaths, as they were termed, where the sorcerers met, danced, and enjoyed every wild pleasure. To these meetings they travelled through the air, though, by the power of Satan, their bodies seemed to remain at home. They killed children, poisoned cattle, produced storms and plagues, and held converse with Succubi and Incubi, and other fallen spirits. At the Sabbath all agreed, that from every country the sorcerers arrived transported by demons. Women perched on sticks, or riding on goats, naked, with dishevelled hair, arrived in thousands; they passed like meteors, and their descent was more rapid than that of the eagle or hawk, when striking his prey. Over this meeting Satan presided; indecent dances and licentious songs went on, and an altar was raised, where Satan, with his head

downward, his feet turned up, and his back to the altar, celebrated his blasphemous mass."

Each individual sufferer believed herself or himself to have seen these sights, to have gone through these orgies, and to have been transported to them through the air. If there had been but a few confessions, and these exacted by torture, it might be thought that the fancies of the examiners supplied the phenomena, to which the sufferers merely gave an enforced and worthless assent. But the confessions were as often voluntary as forced, and were indeed rather triumphant bravadoes than confessions of anything that the sufferers themselves deemed shameful. It was a true belief in the minds of the parties affected. The question has already been asked, were they *en rapport* with the rest of the diseased multitude, in whose minds the common delusion existed? The question presupposes a mental sympathy and participation, by one mind, of images existing in another, which is one of the alleged manifestations of clairvoyance. But there is another mode of accounting for these and similar phenomena, which as yet obtains the approval of physicians, more than any suggestions of clairvoyant communications. It is, that there are certain states of the body in which the patient truly believes himself to see particular objects, to do particular acts, and to possess special powers, which to the rest of the world have no existence, but in respect of the patient himself are realities as visible, tangible, and perceptible, as the actual existences which surround him. For example, it is a fact which admits of no dispute, that a certain quantity of alcohol taken into the human stomach will cause the drinker to fall into *delirium tremens*; and that in that state the patient will, with his waking eyes, see objects of a particular kind; in nine cases out of ten, the forms of rats and mice running over his bed, and about his person. There is no public delusion here, no popular mind possessed with a fixed idea of these appearances, to which the individual delusions might be referred; yet the swallower of the alcohol in Dublin, and the swallower of the alcohol in Calcutta, will both see exactly the same sorts of appearances, and will both express precisely the same horror and disgust at their supposed tormentors. Is it the case, then, that, as the forms of rats and mice come into the minds of men in one kind of mental sickness, the forms of men and women riding on goats and broomsticks through the air, and the other

\* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Baillière. 1845.

apparatus of the witch-sabbaths, may have been but the manifestations of another disordered state of the mental organism, a symptom merely and concomitant of an epidemical disease? It is easy enough to understand how symptoms so simple as the appearance of what are usually called "blue devils" should be constant in their attendance on a particular state of cerebral disorder; but when the hallucination becomes so complex as in the fantasies of witchcraft, it is difficult to suppose that that long train of appearances and imaginary transactions should follow on a merely pathological derangement of the brain. Between the two alternatives of referring these hallucinations to such a cause, on the one hand, or to a mesmeric sympathy, as above suggested, between the individual and the crowd of the possessed, on the other, it is hard to choose; but, perhaps, the latter will appear to offer the less amount of difficulty. In the present state of knowledge, however, it would be rash to say that a particular state of diseased cerebral action might not be attended with a perfect set of supposed phenomena as complex and constant in the minds of the sufferers, as those which existed among the victims of demonomania.

An example less difficult of reconciliation with the theory of cerebral disorder than that of the witchcraft of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and yet more complex than that of the fantasies of *delirium tremens*, may be found in the case of *lycanthropism*, or that form of mania in which men have fancied themselves transformed into wolves. This disease also is contagious; and on many occasions has exhibited itself in all the terrors of a maniacal epidemic. As early as the time of Herodotus, the belief was rife among the Græco-Scythian colonies, that a people called the Neuri were subject to this species of metamorphosis; and Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, found the same superstition in full force in Ireland. It again broke forth in Livonia, its ancient seat, with all the symptoms of a periodical annual epidemic, in the sixteenth century. Peucer gives the following account of what these maniacs themselves believed to happen to them: "Immediately after Christmas Day, in each year, a club-footed boy appears, who goes round the country, and summons all those slaves of Satan, of whom there are great numbers, to assemble and follow him. If they hesitate or refuse, a tall man appears, armed with a whip of flexible iron wires, and compels them, with blows of his scourge, to come forth and

proceed. He whips them so severely, that oftentimes the stripes left by the iron thongs remain impressed on their bodies and torment them cruelly. As soon as they go out and follow in the train, they seem to lose their human form, and to put on the appearance of wolves. Several thousands thus assemble. The leader walks before with his iron scourge; the crowd of those who, in their delusion, imagine that they have become wolves, follow after. Wherever they meet with cattle, they rush upon them and rend them; they carry off such portions as they can, and do much destruction; but to touch or injure mankind is not permitted to them. When they come to rivers, the leader with a stroke of his whip divides the waters, which stand apart, leaving a dry channel by which they cross. After twelve days the band disperses, and every man resumes his own form, the vulpine mask dropping off him. The way in which the change takes place is this, as they allege: Those who undergo the change, which occupies but a moment, drop suddenly down, as if struck with a fit, and so lie senseless and like dead persons; but they do not, in fact, go away or change their places at all; nor while lying in that seemingly lifeless state, do they exhibit any vulpine appearance whatever, but they go out of themselves (and leave themselves) like dead bodies; and save that they are convulsed, and roll about somewhat, they exhibit no sign or evidence of life. Hence the opinion has arisen that their spirits only are taken forth of their bodies, and put for a time into the phantasms of vulpine forms; and then, after doing the bidding of the Devil in that way, are remitted back to their proper bodies, which thereupon are restored to animation; and the were-wolves themselves confirm this belief, by acknowledging that in truth the human form is not withdrawn from their bodies, nor the vulpine appearance substituted for it; but that it is their spirits only which are impelled to leave their human bodily prisons, and enter into the bodies of wolves, in which they dwell and are carried about for the prescribed space of time. Some of those who have stated that they came long distances after escaping from the chains of their wolfish imprisonment, being questioned how they got out of that confinement, and why they returned, and how they could cross such wide and deep rivers, gave answer that the imprisoning forms no longer confined them, that they felt coerced to come out of them, and passed over the rivers by an aerial flight."—*Peucer de Generibus Divin.*, p. 182.

The same features marked the outbreak of lycanthropy in the years 1598-1600, among the Vaudois. The possessed fell into catalepsy, and lay senseless during the time they imagined themselves in their bestial transformation. The disease was almost uniformly complicated with demonopathy, or the possession of witchcraft.

There seems no reason to doubt that lycanthropism was a disease as constant in its character, and as well defined in its symptoms, as *delirium tremens*, or any of the ordinary forms of mania. The evidences of its existence are, however, considerably stronger than those of witchcraft; for where, on the one hand, no credible witness ever saw a witch either at the sabbath, or on her way to it, or on her return from it, there are not wanting distinct proofs on oath, corroborated by admitted facts in judicial proceedings, of persons afflicted with lycanthropy traversing the woods on all-fours, and being found bloody from the recent slaughter both of beasts and human victims; and in one of these cases, that of Jacques Roulet, tried before the Parliament of Paris in 1598, the body of a newly slain child, half mangled, and with all the marks of having been gnawed by canine teeth, was found close to the place where the maniac was arrested. It is worthy of remark that both lycanthropists and witches ascribed the power of disembodiment to the use of ointments. Antiquity furnishes no parallel to the horrors of these malignant and homicidal manias. Their analogues may be found in the fabled styes of Circe, or in the frenzied raptures of the Sybilline and Delphic priestesses; but the extent, the variety, and the hideousness of the disease in modern times, infinitely surpass all that was ever dreamt of in Pagan credulity. The points of resemblance, however, are not yet exhausted.

"A chief sign of the divine afflatus," says Jamblichus, citing Porphyry, "is, that he who induces the *numen* into himself, sees the spirit descending, and its quantity and quality. Also, he who receives the *numen*, sees before the reception a certain likeness of a fire; sometimes, also, this is beheld by the bystanders, both at the advent and the departure of the god. By which sign, they who are skilful in these matters discern, with perfect accuracy, what is the power of the numen, and what its order, and what are the things concerning which it can give true responses, and what it is competent to do.

Thus it is that the excellence of this divine fire, and appearance, as it were,

of ineffable light, comes down upon, and fills, and dominates over the possessed person, and he is wholly involved in it, so that he cannot do any act of himself. . . . But after this comes ecstasy, or disembodiment."

Thomas Bartholin (brother of Gaspar) has anticipated the inquiries of Sir Henry Marsh, and of Reichenbach himself, on the subject of light from the human body. In a treatise, full of singular learning, "*De Luce Animalium*," he has adduced a multitude of examples of the evolution of light from the living as well as the dead body, and in the cases of secular and pagan, as well as of ecclesiastical and Christian persons; and this, without having recourse to any testimony of the Hagiologists. The *Aureolæ* of the Christian saints may not, after all, have been the merely fanciful additions of superstitious artists.

The convulsive distortions of the Pythoness were but a feeble type of the phenomena of demonopathy, or the supposed possession of the middle ages. It was chiefly in convents, among the crowd of young girls and women, that these dreadful disorders were used to break out; but the visitation was not confined to convents, nor to the profession of any particular creed. Wherever religious excitation prevailed among the young and susceptible, especially when they happened to be brought together in considerable numbers, there the pest was attracted, as a fever or other malady would be attracted by a foul atmosphere. No patient in the magnetic coma ever exhibited such prodigies of endurance as thousands of the involuntary victims of these contagious manias. Who in any modern *séance* has beheld a patient supported only on the protuberance of the stomach, with the head and limbs everted, and the arms raised in the air, and so remaining curved into the appearance of a fish on a stall, tied by the tail and gills, motionless for hours at a time? Or what rigidity of muscle in magnetic catalepsy has ever equalled that of a convulsionnaire, who would weary the strongest man, inflicting blows of a club, to the number of several thousands a day, on her stomach, while sustaining herself in an arc solely by the support of the head and the heels? Madame de Sazilli, who was exorcised in presence of the Duke of Orleans, at Loudon, in 1631, "became, at the command of Père Elisce, supple as a plate of lead. The exorcist plaited her limbs in various ways, before and behind, to this side and to that, in such sort that her head would sometimes almost touch the ground, her demon (say her malady) retaining her in



each position immovably until she was put into the next. Next came the demon Sabulon, who rolled her through the chapel with horrible convulsions. Five or six times he carried her left foot up higher than her shoulder; all the while her eyes were fixed, wide open, without winking; after that he threw out her limbs till she touched the ground, with her legs extended straight on either side, and while in that posture, the exorcist compelled her to join her hands, and with the trunk of the body in an erect posture, to adore the holy sacrament." (Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 29, citing *Histoire des Diables*, p. 231.) We seem to read the proceedings of an electro-biologist, rather than of a pastor of the church: but the parallel is not yet at an end.

"The same nun," says Calmeil, "towards the close of her exorcism, executed a command which the Duke imparted secretly to her exorcist." Then follows this remarkable admission of the learned and cautious physiologist:—"On hundreds of occasions one might believe, in effect, that the Energumenes read the thoughts of the ecclesiastics who were charged with the combating of their demons. It is certain that these young women were endowed, during their excesses of hysteria or nervous exaltation, with a penetration of mind altogether unique." The children of the fanatics of the Cevennes, while in their supposed prophetic ecstasies, spoke the purest dialect of French, and expressed themselves with singular propriety. The same facility of speaking in a fluent and exalted style while in the divinatory ecstasy, was remarked of old in the case of the Pythian priestess. "Though it cannot be divined," says Plutarch, in his "Inquiry," "why the Pythian priestess ceases to deliver her oracles in verse;" "but that her parentage was virtuous and honest, and that she always lived a sober and chaste life, yet her education was among poor, laboring people, so that she was advanced to the oracular seat rude and unpolished, void of all the advantages of art or experience. For, as it is the opinion of Xenophon, that a virgin, ready to be espoused, ought to be carried to the bridegroom's house before she has either seen or heard the least communication, so the Pythian priestess ought to converse with Apollo illiterate and ignorant almost of everything, still approaching his presence with a truly virgin soul."

We might here, without any stretch of imagination, suppose we are reading a commentary on the birth and character of Joan

of Arc, or of any of the prophetesses of the Swiss Anabaptists. But to return to the possessions recorded by Calmeil.

The biological relations alleged by the mesmerists appear in still stronger development in the case of the nuns of Auxonne in 1662. The Bishop of Chalons reports, speaking of the possessed, "that all the aforesaid young women, being in number eighteen, as well seculars as regulars, and without a single exception, appeared to him to have obtained the gift of tongues, inasmuch as they accurately replied to the matters in Latin, which were addressed to them by their exorcists, and which were not borrowed from the ritual, still less arranged by any preconcert; they frequently explained themselves in Latin—sometimes in entire periods, sometimes in broken sentences;" "that all or almost all of them were proved to have introvision (*cognizance de l'interieur*) and knowledge of whatever thought might be secretly addressed to them, as appeared particularly in the case of the internal commands which were often addressed to them by the exorcists, and which, in general, they obeyed implicitly, although without any external signification of the command, either verbal or by way of sign; as the said Lord Bishop experienced in many instances, among others, in that of Denise Parisot, whom the exorcist having commanded, in the depths of his own mind, to come to him for the purpose of being exorcised, she came incontinently, though dwelling in a remote part of the town; telling the Lord Bishop that she had received his commands and was come accordingly; and this she did on several occasions: likewise in the person of Sister Jamin, a novice, who, on recovering from her fit, told him the internal commandment which he had given to her demon during the exorcism; also in the case of the Sister Borthon, to whom having issued a mental commandment in one of her paroxysms to come and prostrate herself before the Holy Sacrament, with her face to the ground and her arms stretched forward, she executed his command at the very instant that he willed it, with a promptitude and precipitation altogether wonderful."—(Calmeil, vol. ii. page 187.)

Sister Denise Parisot, one of those who exhibited these singularities, also displayed a further and very remarkable manifestation of what would now be called biological influence. "Being commanded by his Lordship to make the pulse of her right arm entirely cease beating while that of the left contin-



ued, and then to transfer the pulsation so as to beat in the right arm while it should stop in the left, she executed his orders with the utmost precision, in the presence of the physician, (Morel,) who admitted and deposed to the fact, and of several ecclesiastics. Sister de la Purification did the same thing two or three times, causing her pulse to beat or to stop at the command of the exorcist."—(Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 139.)

Instead of exorcist we may, without much apprehension of offending either the reason or the belief of any candid person, read "mesmerist." The passes seem similar, the phenomena identical. Again, in the case of the girls of the parish of Landes, near Bayeux, in 1732, the orders given by the exorcists in Latin appeared to be well understood by the patients. "In general," says Calmeil, quoting the contemporaneous account of their possession, "during the ecstatic access, the sense of touch was not excited even by the application of fire; nevertheless the exorcists affirm that their patients yielded immediate attention to the thoughts which they (the exorcists) refrained from expressing, and that they described with exactness the interior of distant houses which they had never before seen."—(vol. ii. p. 413.)

This long and varied survey of different forms of physical and mental malady brings us to a point where we may, with some confidence, take our stand on inductive conclusions.

It seems evident, then, that all the phenomena of animal magnetism have been from an early period known to mankind under the various forms of divinatory ecstasy, demonopathy, or witchmania, theomania or fanatical religious excitation, spontaneous catalepsy, and somnambulism.

That, in addition to the ordinary manifestations of insensibility to pain, rigidity, and what is called clairvoyance, the patients affected with the more intense conditions of the malady have at all times exhibited a marvellous command of languages; a seeming participation in the thoughts, sensations, and impulses of others; a power of resisting, for some short time at least, the action of fire; and, perhaps, a capacity of evolving some hitherto unknown energy counteractive of the force of gravitation.

That the condition of mind and body in question can be induced by means addressed to each and all of the senses, as well as involuntarily by way of sympathy or contagion.

That the fixing of the eyes on a particular

point, as a wafer, or the umbilicus, or on a polished ball or mirror, is one of the most general and efficacious means of artificially inducing the condition of clairvoyance. That it may also, on those prepared for its reception by strong mental excitement, be induced by tumultuous music, as by the sound of drums and cymbals, by odors, and perhaps by unguents; and that the same condition also frequently supervenes on long-continued and intense emotion, as well as on those hysterical and convulsive movements of the body which sometimes attend on excessive religious excitation.

That, induced by the latter means, clairvoyance has a tendency to become contagious, and has often afflicted whole communities with the most dangerous and deplorable epidemic hallucinations, as in the fancied witch-sabbaths of the demonomaniacs, and prowling excursions of lycanthropes and vampyres; but that, although in these demotic frenzies, the prevailing ideas and images presented to the minds of the sufferers are merely illusory, they possess the capacity of being put in such a relation with ideas and images derived from actual existences in the minds of others, as to perceive and appropriate them. Beyond this it would be difficult to advance our speculation with any degree of certainty; but if speculation may be at all indulged in such a question, it might, perhaps, be allowed to a sanguine speculator to surmise that, possibly, the mind in that state may be put *en rapport* with not only the ideas and emotions of another particular mind, but with the whole of the external world, and with all its minds. Another step would carry us to that participation in the whole scheme of nature, pretended to by diviners and seers; but it must be owned that, in the present state of the evidences, there is no solid ground on which to rest the foot of conjecture in taking either the one step or the other.

In the meantime, many practitioners are playing with an agency, the dangerous character of which they little suspect. In ancient exorcisms, it sometimes happened that the exorcist himself became the involuntary recipient of the contagious frenzy of the patient. If such an event happened now, it would not be more wonderful than when it befell the Père Surin, at Loudon, in 1635, as he has himself described his disaster in his letter to the Jesuit Attichi:—"For three months and a-half I have never been without a devil in full exercise within me. While I was engaged in the performance of my ministry, the devil

passed out of the body of the possessed, and coming into mine, assaulted me and cast me down, shook me, and traversed me to and fro, for several hours. I cannot tell you what passed within me during that time, and how that spirit united itself with mine, leaving no liberty either of sensation or of thought, but acting in me like another self, or as if I possessed two souls; these two souls making, as it were, a battle-ground of my body. When I sought, at the instigation of the one, to make the sign of the cross on my mouth, the other suddenly would turn round my hand and seize the fingers with my teeth, making me bite myself with rage. When I sought to speak, the word would be taken out of my mouth; at mass I would be stopped short; at table I could not carry the food to my mouth; at confession I forgot my sins; in fine, I felt the devil go and come within me as if he used me for his daily dwelling-house." (Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 61.)

Or if, instead of passing into a single operator, as in the case of Surin, the diseased contagion should suddenly expand itself among a crowd of bystanders, there would be nothing to wonder at, although enough to deplore, in such a catastrophe. It would be no more than has already happened in all the epidemics of lycanthropy and witch-mania, of the dancers of St. Vitus, of the Jumpers, Quakers, and Revivalists, of the Mewers, Barkers, and Convulsionnaires. The absence of religious pretensions among the operators seems as yet to be the chief guarantee against such results. If, instead of being made rigid and lucid by the manipulations of a professor, the patients should find themselves cast into that state by contact with the tomb of a preacher, or with the reliques of a saint, society would soon be revisited with all the evils of *pseudo*-miracles and supposed demoniacal possessions. The comparatively

innocent frenzy of the followers of Father Mathew was the nearest approach to a social disturbance of that kind that our country has been visited by since the barking epidemic of the fourteenth century. "In the county of Leicester, a person travelling along the road," says Camden, (Brit. vol. ii. p. 636,) "found a pair of gloves, fit for his hands, as he thought; but when he put them on, he lost his speech immediately, and could do nothing but bark like a dog; nay, from that moment, the men and women, old and young, throughout the whole country, barked like dogs, and the children like whelps. This plague continued, with some eighteen days, with others a month, and with some for two years; and, like a contagious distemper, at last infected the neighboring counties, and set them a barking too."

If mesmerism did no more than demonstrate, as it has done, that all the supposed evidences of modern inspiration, as well as of modern demoniacal possession and ghostcraft, are but the manifestations of a physical disorder, capable of being induced by ordinary agencies, it would have done a great service to the cause of social and religious stability. In addition to this, it has furnished surgery with a new narcotic, perhaps with a new antispasmodic. It is not impossible that here, at length, a means may have been found for combating the horrors of hydrophobia. Its higher pretensions of clairvoyance and prevision, if not proved, are at least not yet satisfactorily disproved. Its admitted usefulness may, perhaps, counterbalance its perils; but in every exercise of it, whether curative or speculative, it is never to be forgotten, that the phenomena are those of disease, and that the production of disease, save for the counteraction of other maladies more hurtful, is in itself an evil.

The two Universities of Edinburgh—the Old and the New—opened the present year under favorable auspices. Upwards of 700 students assembled to hear the introductory lecture of Principal Lee, of the Old University. Two of the Professors are unable to continue their prelections on account of ill health—Prof. Low, of the agricultural, and Prof. Wilson, of the moral philosophy class. Professor Wilson, we regret to hear, has had an attack of paralysis. His illness is not very serious, but repose is recommended. Dr. Lee, in speaking of the age of entering the University, remarked, that many of the most eminent men he had known went to college

very early: Lord Brougham went to college at the age of twelve, Sir David Brewster and Dr. Chalmers at eleven, and Lord Campbell at eleven. Archbishop Usher, Bishop Cowper, of Galloway, and Jeremy Taylor, also entered college unusually early.

Among the lecturers announced for the New College are some distinguished names, and the institution seems to be conducted in a higher tone than is usual in similar places of popular instruction and amusement. Hugh Miller, the geologist, and Isaac Taylor, author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," are to deliver courses of lectures.

From the Athenæum.

## ELOQUENCE OF KOSSUTH.\*

M. KOSSUTH has told the public that on approaching the shores of England—the land of his dreams and of his hopes—he could scarcely overcome a certain sentiment of awe. As is ever the case with great material objects—ships in motion or Alpine ridges—so, vivid conceptions frequently owe much of their poetic charm to the mellowing effect of distance; and as the green slopes of the south coast of our land rose on the Exile's view, he trembled lest the glory with which his mind had so long crowned the Figure of England should dissolve before a stern and prosaic reality. Some such feeling, we believe, existed in many minds on shore, with respect to the illustrious Exile himself.

While in the zenith of his power, the leader of a mighty and for a time successful national movement in Hungary, stories reached us of the oratorical genius of Kossuth—of his power over the masses—of his faculty for inspiring personal attachments—which to our colder temperaments raised a suspicion that they must be over-colored. Common fame represented him as a sort of magician, who by a word could persuade men to exchange their silver coin for bits of paper containing no better security than his own promise to pay when he should be able—who by his conjuration could raise up army after army of Magyars and launch them against the Imperial house of Hapsburg. In England we had few means of conceiving the idea of such a man. In our own great revolution oratory played but an inferior part. The swords of Cromwell, Blake, and Fairfax, the passions and convictions of the people, were the executive and motive powers. France had its Mirabeau

and its Robespierre; but the most stirring words of those popular tribunes did not—like the dragon teeth of Greek fable and the rumored spells of Kossuth—spring up armed men. Doubts occurred to many if this imputed gift were not one of those exaggerations common to the East. The whole character of the man, as it was drawn for us by such Magyars, Poles, and English as had seen or learned about him in his own country, was touched with what seemed to persons looking on soberly from a distance the contrasted lights and shades of an artistic fancy. Personal beauty, modesty of deportment, refined and gentle manners, romantic generosity, a presence to command respect and inspire devotion, varied knowledge of the world, the highest order of physical and moral courage, and a mind equal to emergencies, ready to act at any moment, and of almost infinite resources,—such were the materials of that sketch of Kossuth which was commonly given by those who shared his general views and spoke of him on personal knowledge. To meet the expectations so raised would be a severe trial to any man; trebly so when their object was a foreigner, an exile, without wealth, aristocratic connections, power, or the prestige of victory. Many, therefore, who had been stirred by the Hungarian struggle, and whose hearts had warmed towards the Hungarian hero, believed that the moment he set foot on English ground the spell of his great name would be broken.

This man has now been among us for a month. He has been seen by millions and heard by thousands. He has addressed influential meetings in Southampton, Winchester, London, Manchester, and Birmingham. He has stood the test of criticism in many shapes:—and from the moment of his landing at Southampton to his embarkation at Cowes for the United States, his stay has been one prolonged representation. Has his presence in England vulgarized the romantic image already familiar to the public through the vivid portraiture of his friends? His re-

\* *Kossuth in England. Authentic Life of His Excellency Louis Kossuth, Governor of Hungary. With a full Report of his Speeches delivered in England; to which is added, his Address to the People of the United States of America.* Bradbury & Evans.

*Kossuth: his Speeches in England, with a brief Sketch of his Life.* Gilpin.

ception by the people—the enthusiasm created by his speeches, an enthusiasm spreading and deepening to the end of his sojourn—is the answer; and of these speeches we hope to have yet a more perfect record than either of those which now lie before us. Into the discussion of any of those questions which form the subject-matter of these speeches the readers of the *Athenæum* well know that it is beyond our mission to enter; but, without being prepared to endorse the assertion of Mr. Walter Savage Landor, that “since the days of Demosthenes no equal or similar eloquence has ever been heard on earth,” we feel that this great Hungarian monologue has been sufficiently remarkable to bring the actor legitimately before us in the literary point of view.

Of the minor merits of this remarkable man, his command of the English language is perhaps that which creates the largest amount of wonder. With the exception of an occasional want of idiom, the use of a few words in an obsolete sense, and a habit of sometimes carrying (German fashion) the infinitive verb to the end of a sentence, there is little to distinguish M. Kossuth's English from that of our great masters of eloquence. Select, yet copious and picturesque it is always. The combinations—we speak of his words as distinct from the thoughts that lie in them—are often very happy. We can even go so far as to say that he has enriched and utilized our language:—the first by using unusual words with extreme felicity,—the latter by proving to the world how well the pregnant and flexible tongue of Shakspeare adapts itself to the expression of a genius and a race so remote from the Saxon as the Magyar. Most of our readers know the story told by Kossuth himself of his first introduction to our language and literature. The story runs that when, fourteen years ago, he was thrown into an Austrian dungeon for daring to publish the debates in the Hungarian Parliament, he was kept for some time in solitary confinement without books or papers,—but that afterwards, in consequence of the representations of the Diet, his gaolers allowed him to have a few books, on condition of his not asking for works on politics. He chose a copy of Shakspeare and an English dictionary. Out of the great dramatist he learned our speech, our modes of thinking, our national sentiments. Certain it is, that his extraordinary mastery over our tongue has proved power to the Exile and to his cause. It was a sad blunder of the Austrian police to give him Shakspeare for a

prison companion! To this circumstance, however, we owe it that we are now able to understand, in a vague and reflex way perhaps, but still with no little vividness and life, what must have been the charm and power of the great Magyar's eloquence when it was appealing in a national cause, in its native idiom, and under circumstances of great excitement, to minds kindled at the same source and hearts beating with the same blood as his own. This interesting story, too, gives peculiar appropriateness to a proposition that has emanated from Mr. Douglas Jerrold, looking on the Magyar chief in his character of a literary man,—that a subscription from Englishmen of all parties shall produce a testimonial taking the form of a fine copy of Shakspeare, inclosed in a shrine of whatever cost the surplus amount of subscriptions may justify. The thought is in no degree political, but founds a literary memorial on a highly interesting literary fact.

We have heard M. Kossuth, and we have carefully read the reports of his speeches. His style is new and personal. Compared with the men, whose speeches have been received as the best specimens of oratory in recent times—such as Brougham, Lacordaire, Blum, Thiers, Gavazzi, and O'Connell—Kossuth is calm and grave. He has no sophisms, no verbal dexterities. All is with him clear, sequent, logical. He never mouths his passion—never wrings his hands or stamps his feet—never gesticulates his violence, or resorts to the common tricks of the orator to impress his audience with an idea of his earnestness. As a rhetorical weapon he uses scorn very rarely, and we have not read a sneering sentence from his lips. He neither mocks his enemy like Gavazzi, nor insults him like O'Connell. His appeal is made directly to the intellect of his hearer. He seems more anxious to convince than to excite. Warmth of fancy and of feeling he undoubtedly possesses,—and his passion sometimes breaks into sudden explosion. But in these qualities he has had many equals—Chatham, Mirabeau, Patrick Henry, and others of all nations. What seems more particularly Kossuthian—that is, personal—in his eloquence is, its moral undertone. Master of his subject, he speaks to other nations with the energy, but also with much of the gravity of history. He flatters no prejudice—appeals to no passion—yet, his discourse adapts itself with singular art to its immediate audience. Perhaps next to his excellent English the thing which is most curious about “M



Kossuth in England" is, the extraordinary genius which he has for saying the right thing in the right place. Of the speeches now reported, not one could change its locality without manifest disadvantage. The City speech was precisely adapted to the City,—the Manchester speech would not have done at Winchester,—nor that delivered at Southampton at Copenhagen Fields. Not that the views and opinions are in any respect contradictory; but in each there is a special tone, a particular line of argument, exactly calculated to suit the audience before him. If M. Kossuth had lived in England all his days, we do not see how he could have displayed a nicer knowledge of our local peculiarities, pursuits, and character than he now does.

As samples of oratorical art these remarkable speeches constitute a study. How frank and simple—how shaped to disarm hostility and inspire confidence—were the first few words uttered by the Exile in England!—

"I beg you will excuse my bad English. Seven weeks back I was a prisoner in Kutayah, in Asia Minor. Now I am a free man. I am a free man because glorious England chose it. That England chose it which the genius of mankind selected for the resting monument of its greatness, and the spirit of freedom for his happy home. Cheered by your sympathy, which is the anchor of hope to oppressed humanity, with the view of your freedom, your greatness, and your happiness, and with the consciousness of my unhappy land in my breast, you must excuse me for the emotion I feel,—the natural consequence of so striking a change and so different circumstances. So, excuse me for not being able to thank you so warmly as I feel for the generous reception in which you honor in my undeserving person the cause of my country. I only hope God Almighty may for ever bless you and your glorious land. Let me hope you will be willing to throw a ray of hope and consolation on my native land, by this your generous reception. May England be ever great, glorious, and free; but let me hope, by the blessing of Almighty God, and by our own steady perseverance, and by your own generous aid, that England, though she may ever remain the most glorious spot on earth, will not remain for ever the only one where freedom dwells."

These lines contain the germs of nearly all that M. Kossuth afterwards developed in his several speeches.—What, again, could be happier than his illustration of the common phrase "social order" given at the Guildhall? He said:—

"A principle which I meet here in this place is a principle of social order. Many people, when they hear this word 'social order,' get almost

nervous and excited. There are many that misuse this sacred word as a blasphemy. They call social order absolutism; they call social order when humanity is put into a prison; they call social order the silence of the grave. This 30th of October has presented to the world a spectacle which, once seen, I proudly proclaim that no Czars and Emperors of Austria have the right or can have the pretension to speak more of social order. Here is social order in London; and by whom watched? I had my thousands and thousands of the people rushing forward, not with the effusion of blood, but with the warm enthusiasm of noble hearts, to cheer liberty and the principle of freedom in my poor humble self. And what is the safeguard of social order in this meeting of the people? I asked the attention of Lord Dudley Stuart: 'Let us look how many policemen are present. I have seen four.' Such a scene, my Lord, for the Czars and Emperors, and all men ambitious, who may be called Presidents, for they are all the same thing, no matter how called! They would have had their 20,000 bayonets, and I do not know how many open and secret spies; they would have safeguarded by arms and cannon—what? Social order? No. Against whom? Against foes and enemies of social order? No; against their own people."

How well the orator chose his moment at Manchester to dispose of the assertion that were it not for himself and two or three other persons the European world would be peaceable and content with its present condition! He had been speaking of the imminency of the next great struggle between liberty and brute force,—between the citizen and the soldier,—when he suddenly turned the flank of his opponents as follows:—

"The dragon of oppression draws near, but the St. George of liberty is ready to wrestle with him. How can I state that this struggle is so near? Why, I state it because it is. Every man knows it; every man feels it; every man sees it. A philosopher was once questioned how he could prove the existence of God? 'Why,' answered he, 'by opening my eyes.' God is seen everywhere. In the growth of the grass, and in the movements of the stars; in the warbling of the lark, and in the thunder of the heavens. Even so I prove that the decisive struggle of mankind's destinies draws near: I appeal to the sight of your eyes, to the pulsations of your hearts, and to the judgment of your minds. You know it, you see it, you feel it, that the judgment is drawing near. How blind are those men who have the affectation to believe, or at least to assert, that it is only certain men who push the revolution on the continent of Europe, which, but for their revolutionary plots, would be quiet and content. Content! With what? With oppression and servitude? France content with its constitution turned into a pasquinade! Germany content at being but a flock of sheep pent up to be shorn by some thirty petty tyrants! Switzerland content

with the threatening ambition of encroaching despots! Italy content with the King of Naples, or with the priestly Government of Rome—the worst of human invention! Austria, Bohemia, Croatia, Dalmatia, content with having been driven to butchery after having been deceived, oppressed, and laughed at as fools! Poland content with being murdered! Hungary, my poor Hungary, content with being more than murdered—buried alive. Because it is alive! \* \* Russia content with slavery! Vienna, Flensburg, Pesth, Lombardy, Milan, Venice, content with having been bombarded, burnt, sacked, and their population butchered! And half of Europe content with the scaffold, the hangman, the prison; with having no political rights at all, but having to pay innumerable millions for the high, beneficial purpose of being kept in serfdom? That is the condition of the continent of Europe,—and is it not ridiculous to see and hear men prate about *individuals* disturbing the contented tranquillity of Europe?"

Nor was the question supposed by M. Kossuth to be now at issue on the European continent less clearly and strikingly placed before the same audience. The decision of this question, he had told them, is of interest for every people, as it may affect the fate of mankind for generations to come; and the warning with which the passage closes had a solemn and almost Cassandrian dignity of tone:—

"No country," he said, "no nation, however proud its position, none within the boundaries of the Christian family and of European civilization, can avoid a share of the consequences of this comprehensive question, which will be the proximate fate of humanity. I scarcely need to say that this comprehensive question is whether Europe should be ruled by the principle of freedom or by the principle of despotism. To bring more home in a practical way to your generous hearts that idea of freedom, the question is whether Europe shall be ruled by the principle of centralization or by the principle of self-government. Because self-government is freedom, and centralization is absolutism. What! shall freedom die away for centuries, and mankind become nothing more than a blind instrument for the ambition of a few; or shall the brand of servitude be wiped away from the brow of humanity? Woe, a thousandfold woe, to every nation which, confident in its proud position of to-day, shall carelessly regard the all-comprehensive struggle for these great principles. It is the mythical struggle between heaven and hell. To be blessed or to be damned is the lot of all; there is no transition between heaven and hell. Woe, a thousandfold woe, to every nation which will not embrace within its sorrows and its cares the future, but only the passing moment of the present time. As the sun looms through the mist before it rises, so the future is seen in the events of the present day."

Of all the speeches made by M. Kossuth

in England, that delivered at Birmingham was the most characteristic and impressive. In the main calm and logical, full of facts, and varied with figures,—it nevertheless contains some of the finest pathos and most eloquent passion in language. The best harangues of Sheridan look cold by the side of the great Magyar's thrilling words. The exordium is perhaps not unworthy to rank with that of any of the masterpieces of eloquence—with the oration against *Æschines* and the First against *Catiline*. Thus dashed the great Hungarian, like a charge of his country's magnificent horse, at the Austrians:—

"Three years ago, yonder house of Austria—which had chiefly me to thank for not having been swept away by the revolution of Vienna in March, 1848—having in return answered by the most foul, most sacrilegious conspiracy against the chartered rights, freedom, and national existence of my native land,—it became my share, being then member of the ministry, with undisguised truth to lay before the Parliament of Hungary the immense danger of our bleeding fatherland. Having made the sketch, which, however dreadful, could be but a faint shadow of the horrible reality, I proceeded to explain the alternative which our terrible destiny left to us, after the failure of all our attempts to avert the evil,—to present the neck of the realm to the deadly stroke aimed at its very life, or to bear up against the horrors of fate, and manfully to fight the battle of legitimate defence. Scarcely had I spoken the words,—scarcely had I added that the defence would require 200,000 men and 80,000,000 of florins, when the Spirit of Freedom moved through the Hall, and nearly 400 representatives rose as one man, and lifting their right arms towards God, solemnly said, 'We grant it,—freedom or death!' Thus they spoke, and there they stood, in a calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself: it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment, and the rushing waves of sentiment, benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes, a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered on my lips; and, bowing low before the majority of my people,—as I bow now before you, gentlemen,—I left the tribunal silently, speechless, mute."

Here the orator paused for a moment,—and then added:—

"Pardon me my emotion,—the shadows of our martyrs pass before my eyes; I hear the millions of my native land once more shouting, 'Liberty or death!'"

We remember reading an account of the scene in the Hungarian Parliament to which this impressive reference is made. Kossuth's

words were few,—but they acted like inspiration on the Magyar deputies. He said, amidst profound silence:—"I enter the tribune to appeal to you for saving your fatherland. I feel the awful importance of the moment; I feel as if God had placed the trumpet in my hand, to rouse the nation from her dream, and to awaken her to a new and eternal life if she yet possess vital substance, or to condemn her to everlasting death if she is cowardly." The Assembly did not even await the conclusion, but rose to a man, and unanimously adopted the motion by the exclamation "Megadjuk!" (granted!) Kossuth answered:—"That it was which I would beg of you, deputies of my country! but you anticipated me, and I deeply bow to the greatness of this nation."

Powerful and dramatic as this must be confessed to be, it is surpassed by some other passages in the orator's Birmingham address. What, for instance, in the literature of eloquence, is finer than the allusion to his own representative character?—

"You remember [he said] *Paulus Æmilius*, whose triumph by a whim of fate was placed between the tombs of his two sons. You remember his quite Roman words—'*Cladem domus mee vestra felicitas consolatur.*' Were there anything in the world able to console a Magyar for the misfortunes of his fatherland, here is the place where I would repeat the words of yonder Roman son! But, alas! even here where I am, and so surrounded as I am, still I feel myself a homeless exile,—and all that I see carries back my memory to my down-trodden land. Sorrow takes deeper root in human breasts than joys; one must be an exile, and the home of the poor exile must be suffering as mine is, that the heart of man can feel the boundless intensity of the love of home. Strange it may appear to you, the roots of my life are not within myself, my individuality is absorbed in this thought, 'Freedom and Fatherland!' What is the key of that boundless faith and trust my people bear to me, their plain unpretending brother,—a faith and confidence seldom to be met in like manner in his way? What is the key of it,—that this faith, this confidence, stands still fast, neither troubled by the deluge of calumnies, nor broken by adversities? It is that my people took, and take me still, for the incarnated personification of their wishes, their sentiments, their affections, and their hopes. Is it not then quite natural that the woes of my people also should be embodied in myself? I have the concentrated woes of millions of Magyars in my breast. And allow me, gentlemen, a sort of national self-esteem in that respect. \* \* To me, a Hungarian, that sort of sentiment may not be becoming which befits a British man, who, whatever be his personal merits, puts—and with right—his greatest pride in the idea to be a citizen of Great Britain; still, allow me to prostrate myself in spirit

before the memory of my suffering people; allow me to bear witness before you, that the people of Magyars can take, with noble self-esteem, a place in the great family of nations; allow me, even in view of your greatness, to proclaim that I feel proud to be a Magyar. While, during our holy struggle, we were secluded from the world, our enemies, wanting to cover their crimes by lies, told you the tale that we are in Hungary but an insignificant party, and this party fanaticized by myself. Well, I feel proud at my country's strength. They stirred up by foul delusions to the fury of civil war our Croat, Wallach, Serb, and Slavach brethren against us. It did not suffice. The house of Austria poured all his forces upon us; still it would not do. We beat them down! The proud dynasty had to stoop at the foot of the Czar. He thrust his legions upon us. \* \* Afterwards, the scorned party turned out to be a nation, and a valiant one; but still they said it is I who inspired it. Perhaps there might be some glory in inspiring such a nation, and to such a degree. But I cannot accept the praise. No; it is not I who inspired the Hungarian people,—it was the Hungarian people who inspired me. Whatever I thought, and still think,—whatever I felt, and still feel,—it is but a feeble pulsation of that heart which in the breast of my people beats. The glory of battles is ascribed to the leaders, in history—theirs are the laurels of immortality. And yet on meeting the danger, they knew that, alive or dead, their names will upon the lips of the people for ever live. How different, how purer, is the light spread on the image of thousands of the people's sons, who, knowing that where they fall they will lie unknown, their names unhonored and unsung, but who, nevertheless, animated by the love of freedom and fatherland, went on calmly, singing national anthems, against the batteries whose cross-fire vomited death and destruction on them, and took them without firing a shot—they who fell, falling with the shout, 'Hurrah for Hungary!' And so they died by thousands, the unnamed demigods."

Not less lofty in tone and poetical in thought is the following paragraph:—

"Still they say it is I who have inspired them. No; a thousand times, no! It is they who have inspired me. The moment of death, gentlemen, is a dreary one. Even the features of Cato partook of the impression of this dreariness. A shadow passed over the brow of Socrates on drinking the hemlock cup. With us, those who beheld the nameless victims of the love of country, lying on the death field beneath Buda's walls, met but the expression of a smile on the frozen lips of the dead, and the dying answered those who would console, but by the words, 'Never mind; Buda is ours. Hurrah for the fatherland!' So they spoke and died. He who witnessed such scenes, not as an exception, but as a constant rule,—he who saw the adolescent weep when told he was yet too young to die for his land; he who saw the sacrifices of spontaneity; he who heard what a fury spread over the people on hearing of

the catastrophe; he who marked his behavior towards the victors, after all was lost; he who knows what sort of curse is mixed in the prayers of the Magyar, and knows what sort of sentiment is burning alike in the breast of the old and of the young, of the strong man and of the tender wife—and ever will be burning on, till the hour of national resurrection strikes; he who is aware of all this will surely bow before this people with respect, and will acknowledge, with me, that such a people wants not to be inspired, but that it is an everlasting source of inspiration itself. This is the people of Hungary!"

Of the two collections of M. Kossuth's

speeches whose titles are placed at the head of this article we need not say much,—since we cannot say anything in their favor. Got up in haste to meet a sudden demand, they are almost of necessity extremely imperfect. Some of the earlier speeches are best reported by Mr. Gilpin; but the last and greatest, the address at Birmingham, is very badly given in his copy. Messrs. Bradbury & Evans render an excellent report of the Birmingham speech,—and it is from their edition that we have taken our illustrative extracts; but their other reports are often meagre and unsatisfactory.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A VISIT TO THE GREAT SKELLIG ROCK.

By dint of sharp walking we arrived at Cahirciveen, just as the night came on. About a couple of miles from this town we saw the huge mansion of Mr. Charles O'Connell, built in the middle of a wild black bog, without a single tree or shrub to distract the eye from the monotony around. Truly a man might as well plant himself down in the marshes of Australia as here; yet if his object be to shun mankind, he will probably succeed to his heart's content. Not very far from this, at the bottom of a small creek, are the ruins of what was probably a considerable farm-house, where the celebrated Daniel O'Connell—or, as they style him in this part of the country, *Liberathur*—was born. The ruined tenement is called "Old Carnes," and stands on ground now belonging to the individual born there. The immediate vicinity is rather pretty, and a hill planted with fir and larch overhanging the creek is a picturesque feature. Here it was that Mr. O'Connell's father—whose real name was Connell, the O' having been assumed by his son—lived, and made some little money by retailing all kinds of goods. It was his brother, however, well known in Kerry as "Hunting Cap Connell," who patronized the *gossoon*, and to him may Ireland consider herself indebted for the benefits or evils—we are no politicians—conferred on her by the *Liber-*

*athur*. When yet a boy, this same Hunting Cap transferred him from Old Carnes to Derrynane, and after forwarding his education in France, and the Dublin University, died, leaving the abbey to his nephew. Had we space, we might be disposed to introduce some curious anecdotes relative to the Hunting Cap, for he was extremely singular in his habits. Indeed he was always looked upon with a species of awe, approaching to veneration, by all the peasantry; and it is more than probable that those wedges of gold, which were ever and anon cast up on the beach—by a blessed Providence, as he said—not a little tended to impress the neighbors with this feeling.

It was quite dark when we entered Cahirciveen, and had it not been for our wish to sleep in Valentia, and thus achieve the triumph of carrying into effect the plan of the morning, we should have remained in this town. The ferry was distant two miles, and when we arrived at the shore we found all the boatmen absent, and the boats hauled up. This was provoking, but with the lights of Valentia in view, the distance across being but little more than a quarter of a mile, it would have betrayed a sad want of spirit not to persevere.

The boats were not very heavy—there was one close to the water, and after some



searching we found a couple of oars. We also succeeded in rousing a lad, who said he was one of the boatmen's sons; and pressing him into our service, we managed to launch the boat. Pulling briskly, we were under the island in a few minutes. Having landed, we bent our steps to a solitary light burning in the hotel, and those who have gone through such a day of adventure and fatigue as I have attempted to describe, will best be able to appreciate our feelings when, at past midnight, we found ourselves ensconced in a comfortable parlor, with the happy prospect of a good supper and a clean bed.

The following morning was most lovely, and it was difficult to believe that the previous day had witnessed such a storm. We went, after breakfast, to visit the slate quarries, for which the island is celebrated, and as they are of an interesting nature, I shall briefly describe them. They lie on the northern side of the island, about two miles from the town of the same name, and at an elevation of about eight hundred feet above the sea, though not immediately over it.

The workings are pretty extensive, and penetrate to a considerable depth. The slate-stone is detached in large slabs, some measuring upwards of twenty feet in length, and six in breadth. A steam engine is employed to drive machinery, constructed for planing and sawing the stone, after which it passes through various hands, according to the purposes it is intended for.

Its main qualities are strength, durability, and non-absorbent properties; and, as regards the first, experiments made by command of the Board of Ordnance showed that to break slabs of equal dimensions required a weight of—

|                           |                       |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| For Yorkshire stone, - -  | 2 cwt. 2 qrs. 22 lbs. |
| Valentia slate stone, - - | 11        1        25 |

And on trial by the hydro-mechanical press, it was found to bear a greater pressure than any of the granites. I believe this stone has been used successfully in many of the public buildings in London. The quarries are the property of the Knight of Kerry, and are worked by him; they are capable of great extension—in fact, the supply may be deemed almost exhaustless—but a want of capital necessarily fetters the owner's enterprise. Were they on English ground, how different would be the scene!—instead of a couple of hundred, the number of men employed then would be a thousand at least.

The view from the summit of the island is

extensive, and the eye wanders for miles along the picturesque outlines of the Kerry mountains, until they become lost in the distance. One of the most remarkable objects in the panorama is the Great Skellig, which is situated about eight miles south of Valentia, and twelve from the main land. This is a stupendous mass of rock, rising majestically from the sea to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, and being divided into two pyramidal summits, the highest of which towers to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above high-water mark, and terminates in a mere point.

As I shall have occasion to speak more at length concerning this, I refrain from doing more than mentioning it now, as one of the most striking features of the view from the highlands of Valentia.

I could not avoid paying considerable attention to the harbor, which lay as a map beneath me, and concerning which so much has been said and written with reference to its being made a steam-packet station. Setting aside its own immediate advantages, which appear to me to have been much exaggerated, the great difficulty of communication with the mainland seems an insurmountable objection; and, as for constructing a railway direct to Dublin, the bare idea is absurd. Not all the shipping that could ride in the harbor, supposing the latter to be constantly full, would pay for so prodigious an outlay; and, I apprehend, it is equally certain that the internal trade of Ireland could never make up the deficiency. In fine, the idea of ever establishing an American steam-packet station at Valentia seems so chimerical, that I conceive it could only have originated with some one highly interested in the accomplishment of such a scheme. The Shannon has always appeared to me a far more appropriate site, and the circumstance of having a water conveyance to Dublin not a little in its favor. Ships of the largest tonnage can ascend to within twenty miles of Limerick; thus bringing the station ninety miles nearer the metropolis.

We had determined, before leaving Valentia, on visiting, if possible, the far-famed Skellig rock, to which I have alluded, but as this can only be attempted during the calmest and most settled weather, we were obliged to wait until the sea became somewhat more tranquil. The difficulty and danger attendant on a pilgrimage to the summit of this extraordinary rock, coupled with the romance attached to it, heightened its interest in my eyes. With considerable pleasure,

therefore, I watched the setting sun illuminating the west with all the majesty of his golden grandeur, and giving every promise of

“A goodly day to-morrow.”

Nor did he prove a faithless harbinger, as the following morning was so favorable as to warrant us in making the attempt; and we accordingly engaged a strong boat, with six able-bodied sailors, to row us to the rock.

We left the harbor at nine, and soon after clearing the channel dividing the island from the mainland, saw the object of our enterprise looming to the south like some gigantic obelisk. The Great Skellig does not, however, stand quite alone. Two other rocks, known by the names of the Lemon and Little, or Middle Skellig, are in the vicinity. The first of these is circular, having an elevation considerably above high-water mark, and abounding with various kinds of sea-fowl; and about three miles to the south is the Little Skellig, consisting of a reddish kind of slate, rising abruptly from the sea, and frequented by vast numbers of gannets, or solan geese, and a great variety of other birds, all of which are eagerly sought by the peasantry for their feathers, as also, in seasons of scarcity, for food.

About a league farther from the mainland lies the Great Skellig, which we were now fast approaching, after a pretty severe pull of some three hours. Calm as the day was, yet the roll of the waves, as they came sweeping in from the Atlantic, rendered it most difficult to effect a landing, and as the boat rose and fell on the giant swell, her sides occasionally grating against the jagged rocks, I certainly expected every moment to see her impaled on them.

I ought to mention that there are but two spots on the rock where a landing is at all practicable, even in the calmest weather, and, notwithstanding every precaution, it has frequently happened that the attempt has been attended by loss of life. We find it recorded in the Irish histories that one of Milesius's sons was lost in endeavoring to land for the purpose of visiting the monastery, and was, according to the same authorities, buried on the island.

Our sailors happened, fortunately, to be powerful fellows, and being well accustomed to the management of a boat in these rough seas, assured us, if we would only remain perfectly tranquil, they would speedily land us in safety. Three of the strongest, watching their opportunity, leaped on the rock,

and securing the end of a stout rope to an iron ring, contrived by dint of perseverance and strength to steady the boat so as to permit us to land. I can hardly express the feelings of awe that overcame me as I gazed upwards at the immense mass of rock which towered above in so threatening a manner, as to give one great reason to doubt its stability. I stood riveted to the spot, spell-bound, as it were, and was only roused to activity by my friend, who exclaimed as he pointed upwards—

“There is our destination.”

The object to which my attention was thus drawn, appeared, as seen from below, like a small jutting crag, whose dimensions seemed hardly capable of bearing the most diminutive sea-bird, much less the foot of man; and, involuntarily shuddering at the bare contemplation of standing on so giddy a height, I demanded if he really proposed guiding me to such a break-neck place.

“You can hardly say you have visited the Great Skellig unless you have kissed the cross on its summit,” was his reply. “And although but few have the head to do so, yet almost all make the trial.”

“*Allons donc!*” I responded; and bracing my nerves to the task, we commenced the ascent.

A rude path led from the rock on which we landed, to a small sloping plain of about a couple of acres in dimension, which forms the middle region of the island, and is bounded on all sides by precipices; from this plain, which is about one hundred and fifty feet from the base, the rock divides into two peaks, the tallest of which has an elevation of about one thousand five hundred feet. To surmount this was the object of our enterprise. Before, however, addressing ourselves to so formidable an undertaking, we proceeded to view the remains of two small wells, which, together with a chapel, are dedicated to St. Michael. In fact, we stood on holy ground; this circumscribed spot having been in the earlier ages of Christianity selected as a place of religious seclusion. In support of this tradition the remains of the abbey of St. Tinian, and the cells of the monks who lived here in most austere solitude, are still to be seen. The chapels, or cells, are built of stone, dovetailed without mortar, similar to those at the Seven Churches in the county of Wicklow, and possess conical roofs of the same material.

It was when the abbey flourished that the cross to which we have alluded was erected, with a view, in all probability, of increasing

the church funds, as it was declared that the circumstance of kissing it absolved the individual from a heavy load of sin; but no one was permitted to attempt the adventure without first paying a sum of money. The scheme, if we may so call it, answered marvellously well, and for many years thousands of both sexes visited the Great Skellig, when the weather permitted, for the sole purpose of kissing the cross, though frequently at the imminent hazard of their life. Indeed, so great a virtue was attached to the performance of this penance, and such was the extraordinary infatuation in the minds of the lower classes of Roman Catholics, that even of late years individuals have been known to travel barefooted long distances to the coast, where they had frequently to wait many days, during which time they subsisted entirely on wild berries and sea-weed, (for during the performance of any penance, fasting is strictly enjoined,) until the weather was sufficiently moderate to permit them to cross to the rock. In fact, it was only after the fatal termination of this religious fanaticism in the case of an unfortunate youth, whose tragical and romantic death we shall probably detail to our readers, that the appalling penance of embracing the cross on the Great Skellig was put an end to by the clergy, who had no wish to carry the zeal for their religion so far as to run the risk of annually immolating some members of their flocks.

As we were viewing the scattered remains of the monastery, a peasant accosted us, and demanding if we contemplated ascending to the *crass*, as he called it, proffered his services as a guide. He was a true Kerryman, inquisitive and intelligent, and had, moreover, a touch of classical lore, which might have shamed some of his superiors in worldly station.

It may be remarked here, how prevalent a knowledge of Latin is amongst the lower classes in Kerry. Few, who have been at the Lakes of Killarney, will fail to remember the frequent outbreak of occasional scraps of Latin amongst the peasantry, and especially those acting as boatmen.

I saw at a glance that the specimen of "the finest pisantry in the world," now before us, was none of your prattling, parrot-like cicerones, who describe the same thing, in the same words and tone, day after day, until it becomes so habitual, that were they checked, or put out, they would in all probability have to commence again at the beginning. No, our friend never could claim any relationship with the latter; there was a

lurking devil in his eye, and a roguish sn playing around his handsome mouth, that would have won the heart of many a sighing maiden, and so impressed was I in his favor that I at once engaged him; and now I to introduce Tim Healey, at the reader's humble service, should he ever find him at the base of the Great Skellig, and meditate an ascent to the cross; unless, indeed the said Tim, from his foolish and rash daring meets with a premature end, which is by means improbable.

"Well," said I, as we closed an argument with a draught of potheen, imbibed in the most primitive manner from a wicker-car flask; "so you really know the shortest and safest way to the summit?"

"Know it, yer honor! I think I ought know it, when I've been going up ever since I was a bit of a gossoon."

"And is the ascent very difficult?"

"A thrifling degree, yer honor; though indeed, I may say it's difficult enough to them who've no breath, or what's worse, no head."

"No head, Tim! Why, I think it would puzzle a man without a head to make his way to the top."

"Oh! yer honor knows what I mean well enough. Why, sir, some fine gentlemen come here and talk as big of going to the top, but bless yer honor, the light-house is enough for *them*, for when they crept to the edge and peeped over, they alter'd their mind all of a sudden, and said they had time to go higher, or they were too tired, it was too cold, or too hot; but *between ourselves*, yer honor, it's afear'd I think they were."

By this time we had ascended some two hundred feet, and stood on the ledge-terrace, on which the light-house alluded to is erected. It is a strong and compact building, and appears incorporated with the rock, into which, indeed, it is dovetailed. The lantern displays a fixed bright light. The house is tenanted by a family consisting of seven individuals, who reside here throughout the year: their stock of provisions is always calculated to endure six months; precaution rendered highly necessary, when it is remembered they are sometimes cut off from all communication with the mainland for months together, and during the winter it is rarely that a landing can be effected. Few situations can be conceived more dreary than that of these poor light keepers, and when we add to the above the additional misery of a lamentable deficiency of what some water, it may well be believed that the

occasionally suffer great privations ; yet, with all this, they appeared happy and contented, and evinced no desire, in answer to my questions, to leave their sea-girt and rocky home ; so true is it—

“ We live to love, whate’er may be around.”

We paused here a few minutes ; and with recruited strength and braced nerves proceeded to the more adventurous part of our enterprise. The path which I mentioned as leading from the base of the rock, ceased at the light-house ; and it was now that the services of our guide became essential. Casting off his frieze coat, and seizing the ever faithful shillelagh, he led us upwards with an alacrity requiring all our strength and activity to emulate ; now surmounting the shoulders of huge crags, and then worming his way through fissures occasioned by the strange disposition of the rocks. Path, indeed, there was none, or even the faintest track ; and it was literally climbing, by dint of the combined efforts of hands, knees, and feet, the face of a jagged precipice. Up, up we went, higher and higher still, until we came to the base of the highest peak, which consists principally of immense masses of rotten slaty substance, apparently decomposed by the electric fluid. Our progress now became really difficult, and even dangerous, and I may truly say without exaggeration, that in all my rambles on foot through Switzerland, I never encountered anything so formidable as the ascent to the cross on the Great Skellig.

Once or twice I felt half inclined to yield, when the voice of our guide, who was still holding on with all the apparent ease of a mountain goat, reassured me.

“ Now, yer honor,” he exclaimed, ever and anon, “ give me yer hand,—that’s it,—now yer fut, there ; and don’t look down ; niver look down. I always till gintlemin so, but some will take a peep over their *shoulder* ; but oh ! sir, if ye could only see their faces, as pale as buttermilk, and their knees trembling under them, when they see the boats and birds below, for all the world like nutshells and flies.”

And so went on Tim, encouraging and amusing by turns, until we arrived under the projecting crag overhanging the sea. It was no easy matter to attain this ; however, by the help of our guide we finally prevailed, and had the satisfaction of standing on the narrow ledge within a few feet of the summit, which was a mere point. The ascent had occupied upwards of half an hour, during the

greater part of which time we had been climbing up a nearly perpendicular face of rock, the ruggedness of which formed the only means of conquering the difficulty.

Here we were, then, on the Great Skellig, within a few feet of the cross, standing, or rather balancing on a crag about a couple of feet broad, and some eight or ten long, and at an elevation of nearly fifteen hundred feet. The stones, as they were loosened from the giddy height, fell vertically into the sea, which is upwards of ninety fathoms deep around the rock. We sat down with our feet dangling over the precipice in a line, one before the other, the guide being outside, and the apex of the cone immediately above us. The far-famed cross was constructed in the rudest manner, and was affixed to the extremity of the crag on which we were, by means of a large iron staple encircling the lower limb. The wood was blanched by time and exposure to the weather, and exhibited on that part nearest the rock several specimens of the ingenuity, and at the same time, rashness of various individuals, in the shape of initials, and in some few instances, whole names carved on its surface.

I no longer wondered at what I had heard concerning a pilgrimage to the cross on the Great Skellig, and the many difficulties and dangers attendant thereon, for, though blessed with the strength and energy of youth, I more than once quailed when the giving way of some faithless stone occasioned a false step, and all the terrors of the depth below flashed before me. Who is there that has not felt his blood grow cold, as, standing on some giddy height, he has gazed at the deep abyss, whose gloomy terrors fascinate while they appal ? There is no situation, perhaps, in which the mind exhibits so great an ascendancy over the body as the above ; and we have all heard, or read, of the most extraordinary effects from such a cause. I was sitting entranced as it were, my eyes riveted beneath, or following the mazy flight of some sea-bird, that seemed like a flake of snow borne on the breeze, when the voice of our guide, who had been hitherto engaged in the preparation of his duden, or short pipe, roused me.

“ Well, gintlemin, I hope ye like yer quarters ? they’re airy enough, anyhow.”

“ You may say that, Tim ; and high enough too,” responded my companion ; “ and now suppose we drink her Majesty’s health ? You are a royal subject, I hope, Mr. Healey ?”

“ Oh ! to be sure, yer honor, and why not ? we’re all loyal men in Kerry, as the girls will tell ye.”



I produced my flask; and we drank the royal toast, and made it circle again to absent friends, when it was returned to me as empty as the day it first commenced its travels.

"And won't you kiss the crass?" said our guide, as he took off his hat to the sacred object.

"Presently, Tim," said my friend, "but first tell us the story concerning the poor fellow that you alluded to."

"Oh! certainly, yer honor;" and Tim, who evidently desired nothing better, gave two or three preliminary puffs, and then recited the following tale, which well merits the appellation he gave it, of

#### "THE FATAL PILGRIMAGE."

"You must know, gintilmen, that some years ago, when I was a bit of a gossoon, that crass before yez was one of the holy crasses of Ireland. Indeed, according to Father O'Toole—who, rest his sowl! is now dead and gone—it was accounted the holiest crass in Kerry, and hundreds used to come from far and near to kiss it. A priest thin lived in one of the cells below, and used to give every one who had made pinance a paper wid absolution for their sins; and, by all accounts, he had a fine busy time of it, anyhow. Now it happened, just thin, whin the crass was in its glory, that one of the tightest and gayest lads in the barony lost his heart to a girl who might have bothered an older head than Barney Dempsey's. She was, indeed, a lovely crathur, wid eyes for all the world like two diamonds; and it would have done your heart good to have seen thin going to mass on a Sunday morning. Well, the coortin' wint on smooth and fair, and it was sittled that they were to be married at the end of the year, by which time Barney would be mather of a snug little farm, when, all of a sudden, Mary—for such was her name—tuk sick, and all the beauty faded from her cheeks, and she grew thin and pale. Ov coorse they sint for the docthor, and he gave her some physic, but all to no good, as she grew worse and worse, until poor Barney gave her up for all the same as dead. Well, they at length went to his riverence, Father O'Toole, and asked him to come and see Mary. To be sure, he did come, and afther confessing her, he called Barney, and towld him he thought he could do her good, if he would only do what he said. Yez may be sure Barney promised to do anything he could, quick enough.

"Well, thin," said his riverence, "you must go to the crass on the Great Skellig, and afther kissing it twice, rub a small cru-

cifix, which I will give you, agin it, and whin you come back, you must give it to Mary to kiss, and thin come to me."

"Away wint Barney that very night, and the following morning he crassed to the island, ascended to the crass, and did all his riverence tould him. Well, when he returned he gave Mary the small crucifix, and she had no sooner kissed it than—glory be to God!—she was like a new girl, and at the end of a month was as blooming as if she had niver been ill at all at all. Barney wint to his riverence, and tould him how much better his Mary was, and was going to thank him, whin his riverence bid him hould his tongue—for it was the blessed crass there before yez that had done all. Well, yer honors, time wore on, and the day settled for the marriage was close at hand, whin, ov coorse, Barney went to be confessed, and tould his riverence that he was going to be married.

"Fair and aisy," said Father O'Toole; 'all in good time, Barney; but you must first do pinance for your sins.'

"By all means," said Barney.

"Well, thin," said his riverence, 'what would you think of a pilgrimage to the Great Skellig, and the more so seeing that you ought to return thanks to the crass for its miraculous cure in regard of Mary, and take care to rimimber the chapel, Barney.'

"Barney was but too well pleased to be able to get so clane absolution, and the following morning, after bidding Mary a tinder farewell, he hurried off, and the weather being calm, arrived at the rock early in the afternoon. As the year was in its fall, there was but little light in the evening, so that Barney had to make great haste. On his way up he stopped to talk to the priest for a few minutes, and, promising to return soon, commenced his perilous pinance. The priest watched him as he climbed the precipice with youthful energy, and saw him gain the ledge in safety. His anxiety was so great to embrace the holy object, that he ran hastily forward, whin the priest suddenly missed him, and had barely time to run to the edge of the plain, when a heavy body darted past him, and in a moment more the waters opened to receive poor Barney. He had made a false step, and fell from the spot where yer honor is now sitting."

"And poor Mary, what became of her?" I asked.

"Ah, yer honor—poor sowl!—it was the death of her! That night she watched, and watched, and the morning dawned and found her still alone. Unable to bear the agony of

suspense, she rushed to the coast, and ere long her straining eyes beheld a boat fast approaching the shore from the island. It drew near, but her lover was not therein. She questioned the crew, wildly, concerning him: they knew her, and endeavored, at first, to conceal the truth—each shrinking from disclosing the fatal reality. But 'twas of no use; she read it in the looks of all. The dreadful certainty came before her in all its horrors. She died, sir, bereft of reason; and should ye ever visit the village of Killimly, you will see in the churchyard a small tombstone, inscribed to the memory of Barney Dempsey, and his bethrothed Mary."

"A fatal pilgrimage, indeed," I exclaimed, as the guide concluded the foregoing tale, which we have given to our readers nearly as we heard it. "And you say it was from this spot he was precipitated?"

"Yes, yer honor, just here; and he fell beyant that big black rock."

I cast my eyes below, but quickly withdrew them from the fearful depth. The huge waves, as they broke angrily against the gloomy cliffs, seemed yawning for their prey.

"Let us leave this," I said; a proposition which my friend gladly echoed.

"Ov coorse yer honors will kiss the crass first?" exclaimed our guide.

An involuntary shudder came over me, and I felt, if my very existence had been depending upon it, I could not have advanced another step on the crag.

"Not I, Tim!"—"Nor I!" said my friend.

"And you wouldn't be afther going away without touching it even?"

I fear our resolutely declining to make any further acquaintance with the holy relic, tended to alter Mr. Healey's opinion of our courage considerably; at least so I deduced from two or three hints he threw out.

"If it was only to say you had touched it, yer honor!"

It was, however, out of the question; and we put an end to our guide's entreaties by at once commencing the descent. This occupied even more time than the ascent, but was accomplished in safety. The fact was, Tim's story had a strange effect on our nerves, and I often wished he had indulged us with it when we were in a less perilous position. We found our crew waiting in the boat, and were soon gazing upwards at the cross, which was fast dwindling to a mere speck. The evening was just closing as we pulled into the harbor of Valentia.

That night the cross on the Great Skellig was often before me, and more than once I felt as if some irresistible impulse urged me towards it; and, advancing to embrace it, my foot made a false step, and I woke in perfect agony. Never did poor mortal welcome the first rosy streaks of morning more than I did. I jumped up, hurried on my clothes, and rushing to the beach, was soon breasting the waves as they came rolling in from the Atlantic.

## ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

THE late Mr. Basil Montague, Q.C., whose death, at the advanced age of 82, is recorded to have occurred at Boulogne-sur-Mer on the 27th ult., was formerly a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and was so eminent a practitioner in such matters that for many years he was regarded as an oracle of the bankrupt laws. So little had been heard of him of late years, that many of his *quondam* friends labored under the impression that he had long ago discharged the debt of nature. It is not generally known that this distinguished lawyer was the fourth son of John, fourth

Earl of Sandwich, by Miss Margaret Reay, a celebrated beauty of her day. The melancholy fate of this lady inspired the deepest public interest at the time, and the whole affair has been justly styled one of the most romantic and extraordinary love tales ever recorded, so much so that it has often struck us with astonishment that, in these novel manufacturing and ready-reading days, none of the novelists who cater so strangely at times for the public taste have seized upon the ample materials this case affords as the groundwork for a book of lasting and intense

interest. Miss Margaret Reay, the mother of the late Mr. Basil Montague, was the daughter of a stay-maker in Covent-garden, and served her apprenticeship to a mantua-maker, in George's-court, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell. Having, during her apprenticeship, attracted the attention of Lord Sandwich, he took her under his protection, and treated her from that period until her melancholy assassination with the greatest tenderness and affection, which was sincerely returned by Miss Reay, until her introduction by his Lordship to a young ensign of the 68th regiment, then in command of a recruiting party at Huntingdon, in the neighborhood of which stands Hitchenbrook, the splendid mansion of the noble house of Montagu. Mr. James Hackman, the wretched but highly gifted hero of this sad narrative, from the first moment of his introduction, fell desperately in love with the mistress of his noble host, and his passion increased with the daily opportunities afforded him by the invitations he received to his Lordship's table. With the object of continuing his assiduous attentions to this lady, and the hope of ultimately engaging her affections, he quitted the army, and taking holy orders obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, only a few months prior to the commission of that crime which brought him to the scaffold. That Miss Reay had given some encouragement to his fiery passion cannot be denied; the tenor of their correspondence clearly proves it; but gratitude towards the Earl and prudential motives respecting the welfare of her children induced her afterwards to refuse the offer of the Rev. gentleman's hand, and to intimate the necessity which existed for discontinuing his visits for their mutual interest and their peace of mind.

Stung to the quick by this sudden and unexpected termination of his long cherished and most ardent passion, no doubt can exist in the minds of those who have carefully perused the highly interesting correspondence between the parties, published many years ago by Mr. Hubert Croft, in a volume entitled "Love and Madness," that Mr. Hackman's mind became unsettled, and without meditating a crime which, properly speaking, could scarcely be fairly classed in the category of murder, there is no doubt that he became weary of his own life; and finally, though without distinct premeditation, determined that she whom he loved so passionately should share his fate. At this time the Rev. Mr. Hackman was lodging in Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane, and the fatal

day, April 7, 1779, was occupied all the morning in reading Blair's Sermons; but in the evening, as he was walking towards the Admiralty, he saw Miss Reay pass in her coach, accompanied by Signora Galli. He followed and discovered that she alighted at Covent-garden Theatre, whither she went to witness the performance of *Love in a Village*. Mr. Hackman returned to his lodgings, and arming himself with a brace of pistols, went back to the theatre, and when the performance was over, as Miss Reay was stepping into her coach, he took a pistol in each hand, one of which he discharged at her and killed her on the spot, and the other at himself, which did not, however, take effect. He then beat himself about the head with the butt-end of the pistol in order to destroy himself, but was eventually, after a dreadful struggle, secured and carried before Sir John Fielding, who committed him to Tothillfields Bridewell, and afterwards to Newgate, where he was narrowly watched to prevent his committing suicide. He was shortly after tried at the Old Bailey, before the celebrated Justice Blackstone, author of the "Commentaries," found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn on the 19th of the month, where he suffered the last penalty of the law with all the firmness becoming a gentleman and a Christian who felt that he had committed an irreparable injury, and that his life was justly forfeited to the outraged laws of his country, although he persisted to the last that the idea of murdering the woman he so fondly loved originated in the frenzy of the moment, and never was or could have been premeditated. One circumstance in this slight narrative which redounds so highly to the honor of the party most aggrieved in this sad affair must not be omitted. Lord Sandwich, with a noblemindedness rarely exemplified in such extreme cases of injury to the pride and sensibility of man, wrote to Mr. Hackman after sentence of death was passed upon him:

"7th April, 1779.

"If the murderer of Miss — wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life."

The prisoner replied the same day:

"Condemned Cell in Newgate.

"The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has—could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—

oh, my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her—if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things—that you forgive us both, and that you will be a father to her dear children.”

It is almost needless to observe that the

noble Earl did faithfully comply with the dying wishes of the wretched man, and was a good and generous father to all the children of this connection, of whom the learned gentleman just deceased was one.—*Morning Post*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## EPITAPHS AND GRAVE-YARDS.

BY F. LAWRENCE.

“Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, pompous in the grave.”—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

“VICTORY, or Westminster Abbey!” was the exclamation of Commodore Nelson, when, during the great contest with the Spanish fleet, under Sir John Jervis, on the 14th February, 1797, he sprang from a captured vessel at the head of an intrepid boarding party, and seized another ship from the astonished and terrified enemy. “A grave in the Abbey”—too often an early grave—is, in like manner, the great ambition and reward of the English statesman. To be carried, a lifeless corpse, through long lines of formal mourners, and interred in that stately pile, is the gorgeous vision which cheers him at his post of duty, and stimulates the exhausted energies of mind and body. The neglected man of genius, consigned during his life-time to penury and wretchedness, is indemnified for his sufferings (in the world's opinion) by a bust in Poet's Corner, as in the memorable instance of the author of *Hudibras*, on the erection of whose monument in Westminster Abbey the following graphic and sarcastic lines were written:—

Whilst BUTLER, needy wretch! was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give;  
See him, when starv'd to death, and turned to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;  
He asked for *bread*, and he received—a *stone*.

characteristic infirmity of the noblest and most active minds.” Nay, even weaker men exult in the idea of handing down to distant generations, by means of the sepulchral memorial, some slight record of their existence. Whilst these feelings are so strongly implanted in our nature, it is reasonable enough that our meditations should often turn on “graves and epitaphs;” and though the subject is not recommended by novelty—though it is a topic with which every one is in some degree familiar—we trust that our readers will pardon us for attempting to string together a few remarks upon English epitaphs, and upon grave-yards in England and elsewhere. The theme, we know, is an exceedingly fertile and inviting one, but bearing in mind how much has been written upon it, we intend to confine our observations within very narrow limits.

It will not surprise those who take any interest in the subject we have started, that we first invite their attention to scenes which they have often visited. We say, “often visited,” because we take it for granted that wherever the tombs and sepulchral memorials of our greatest men are grouped together, every Englishman with a spark of national pride in his bosom will occasionally love to linger. In treating, therefore, of the epitaphs in our great metropolitan cathedrals, we shall consider our readers to be treading with us over familiar ground; although it is ground

“To subsist in lasting monuments,” as Sir Thomas Browne has it, “has been always the



far too interesting for us to omit to notice, or even to pass lightly over. The memorials of English worthies in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are of all monuments in this great city the last we would see perish. It may be a question whether such memorials are well placed within the walls of a cathedral, or whether they could not with greater propriety be deposited elsewhere; but this is a point which, though of much importance, we feel it would be inexpedient for us to discuss here.

The best epitaphs, according to our notion, are generally the shortest and the plainest. In no description of composition is elaborate and highly ornate phraseology so much out of place. Where a world-wide reputation has been achieved by the illustrious dead, the inscription of the name alone, with the addition perhaps of a date, (as many instances might be cited to prove,)\* is often calculated to produce a more impressive effect than an ostentatious epitaph. It has been observed that the simple words,

#### CATHERINE THE GREAT TO PETER THE FIRST,

inscribed upon the monument erected by the Empress Catherine of Russia to the memory of Peter the Great, arrogant as they are, contain the essence of the true sublime. And, in like manner, amongst the most impressive memorials in Westminster Abbey are the words, "O rare Ben Jonson," chiselled beneath the great playwright's bust, and the name of J. DRYDEN, with the date of his birth and death, and the simple statement, that the tomb on which it is inscribed was erected, in 1720, by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. We doubt whether the effect of the latter would have been improved by the addition of the couplet which was written for it by Pope, admirable as that couplet is:

This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below  
Was Dryden once—the rest who does not know?

Among the best epitaphs to be met with in the interesting portion of the Abbey known as Poet's Corner, we are inclined to number that on Edmund Spenser, which combines in an eminent degree the qualities of dignity and simplicity, and possesses a character of

\* This course has been adopted in the monument recently erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Robert Southey, which, the visitor will remark, merely records his name and the date of his birth and death.

its own which at once attracts attention. The monument upon which it appears had been originally erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, and having fallen into decay, was restored, in 1768, precisely in its old form:—

Here lyes (expecting the second  
Comminge of our Saviour CHRIST  
JESUS) the body of Edmond Spenser,  
The Prince of Poets in his tyme,  
Whose divine spirit needs noe  
Other witnesse than the works  
Which he left behinde him.

He was borne in London in the yeare 1553,  
And died in the year 1598.

The epitaph of Michael Drayton, another of the Elizabethan poets, said by some to be the composition of Ben Jonson, and by others of Quarles, has also a species of quaint beauty and solemnity about it which raises it above the ordinary level. It was originally set in gilt letters:—

#### MICHAEL DRAITON, Esq.

A memorable poet of this age,  
Exchanged his laurell for a crowne of glorye,  
A.C. 1631.

Doe, pious marble! let thy readers knowe  
What they and what their children owe  
To DRAITON's name, whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy TRUST:  
Protect his memory, and preserve his storye,  
Remaine a lasting monument of his glorye;  
And when thy ruines shall disclaime  
To be the treas'rer of his name,  
His name that cannot fade shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee.

We cannot say that the Latin epitaphs in Westminster Abbey are much to our taste, nor can we, under any circumstances, recommend the use of a dead language in funeral inscriptions. One Latin epitaph, however, we cannot pass over, namely, that to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith, by Dr. Samuel Johnson—a noble and scholar-like production, dictated by genuine affection, and full of grace and tenderness. In the delineation of the personal and literary character of his deceased friend, we recognize all the grander traits of honest Samuel's loving heart and powerful pen. Nothing can be in better taste than his just and generous commendation of his friend's genius:—

*Affectuum potens et lenis Dominator;  
Ingenio sublimis—vividus, versatilis;  
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus.*

To return to the English epitaphs in the Abbey, one of the most remarkable for its

elegance and simplicity is that on Purcell, the composer, which is reputed, on the authority of Malone, to have been the composition of Dryden. It is certainly not unworthy of his pen :—

Here lyes  
HENRY PURCELL, Esq.,  
Who left this life,  
And is gone to that blessed place  
Where only his Harmony  
Can be exceeded.  
Obiit 21 die Novembris  
Anno Ætatis suæ 37  
Annoque Domini 1695.

Among the more modern inscriptions, those upon the great engineers, James Watt and Thomas Telford, are particularly worthy of notice. The former is from the pen of Lord Brougham, and is justly admired for its noble and expressive phraseology :—

Not to perpetuate a name,  
Which must endure while the peaceful arts  
flourish,  
But to show  
That mankind have learned to know those  
Who best deserve their gratitude,  
The King,  
His ministers, and many of the nobles  
And commoners of the realm  
Raised this monument to  
JAMES WATT,  
Who, directing the force of an original genius,  
Early exercised in philosophic research,  
To the improvement of the Steam Engine,  
Enlarged the resources of his country,  
Increased the power of man,  
And rose to eminent place  
Among the most illustrious followers of science,  
And the real benefactors of the world.

The inscription upon Telford's monument is equally chaste and beautiful. After giving his name and the dates of his birth and death, it presents this noble summary of his life and character :—

The orphan son of a shepherd, self-educated,  
He raised himself,  
By his extraordinary talents and integrity,  
From the humble condition of an operative mason,  
And became one of the  
Most eminent Civil Engineers of the age.  
This marble has been erected near the spot  
Where his remains are deposited,  
By the friends who revered his virtues,  
But his noblest monuments are to be found  
amongst  
The great public works of his country.

Every visitor to Westminster Abbey will reverently pause before the magnificent cen-

taph of the great Earl of Chatham, which, though somewhat too confused and elaborate in its artistic decorations, is not unworthy of the great services of the greatest of English ministers. Having achieved a higher reputation as a statesman and orator than any other public man which his country had produced, and having fallen, as it were, in her service, the national gratitude was displayed in an unprecedented manner by the honors paid to his memory. His body lay in state for three days in the painted chamber in the House of Lords—his public funeral exceeded in splendor the obsequies of princes of the blood—his debts were paid by the nation—and finally, the stately tomb to which we have drawn attention was placed over his remains. The inscription upon it, whilst exceedingly plain and simple, is impressive and appropriate :—

Erected by the King and Parliament,  
As a testimony to  
The Virtues and Ability  
of  
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM,  
During whose administration, in the reigns of  
George II. and George III.  
Divine Providence  
Exalted Great Britain  
To a height of Prosperity and Glory  
Unknown in any former age.

Of the poetical epitaphs in the Abbey some of the most important are by Alexander Pope. Like everything else that proceeded from his pen, they are highly polished and carefully written, but, viewed as monumental inscriptions, entirely undistinguished for any striking excellence. Among the best of them is that on the Honorable James Craggs, a secretary of state, rather discredibly mixed up with the South Sea Bubble :—

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, yet in honor clear !  
Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend ;  
Ennobled by Himself, by all approved,  
Praised, wept, and honored by the Muse he loved.

The epitaph on Gay is interesting as a tribute of friendship, and for the faithful portrait which it presents of that pleasant and amiable poet. The simplicity of his character is admirably delineated in the first couplet :—

Of manners gentle, and affections mild,  
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

Taken altogether it is a most beautiful and appropriate composition, and we cannot but regret that the monument on which it appears should be disfigured by the doggerel lines, said to have been written by Gay himself, and inscribed on the ledge just above Pope's epitaph:—

Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it.

The epitaph of Nicholas Rowe, the dramatist, (also by Pope,) has been much admired for the pathos of the concluding lines, the beauty of which, however, it is a matter of notoriety, was considerably marred by a plain prosaic circumstance, which proves the danger of assuming facts even in poetical compositions. The monument is commemorative of the poet and of his only daughter, the wife of Henry Fane, Esquire. His widow survived him, and her inconsolable affliction was beautifully depicted by Pope:—

To these so mourned in death, so loved in life,  
The childless parent, and the widowed wife,  
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,  
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Almost, however, before "the monumental stone" was finished, the disconsolate widow dried her eyes, and married a gallant colonel of dragoons, without considering that she was spoiling the beauty of her husband's epitaph. So much for poetical prophecy and female constancy!

Among the most flagrant instances of false taste and imbecility in the monumental inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, we must specify, before we pass on, that on the tomb of David Garrick. The tomb itself has been described as "a theatrical conceit, of which the design exhibits neither taste nor invention."\* The epitaph was the production of Pratt, the author of *Harvest Home* and other lucubrations which have long since been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets; and both epitaph and monument are thus spoken of by Charles Lamb in the *Essays of Elia*. Alluding principally to the eccentric attitude of the actor's effigy, he observes: "Though I would not go so far, with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was not a little scandalized at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the

saddest realities. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this burlesque figure a farrago of false thought and nonsense." The farrago in question is in verse, and represents Shakspeare and Garrick as "twin stars" (1) who as long as time shall last are to "irradiate earth with a beam divine."

There are but few epitaphs in St. Paul's Cathedral—the other great resting-place of our illustrious dead—which we deem worthy of remark or reproduction. The best in the whole edifice, and one of the most perfect compositions of its kind, is the well-known inscription commemorative of its renowned architect, Sir Christopher Wren:—

Subditus conditur hujus Ecclesiæ et Urbis  
Conditor, CHRISTOPHERUS WREN, qui vixit  
Annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi, sed  
Bono publico. *Lector, si monumentum requiris,  
Circumspice.*

We need not point out the beauties of this celebrated epitaph—its terseness of phraseology, (to which no translation could do justice,) its suggestiveness, grandeur, and dignity. Another Latin epitaph in St. Paul's is also deserving of notice, both on account of its merit, and the individual it commemorates. We allude to the inscription on the monument of Dr. Samuel Johnson, written by the famous scholar, Dr. Parr.

Of the English inscriptions in this Cathedral, the only one which seems to possess any striking character, is that on the monument of the philanthropist, John Howard. It concludes with the well-known sentence: "He trod an open and unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unremitting exercise of Christian charity. May this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements."

From the remarks we have made, and the few illustrations we have selected from notorious sources, it will be concluded that it is no very easy matter to produce a good epitaph. Great practice in the art of composition is required—great power of condensation—and the exercise of rare judgment and discrimination. In their efforts at epitaph-writing, few English poets have appeared to great advantage. One or two perfect specimens, indeed, we do possess, but the success of a single writer must be set off against the failure of a great many others. Of our good epitaphs, the very best, in our opinion, is that on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, by Ben Jonson. Although it has been often

\* "Worthies of England," by Geo. Lewis Smythe, 1850.

quoted, we cannot find it in our hearts to exclude it from our selections :—

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
Fair, and wise, and good as she,  
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

Delicacy of expression, and grandeur and beauty of thought, are united in this exquisite production. Another of Jonson's epitaphs, although more rugged in versification, is also deserving of quotation :—

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as could die ;  
Which, when alive, did vigor give  
To as much beauty as could live.  
If she had a single fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.

We have already had occasion to make a few remarks on Pope's epitaphs. Not a few of them, as we have before hinted, appear to us tame and insipid, and characterized by a false taste. We would, however, except from this censure the well-known couplet designed for the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, in which dignity of language, and boldness of conception, are strikingly blended :—

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night ;—  
God said, " Let Newton be !" and all was light.

David Garrick is the author of some very good and characteristic epitaphs. The best of them, to our taste, is that upon Claudius Philips, the musician, who lived and died in great poverty. It was for some time ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but is now clearly established to have been the production of Garrick :—

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove  
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love,  
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,  
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;  
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Another of Garrick's most celebrated epitaphs, is that on Mr. Havard, the comedian, who died in 1778. It is described by the author as a tribute "to the memory of a character he long knew and respected." Whatever its merits as a composition, the professional metaphor introduced is, to say the least of it, sadly out of place :—

" An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Havard, from sorrow rest beneath this stone ;  
An honest man—beloved as soon as known ;  
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,  
In real life he justly played his part !  
The noblest character he acted well,  
And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

The epitaph on William Hogarth, in Chiswick Churchyard, (also by Garrick,) is in far better taste :—

Farewell, great painter of mankind,  
Who reached the noblest point of art ;  
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart !  
If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;  
If nature touch thee, drop a tear :—  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.

Some distinguished men have amused themselves in their life-time, by inditing epitaphs for themselves. Benjamin Franklin, and the great lawyer and orientalist, Sir William Jones, have left us characteristic performances of this kind in prose, and from Matthew Prior we have a mock-serious epitaph in verse. The latter composition has been often quoted, but its author was so great a master of terse, epigrammatic expression, that it will bear repetition :—

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,  
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior ;  
The son of Adam and of Eve,  
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher ?

Written in the same spirit, but superior in tone and quality, is the following epitaph "on a poor, but honest man," the authorship of which is unknown to us :—

Stop, reader, here, and deign to look  
On one without a name,  
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book  
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife,  
Meek virtues fill'd his breast ;  
His coat of arms, "a spotless life,"  
"An honest heart" his crest.

Quartered therewith was innocence,  
And thus his motto ran :  
"A conscience void of all offence,  
Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride  
Now scorns his pedigree,  
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied  
To this great family.



The identical thought contained in Prior's epitaph is ludicrously expressed in the following inscription taken from a monument erected in 1703, in the New Church burying-ground of Dundee, to the memory of J. R. :—

Here lies a Man,  
Com'd of Adam and Eve ;  
If any will climb higher,  
I give him leave.

Amongst our poetical epitaphs, of the more polished and elaborate class, we must not omit to notice two by the poet Mason ; one of them being to the memory of his mother, in Bristol Cathedral, and the other on a young lady named Drummond, in the church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire. We have only space for the latter :—

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was  
grace ;

Grace, that with tenderness and sense combined  
To form that harmony of soul and face,  
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid that, in the morn of youth,  
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,  
Blest with each art that owes its charms to truth,  
Sank in her father's fond embrace, and died.

He weeps ; O venerate the holy tear !  
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load ;  
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,  
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

Of whimsical and satirical epitaphs,—some actually inscribed upon the tombstone, and others merely written and intended for pasquinades,—a large collection might be made. We must admit that we have ourselves little taste for these anomalous compositions, nor do we consider it creditable to the national character, that so many English churchyards can be pointed out where they occur. Within the hallowed precincts of the grave,—in the presence, as it were, of the awful realities of death,—it would be thought that few men would care to jest. Nevertheless, experience proves that there are those who will make even the sad paraphernalia of the tomb the subject of mirth and pleasantry : witness the epitaph designed for the tomb of Sir John Vanbrugh, distinguished as a dramatist and architect, and reflecting on his achievements in the latter capacity :—

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

The original of the following not very gal-

lant production is to be found among epigrams of Boileau :

Here lies my wife ; there let her lie :  
She is at rest—and so am I.

We do not suppose that this was ever engraved upon a tombstone, either in its French or English dress ; but the following dog lines are said to have been actually cut from a slab in an English church :—

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,  
Who as a wife did never vex one ;  
We can't say that for her at the next stone.

The following effort of rustic wit (?) known to have appeared on a tombstone in Essex :—

Here lies the man Richard,  
And Mary his wife ;  
Their surname was Pritchard ;  
They lived without strife ;  
And the reason was plain :  
They abounded in riches,  
They no care had nor pain,  
And the wife wore the breeches.

We will not, however, multiply examples of these compositions. Doggerel lines of the description we have quoted have often found their way into print, and we have seen one or two of the least offensive, as examples of oddity and eccentricity. It may be said, however, that compliments almost as silly as this sort of satire have been sometimes engraved upon tombstones ; as in the following flattering epitaph on a beautiful lady :—

Sleep soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,  
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still.

From the subject of epitaphs to grave-yards and cemeteries, the transition is so easy and natural, that we are tempted to enlarge the limits of our paper, for the purpose of making a few observations on them. We have somewhere met with a remark that national peculiarities and characteristics are nowhere more strikingly played, than in burial-places and monumental inscriptions. Perhaps the theory is false, and if carried to its full extent untenable ; but it receives some support from the amount of sentiment which we meet with in a cemetery, and also from some of the feelings of an English churchyard, where the epitaphs, though little distinguished for taste or variety, are generally expressive of honest

heartiness of affection. In Scotland, also, it has been observed, that the plain and massive grave-stones harmonize with and illustrate the deep-seated and rugged piety of the people; whilst in Ireland, the ill-tended and slovenly burial-places symbolize the unsteadiness of the Celtic character. But, however this may be—and the notion is hardly worth dilating on—we invite our readers to consider with us for a few moments the merits and defects of our present arrangements, in city, town and country, for the interment of the dead.

In the first place, we must protest, in common we hope with all sensible persons, against the practice which has hitherto prevailed to such a fearful extent, of burying the dead in the very heart and centre of populous towns and cities, and of continuing the use of over-crowded churchyards, surrounded on all sides by human habitations. We believe the practice to be both revolting and unnecessary, and we protest against it in the name of expediency, of humanity, and of propriety. Putting the matter simply on the ground of taste and feeling, we object to a system which renders the resting-place of the departed liable to continual desecration, as well as a source of annoyance to the living; and we rejoice to find that the legislature has endeavored by a recent enactment in some degree to remedy the evil, by empowering the Board of Health to prohibit interments in over-crowded burial-grounds.

The view which we take upon this subject is sanctioned so completely by the instincts of humanity and the dictates of common sense, that it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to refer to precedent, or to cite the practices of other nations and other times in its support. Nevertheless, we will remind our readers that among the Greeks, the cemetery, or "place of rest," was always *without* the cities, and that among the Romans, the interment of the dead beyond the walls was provided for by special enactment. The early Christians, also, originally buried outside their cities, though in the course of time they were induced to transfer their burial-places to the neighborhood of their churches. The notion that led to this change was of course the greater sanctity of the latter situation; and that idea has naturally clung to us up to this day. Where circumstances permit and sanction it, we admit that no place of interment can be more appropriate than the consecrated ground in the vicinity of the church. We love the rural churchyard, where the "immemorial" yew-tree casts its

solemn shade over the turf-covered graves of the humble dead, and everything breathes the air of tranquillity and repose. With its hallowed associations, and aspect of solemnity, peace, and serenity, it would be impossible, we believe, to imagine a more appropriate resting-place from the fitful fever of life, or one more consonant with the feelings and instincts of our nature. But the churchyard in the large city or town is a very different thing. Its narrow limits, often liable to be still further contracted by undue encroachments,—its graves profaned to make room for fresh tenants,—the busy hum of life and business surrounding it on all sides, and forming so strange a contrast to the stillness of the grave,—all combine to convince the most thoughtless and the most bigoted (for to all "old ways" some men will be found bigoted) of the impropriety of such a mode of interment.

We say then, Abolish altogether the interment of the dead amongst the habitations of the living in large, populous, busy towns. As a substitute, cemeteries, or burial places in the suburbs, must be of course resorted to. Many of these have already been established in London and other large places, by means of Joint Stock Companies; and their establishment has done much to diminish the number of interments in crowded burying-grounds. But it is obvious that such a mode of burial is only accessible to the comparatively wealthy, and it cannot be said, therefore, that any efficient remedy is yet applied to the evil of which we complain.

With regard to the taste exhibited in the sepulchral memorials of English cemeteries, (which is a matter more immediately germane to our present inquiry,) we shall say but little. Many of our readers must be familiar with those in the neighborhood of the metropolis, and have, doubtless, formed an opinion upon this point. As far as our own impressions go,—whilst we admire the decency and repose, the neatness and propriety which are so grateful to the feelings of survivors, and form so striking a contrast to the squalid deformity of the city burial-place,—we cannot say that the cemeteries we have visited present in their monumental memorials and inscriptions many examples of elevated taste and poetical feeling. The sepulchral emblems which abound on all sides are characterized by great sameness and triteness, (witness the frequent occurrence of broken columns, and similar common-place memorials;) whilst, with regard to epitaphs, we think we are justified in saying that there

are few which display originality of thought, or any remarkable power of expression.

"They order this matter better in France." Thus does Sterne begin the narrative of his "Sentimental Journey through France and Italy;" and if the oracular remark can in these days be said to apply to anything, we think it may be properly applied to burying-grounds. In the first revolution, the National Assembly, by one of its most salutary decrees, prohibited interments within churches, and directed the formation of burial-places at a distance from human dwellings. During the dismal period of the Reign of Terror which soon followed, (when Death was declared an Eternal Sleep,) men and women were buried anywhere and everywhere, without memorial or inscription to mark the spot. But this barbarism was succeeded by a strong reactionary feeling. At the beginning of the present century decrees were promulgated for the regulation of cemeteries, and it must be confessed that at the present time the Parisian burial-places are superior to any arrangements of our own for the interment of the dead. The famous cemetery of *Père la Chaise* (consecrated in 1804) ranks first in order, and is worthy of a few remarks. Among the many hundreds of our countrymen to whom the sights of Paris (thanks to the potent influence of rail and steam!) are now so familiar, there are few who have visited this spot without bringing away some pleasing impressions. Not that we intend to assert that *Père la Chaise* is all that a burying-ground should be. Far from it. We should like less prettiness and more solemnity; less theatrical display, less trite sentimentality. But still its advantages are great over all the burial-places on a large scale which it has been our lot to visit. To say nothing of its well-chosen situation, and the fine panoramic view of Paris which is obtained from it, there is a striking and peculiar beauty in the admixture of tombs, shrubs, and flowers, for which it is remarkable. Death is here disarmed of all that is terrible in its aspect. The resting-place of the departed is made as attractive as Parisian taste (which exults in the pretty and pleasing) could devise. The carefully tended graves, periodically visited and adorned with amaranth wreaths, bear witness to the depth and constancy of the affection of the survivors. Flowers of the most brilliant hue, elegantly disposed in urns and baskets, relieve the sombre tints of the cypress and acacia trees, which flourish luxuriantly on all sides. The tombs themselves

are many of them at once interesting and curious to an English eye; a large proportion representing temples and sepulchral chapels, fitted up with altars, and decorated with flowers. Although there is no great variety or originality in the epitaphs, simple and pathetic inscriptions continually occur, full of good taste and delicacy; and had we not already exceeded the limits we had assigned ourselves, we should have presented a few specimens.

We must not omit to state another circumstance, which gives more than common interest and importance to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. Amongst its sixteen or seventeen thousand tombs, there are mingled numerous memorials of illustrious warriors, artists, and men of letters, recently deceased; and the visitor cannot thread its winding paths without meeting with world-famous names inscribed upon stately cenotaphs, or, should he be accompanied with a guide, without having places pointed out to him where bodies are crumbling into dust, which were once animated by spirits of no common mould. Conspicuously situated, in the centre of the cemetery, is the splendid mausoleum erected to the memory of Casimir Perier, who having vigorously wrestled with the giant democracy, after the revolution of 1830, perished in May, 1832, from exhaustion of the mental and bodily energies, produced by over excitement. The burial-place of Marshal Ney, inclosed with iron railings and planted with flowers and evergreens, is shown to the inquiring stranger, though no monument or inscription marks the spot; and we venture to think, that neither friend nor foe would pass on without heaving a sigh for the fate of the gallant soldier who was cruelly shot down, in cold blood, as a traitor and deserter, after passing unscathed through the perils of a hundred fights! The great politicians and orators of the Restoration, Manuel, Benjamin Constant, and General Foy, are all interred near the same place; and the monument of Foy, representing the General in the act of addressing the Chamber of Deputies, it is superfluous to state, has been much admired. A host of military celebrities who rose to distinction under the fostering eye of Napoleon, and whose achievements have added so much to the highly-prized military reputation of France, have also appropriate, and, in many instances, superb memorials in this remarkable burying-ground. Records will also be found of some who have won their laurels in more peaceful pursuits, or by works of charity and benevolence, as in the case of

the Abbé Sicard, (a name well known in the revolution!) the Director of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, whose tomb is often inquired for. Without, however, enumerating all the illustrious persons of whom memorials are to be found in Père la Chaise, we venture to assert that it would be difficult to imagine a more interesting assemblage of monumental emblems, and the only regret is, that from the nature of their structure and constant exposure, they are not likely to be permanent.

Before we bring to a conclusion these discursive remarks, we may perhaps be permitted to refer to the judiciously and eloquently expressed opinions of a recent English writer on the subject of interments. In a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, (at the conclusion of an article on *Gardening*,) it is well observed that, "if the horrid means of disposing of the dead," which prevails in London and elsewhere, "had been found in New Zealand before the introduction of Christianity, and we had been innocent of them, we should reproach them with the foul iniquity, as a worse stain on the native character than even cannibalism itself." "There is a beautiful legend," continues the reviewer, "if in these days we may be pardoned for calling anything in this line a mere legend—that on the death of the Virgin, the apostles went, after a time, to remove the body, and on opening the tomb where it had been laid, found that it was gone, but in its place appeared, in full growth, a thick cluster of bright and varied flowers. On this hint be

it ours to speak. Let us remove the remains of our friends from the possibility of being a nuisance and a pollution. Let no vault, nor catacomb, nor niche, be permitted to pour forth through its chinks what must shock the sensitiveness of the most ardent affection. Let us lay what is left reverently in the earth, and above the spot let us spread a carpet of living bloom. . . . Give us, whenever the appointed hour arrives, no other monument than a parterre, six feet by two, not hung about with trumpery dyed wreaths of *éternelles* and fragile amaranths, but planted with humble, homely, low-growing favorites—the aconite and the snow-drop, to mark a resurrection from the death of winter; the violet and the lily of the valley, to join cheerfully in the sweetness of spring; the rose, to sympathize with the beauty of summer; and the Japan anemone and the chrysanthemum, to carry a smile into the fading light of autumn. So best may the corruptible body be rendered up to Nature." From the tenor of our previous remarks, the reader may conclude that we cordially sympathize with such sentiments as these. We believe they are participated in, to some extent, by most persons of taste and feeling, and whilst others may think them rather fanciful, they indicate at any rate an enlightened and elevated tone of feeling, on a topic which comes home to the "business and bosoms" of us all.

We must here break off, not because we have exhausted the subject, but because we do not wish to occupy too much space with so grave, and, comparatively, so trite a topic.

**JET AND JET ORNAMENTS.**—It would excite surprise in the minds of many a lady adorned with what are known as "jet ornaments," were she told that she is wearing only a species of coal, and that the sparkling material made by the hand of the artistic workman into a "thing of beauty" once formed the branch of a stately tree, whereon the birds of the air rested, and under which the beasts of the field reposed; yet geologists assure us such is really the fact. They describe it as a variety of coal which occurs sometimes in elongated uniform masses, and

sometimes in the form of branches, with a woody structure. It is, in its natural state, soft and brittle, of a velvet black color, and lustrous. It is found in large quantities in Saxony, and also in Prussian amber mines in detached fragments, and, being exceedingly resinous, the coarser kinds are there used for fuel, burning with a greenish flame, and a strong bituminous smell, leaving an ash, also of a greenish color. Jet is likewise found in England, on the Yorkshire coast.—*Art Journal*.



From Tait's Magazine.

## SCOTTISH CAVALIER OF THE OLDEN TIME.\*

Oh, woe unto these cruel wars  
That ever they began;  
For they have reft my native isle  
Of many a pretty man.

First they took my brethren twain,  
Then wiled my love frae me;  
Oh, woe unto the cruel wars  
In Low Germanie!—*Scotch Song.*

WE would not raise him from the dead, even if we could! For were he here, standing up in all his grim majesty of martial pomp, we would not sneer at him who in his time did his time's work faithfully and manfully. Much less would we worship him as a hero; for even his exploits of bravery and endurance cannot raise him to the standard of a hero of *our* days. Why not, then, let him rest in his foreign grave? Yes, let him rest, but as a lesson to this century, as a proof that all human excellence and all ideas of human excellence are passing away to make room for other excellence and other ideas of excellence, let us try to raise, though it be but for an hour, the shadow of the shadow of Sir John Hepburn.

In East-Lothian, almost within sight of Berwick-Law, and on the brink of that deep hollow or ford where the Scots defeated and slew Athelstane, the Saxon king, stands a goodly-sized manor-house, overlooking the rocky hills of Dirleton, flanked by an old kirk and surrounded by decayed, moss-covered trees. The stone steps of the mansion are worn away with the tread of many generations of men and women who have passed away and left no trace behind them. Others, the denizens of that old gloomy house, are mentioned here and there in stray parchments and records; and from the collected evidence of these it appears that House Athelstaneford was built by a branch of the Hepburns of Hailes and Bothwell, and that the place was held feudally of their kinsmen the Hepburns of Waughton. These Hepburns of Hailes and Bothwell, and of Athelstaneford and Waughton, were an impetuous

and warlike family, who took their fill of fighting and plunder in all the frays of the Border. Thus, in January, 1569, we find them expelled from their ancestral seat at Waughton, and assembling in large masses to re-take that place, "and Fortalice of Vachtune," where they slew "Vmgle. Johnne Geddes," and hurt and wounded "divers otheris," besides breaking into the barbican and capturing sixteen steeds. But while thus employed, they were attacked by the Laird of Carmichael, the Captain of the Tower, who slew three of them and drove off the rest. Among them was George Hepburn of Athelstaneford, who was subsequently tried for the proceedings of that day, and who was acquitted in this case not only, but also for the share he took in Bothwell's insurrection, for his part in which he was arraigned as having slain "three of the king's soldiers" at the battle of Langsides. Thus, escaping from sieges and battles, and, what is more, from the dangers of the law, George Hepburn died. No one knows how, and whether he came to his end on the field or the scaffold, or in his own house of Athelstaneford. Nor is anything known of the day or year of his death, for little store was in those days set by the life of a simple yeoman. In the year 1616, it is found that his eldest son, George Hepburn, is "retoured" in the lands of Athelstaneford. George's brother was John Hepburn, the chief hero of Mr. Grant's Memoir. We say the *chief* hero, for he records other names and the deeds of other men of the time.

John Hepburn, the man in *buff*, had at that time, namely, in 1616, when his father was just dead, reached his sixteenth year. He had had what little schooling sufficed for a younger son of his day, and he was well informed for a lad who left school at fourteen. His back was yet unbent, and his

\* Memoirs and Adventures of Sir John Hepburn, Knight, Governor of Munich, Marshal of France under Louis XIII. and Commander of the Scots Brigade under Gustavus Adolphus, etc. By James Grant. London: Blackwood and Sons. 1851.

mind rather stimulated than fraught with learning. But the best acquisition he made at school was a friend, Robert Munro; his class-fellow in youth, his battle-fellow in after years. At that time John Hepburn, too, was distinguished, even on the border, for the skill and grace of his horsemanship, and for the scientific use he made of the sword. And well it was for him that he, whose fortune lay at the sword's point, should have known how to handle that instrument of his future elevation.

For to a youngster from the Scottish border the time offered scarcely any sustenance and much less promotion. The border wars and the home feuds of the Scottish nobles were for the nonce terminated by the accession of James Stuart. So monotonous and void of incident had life on the border become, that John Hepburn and Robert Munro actually set out on a tour to Paris and Poitiers, perhaps for the purpose of study, though it is much more probable that they intended looking out for vacancies in some of the Scotch regiments in France. On this occasion it appears that the rising fame of the great Gustavus Adolphus, of whom he "heard frequent commendations, gave birth to a spark of military ardor within his breast which was never extinguished till his death."

Robert Munro remained in Paris, and learned a soldier's trade in the body-guard of the King of France. How that trade was taught in those days will best be learned from his own account of military punishments:—

"I was once made to stand, in my younger years, at the Louvre-gate, in Paris, for sleeping in the morning when I ought to have been at my exercise; for punishment I was made to stand, from eleven before noone to eight of the clocke in the night, centry, armed with corslet, headpiece, bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a hot summer's day, till I was weary of my life, which ever after made me more strict in punishing those under my command."

John Hepburn was destined to win his spurs in a school which was equally severe, though less distinguished. When he returned home, he found Sir Andrew Grey, a soldier of fortune, with a camp of recruits at Monkrig, in the vicinity of Athelstaneford; and every day drummers were scouring the country, drumming out for volunteers to fight in Bohemia for the Princess Elizabeth and against the German Emperor. Their song of

Fye boys! fye boys! leave it not there,  
No honor is gotten by hunting the hare,

had its effect on John Hepburn, who consented to "trail a pike in Sir Andrew's band," that is to say, he enlisted as a private soldier in the division.

His captain, Sir Andrew, of all men was most fit to train young soldiers to the trade of arms. He was the type of a soldier of fortune and paid partisan, to whom the camp was a home, the march a recreation, and the day of battle a season of gala and rejoicing. He had seen much service and hard fighting at home and abroad. As a friend of Lord Home, he had, in 1594, been outlawed by the General Assembly; and at the battle of Glenlivar, he commanded the Earl of Huntley's artillery, which consisted of "three culverins." This old soldier wore his buff and armor as every-day dress, even in time of peace, and he was never seen without a long sword, a formidable dagger, and a pair of iron pistols, all of which served greatly to annoy the King James Stuart, who said of old Sir Andrew that he was so fortified that, if he were but well "victualled, he would be impregnable." Impregnable though he may have been to cold iron and leaden bullets, yet being sent into Holland, in 1624, with 12,000 English, it is presumed that he perished with his men, most of whom "died miserably with cold and hunger," and whose bodies lay "heaped upon another," as food for "the dogs and swine, to the horror of all beholders."

But we anticipate. In the year 1620, when John Hepburn joined Sir Andrew's band, he led his force of 1,500 men (and among them 120 moss-troopers whom the King's Council had arrested and enrolled for turbulency) through Leith and Holland into Bohemia.

That unfortunate country was just then exposed to all the horrors of a religious war. The Austrian Emperor had endeavored to enforce his Roman Catholic tendencies, and the States had rebelled and offered their crown to the Elector of the Palatinate, son-in-law to James Stuart; and it was between him and the Emperor that the princes and powers of Germany and Europe had to choose. Sir Andrew Grey's Scotch Regiment joined the Elector's force in the campaign against the Emperor's Spanish auxiliaries, under the Marquis Spinola; and in the course of that campaign John Hepburn was promoted to the command of a company of pikes. After the battle of Prague,

where the Elector's forces were signally defeated, and where that prince himself abandoned his own cause, the Scotch troops joined the army of the Count of Mansfield, who undertook to carry on the war on account of the unfortunate Queen. At his side they fought in the Palatinates, in Alsace and in Holland, at which latter place they assisted in the defence of the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom; and on one occasion cut their way through the Marquis of Spinola's army. On these fights, though we might adduce many instances of bravery and devotion on the part of the heroic Scots, we must nevertheless be silent; for so intrepid were they all, that John Hepburn's deeds are lost amidst the number. His name stands first prominently forward when, at the end of the war in Holland, he led the remains of Sir Andrew's band to Sweden, whither they were attended by the force of the great Gustavus Adolphus. That King, whose camp had risen to be the best military school in Europe, was almost monthly joined by troops of Scotchmen, and Mr. Grant, whose researches on the subject have been minute in the extreme, informs us that not less than 13,104 Scots served in the Swedish army during the wars in Germany.

Captain John Hepburn, joined by his cousin, James Hepburn of Waughton, was duly installed in the Swedish army, and soon promoted to the command of the Green Scots Brigade. Imagine him, decked with all the panoply of a warrior of that time, dressed in a gorget of richest stuff, covered with cunningly-worked and inlaid armor from the forges of Milan, his head surmounted with the plumed morion, arrow-shaped, with a gilt tiar turning up in front, his hair cut close, his moustache hanging down upon his gorget, and his long sword rattling against his enormous spurs. Imagine the Swedish king's Scotch officer, his resplendent breast-plate, half covered with a scarlet scarf; his jackboots pistol-proof, and accoutred with enormous spurs, having each six rowels, measuring three inches from point to point, and projecting from a ball of bell-metal, within which were four iron drops, which jingled as he rode or walked. Imagine him leading his band of musketeers and pikemen, all duly clad in helmets, gorgets, buff-coats and breast-plates—the musketeers wearing their heavy matchlocks, the pikemen carrying pikes, varying from fourteen to eighteen feet long, and all of them, from the leader down to the last youngster who trailed a pike, looking more massive and stout than any men

of our day ever can look; for their corselets were both large and thick, to cover their well-padded doublets, and to resist the dint of bullets. In 1623 he was a colonel and commander of a regiment which formed part of the army which the King of Sweden dispatched against the King of Poland. "It was in this Polish war," says his biographer, "that Hepburn began the series of brilliant achievements which marked his career under the banner of Gustavus. The most important of these deeds of arms was the relief of Mew, a town of Western Prussia, the Swedish garrison of which was closely blockaded by a Polish army of 30,000 men, who were intrenched upon a steep green eminence, cutting off all communication between the town and the surrounding country. The town of Mew being situate on the confluence of the Versa with the Vistula, it was over this eminence that the relieving army had to pass if they would raise the siege. The Poles had, therefore, furnished it with two batteries of ordnance, which commanded the approach by a cross fire, while the whole line of their intrenched infantry, armed with bows and matchlocks, swept the ground which descended abruptly from their earthen parapets. Against this army of 30,000 the King of Sweden sent 3,000 Scots foot and 500 horse, under Count Thurn. This force left the Swedish camp in the dusk of the evening; and proceeding quietly and silently by a secret path, they soon came in view of the heights on which the Polish infantry, clad in mail of a half Oriental fashion, and armed with bows, matchlocks, iron maces, lances, scimitars and targets, were strongly intrenched, with their brass cannon bristling through the green brushwood on their right and left. In their rear lay the spires of Mew, the object of the contest and the prize of victory.

Night was fast setting in when Colonel Hepburn began to ascend the hill, by a narrow and winding path, encumbered by rocks and stones, thick underwood and overhanging trees, through which the heavily-armed soldiers threaded their way with great difficulty, as they clung to the projecting ledges of rock or grasped the furze and underwood in their attempts to gain the summit. Not a sound was heard, not a word was spoken, and even the clang of armor or the jingle of a metal sword-sheath were drowned by the hoarse roar of the impetuous Vistula beneath. Thus guided by the white plume in Hepburn's helmet, the Scots gained the summit and surprised the Poles, who were still work-

ing at their trenches. Muskets were clubbed, pikes advanced, and the trenches taken. But bullets, arrows and stones fell upon them in a dense shower, and hordes of Cossacks in mail shirts and steel caps caused them great tribulation by their violent onsets, until Hepburn withdrew his column to a rock, against which he leaned his rear, while his front ranks, their pikes advanced, stood immovable, presenting an impenetrable mass of bristling steel points, with every now and then a murderous volley from the musketeers in the centre. In this position he was reinforced by 200 German arquebusiers, whose assistance enabled him to hold out. Advance was quite out of the question, for all along his front the Poles piled their portable *chevaux-de-frise*, while the whole of their army attacked him incessantly for two nights and two days. But in the meanwhile, the King of Sweden succeeded in revictualling and regarrisoning the town of Mew. The Poles, whose only hope was to reduce the place by fatigue and hunger, broke up their camp and abandoned the siege.

Nor was it on land alone that Colonel Hepburn and his Scots volunteered the most desperate service. In the year 1630 he was sent, with ninety-two companies of foot and sixteen squadrons of horse in two hundred small vessels, from Elfsnaben, in Sweden, across the stormy Baltic to Pommern, where he remained in country quarters until he received orders to support Sir Donald Mackay's Highlanders in the island of Rügen.

Those Highlanders, then under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, had embarked at Pillan, from whence they were ordered to sail to Wolgast, in Pommern. They were in two Swedish vessels, and their baggage, horses, drums and ammunition were in a small ship which sailed along with them. Driven into the roads of Bornholm by a tempest, the two vessels were separated, and one of them, in which were Lieutenant-Colonel Munro and Captain Robert Munro, with three Highland companies, sprung a leak, and was, after many dangers and hardships to the soldiers, thrown on the coast of the island of Rügen, where she parted amidships, and where the three companies of Highlanders had to cling to the wreck, over which the waves broke with an indescribable fury. Landed at length by means of a raft, which they constructed in the very midst of the surge, they found themselves eighty miles from the Swedish outposts, on an island all the forts of which were in the

hands of the Imperialists, while all their means of defence consisted in swords, pikes and some wet muskets, while every man of them was drenched, starving and exhausted with danger and toil. But it required greater hardships or dangers to break the spirit of these hardy soldiers of fortune. They hid among the cliffs until night, when they borrowed fifty muskets from the Pomeranian Governor of Rügenwalde Castle, by whose assistance also they gained access to the city and killed and captured the Austrian garrison. Having thus obtained possession of the capital of Rügen, the next thing to be done was to retain the place and defend it against the Austrians, a large force of whom were at Colberg, at the distance of only seven miles from Rügenwalde. Lieutenant-Colonel Munro strengthened the castle by the erection of turf sconces and redoubts, and provisioned it by foraging the country even to the very gates of Dantzic. Then came a siege of nine weeks, with its cannonading, and its daily and nightly skirmishes and sallies, until, one morning, the Austrians fled from their trenches at the approach of Colonel Hepburn's Green Brigade and Invincibles.

And here Sir John again appears on the scene, as Governor of the town and castle of Rügenwalde, recruiting among the islanders, and collecting 8,000 fighting men, whom he armed, disciplined, and divided into companies. Having thus created an army, he drove the enemy out of Pommern, and, lastly, sat down before Colberg to invest and blockade it. In the course of this siege he was superseded in his command by a small German lordling, the Herr von Kniphausen, who held a higher rank in the Swedish army, and to whom we are indebted for many of the feats of the Scottish Hercules, which this Herr von Kniphausen, too weak for execution, planned for the performance of others. Among these feats is the defence of the town and castle of Shevelbrunn, a pass at the distance of five miles from Colberg, and through which the Austrian forces of General Montecuculi, which were marching up to the relief of Colberg, would have to pass, before they could approach the town.

The Herr von Kniphausen's orders were very precise, and much more easy to give than to execute. "Maintain the town," said that beer-bloated Teuton, "so long as you can; but give not up the castle while a single man remains with you." That is to say, not



"Go in and win!" but "Go in and" be killed ;  
"but the longer you can be about it the more creditable it will be for you."

Thus instructed, and accompanied by a squadron of steel-clad troopers, Sir John rode forth, thinking the place but "a scurvie hole for any honest cavalier to maintain his credit in." But the Herr von Kniphausen had changed his mind already, and, withdrawing Sir John and the troopers, he sent Munro and his Highlanders, with exactly the same instructions: to be killed and to take time. These Highlanders fortified the ruined place with ramparts of rock and stockades breast high; and while they were completing their preparations, the earth around shook with the tramp of Flemish horses and mailed men, for 8,000 Imperialists, cuirassiers, Croats and arquebusiers, commanded by Montecuculi, marched up with great speed, but with still greater speed were they driven back by the well-regulated fire of the Highlanders. From their masses, still confused with the hurry of the retreat, a trumpeter advanced, proposing a treaty of surrender, to which Munro replied, "The word *treaty* having, by some chance, been omitted in my instructions, I have only powder and ball at the service of the Count de Montecuculi." Back rode the trumpeter, incensed with the Scotchman's saucy answer, and on came the Walloons and Croats. And the Highlanders, firing over their earthen breastworks, held the foe back with battle-built ramparts of dead men, which lay chin-deep in front of every barricade; and fighting, shooting, always retreating from one work to another, and burning the streets as they fell back, they, with their faces still turned to the enemy, made good their retreat into the castle. But Montecuculi, who was not well pleased with the violence of those "barekneed soldiers," retreated during the night from Shevelbrunn, not without Munro dispatching "eighteen dragoniers to march after them for bringing me intelligence of his majestie's forces from Statin, which were come betwixt the enemy and Colberg."

The Austrian garrison of Colberg being hard pressed by the Scots and Swedes, and having no hope of relief from Montecuculi, was at length compelled to capitulate, and marched out with the honors of war, namely, "all in their armor, with pikes carried, colors flying, drums beating, and matches lighted; with bag and baggage, and two pieces of cannon with balls in their muzzles, and lint-stocks burning."

Six hundred of Lord Reay's Highlanders were, for nine days, besieged by the Impe-

rialists in New Brandenburg. On the ninth day the town was taken by assault, and the six hundred Highlanders, with their chief, Colonel Lindsay, then 28 years of age, were unmercifully cut to pieces. Two officers, Captain Innes and Lieutenant Lumsden, escaped by swimming the wet ditch in their armor, and brought the news of their comrades' death to the head-quarters of the Scotch brigade; and these, with carried pikes, matches lit, six standards displayed, and all the drums beating the "old Scots' march," which the shrill fifes poured to the morning wind, marched upon Frankfort-on-the-Oder, to avenge the death of their comrades on Count Schomberg's Austrian brigade of 10,000 old troops. As they came within sight of the city, they extended their lines, and marching up from different quarters, attacked it. And the Austrians, still reeking with the slaughter of New Brandenburg, and their ravages, their burnings, sackings and murders, the piking of children and the violence done to women in Brandenburg and Pommern, stood up on the line of the embattled wall which girt the city, and which was bright with the glitter of their helmets. Their cannon opened from the ramparts, and, when the smoke was blown aside, their pikes and muskets and sword-blades flashed in the sun. But on that day all the cannonading was a mere prelude, an earnest of what was to follow in the way of attack and defence. For the King of Sweden had yet to reconnoitre the place, which he did in person; and having, for that purpose, come "somewhat too near the town," a sally was made by the Austrians, and the King's party fired at. Two officers fell badly wounded, namely, Lieutenant Munro, of Munro's regiment, and Col. Teuffel (*Anglicé* Devil) Baron of Zinnersdorf, for whom the King "made great mourn, alleging he had no help then but of Hepburns." And indeed it was John Sinclair, of Hepburn's regiment, who repelled the Imperialists; and, following up his advantage, effected a lodgment in a churchyard, from whence he could enfilade and sweep the enemy's works in flank. Captain Gunter, too, of Hepburn's regiment, accompanied by a dozen of his men, clambered through the moat and reconnoitred the space between the outer rampart and the inner wall. These preparations having been made during the night and on the morning of Palm Sunday, the 3d April, the general assault commenced at five o'clock on the afternoon of that day. We quote it in the words of Mr. Grant's masterly description, adding only that the King of

Sweden unleashed his Scots against the walls, after reminding them of their murdered countrymen at New Brandenburg.

"A trumpet sounded!

"The whole Swedish artillery poured a general salvo upon the enemy's works, while from every point of their approaches the musketeers poured volley after volley.

. . . And while the imperial cannon, muskets, pistolettes and *arquebuses-à-croix* vomited a cloud of fire and dense white smoke, with bullets of every size—lead, iron and brass—from the walls, parapets and palisades, from casemate and cavalier, the brave Scottish brigade, with the green banners, rushed on with levelled pikes to storm the Guben Gate.

"Sir John Hepburn and Colonel Lumsden, side by side, led them on. They both bore lighted petards to burst open the gate. Advancing, they hung their petards, and retired a pace or two: the engines burst and blew the strong barrier to a thousand fragments. And now the bullets poured through the gap thick as a hailstorm; for, charged to the muzzle, two pieces of Austrian cannon swept the approach and made tremendous havoc among the dense ranks of the Scots Brigade, forming absolute lanes through them.

"While Munro's regiment crossed the wet ditch, among mud and water, which came up to their gorgets, and boldly planting their ladders, clambered over the sloping bastions, under a murderous fire, storming the palisades at point of sword and push of pike, Gustavus, with the Blue and Yellow Swedish Brigades, all officered by Scotch Cavaliers, fell, sword in hand, upon that quarter which was defended by Walter Butler and his Irish regiment. Butler made a noble and resolute defence, fighting nearly to the last man around him.

"The Green Scots Brigade still pressed desperately to gain the strong Guben Gate; the valorous Hepburn, leading the pikes and being advanced within half-pike's length of the door, was shot above the knee that he was lame of *before*. Finding himself struck, 'Bully Munro,' he cried, jocularly, to his old friend and fellow-student, whose soldiers had so gallantly carried the outer palisades—'Bully Munro, I'm shot!'

"A major advancing to take his place, was shot dead; and, with the blood streaming from their wounds, the soldiers were falling fast on every side, till even the stubborn pikemen wavered for a moment; upon which Lumsden and Munro, each at the head of his own regiment, having their helmets closed

and half-pikes in their hands, cheered on their men, and, shoulder to shoulder, led the way.

"'My hearts!' exclaimed Lumsden, brandishing his weapon, 'my brave hearts, let's enter!'

"'Forward!' cried Munro; 'advance, pikes!' And the gate was stormed in a twinkling, the Austrians driven back, their own cannon turned on them, and fired point-blank, blowing their heads and limbs into the air.

"The Austrians were slain on every hand; and to their cries of 'Quarter! quarter!' the Scots replied, 'New Brandenburg! Remember New Brandenburg!' . . . .

"Hepburn's brigade pressed on from the Guben Gate through one street which was densely filled with Imperial troops, who contested every foot of the way, while General Sir John Bannier scoured another with his brigade. Twice the Imperialists beat a parley; but amid the roar of the musketry, the boom of the cannon from bastion and battery, with the uproar, shouts and yells in every contested street and house, the beat of the drum was unheard. Still the combat continued, the carnage went on, and still the Scotch brigade advanced in close columns of regiments, shoulder to shoulder, like moving castles, the long pikes levelled in front, while the rear ranks of musketeers volleyed in security from behind.

"The veteran Imperialists, 'hunger and cold beaten souldiers,' met them almost foot to foot, and hand to hand. The stern aspect of Tilly's soldiers excited even the admiration of their conquerors; for their armor was rusted red with winter's storms, and dented with sword-cuts and musket-balls; their faces seamed with scars, and bronzed by constant exposure in every kind of weather; but they were forced to give way, and a frightful slaughter ensued.

"The Generals Schomberg, Montecuculi, Tiefenbach, and Ilberstein mounted and, with a few cuirassiers, fled by a bridge towards Geogan, leaving four colonels, thirty-six junior officers, and 3,000 soldiers dead in the streets, fifty colors, and ten baggage-wagons laden with plate; and so precipitate was their retreat, that their *caissons* blocked up the passage to the bridge, while cannon, tumbrils, chests of powder and ball, piles of dead and dying soldiers, with their ghastly and distorted visages and battered coats of mail, covered with blood and dust, smoke, mud, and the falling masonry of the ruined houses, made up a medley of horrors. and

formed a barricade which obstructed the immediate pursuit of the foe."

Next day the dead were buried; friend and foe were laid side by side, a hundred in every grave!

Within a few days only after the capture of Frankfort, and though still suffering from his wound, we find Sir John Hepburn setting out to reinforce the Marshal Horne in his siege of Landsberg, a town on the eastern bank of the Oder. This town was held by the Austrian Colonel Gratz, with 5,000 foot and twelve troops of horse. As the valiant Scot marched along, he fell in with a horde of Croats in short doublets, corslets of steel, long white breeches and fur caps, whom he attacked, routed, and slew their colonel; in consequence of which, these savage warriors fell back upon Landsberg, burning all the villages in their way, and blowing up all the bridges. We need not here expatiate on the strength of Landsberg, long famed for the manufacture of iron culverins; or the mixture of boldness and stratagem—the crossing a deep ditch on planks, and the taking of the strongest redoubt—which induced Colonel Gratz to capitulate, and leave the town with drums beating and colors displayed, and accompanied by not less than 2,000 female camp-followers, in reference to whom we fully subscribe to the *resumé* of the *Swedish Intelligencer*: "Thus was a goodly towne, and a strong, most basely given vpe by a companie of cullions."

Then, again, the battle-field of Leipzig! which has since been drenched with the offal of many other butcheries, but which had its bloodiest day, as far as actual carnage went, in that year of 1631, when Gustavus of Sweden, with 30,000 men, marched upon Tilly, who lay encamped on the dull, monotonous plain of Leipzig, with a motley, grim-visaged, scarred, and war-worn army of Walloon emissaries, Spanish infantry, and Austrian artillery, all in all to the number of 40,000. Marching on from Wittenberg, the Swedish army came in sight of the Austrian camp, and halted within a mile of it, on the 6th September. They placed their outguard almost within the range of a falconet from the enemy's batteries, when they—and indeed the whole army with them—bivouacked on the bare plain in their armor, with their swords and muskets at their sides, and with their haversacks for pillows. As the shades of the evening thickened over the Swedish bivouac, a dense fog rolled lazily along from the direction of Meissen, leaving nothing visible but the line of red fires which marked

Tilly's position in front of Leipzig. These fires dotted the slope of a gentle eminence south-west of Podelwitz, and extended nearly two miles from flank to flank. That sight was a fit drop-scene for the next morning's tragedy; which scene was drawn up for action when, at sunrise on Wednesday the 7th September, 1631, the white mists rose like a gauzy curtain from the mighty plain of Leipzig and Breitenfeld. As that curtain rose, the Swedes prepared for action, which they did by field prayers, which were said in front of every regiment. This done, the King's forces moved in good order against the Imperialists, whose long lines of burnished arms shone again in the rays of the rising sun. There was a deep murmur floating from one line to another, as the soldiers on either side blew their gun-matches, opened their pouches, and sprung their ramrods.

The Swedish army is thus described by Munro: "In the van were the Scottish regiments of Sir James Ramsay the Black, the Laird of Foulis, and Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Hepburn's Green Scotch Brigade formed part of the reserve. As senior-colonel, Sir John Hepburn commanded this column, which consisted of three brigades. His own regiment carried four colors into the field that day.

"Field-Marshal Horne, General Bannier and Lieutenant-General Banditzen commanded the cavalry; the King of Sweden and Baron Teuffel, of Zinnersdorf and Weyersburg, led the main body of the infantry."

And further we are informed by the chroniclers of the events of that memorable battle, that "as the Swedish troops took up their ground, a great flock of birds, which rose suddenly from among the long grass and furrows of the fields, and flew towards Tilly's lines, was viewed by each army as an omen of victory."

Tilly's position was extremely strong. His troops were drawn up in close columns, according to the ancient mode; one flank rested on Sohausen, the other on Lindenthal, two miles distant. He commanded the centre himself; Count Fürstenberg commanded the right wing, and Count Pappenheim the left. His Walloons were intrenched behind a rampart flanked by two batteries, mounting each twenty pieces of heavy cannon. One commanded the Swedish approach in a direct line, the other enfiladed the Saxons. In their rear lay a thick wood of dark trees, where Tilly proposed to rally in case of a defeat. His cuirassiers, led by Count Fürstenberg, were sheathed in complete suits of armor,

under which they wore coats of buff and leather. Among these were the gaudy Italian cavalry and Crothenberg's horse, the flower of the Empire. These horse occupied the wings, the infantry the centre. Renconi's regiment was on the extreme left of Tilly: a heavily mailed regiment of Reformadoes occupied the extreme right.

As the two armies approached still nearer, the battle-cry of each rang through the air. "Gott mit uns!" cried the Swedes; "Sancta Maria!" shouted the Imperialists.

And at this juncture the vanguard of the Scots, which had crossed the Lober rivulet, were furiously charged by a detachment of Pappenheim cuirassiers, whom they repelled, by dint of pike and musket, and compelled to fall back on their main body. As the Pappenheimers retreated through the village of Podelwitz, they set fire to it, and the crash of the burning and falling houses was mingled with the cannonade which now commenced, and which lasted two hours and a half. At the end of that time, when the space between the two armies was completely filled with a dense white smoke, a long line of steel was seen to glitter in front of the Swedish lines, and a strong column of Pappenheimers, with banners uplifted, sword brandished and helmet closed, poured like lightning into the field upon the Swedish and Finland cavalry, who, unshaken, received the shock and steadily repelled it. Again the Pappenheimers charged, and again they were repulsed, and driven upon the Saxon troops on the Swedish left, whom, after a hard contest, they dislodged and drove pell-mell across the plain. Foremost in the flight was the cowardly Elector of Saxony, who, hurrying from the field, sped on and rode ten miles without drawing bridle.

Of the Scottish officers vast numbers were slain, for the high plumes in their helmets made them conspicuous marks for the long swords of the Pappenheimers, who hewed them down on every side with yells of fierce delight and loud shouts of "Victoria! Victoria!" "Follow! follow!" when, on a sudden, in the midst of this triumphant career, they were checked by the sharp quick discharge of musketry and the loud roll of the old Scots march. Sir John Hepburn came up with his men drawn up six deep, and as they advanced they fired, the three front ranks kneeling and the three rear standing upright, but all firing together and pouring so much lead among the formidable Pappenheimers that their ranks were broken; and then on came the Swedish horse, scouring the field

and scattering and felling the Pappenheimers in all directions.

Into the confusion of this route rode the King of Sweden to seek succor from Hepburn and protection for his left flank, which the flight of the Saxons had exposed. The King gave his orders, and Sir John, calling out to the brigades of horse on his right and left flank to "Wheel, form column of squadrons, advance to the charge!" placed himself at the head of his own brigade, and, supported by half of Vitzdam's corps, he marched them from the rear of the centre to the left flank, where he was met by the Imperialists, led by the formidable Tilly, who rode in front of his lines dressed in his green doublet and conspicuous by his high-pointed hat with red feather.

That small shrunken man with the livid face and the piercing hawk's eye was met by Sir John Hepburn, who galloped along in full armor, with laurel in his helmet, sword in hand, on a charger which outshone all the horses in the field by the splendor of his trappings. And behind Hepburn came the Scots in dense columns, with the pikemen in front, while behind them were three ranks stooping and three erect, giving thus six volleys at once from the face of their squares, and pouring in their shot over each other's helmets like a hail-storm, mowing down the shrinking enemy even as grass is mown by the scythe; and so they swept on, until so close to the Austrians that the very color of their eyes was visible, when Hepburn gave the last command: "Forward pikes!"

The pikes were levelled; the musketeers clubbed their muskets, and, with a loud cheer and the crash of broken helmets and skulls, Hepburn's, Lumsden's and Lord Reay's regiments, each led by its colonel, burst through the columns of Tilly, driving them back in irredeemable confusion and with frightful slaughter. Lord Reay's Highlanders were the first to break through; and Munro on the right wing stormed the trenches against the Walloons, took the breastwork, captured the cannon, and killed the gunners and their guards. Nor could any of the Imperialists have escaped the slaughter of that day but for the smoke and dust, which favored their flight. Munro says:

"We were as in a dark cloud, not seeing half our actions, much less discerning either the way of our enemies or the rest of our brigades. Whereupon, having a drummer by me, I caused him to beat the Scots march till it cleared up, which re-collected our friends unto us."



In the evening, the battle-plain of Leipzig presented an awful sight. Five Imperialist field-officers, Lerma, Fürstenberg, Holstein, Schomberg, Gonzaga, and seven thousand soldiers, lay dead on the field. In some places the corpses lay piled over each other chin deep, bleeding bodies and open gushing wounds mingled with rent and bloody armor, torn standards, dismounted cannon, broken drums and dying horses. Great bonfires were made of the broken wagons and tumbrils, and the shattered stockades and pikes which strewed the field. The red glow of these fires, as they blazed on the plains of Leipzig, glaring on the glistening mail and upturned faces of the dead, lighted the Imperialists on their flight towards the Weser. Few of these fugitives escaped: for all night the vast plain rang with the reports of the petronels and pistolettes of the pursuing dragoons, and the alarum-bells of the villages tolled incessantly. All the peasants were up and in arms to take summary revenge on the wounded and weary Imperialists who came in their way. And Tilly, the gray-haired soldier and priest, thrice wounded, in a frenzy of fear and shame at the rout of his veterans, fled from the field

which was won by the valor of the "invincible Scots." These Scots, who made such sad havoc with Tilly's glory, took his life also; for when he met them again on the banks of the Lech, they shot off his leg and drove him to Ingolstadt, where he died of his wound.

How Sir John Hepburn and his Scots stormed Marienburg and the Sconce on the Rhine, how they defended Oxenford, how Sir John quarrelled with the King of Sweden, and, in spite of his oath never again to unsheath his sword for that "ungrateful prince," how he did good service at Altenburg and Alta Feste, how he took service in France, and how he fell, sword in hand, as he was leading his Scots against the rampart of the town of Zabern; all this, and more, high eulogies paid to his memory by German, Swedish, and French chroniclers, we might recount here; and if we refrain it is for want of space, not for want of will. Those who would follow Sir John Hepburn on his glorious career, will find an inexhaustible treasure of amusement and sound antiquarian lore in Mr. Grant's book, which is the best of its kind that it has ever been our good fortune to meet with.

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## ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES. \*

EDWARD THE FIRST of England was a bold and unscrupulous politician; but as fortune is said to favor the venturesome, his ambitious designs on the independence of neighboring states met for a time with signal success. In touching on the history of his sister, Margaret, Queen of Scotland, we shall see in their germ some of those circumstances

\* "Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest." By Mary Anne Everett Green. Vols. II. and III. London: 1850. Colburn.

"Memoirs of the Queens of Spain, from the Period of the Conquest of the Goths to the Accession of her present Majesty, Isabella II., with the remarkable Events that occurred during their respective Reigns, and anecdotes of their several Courts." By Anita George. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Miss Julia Pardoe. Vol. I. London: 1850. Bentley.

which at a later period led also to the temporary prostration of Scottish freedom.

Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Third and Eleanor of Provence, was betrothed in infancy to the youthful heir apparent to the crown of Scotland. Alexander the Third became king, by his father's death, when only eight years of age; nor was the ceremony which linked him to a no less youthful bride long deferred, for the marriage took place at York, two years after his coronation at Scone. The inauguration was unusually splendid.

"In order to invest with all the dignity of hereditary grandeur the boy-king, who as yet could have so little to recommend him, an aged highland bard, with a flowing beard and hoary locks,

attired in a robe of scarlet, advanced to the royal footstool, and, bending the knee, he chanted in the Gaelic tongue, to the great delight of the assembled multitudes, the names of all the ancestors of King Alexander III., commencing—'Benach de re Albin Alexander, Mak Alexander, Mak William, Mak David, &c.,' and 'in eloquent meter of his language, schaeving all the kings of quhilkie he was linially descendit,' up to Fergus, the first king, and back through the endless genealogies of the Scoto-Irish to Iber-Scot, the first Scotchman who was descended from Niul, King of Athens, and Scota, daughter of Pharaoh Cenchres, King of Egypt."

The destroying hand of time has passed lightly over the stately palace of the ancient Scottish kings, and Scone yet stands nobly, overlooking the rich plain of Perth, and commanding the broad and fertile valley of the Tay. But, though outwardly little changed since its walls witnessed the coronation of the young Alexander, it can boast no longer the possession of the wondrous Lia-Fail. The old prophecy declared—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Or in other words, that wherever the Lia-Fail should be preserved, a monarch of the Scotie race should reign. It is well known that the "Stone of Destiny" was removed from Scone by Edward the First, and placed in Westminster Abbey, where it still remains under the coronation chair of the sovereigns of Great Britain. The accession of the Stuart Dynasty to the crown of England is looked on as a remarkable fulfilment of the old prediction. And it is one of the boasts even of the royal family of Guelf, that they derive through the same source a claim to represent the old Irish line, and to share in the prophecy which insures its permanence. The history of the Lia-Fail, before it was deposited at Scone, is still more curious. Among the *Palladia* of the mysterious colony of the Tuath-de-Danaans, on their invasion of Ireland, had been this enchanted stone, whose property it was to emit a musical sound whenever pressed by the foot of the rightful monarch; and Fergus, the leader of the Dalriadic colony, after his conquest of North Britain, in order to authenticate his claims to the new Scotie kingdom, had caused the "Stone of Destiny" to be transferred to his adopted capital. This stone, from which our luckless *Innisfail* had derived her ill-omened appellation, thus came, as the Scottish antiquarians aver, into the keeping of the monks of Scone, from whom it was taken by the conquering Edward. But the Irish

antiquarians, on the other hand, with abundance of zeal and learning, allege that the true Lia-Fail was still at Tara, when a bard called Keneth O'Hartigan composed a poem in celebration of its mystical properties in the tenth or eleventh century; and Dr. Petrie demonstrates that the very stone so sung by the Irish bard can be identified and seen on "Tara of the Kings" to this day.

In tracing the journeyings of the "Stone of Destiny," we have for a time forgotten Alexander and his young bride, but must now revert to their marriage festivities. The hospitalities exercised at York by Henry III. in honor of this occasion were princely in the extreme. Not so his ungenerous attempt to surprise his son-in-law into a compromise of his country's independence, by demanding of him homage for his free kingdom of Scotland, as for the lands Alexander held in England, of Henry as his liege lord. The claim was obsolete, as the demand was ungenerous. Eighty-six years had elapsed since William the Lion, taken prisoner in the battle of Alnwick, (1175,) had been compelled by Henry II. to acknowledge him feudal suzerain. This degrading submission had not been of long continuance, for the chivalrous Richard I., before his departure for Palestine, frankly renounced the homage for the kingdom of Scotland, which had been extorted by his crafty and politic father; and only required of William the Lion the customary feudal service for his English fiefs. Alexander, young as he was, could not be entrapped into so fatal an acknowledgment; and, with great sagacity, warded off the ungenerous demand, by saying that he had entered England, not to treat of matters of state policy—on which he could not enter without the advice of his counsellors—but to cement his friendship with Henry by taking his daughter to wife.

This insidious attempt was afterwards repeated by Edward I., but was defeated, also, by the firmness of the King of Scots. Notwithstanding these designs of the English monarchs, Alexander ever continued on the best possible terms with his father and brother-in-law. This may be ascribed to the sincere attachment he bore his Queen, and Margaret warmly reciprocated his affection. The happiness they should have enjoyed in the early years of their wedded life was marred by political intrigues, and the young sovereigns were successively the prey of rival factions contending for power during the King's long minority. Margaret bore her husband three children; a daughter, who

became the wife of Eric of Norway, and two sons, Alexander and David, promising young princes, but both destined to untimely graves.

The great event of Alexander's reign was the battle of Largs. This fishing village, on the coast of Ayr, was the scene of a fierce contest between the piratic hordes of Haco of Norway, and the forces of the Scottish King. These formidable invaders had long hovered about the northern coast and western isles of Scotland; at last their galleys entered the Firth of Clyde, and appeared off Largs, where they had determined to effect their landing. Tytler, in his masterly history, draws a highly animated picture of this terrible invasion. It happened to be our own fortune to peruse his exciting narrative while lying at anchor in this beautiful bay, surrounded by pleasure boats, and close to the evidences of wealth, of civilization, and security which abound along all the shore; yet, as we read of the pale landmen of Carrick watching the approach of the barbarian fleet, flying inland for succor, finding none, and returning with the courage of despair to dispute the debarkation of their enemies, the scene of to-day faded from our sight; instead of the trim yachts, we seemed to behold the long galleys of the Sea-Kings, urged through the foam by double banks of great oars; and on the yellow strand, instead of the white bursting swell of the tide, the tumult and commotion of a bloody battle. But we shall present to our readers, in the words of another, some details of this important contest:—

“The year 1263 was marked by one of those important events which, by arousing the energies and kindling the spirit of a brave and determined people, when under the guidance of a talented leader, impress upon the period a national interest that causes it to be looked back upon with pride and pleasure by many a succeeding generation. This was the celebrated descent of Haco, King of Norway, into Scotland. Contests had long been waged between the monarchs of the two countries, about the rights of sovereignty over the western isles. To support his own claims, the Norwegian King now appeared in Scotland. In vain did Henry III., alarmed at the danger which threatened his son-in-law and his daughter, write to Haco, protesting against his attacking the dominions of his ‘dear son and ally, the King of Scotland.’ Equally vain was his appeal to the Pope to stop the progress of the Northern Invader. Haco had collected an army so powerful that the most energetic efforts of Alexander would have failed in raising a force at all competent to meet the invaders, had they seized their advantage and landed immediately. With admirable skill and presence of mind, however, he made such prepa-

rations as were in his power, inspiring confidence into his troops by the calmness of his demeanour and trusting to his own resources to supply the want of rest. Aware that, could he succeed in decoying his adversary to trifle away the brief summer months of those northern regions, the elements themselves would undertake his cause, he professed the most pacific intentions, and made demands so moderate that Haco was in hopes that he should win his object without running the hazard of a battle. Month after month passed away in negotiation which ever seemed to be drawing to a close, and yet were never concluded, when the first howling of the autumn blasts gave fearful tokens to the sea-king of the perils ensuing upon his situation. The Scottish emissaries abruptly broke off the conferences; all treaty was discontinued, and the aged Norwegian monarch saw, with vehement indignation, that he had been made the dupe of a young sovereign, only just out of his minority. The weather rendered it extremely dangerous for his troops to land; the forces of Alexander were congregated on the beach to oppose them; but such was the desperate spirit of the Norsemen that they contrived, with much labour, to effect a landing, and after a spirited harangue given by each of the leaders to his troops, grounded on the one hand on the justice and righteousness of their cause, and on the other on the desperation of their situation in case of defeat, the battle of Largs commenced, in which, after an obstinate and bloody conflict, the Norwegians were driven back to their ships. The elements completed the destruction which the sword had begun. Storm after storm scattered and wrecked the remaining vessels; the King himself escaped to one of the Orkney isles, where, his haughty spirit broken by disaster, and his hardy frame worn with fatigue, he soon after expired.”—*Mrs. Green's Princess of England*, vol. ii. pp. 209–211.

The precise date of the battle of Largs has been, until lately, a disputed point, and the annalists of that day vary in their accounts; but they agree in noticing a remarkable natural phenomenon which took place during the combat of the contending armies. This was an obscuration of the sun, which was so darkened that a ring of light alone remained visible around his disk. Modern astronomers have calculated that an eclipse of the sun, which would be annular in the northern latitudes, did actually take place in the morning of August, 1263.

The gratifying intelligence of the birth of an heir to his crown reached Alexander at the same time with the news of Haco's death. “Wyntown's Chronicle” records the King's joy at events which seemed to bid for the stability of his throne:—

“And when of that byrth com tythyng  
To Alysawndyr the thryd our kyng,  
It wes tould hym, that ilke daye,  
That dede the kyng wes of Norway.

And see in dowbil blythene  
The kingis hart at that tyme was."

Thus fortunate in war, successful in his internal policy, blessed with domestic peace, and a promising offspring,—for a second prince was born to Alexander and Margaret,—the King of Scotland seemed secure in his happiness. "But," as the wise man of Greece observed, "no man's life can be deemed happy till the hour of his death," so was it exemplified in the closing years of this monarch's reign. Alexander died young, yet he outlived all his children! His beloved Margaret departed first, the victim of decline. His elder son was cut off in the flower of his age; and his younger, David, lived not to attain the age of manhood. His only daughter, Margaret, Queen of Norway, had also died, leaving an infant daughter, the sole remaining scion of the race, who thus became heiress to her grandfather's throne. Appalled by the calamities which threatened Scotland, should his issue fail, Alexander yielded to the wishes of his people, and selected a second consort; but adverse fortune still pursued him, and he met with an untimely fate soon after his marriage with Yolande of Dreux.

"His death was occasioned by a singular accident. He had been giving a sumptuous feast to his nobility at the Castle of Edinburgh. The revellings were prolonged to a late hour, and were all the merrier because of a prediction which had gained considerable credence among the vulgar, that that day was to be the day of judgment. Meanwhile the night had grown intensely dark; a terrific storm was howling around when the King declared his intention of riding to Kinghorn, where his Queen Yolande was then staying. Vain were the persuasions of the nobles to deter him from his daring scheme. One of his servants ventured a remonstrance; the King bade him remain behind if he feared. 'No, my lord,' answered the man mournfully, 'it would ill behoove me to refuse to die for your father's son!' and he mounted and followed his master. The monarch and his small train crossed the Queen's Ferry in safety, and reached Inverkeithing; the storm was becoming still more terrible; fresh objections were urged against his proceeding farther. 'You may spare yourselves this trouble,' he replied, smilingly; 'give me but two runners who can show me the way.' The road now lay along the summit of the rocks coasting the harbor of Pettycur, and, in the intense darkness, the steed on which the King rode stumbled on the brink of a terrific precipice, near Kinghorn, and precipitated his master from its giddy height. This fatal accident took place on the night of the 19th of March, in the year 1286, and it plunged the country, over which Alexander had so long and ably

ruled, into an abyss of calamities that have scarcely a parallel in the history of any nation."  
—*Mrs. Green's Princesses of England*, vol. ii. p. 222.

Mrs. Green gives us in a note the following curious anecdote of Thomas the Rymer from Bellenden's *Boethius*:—

"On the day before the King's death the Earl of Mar sent for him," (Thomas of Ercceldon,) "and asked him what sort of weather there would be to-morrow; he said there should be the greatest wind that ever was heard in Scotland before noon. The morning, on the contrary, turned out bright and clear. The Earl sent for Thomas and reproved him for his false prognostics. This Thomas maid litil answer, but said, 'Noun is not yit gane.' And incontinent ane man came to the gate schawing that the kyng was slane. Then said the prophet, 'Gone is the wynd that sall blaw to the grete calamite and truble of al Scotland.' This Thomas was ane man of grete admiration to the people, and shew sundry thingis as they fell. Howbeit thai wer ay hid under obscure wourdis."

On the death of her grandfather, the Maid of Norway, as the young Margaret was called, found herself the acknowledged Queen of Scotland. A regency of five was appointed to conduct the administration during her minority. Tidings of Alexander's death were transmitted to Norway, and the presence in her kingdom of the young princess earnestly solicited. It may be interesting to mention that to this the old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" is supposed to relate; and Sir Walter Scott, in his introductory notes to this very ancient poem, suggests that the naval expedition, which forms its subject, was that sent to Norway to announce her accession to Margaret. It may be referred, perhaps, with still greater probability, to a period a few years earlier, when the Maid of Norway became heiress presumptive by the death of her uncle, as the King is alluded to in the ballad as living at the time. We quote this curious account of an expedition, which proved so fatal to its commander, from "Percy's Reliques":—

"The king sits in Dumferling toune,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine;  
O quhair will I get guid sailour  
To sail this schip of mine?"

"Up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's richt kne,  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailour  
That sails upon the se."

"The king has written a braid lettere,



And sign'd it wi' his hand ;  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

"The first line that Sir Patrick red  
A loud lauch lauched he ;  
The next line that Sir Patrick red  
The teir blinded his ee.

"O quha is this has don this deid,  
This ill deid don to me ;  
To send me out this time o' the yeir,  
To sail upon the se ?

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morne ;  
O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in her arme ;  
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
That we will come to harme.

"O our Scots nobles were richt laith  
To weet their cork-heild schoone ;  
But lang owre a' the play wer played,  
Thair hats they swam aboone.

"O lang, lang may thair ladies sit  
Wi' thair fans into thair hand,  
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence,  
Cum sailing to the land.

"O lang, lang may the ladies stand,  
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for thair ain dear lords,  
For they 'll see thame na mair.

"Have owre, have owre, to Aberdour,  
Its fiftie fadom deep ;  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit."

The version given in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" is much longer ; it consists of six and twenty stanzas, and details at great length the objects of the expedition :—

"To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem ;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem,  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

The poem next details the reception the admiral meets with in Norway. It would appear that the lords of Norway objected to the hardy sailors "thus spending the king's gold." Sir Patrick indignantly justifies himself from the base accusation :—

"For I brought as much white monie  
As gave my men and me,  
And I brought a half-fou of good red g  
Out o'er the sea wi' me."

He angrily prepares to return home in spite of the remonstrance of his men the coming storm. This is very finely scribed in the longer version :—

"They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league, but barely three,  
When the litt grew dark, and the wind  
loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

"The anchors brak, and the top-masts lay  
It was sic a deadly storm ;  
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,  
Till a' her sides were torn."

Well might Coleridge exclaim :—

"The bard, be sure, was weatherwise,  
framed  
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence

We must return, however, from the flowery paths of poesy and song, to sober record of the historian.

Edward I. was desirous to unite the kingdoms of England and Scotland by a marriage between his son and the Maid of Norway. This proposal met with the ready assent of the estates of the two nations. Had the scheme been accomplished, the neig countries would probably have been united three centuries earlier, and have been spared the vindictive warfare which lasted from that period down to the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. But in escaping the calamities they would also have lost the lessons and training of adversity, and the land, in all probability, could not have pointed with just pride to a history abounding in instances of heroic daring and general love of country ; nor would her sons, even to the present day, have exhibited those distinctive characteristics of untiring energy, fortitude, perseverance under difficulty, "courage, foresight, strength and skill," which have made them, in all climes and in all pursuits, eminently and uniformly successful.

But the fair Maid of Norway did not reach her kingdom ; she died on her journey ; and, with her, the regal line from which she was descended became extinct, and the land found herself a prey to anarchy, exposed to the miseries attendant on a disputed succession.

"When Alexander, our king, was dead,  
That Scotland led in love and law,  
Away was sons of ale and bread,  
Of wine and wax, of game and glee :  
Our gold was changed into lead ;  
Christ, born into virginity,  
Succor Scotland and remedy,  
That sted is in perplexity."

The candidates for the vacant throne were twelve in number, but the real question of inheritance lay between two of the claimants, John Baliol and Robert Bruce, both descended, by the female line, from David Earl of Huntingdon. This noble was brother to William the Lion, of whom we have already spoken, and, by the failure of issue of the elder branch, the vacant crown vested in his descendants. Baliol was great grandson of David, by his eldest daughter Margaret; Bruce, his grandson, by his second daughter Isabella. Thus Baliol was the representative of the elder branch; but Bruce asserted that his claim was superior, being one degree nearer in blood to the Earl of Huntingdon.

Edward I. artfully contrived that this disputed point should be referred to his arbitration, and having possessed himself of the fortresses and strongholds of the kingdom, on the pretence of placing them in the hands of the rightful monarch when his claim should be determined, proceeded to consider at leisure the question submitted for his decision.

Although Baliol's claim was finally acknowledged, this unfortunate prince found himself king in name only, and his position that of a suppliant and pensioner of his powerful neighbor. Having ventured at last to resent the treatment to which he was subjected, Edward overran Scotland, possessed himself of its castles, and extorted from his weak puppet Baliol a renunciation of his crown to his "liege lord" the King of England.

But Edward was not destined to retain the prize thus iniquitously acquired. A noble form—the SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY—stands prominent on the page of Scottish history—the heroic Wallace. His achievements are familiar to all; nor need we pause to paint

"the patriotic tide  
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted  
heart ;  
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die—the second glorious part !"

Nor did the fatal defeat at Falkirk, nor the death of Wallace, extinguish the thirst for independence which he had excited in the breasts of Scotchmen.

It was not, however, until the death of Edward had transferred his sceptre to the feeble grasp of his son, that the English rule in Scotland was completely overthrown. Robert Bruce, grandson to the Bruce who was Baliol's competitor, by his decisive victory at Bannockburn (1314) established the freedom of his native land; and by his wise rule in peace as well as in war, won and merited the name of the "good King Robert."

The Battle of Bannockburn, if considered in its moral effects, as well as in the immediate results which followed it, is, perhaps, not surpassed in importance by any similar conflict of modern times. The army of Edward II. numbered 100,000 men; that of Bruce is estimated at only 30,000; but the Scottish forces were animated by the cause for which they fought, and the remembrance of the cruel and ignominious treatment they had experienced at the hands of the English. In this great achievement every aspiration of Scottish national pride finds a complete satisfaction. There is no more secure foundation for the peaceful pursuits of life than the consciousness of having acquitted ourselves nobly in war. Would that instead of the miserable feuds that constitute the tenor of our Irish annals, we could look back to a Bannockburn! Then might we hope to produce not only poets and historians, but merchants and manufacturers, like those to whom modern Scotland owes her renown in letters, and her eminence in intelligence, in wealth, and security.

We have now to relate the fortunes of a second English princess, who became by marriage Queen of Scotland. The Lady Joanna, wedded to David Bruce, was second daughter of Edward II. and Isabella of France, and was only seven years old when she was contracted to the son and heir of the good King Robert. Perhaps no better evidence can be adduced of the success of the Scottish war for independence than is afforded by this marriage. Joan-make-peace, as she was called, had not a happy destiny. David was a weak monarch and an unfaithful husband, and many years were passed by the sovereigns in exile, first at the court of France, suppliants for aid from Philip of Valois, and at a later period in captivity in England.

David and Joanna returned to Scotland in the summer of 1341.

"The enthusiasm of the Scots, when they learned that their young monarch, the son of their idolized Bruce, the polar star of all their hopes through many an hour of gloom and despondency,

had at last landed in his own kingdom again, knew no bounds. They flocked in crowds to welcome him; nobles and populace vied with each other as to which should testify the greater delight; and they attended the King and Queen in triumph to Perth Castle, where, in abundant feasts and wild revels, they gave fresh vent to their exultation.

"King David, at this time, was just entering upon his eighteenth year. In person he was tall and comely; well skilled in martial exercises, and of intrepid bravery; but he was wanting in capacity to govern, and his French education had initiated him into many youthful tastes and follies, the indulgence of which proved very injurious to his interests. . . .

"We have no distinct record of the tone of popular feeling in Scotland, at this time, in reference to the English-born Queen; though we are told that

'She was sweet and *debonnaire*,  
Courteous, homely, pleasant, and fair.'

It would seem probable that, since she had left England in childhood, and, from that time, had been constantly surrounded by Scottish and French associations and interests; since, moreover, her brother had broken through the ties of kindred-love, had treated her husband as his sworn foe, and even endeavored to place a rival on his throne, the Scots would regard her rather as the faithful consort of their sovereign, than as the sister of their potent enemy. 'Joan-make-peace,' as she had been tauntingly called, did not verify her sobriquet, for she appears never to have exercised any restraining influence over the military ardor of her husband and his adherents, when directed against her native land."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. iii. pp. 122-4.

Fortune still proved adverse to David Bruce. He made an incursion to Durham, and was taken prisoner in the battle of Neville's Cross.

"What miseries, anxieties, and griefs," says a contemporary writer, "did the noble lady, Joanna, sister of the King of England, and Queen of Scotland, suffer in those days! The afflicted lady herself, and those to whom, with tears, she related her sufferings, alone can know them. Her husband had treated her with indifference; she had seen others usurp her place in his affections; but he was now a captive, sorrowful and in suffering, and her woman's heart forgave and forgot the past, in the anxiety to be of some service to him. . . . She requested a safe conduct to England, which was granted by her brother in the most cordial terms. It contained a charge for every attention to be paid to Joanna, our very dear sister, consort of David Bruce, remaining in our tower of London, to come with as many persons as she shall please, of any state or condition whatsoever, to our kingdom of England, to speak with the aforesaid king, and to remain in England as long as she shall choose, or return

to Scotland at pleasure.' This document bears date October 10th, 1348. The Queen instantly availed herself of the permission; and without tarrying to provide herself with wardrobe, wine, or any other customary travelling requirements, she set out at once, and with a celerity of travelling very unusual in those times, reached London in little more than a week. There, in the royal fortress where she herself first saw the light, she rejoined her imprisoned husband, from whom she had been parted upwards of two years."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. iii. pp. 135-9.

After a captivity of ten years' duration, David found himself once more free, and returned to Scotland with his Queen. Cruel mortifications, however, were in store for the faithful Joanna. The King had attached himself, while in prison, to Katherine Mortimer. She attended him on his return, and was speedily installed in the position of royal mistress. The outraged Queen could not endure this open insult: she left Scotland, and sought a refuge at her brother's court. Here she died, greatly regretted, at the age of forty-one. Her character is thus given by the chronicler Barnes:—

"Queen Joan, also of Scotland, surnamed Joan of the Tower, sister to King Edward of England, deceased towards the end of this year, (1362,) without issue; but that it is better to leave an honorable report than children behind. And certainly if King David, her husband, had never been oppressed with adversity, she might have been accounted happy; but then she had never been extolled with that commendation which her virtue and conjugal affection doth claim from posterity. For during the seven years' exile which King David had formerly led in France, she would by no means forsake him or his fortune, but faithfully and constantly adhered to him, both then and also all the time of his imprisonment here in England, which was for the space of eleven years more."

David Bruce survived his injured wife eight years. He married, after her death, the beautiful Margaret Logie, a woman of ignoble birth and light conduct, from whom he was afterwards divorced. He died at the age of forty-seven, justly despised by his subjects; and, as he had no children, the crown he had so unworthily worn descended to Robert Stuart, son of his sister Marjory, the first monarch of his celebrated but unhappy race.

In tracing the career of the Queens of Alexander the Third and David the Second, we have presented to our readers a brief but continuous narrative of the period of Scottish history comprised within the years 1250

and 1370. From a desire to preserve the sequence of events unbroken, we have abstained from any particular notice of the younger daughters of Henry the Third, or the children of Edward the First. To one alone we shall briefly revert—Beatrice, second daughter of Henry the Third, and wife of Lord John of Brittany. This princess's life was a short but happy one; she did not live to become Duchess of Brittany; but her children and children's children long ruled over this important province. To one of them, allied to her in blood, and still more nearly by marriage, we shall now direct the reader's attention—the Lady Mary, fourth daughter of Edward the Third, and Philippa of Hainault.

This princess was, from the hour of her birth, the destined bride of Lord John de Montford, then in his fourth year. He was resident at her father's court; while his heroic mother, "who had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion," combated for the rights of her absent son and captive husband with the rival claimant to the duchy of Brittany, Lord Charles of Blois.

The Earl of Montford, husband of this enterprising lady, was the youngest brother of Duke John the Third. His competitor had married Jeanne, only daughter of Guy de Penthièvre, an elder brother. The Earl of Montford, finding the claim of Lord Charles of Blois pronounced by King Philip of France superior to his own, resolved, in order to secure a powerful ally in the impending struggle, to do homage to the King of England for the duchy of Brittany. Immediately on his brother's death, he contrived, by aid of his wife, to get himself acknowledged in Nantes, the capital of the duchy, and also at Limoges, as rightful successor to Duke John the Third. The inhabitants of these towns not only did him homage as their liege lord, but placed the treasury at his disposal. Thus furnished with the sinews of war, he possessed himself of Rennes by force, and of the strong castle of Hennebon by stratagem. We cannot resist giving his further proceedings in the naïve narrative of Froissart:—

"Why should I make a long story of it?" pertinently remarks this most amusing of chroniclers. "The Earl of Montford continued his conquests, gained the whole country, and was everywhere addressed as Duke of Brittany. . . . He then embarked and landed in Cornwall, . . . and was received at Windsor by the King, Queen, and all the barons at that time there, with great joy. He explained to the King, the Lord Robert

d'Artois, and to the council, the manner of his seizing and taking possession of the duchy of Brittany, which had devolved to him as next heir to his brother lately deceased. He suspected, however, that the Lord Charles of Blois and the King of France would attempt to deprive him of it by force, for which reason he had come to hold the duchy of the King of England, and to do him homage for it, provided he should be secured against the King of France, or any others that should attempt to molest him in his rights. The King of England, considering that his war against France would be strengthened by this means; that he could not have a better entry into that kingdom than through Brittany; that the Germans and Brabanters had done nothing for him, but cost him large sums; and that the lords of the Empire had led him up and down, taking his money, without making any return for it—was very happy to comply with the Earl's request, and received his homage for the duchy by the hand of the Earl, who was called and addressed by the title of Duke. The King then gave his promise in the presence of the lords who had accompanied him, as well as before those barons of England that were there, that he would aid, defend, and preserve him, as his liege man, against any one—the King of France, or any other—to the uttermost of his royal power. These promises and homage were written and sealed, and each party had a copy of them. After this, the King and Queen made such rich presents of jewels and other gifts to the Earl, and to those who had come over with him, that they pronounced him a gallant King, and fit to reign many years in great prosperity. They afterwards took leave, embarked, and landed at Roscoff, a town in Brittany, the place whence they had sailed; and thence he went to Nantes, where his Countess had remained, who told him that he had done well, and had acted wisely."—*Sir John Froissart's "Chronicles,"* vol. i. p. 92.

Rumor had informed the King of France of this defection. To assure himself on the subject, Philip summoned the Earl of Montford to Paris. The crafty noble obeyed, aware that positive intelligence of his treason could not then have reached the ears of his sovereign. However, after an interview with the King, in which he professed himself submissive to his will, De Montford privately returned to Brittany; giving out that he was confined by sickness to his hotel at Paris. Once more in security, he vigorously prepared for war. "He related to his Countess all that had happened, and wrote, according to her advice, to all the towns and castles which had been surrendered to him; established in each able captains, with plenty of soldiers, cavalry as well as infantry, and paid them handsomely."

The War of Succession in Brittany derives most of its interest from the characters of



the two remarkable women who were its virtual leaders. The captivity of her husband, which proved a lengthened one, did not crush the dauntless spirit of the Countess of Montford. He was taken prisoner at Nantes; but his masculine wife, dissembling her grief and terror, took her young son in her arms, and addressed her friends and adherents. "O gentlemen," she said, "do not be cast down by what we have suffered through the loss of my lord; he was but one man. Look at my little child here: if it please God he shall be his restorer, and shall do you much service. I have plenty of wealth, which I will distribute among you, and will seek out for such a leader as may give you a proper confidence." But the mother feared to intrust her boy to the uncertain fortunes of war, and sent him to England, where, as we have mentioned, he grew up at the court of Edward III., with his affianced bride, the little Princess Mary. Meantime the resolute Countess threw herself into Hennebon, a strongly fortified place, open to the sea, which she hoped to defend against the armies of France until the arrival of expected succor from England.

She rode through the town in complete armor, mounted on a war-steed, encouraging the inhabitants by her presence and example. During this siege, Froissart informs us, "the Countess performed a very gallant deed:" she ascended a tower to observe the motions of the enemy, and watching her opportunity, while the assailants were engaged elsewhere, she sallied forth at the head of 300 horsemen, attacked their camp and set fire to the tents, and then, finding herself unable to regain the city-gate, made for Brest, which she reached safely before her pursuers could overtake her. By a still more masterly countermarch she re-entered Hennebon the next day in triumph.

But the forces of Lord Charles of Blois pressed the siege with such vigor, that the garrison of Hennebon were soon reduced to extremities, and some of the most influential citizens were disposed to insist on a capitulation. The Countess entreated and remonstrated in vain; at last she implored them to grant her the respite of a few days more; "and begged of the lords of Brittany, for the love of God, that they would not doubt but she should receive succors before three days were over." It was a period of cruel suspense to the heroic lady; she gazed anxiously from the ramparts of the castle on the broad expanse of ocean. At last she joyfully exclaimed, "I see the succors I have so

long expected and wished for, coming!" It was even so; the English fleet, which had been detained by contrary winds, proudly hove in sight; and the citizens of Hennebon hastened to receive these welcome allies.

"The Countess, in the meantime, prepared and hung with tapestry, halls and chambers to lodge handsomely the lords and barons of England whom she saw coming, and sent out a noble company to meet them. When they were landed, she went herself to give them welcome, respectfully thanking each knight and squire, and led them into the town and castle, that they might have convenient lodging; on the morrow she gave them a magnificent entertainment."

This reception seems to have pleased the English mightily. After the banquet Sir Walter Manny, their commander, sallied forth, attacked and destroyed the aggressive constructions, machines, &c., of the enemy. "Many legs were made to kick the air," Froissart tells us in his picturesque description of the passage of arms—"many brilliant actions, captures, and rescues might have been seen." The enemy was compelled to retreat, and Sir Walter Manny re-entered Hennebon in triumph. "The Countess of Montford came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful countenance kissed Sir Walter Manny and all his companions, one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame."

What knight could prove recreant so rewarded! But the Countess of Montford was not the only one of her sex who possessed an indomitable spirit, and other characteristics of a "noble and valiant dame" of the fourteenth century. Her competitor, Jeanne de Penthievre, wife of Lord Charles of Blois, was no less pertinacious in contending for her rights. It will be remembered that this lady was only child of Guy, elder brother of the Earl of Montford, and claimed to be a nearer representative of the defunct Duke John III. When her lord was taking leave of her for the tented field, she impressed on him on no account to consent to a compromise of her rights; nor listen "to any treaty or composition which may be offered, so that the whole body of the duchy may be ours." On many occasions during this prolonged struggle, both the rival claimants would gladly have arbitrated the points in dispute, but Lord Charles, however solicitous for peace, could not yield, from motives which Froissart naively acquaints us with:—

"Lord Charles was very courteous and polite,

and perhaps would willingly have listened to terms of peace, and been contented with a part of Brittany, without much wrangling; but he was, in God's name, so hard pressed by the last words of the lady his wife, and the knights of his party, that he could neither draw back nor dissemble."

The campaign did not terminate with the death of the Earl of Montford, nor the captivity of Lord Charles of Blois. Their dauntless wives ceased not to animate their respective adherents to fresh combats. The Countess of Montford, we are told, "was equal to a man, for she had the heart of a lion; and, with a rusty sharp sword in her hand, she combated bravely;" while the Countess of Penthievre fiercely asserted her claims, and reproached her husband with pusillanimity in consenting, even in thought, to waive them. "Sire, what would you do?" she exclaimed. "By God, you haven't the heart of a valiant knight, if you will thus give away, like a recreant, the pleasant heritage of your wife. No knight, be he who he may, is worthy to hold lands unless he will defend them with drawn sword."

Under such leadership the war was a protracted one. In the meantime, years fled by, and the young De Montford had grown to man's estate. His promised bride, the Princess Mary, had attained the age of seventeen; their nuptials were no longer deferred, and were solemnized at Windsor in the year 1261.

The young and interesting Duchess did not live to visit Brittany. She died a few months after her marriage, sincerely lamented by her husband, as we learn from Guillaume de St. Andre, chronicler to the Duke of Brittany:—

"Mais ne vequit pas longuement  
De quoi Jehan fort mount dolant.  
Trente sepmaines furent ensemble,  
Sans plus ne moins comme il me semble,  
Si mourit la noble Marie  
A qui Dieux vuielle octroyer vie,  
Pardurable, sous nulle fin!  
Prion très touse qu'il soit anisin."

Three years after Mary's decease, John de Montford became undisputed master of Brittany by the death of his formidable opponent. Some of the most graphic chapters in Froissart's Chronicles are devoted to this important event. Even the readers to whom this delightful book is accessible may, in the multiplicity of its details, have passed heedlessly over this part of Sir John's narrative. We feel sure we shall give pleasure to many by quoting the most vivid passages from his

history of the important battle of Auray, (1264.)

Froissart's 227th chapter is headed:—*The Battle of Auray, in which Sir Bertrand du Guesclin is made Prisoner; Charles de Blois is slain; and John de Montford is victorious.*

It commences thus:—

"A little before eight in the morning, the two armies advanced near to each other. It was a very fine sight, as I have heard those relate who saw it; for the French were in such close order that one could scarcely throw an apple among them without falling on a helmet or lance. Each man-at-arms carried his spear right before him, cut down to the length of five feet; a battle-axe, sharp, strong, and well steeled, with a short handle, was at his side, or hung from his neck. They advanced thus handsomely a foot's pace, each lord in array and among his people, with his banner or pennon before him, well knowing what they were to do. On the other hand, the English were drawn up in the handsomest order.

"In this first onset there were hard blows between the lancemen, and a sharp scuffle. True it is that the English archers shot well at the commencement, but their arrows hurt not, as the French were too well armed and shielded from them. Upon this they flung away their bows, and, being light and able men, they mixed with the men-at-arms of their party, and attacked those of the French who had battle-axes. Being men of address and courage, they immediately seized several of these axes, with which they afterwards fought valiantly and successfully. There were many gallant feats of arms performed; many a struggle, many a capture, and many a rescue.

"The French and Bretons fought in earnest with their battle-axes. The Lord Charles showed himself a marvellously good knight, eagerly seeking for and engaging his enemies. His adversary, the Earl of Montford, fought with equal gallantry; and each person spoke of them according to their deserts. . . . Battalions and banners rushed against each other, and sometimes were overthrown and then up again."

At last the fortunes of war proved adverse to Lord Charles de Blois. He fell on the battle field of Auray, and with him perished the hopes of his party.

"The whole flower of chivalry who had that day taken the side of Lord Charles de Blois were either prisoners or slain, particularly the bannerets of Brittany. . . . In a word, the defeat and loss were immense. Numbers were slain in the field, as well as in the pursuit, which continued for eight good leagues, even as far as Vannes. A variety of accidents happened this day, which had never come to my knowledge, and many a man was killed or made prisoner. Some fell into good hands, where they met with kind and civil masters."

De Montford had the remains of his unfortunate rival honorably interred, which was "but his due, as he was a good, loyal, and valiant knight." "His body was afterwards sanctified by the grace of God, and venerated as St. Charles. But before it was removed from the bloody field, the young Duke visited the mangled corse. He approached the spot where he was lying apart from the others, covered by a shield, which he ordered to be taken away, and looked at him very sorrowfully. After having paused awhile, he exclaimed,—'Ha! my Lord Charles, sweet cousin, how much mischief has happened to Brittany from your having supported by arms your pretensions. God help me, I am truly unhappy at finding you in this situation, but at present this cannot be amended.' Upon which he burst into tears. Sir John Chandos, perceiving this, pulled him by the skirt and said, 'My lord, my lord, let us go away and return thanks to God for the success of the day; for without the death of this person, you never would have gained your inheritance of Brittany.'"

So terminated this protracted war. Its historians cease to interest themselves in the future fortunes of the two remarkable women who may be said to have originated it; and the names of Jeanne de Montford and Jeanne de Penthièvre henceforth sink into oblivion. The province so fiercely contested became, in the next century, a fief of the crown of France, by the marriage of its inheritrix, Anne of Brittany, with two successive monarchs, Charles VIII. and Louis XII. This warfare to the death developed the martial qualities of the Bretons; they have ever been a hardy race, vigorous in thought, as well as prompt in action. Their sterile country, with its rock-bound coast, and Celtic population, *les Bretons bretonnant*, has nurtured an indomitably brave and loyal people. Among the illustrious sons of the soil we may name, in war, Nomenoe, Barbetote, Du Guesclin, De Richemont, Moreau. On the sea, Duquay-Tronin. In science and literature, Abelard, Descartes, Maupertius, Chateaubriand, and Lamennais.

While the transactions we have been recounting took place in Brittany, female influence was no less paramount in other parts of Europe. In Spain and Portugal a succession of energetic queens played a prominent part in the affairs of the Peninsula. In Castile, Maria La Grande, wife of Sancho IV., and regent during the minority of her son Ferdinand IV., and grandson, Alfonso XII., proved *herself* a wise and enlightened ruler. During

a lengthened period she secured, by her temperate but vigorous administration, the tranquillity of that country, so torn by internal convulsions. She died in 1321, and is highly eulogized by her biographer:—

"The death of this indefatigable woman, whose strong intellect, keen foresight, and disinterested zeal, had so often preserved the kingdom when on the verge of ruin, was lamented throughout the nation. Maria, if we consider the age in which she lived, was truly a prodigy. In her were blended the masculine virtues of the stronger sex, and the mild ones of her own. She united the talents of the experienced politician, and the art of the great general and tactician. The firm support of a tottering throne, yet the conscientious advocate of the rights of the people; neither daunted by reverses nor elated by prosperity; wise, humane, and pious, amidst a host of ambitious, selfish contenders for power, she alone was unmoved by motives of self-interest, and from the first to the last day of her long and useful career, steadily kept on her undeviating path of rectitude. In the history of nations her name shines with a radiance dimmed by no one blot. Justly surnamed The Great; placed in a situation as perilous as it was exalted; living in times when it was often deemed excusable, if not praiseworthy, to do evil for the sake of effecting good, this Queen has left a memory unstained by crimes, unsullied by foibles."—*Senora George's "Queens of Spain,"* vol. i. pp. 236-7.

Her grandson, Alfonso XII., had been betrothed, in childhood, to Costanza Manuel, daughter of Don Juan Manuel, one of the highest nobles in Castile. When this prince attained years of discretion he repented of his engagement, and married Maria of Portugal, while the rejected bride became wife of Pedro, Crown Prince, and afterwards King of Portugal.

Maria of Portugal was an unhappy wife. Her disposition was cruel and vindictive, and jealousy—but too well founded—called into active exercise all the evil passions of her nature. The early years of her married life were childless; her husband had never loved her, and neglected her for his beautiful mistress, Leonor de Guzman. This lady was the loveliest woman of her time. Her rank was exalted, her manners were gentle and fascinating, and her intellect highly cultivated. Leonor maintained her empire in the heart of Alfonso for upwards of twenty years; but her great influence was ever exercised with moderation and wisdom. The King, it is said, wished to repudiate his unloved wife, and raise her rival, who had borne him nine sons and a daughter, to the throne; but Leonor urgently dissuaded him

from a course which would prove detrimental to his kingdom, by exciting the enmity of the Portuguese monarch, father to Queen Maria.

Maria of Portugal was consoled for her husband's indifference by the birth of an heir to the throne. She devoted herself to the education of her son, and instilled into the mind of the young Pedro the sentiment of bitter hatred and thirst for revenge, with which her own breast was animated. The death of Alfonso afforded the long desired opportunity for gratifying these vindictive feelings. Ere his corse was cold the hapless Leonor de Guzman was thrown into prison, separated from her children, and finally strangled by order of the Queen. Maria of Portugal is even said to have witnessed herself the death agonies of her detested rival.

Many royal mistresses have played an important part in state affairs; few have been so distinguished in history as Leonor de Guzman. The beautiful lady, so loved by Alfonso, was ancestress of an illustrious line of kings. Her son Henry, Count of Trastamare, wore, though illegitimate, his father's crown, and became the founder of that mighty though bastard race who long swayed the sceptre of Castile; and, after the union of Castile and Arragon, gave to Spain a succession of its most illustrious sovereigns.

On the accession of Pedro IV. he treated his brothers with kindness and leniency. Henry and Frederic, the twin sons of Leonor, had fled to Portugal after the death of their mother. Pedro permitted them to return and reside on their estates; and conferred on Frederic the grand mastership of Santiago, a post of trust and dignity.

It is said that on the betrothal of Pedro to Blanche of Bourbon, the Master of Santiago was one of the envoys sent to escort the affianced bride to Castile; and that, on the journey, a criminal attachment was formed between Frederic and his brother's destined queen. To this circumstance is ascribed the aversion felt by Pedro for his young wife of eighteen, whom he forsook three days after their marriage, and never re-visited. If this tradition be true, Frederic, though treacherously dealt with, was not the innocent victim of his brother's thirst for blood. Pedro stabbed him in cold blood, and for this, and similar actions, was branded with the opprobrious name of "The Cruel." The fate of Blanche of Bourbon was tragical in the extreme. She endured a long and rigorous captivity, and died in prison ten years after her luckless marriage; whether

by poison, or the dagger, or from natural causes, is a question of which the true solution is shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Pedro, however, was not insensible to female fascination. Maria de Padilla long reigned mistress of his affections; and, after her death, the King legitimized her children, asserting that he had privately married her before his union with Blanche of Bourbon. Their daughters, Constance and Maria, were wedded to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund, Duke of York, sons of Edward III. of England, and brothers to the Black Prince, who combated so heroically for the King of Castile against his rebel brother, Henry of Trastamare.

Pedro the Cruel had many enemies. The Pope, with whom he was on the worst possible terms, legitimized Henry, and conferred on him the kingdom of Castile! The King of France permitted the bastard of Trastamare to levy troops in his territory to carry on the war, and aided in ransoming Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, taken prisoner, the reader will remember, in the battle of Auray, to lead the Free Companies. These mercenaries gladly consented to hire their services to the Count of Trastamare, provided they were commanded by so redoubtable a leader as the Sicur du Guesclin, who, they felt assured, would conduct them to certain victory. A short campaign followed. It resulted in Pedro's overthrow, who had the mortification to see his bastard brother ascend the throne from which he had been so summarily ejected.

The discrowned King in his distress applied for aid to Edward the Black Prince, then holding his court at Bordeaux. This gallant commander hastened to the succor of the exiled monarch; for, said he, "I do not think it either decent or proper that a bastard should possess a kingdom as an inheritance, nor drive out of his realm his own brother, heir to the country by lawful marriage; and no king, or king's son, ought ever to suffer it, as being of the greatest prejudice to royalty." Scarcely had the English champion crossed the Pyrenees to assist his ally, when a letter from Henry of Trastamare, then King of Castile, reached him. This singular epistle was addressed—

*"To the High, Puissant, and Honorable Lord, the Prince of Wales and of Aquitaine."*

"MY LORD,—We have been informed, that you have with an army passed the mountains, and have entered into treaties and alliances with our enemy, to make war upon and to harass us. All this has caused in us much astonishment; for we



have not done anything, nor ever had the smallest hostile intentions against you, that should justify your advancing hitherward with a large army, to deprive us of the small inheritance which it has pleased God to give us. But as you are the most powerful and most fortunate prince of the age, we flatter ourselves and hope that you glorify yourself in it. Since we have received certain intelligence that you seek us in order to offer us battle, if you will have the goodness to inform us by what road your intentions are to enter Castile, we will advance to meet you, in order to guard and defend our realm.—Given," &c., &c.

This letter was courteously received by the Black Prince. "This bastard is a gallant knight," he said, "and of good prowess; for he must be a valiant gentleman to write me such a letter." His reply, however, was less civilly couched:—

*"Edward, by the grace of God, Prince of Wales and of Aquitaine, to the renowned Henry, Earl of Trastamare, who at this present time calls himself King of Castile.*

"Whereas you have sent to us a letter by your herald, in which, among other things, mention is made of your desire to know why we have admitted to our friendship your enemy, our cousin, the King Don Pedro, and upon what pretext we are carrying on a war against you, and have entered Castile with a large army. In answer to this, we inform you, that it is to maintain justice and in support of reason, as it behoveth all kings to do, and also to preserve the firm alliances made by our Lord the King of England with the King Don Pedro in former times. But as you are much renowned among all good knights, we would wish, if it were possible, to make up these differences between you both, and we would use such earnest entreaties with our cousin, the King Don Pedro, that you should have a large portion of the kingdom of Castile, but you must give up all pretensions to the crown of that realm, as well as to its inheritance. Consider well this proposition; and know further, that we shall enter the kingdom of Castile by whatever place shall be most agreeable to us.—Written at Logrono, the 30th day of March, 1367."

The leaders did not confine their exertions to letter-writing. The opposing armies met at Najara, and fortune favored Don Pedro, who found himself once more King of Castile. Pedro did not requite the services of his English allies as he had promised; they were not even reimbursed the outlay they had expended on arms and accoutrements, and returned, much dissatisfied, to Aquitaine.

Meantime Henry of Trastamare was not inactive. He re-assembled his forces, and defeated Pedro at Montiel. The King took refuge within the castle, which still held out; nor did he leave it until impelled by hunger,

his small garrison having been reduced to extremity by the close blockade. Then, accompanied only by twelve trusty followers, he sallied forth, under cover of the darkness, hoping to make his way unobserved through the beleaguering host. A tradition has survived, which informs us that the King's spirits were greatly damped by observing, as he left the castle, a motto, carved in stone, over the portal, "*This is the Tower of La Estrella.*" Where this tower of *La Estrella* was situated, Pedro, actuated by superstitious terrors, had long endeavored to discover, for an astrologer had foretold to him that from the tower of *La Estrella* he should go forth to die.

The prediction was verified at last. Pedro was made prisoner in the act of escaping, and was stabbed to the heart by his rival, who ascended the throne made vacant by a brother's death. We shall close our brief gleanings from Spanish history, with the account which Froissart gives of the capture of the hapless Sovereign of Castile:—

"At midnight, . . . Don Pedro . . . set out. It was very dark. At this hour the Bègue de Villaines had the command of the watch, with upwards of three hundred men. Don Pedro had quitted the castle with his companions, and was descending by an upper path, but so quietly that it did not appear as if any one was moving. However the Bègue de Villaines, who had many suspicions, and was afraid of losing the object of his watch, imagined he heard the sound of horses' feet upon the causeway; he therefore said to those near him: 'Gentlemen, keep quiet, make no movement, for I hear the steps of some people. We must know who they are, and what they seek at such an hour. I suspect they are victuallers, who are bringing provision to the castle, for I know it is in this respect very scantily provided.' The Bègue then advanced, his dagger on his wrist, towards a man who was close to Don Pedro, and demanded, 'Who art thou? Speak, or thou art a dead man.' The man to whom the Bègue had spoken was an Englishman, and refused to answer; he bent himself over his saddle, and dashed forwards. The Bègue suffered him to pass; when addressing himself to Don Pedro, and examining him earnestly, he fancied it was the King, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, from his likeness to King Henry, his brother, for they very much resembled each other. He demanded from him, on placing his dagger on his breast, 'And you, who are you? Name yourself, and surrender this moment, or you are a dead man.' In thus saying, he caught hold of the bridle of his horse, and would not suffer him to escape as the former had done.

"King Don Pedro, who saw a large body of men-at-arms before him, and found that he could not by any means escape, said to the Bègue de Villaines, whom he recognized: "Bègue, Bègue, I am Don Pedro, King of Castile, to whom much

wrong has been imputed, through evil counsellors. I surrender myself, . . . and beseech thee, in the name of thy gentility, that thou put me in a place of safety. I will pay for my ransom whatever sum thou shalt please to ask; for, thank God, I have yet a sufficiency to do that; but thou must prevent me from falling into the hands of the Bastard.'"—*Chronicles of Sir John Froissart*, vol. i. p. 388.

The Bègue de Villaines was, unhappily, powerless to fulfil Pedro's last request. Henry of Trastamare entered the tent where the King lay; and the brothers, with the fury of wild beasts, joined in a death struggle, which proved fatal to the rightful heir of Castile. "Thus died Don Pedro, who had formerly reigned in great prosperity. Those who had slain him left him three days unburied, which was a pity, for the sake of humanity, and the Spaniards made their jokes upon him."

Pedro's character has been variously represented by historians. Some depict him as a monster, guilty of the most appalling crimes; others, as an enlightened and philosophic prince, solicitous for the well-being of his meanest subject. It is not easy to reconcile these conflicting opinions. We should remember, however, that the writers who have chronicled his actions flourished under the shadow of that House of Trastamare which supplanted him on the throne; and, also, that his inquiring and speculative mind, and frequent intercourse with the Jews and Moors of Spain, made him an object of dislike to the ecclesiastical authorities. Above all, the evil passions of his nature were early developed by his weak and jealous mother. Maria of Portugal sowed the seeds of suspicion, distrust, and cruelty in the breast of her son. He reaped a powerful host of enemies, whose designs against him were made successful by the aversion or indifference of his subjects for the cause of their unloved though rightful monarch.

Before we close the instructive volumes of the Senora George, we shall follow her in a digression which she makes to the affairs of Portugal, by recounting the fate of Costanza Manuel, the intended bride of Alfonso of Castile, whom he rejected for Maria de Portugal. We have already mentioned that the slighted maid was wooed by Pedro, Crown Prince of Portugal; but the union was one of state policy, not of affection; and Costanza, wounded by the indifference and infidelity of her husband, died of a broken heart.

Inez de Castro was the object of Pedro's tenderest regards. As soon as his hand was

free he privately married her, but carefully concealed the fact from his father, King Alfonso of Portugal. Years elapsed, and Pedro, urged in vain to form a second suitable matrimonial alliance, persisted in declining the hands of princesses proposed for his acceptance. Alfonso's suspicions were aroused, and he determined to separate his son from his mistress, as he deemed Inez de Castro to be. His ruthless resolve was barbarously executed. He took advantage of the Prince's absence on a hunting expedition, and repaired to the abode of the doomed lady. Alfonso found her at her beautiful villa on the Mondego, surrounded by her children. Apprehensive of evil, she deprecated his anger, and her trembling little ones clung to the King's knees entreating for mercy. Moved by their infantine beauty, Alfonso half relented from his cruel purpose. His counsellors, however, urged the accomplishment of the deed of blood, as a necessary piece of state policy. The beautiful Inez knelt in vain—she was barbarously murdered; and her blood dyed the pure waters of the Mondego, "cold and clear." Miss Pardoe, in a note, describes the scene of this horrid tragedy:—

"At the moment of their arrival she was seated with her children on the margin of a fountain, fed by a spring in the rock which overhung the grounds, and under the shade of two lofty cedar trees. As their errand was announced to her, she eagerly sprang up to demand their tidings, when she was instantly struck down by the assassins, who left her with her head lying across the marble border of the basin, where she was discovered by her attendants, with her long hair floating upon the surface of the water, which was dyed with her blood. Until the late revolution, this spot, rendered historical by the fatal tragedy of which it had been the theatre, remained precisely in the same condition as at the period of her murder; the piety of her life, the gentle urbanity of her bearing, and her exhaustless charity, having so deeply endeared her to all ranks, that any change effected in the place would have been considered a sacrilege."

Pedro, animated by a just and natural indignation against the murderers of his wife, vowed an undying vengeance. He waged war on his father, but Alfonso's death speedily followed that of his victim, having been accelerated by remorse. The tortures which Pedro, thus become king, inflicted on the murderers of Inez, were fiend-like in their imaginative cruelty. The corse of the beloved one was exhumed, clad in royal attire, and crowned in the Cathedral of Coimbra.

then re-interred with great pomp in the monastery of Alcobaca.

Pedro directed, on his death-bed, that his body should rest by the side of his adored Inez. For nearly five centuries they lay, unmolested, in the peaceful slumbers of the grave. Their mortal remains, after this long interval, were disinterred; and the body of Inez, preserving, it is alleged, the same miraculous exemption from decay that had been remarked on its first exhumation, was once again exposed to the gaze of intruders on the tomb:—

"The two magnificent sarcophagi, containing the bodies of Inez and her royal consort, occupied a small chapel, inclosed by a screen of richly wrought and gilded iron, in the right aisle of the splendid chapel. The gates were forced by the French during the Peninsular war, and the tombs rifled; during which sacrilegious process the illustrious dead were torn from their resting-place and flung upon the pavement. Three of the community, (of whom the prior was one,) instead of flying, had concealed themselves within the sacred edifice, and were enabled to witness, from the place of their retreat, the brutal violence of the invaders. On my visit to Alcobaca, in 1827, I made the acquaintance of the prior, whose community had once more rallied about him, and who solemnly assured me that although the body of the prince had entirely perished, leaving nothing but a mere skeleton clad in its royal robes, that of Inez remained perfect; her beautiful face entirely unchanged, and her magnificent hair, of a light, lustrous auburn, which had been the marvel of the whole nation during her life, so enriched in length and volume, that it covered her whole figure, even to her feet, and excited the wonder and admiration of the very spoilers who tore away the rich jewels by which her death-garments were clasped."—*Editor's note*—"Queens of Spain," vol. i. p. 243.

The story of Inez de Castro has been charmingly narrated by Camoens, in his great national poem of the *Lusiad*. The romantic incident of the homage rendered to her after death forms the theme of one of Mrs Hemans's spirited ballads. With her touching representation of the scene, and of the feelings of the principal living actor in it, we shall conclude our brief notice of the beautiful and unfortunate Inez:—

"It was a strange and fearful sight,  
The crown upon that head,

The glorious robes and the blaze of light,  
All gathered round the dead!

"And beside her stood in silence  
One with a brow as pale,  
And white lips rigidly compress'd,  
Lest the strong heart should fail.  
King Pedro with a jealous eye  
Watching the homage done,  
By the land's flower and chivalry,  
To her—his martyr'd one."

\* \* \* \* \*

"There is music on the midnight—  
A requiem sad and slow,  
As the mourners through the sounding aisle  
In dark procession go.  
And the ring of state and the starry crown,  
And all the rich array,  
Are borne to the house of silence down,  
With her, that queen of clay.

"And tearlessly and fiercely  
King Pedro led the train;  
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe  
When they lowered the dust again.  
'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above—  
Hymns die, and steps depart;  
Who called thee strong as death, O love?  
Mightier thou wast and art!"

How different a picture do the times of these princesses present from that which surrounds the writer, living under the peaceful sway of Victoria! Violence and vice, war, pillage, and insecurity, are the characteristics of the one period;—peace, virtue, and contentment of the other. One of these petty states whose jars and animosities have made the lives of thousands unhappy, and the labor of thousands unproductive, would not in wealth and intelligence equal one of the counties which now owns the gracious sovereignty of our Queen. The spectacle of a power so vast conducted with so much gentleness, and of a position so splendid filled with so much humility and virtue, is one on which the writers of after ages will long love to look back as the most delightful of historical contrasts; and we cannot take leave, even for a season, of the troublesome times of these princesses of bygone days, without congratulating ourselves and our readers that we live in the age and under the government of the greatest and best Queen who has ever reigned over a grateful nation.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πέρας ὡς ἂν ὁ δαίμων βουλευθῇ πάντων γίγνεται· ἡ δὲ Πρωαίρεσις αὐτῇ τῇ τοῦ συμβούλου διάνοιαν δηλοῖ.—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona*.

Careat successibus opto  
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.  
OVID., *Heroid.*

### No. III.—VERCINGETORIX.

AT the foot of Mount Anxois, in the Côte-d'Or, between Semur and Dijon, a little village still bears the name of Alise, and preserves the memory of the great city Alesia, which once occupied the hill; and of the final struggle for independence, which the ancient Gauls, under their hero Vercingetorix, made in this spot against the veteran legions of Rome, and the irresistible genius of Cæsar.

History has justly hallowed the renown of Arminius, who rescued Germany from Roman bondage; but how few are there, even of those who lay claim to the rank of classical scholars, who are familiar with the name of the general and the statesman who strove to liberate Gaul from the same doom. Yet, in military genius, in purity of purpose, in sustained energy, and in generous self-devotion, Vercingetorix may challenge comparison with any other of the ancient champions of liberty. That he was also one of its martyrs—that he died for a land which he could not save—was due to no deficiency of his own, either in intellect or courage. His country's fall and his own were caused partly by the fault of those whom he led, but principally by the transcendent ability of his great adversary—by his having to encounter a Cæsar, and not a Varus.

Vercingetorix was the son of Celtillus, a chief of high birth and great wealth among the Arverni, the inhabitants of the country now called Auvergne. Celtillus had, at one time, succeeded in inducing all the Gauls to lay aside their jealousies and feuds with each other, and to unite in electing him as their president. His political enemies in his own state spread a report that he intended to

make himself an arbitrary king; and they caused him to be put to death. Vercingetorix, disgusted and disheartened at the ingratitude which his father met with, seems to have lived in retirement for some years, and to have taken no part in the political movements which were occasioned by the presence of Cæsar and his legions in Gaul, and by the rapid progress which that commander made in reducing the native tribes to subjection to Rome.

The hereditary influence which the young Arvernian chief could exercise over his countrymen, was not unknown by Cæsar; and the ever vigilant Roman had caused strict watch to be kept over the conduct of Vercingetorix. He had endeavored to win him over to the Roman interest by flattering titles, and held out to him, as a lure, the promise of making him king over his countrymen. Vercingetorix calmly declined the gifts and avoided the friendship of the Romans; while, at the same time, by the retired life which he led, he gave them no pretext for cutting him off as one of their foes.

Cæsar had followed the usual Roman policy of mingled craft and violence. He had not openly assailed any of the Gallic states with the avowed purpose of despoiling and enslaving them; but by artfully taking part in their quarrels and in the internal factions of single cities, by pretending to protect the friends of Rome from the injustice of their fellow-citizens, and by claiming to be the protector of the Gauls generally from the invasions of the Germans, he had broken the power of many of their states, and had acquired a preponderating influence in others. It was always easy for him to find a pretext



for acts of rapacity and severity, whenever the convenient moment seemed to have arrived for crushing the independence of each Gallic nation; and while he thus enslaved the Gauls in detail, he formed, during seven years of warfare in Gaul, in Germany, and in Britain, a veteran army of unparalleled bravery and discipline, of implicit confidence in their leader's skill, and unbounded devotion to his person.

During the last years of Cæsar's command in Gaul, the necessity of keeping up his political interest at Rome (which could only be done by lavishing enormous bribes among the leading orators and statesmen) had caused him to pillage and oppress the Gauls far more severely, and more undisguisedly, than had been the case when he first entered their country. Cities and shrines were plundered by him;\* and whole populations were sold as slaves, to gain him the wealth which he required for maintaining his influence in Italy, and for carrying on the civil war, which he had long foreseen, and for which he early trained his army, and replenished his coffers at the expense of Gallic blood and gold. Tumults and risings of the oppressed natives grew more and more frequent, and were repressed with more and more ruthless severity. At last, in the year 52 B. C., the cruel devastation of the country of the Eburones by his legions, and the execution of Acco, one of the noblest chieftains of the Senones, by his orders, completed the wide-spread indignation of the Gauls, and excited them to attempt a general rising against the tyranny which had grown so grievous.

When this national spirit was roused, it was felt that a national leader was required, and men's minds naturally turned to the mountains of Auvergne, and the son of Celtillus. They reflected that if they had not sacrificed the father to party jealousy, Gaul would have been united under him against the attacks of Cæsar, and might have safely defied them. It might be yet open to them to redeem their baseness towards the sire, by generous confidence in the son; and Vercingetorix might, as the free chief of an united nation, recover the independence which Celtillus was not allowed to guard.

Vercingetorix himself shared in the national enthusiasm, and felt that any further inaction on his part would be treason to his native land. Like Philip Van Artevelde in after times, he must have been conscious

that the career, on which he was about to enter, would be environed with perils, not only from the foreign foe, but from his own followers. His father's fate haunted him as an omen of his own. But also, like the medieval chief of Ghent,\* Vercingetorix forgave all, confided all, and devoted all to his country. Personally popular among a large circle of friends, surrounded at the first summons by a powerful body of the hereditary retainers of his house, gifted with remarkable powers of eloquence, and all the advantages of youth, high birth, and outward accomplishments, ready and fertile in designs, and resolute in execution, he stepped forward at once from obscurity into the principal part of the great drama of the Gallic War.

The winter of the year 52 B. C. seemed to have brought an eminently favorable opportunity for a successful rising against the Romans. After the campaign of that year, Cæsar had placed his ten legions in winter-quarters in the northern and eastern parts of Gaul; and he had himself crossed the Alps, on account of the political tumults caused by the death of Clodius in Rome, where the party opposed to him appeared to have gained the ascendancy. It was absolutely essential for him to appear on the southern side of the Alps, and to be near enough to the capital to watch the movements of his political foes, and inspire and direct his own adherents.

All this was known by the Gauls, who hoped that a civil war would actually break out in Rome, and render it impossible for Cæsar to return to the province. At any rate they thought themselves sure of gaining the important advantage of separating him from his army. As his legions were in the parts of Gaul that were distant from the Alps and Narbonne and Provence, they thought that if the intermediate states revolted simultaneously, he would find it impossible to traverse them to join his troops; while, if, on the other hand, the legions were to move southward to seek their commander, the Gallic army would gain the inestimable advantage of attacking them on the march, and bringing them to action without Cæsar being present to command them. Lastly, as Cæsar himself relates, they resolved that it would be better for themselves to perish fighting, than to abandon their ancient military renown, and the freedom which their fathers had bequeathed them.

Such were the plans and resolutions which

\* See Suetonius, Vit. Jul. Cæs., 54.

\* See Taylor's Philip Van Artevelde.

Vercingetorix and the other leading men of the greater part of the Gauls canvassed, at the end of the year 52 B. C. They met in forests and caverns, for the sake of avoiding the observation of the spies of Rome. A general rising was determined on, and the day fixed; and the chiefs of the Carnutes, a tribe inhabiting the territory of the modern Orleans, volunteered to strike the first blow. At sunrise, on the appointed day, they massacred the Romans in their chief city Genabum, (now Orleans,) and messengers were forthwith dispatched far and wide throughout Gaul, to announce that the Carnutes were up, and to call on all patriots to rise and follow their example. The tidings were transmitted from man to man, over field, over mountain, over moor, with such rapidity, that the deed which was done at Genabum at dawn, was known one hundred and fifty miles off, at Gergovia, in the Auvergne, before sunset. At eventide, Vercingetorix, at the head of his retainers, entered that important city, and summoned the inhabitants to pronounce against Rome. But the party that had slain his father was strong there, and met him with armed resistance. He was repulsed from the city, but the reverse was only temporary. He collected a numerous force near Gergovia, and soon made himself master of the town, the Romanizing faction being in turn expelled. Vercingetorix now sent his envoys in all directions through Gaul, exhorting the various states to keep their pledges, and act up to their resolutions. Those of nearly all western, and of great part of central Gaul, readily obeyed him, and by universal consent made him supreme commander of the league. Invested with this authority he forthwith required hostages of the several states, appointed the contributions which each was to supply of men and military stores; and in particular, endeavored to raise as numerous and as efficient a cavalry as possible. He established a fearfully severe system of military discipline among the levies which he thus drew together; and soon found himself at the head of a large and rapidly increasing army.

The Roman legions of Cæsar's main army were at this time cantoned in the modern territories of Champagne, Lorraine, and Picardy, having communications open with the powerful Gallic nation of the Ædui, who occupied the territory that now forms the Nivernois and part of Burgundy, and who were the most zealous adherents of the Romans. To the south-west of the Ædui, and

to the north-west of the Arverni, were the important tribe of the Bituriges, who were overawed by the vicinity of the Ædui from joining Vercingetorix, though they were well affected to the national cause. Vercingetorix, therefore, marched with the greater part of his forces into their territory, and was readily welcomed among them. He took up a position there, both for the sake of protecting them, and because it enabled him to cross the line of march of any of the Roman legions in the north, that might endeavor to move southward. At the same time he detached one of his generals, named Luterius, to compel the states in the south to join him, and to assail, if possible, the Roman province of Narbonne, where the Romans had been long established, and where, consequently, no spontaneous feeling for the cause of Gallic independence could be expected.

While Vercingetorix was pursuing this prudent scheme of operations, and was organizing his insurrectionary levies on the banks of the Loire, he received the startling intelligence that Cæsar and a new Roman army were in Auvergne, and were spreading fire and desolation throughout the native state of the Gallic commander-in-chief. The Roman general, in truth, had not only hurried from the south of the Alps, on hearing of the risings in Gaul, but he had repelled Luterius from Narbonne, and with a body of troops, principally horse, which he had partly brought with him from beyond the Alps, and partly levied in the Narbonese province, he had made his way over the Cevenne mountains into Auvergne, though it was still winter, and the snow lay six feet deep in the passes. Moved by the entreaties of his countrymen, who flocked around him, Vercingetorix broke up his encampment among the Bituriges, and marched southward to protect Auvergne. Cæsar, however, had no intention to encounter the Gallic main army with the slight force of recruits which he had with him. His object was to join his veteran legions in the north; and having drawn Vercingetorix away from the frontiers of the Ædui, Cæsar left his army of the south under Decimus Brutus, and hurried himself, with a small body-guard, to the neighborhood of the modern city of Chatillon, where two of his legions were stationed. He there rapidly drew the rest together, and had thus a force of sixty thousand veteran troops concentrated under his own personal command.

Vercingetorix had failed in his first project of interposing between the Roman general

and the Roman legions; but he now adopted a line of action which reduced Cæsar, by Cæsar's own confession,\* to extreme difficulty.

Vercingetorix did not march into the north-east to attack the Romans, but he laid siege to a town of the Boii, a people under the protection of the Ædui, and, like the Ædui, adherents of Rome. The town, which Vercingetorix so assailed, was in the modern district of the Bourbonnois, and at a considerable distance from the region where Cæsar's military stores and provisions were collected. It was still mid winter; and it was evident that if the Romans were to leave their quarters and march southward they must be exposed to serious trouble and risk in bringing supplies with them; while, if they were to remain quiet, and leave the Boii to their fate, they would expose their inability to protect their allies; and Vercingetorix might fairly expect to see the Gallic states, which as yet continued to recognize the Roman authority, declare against the foreigners, and range themselves on his side. But his adversary also appreciated the moral effect of such an abandonment of the Boii. Leaving two legions to protect the dépôt of his stores and baggage at Agendicum, (Sens,) the Roman commander moved southward, and in spite of sufferings and privations, which none but Roman soldiers could or would have endured, he forced Vercingetorix to raise the siege which he had formed, and took, himself, three of the patriotic cities by storm.

Though numerically superior to the Romans, Vercingetorix was well aware of the impolicy of encountering them in the open field. He knew the worthlessness of his own infantry in opposition to Cæsar's legionaries. In the vicious political system of the ancient Gauls, the commonalty were held of no account; and all power and wealth were monopolized by the priests and nobles. Hence the inferior Gauls, though personally brave, were ill-armed and ill-disciplined. Their principal weapon was a clumsy broadsword; in addition to which they carried bows and arrows, or javelins. Their only defensive armor was a feeble and narrow buckler. The nobility disdained to serve on foot. Each high-born Gaul rode to the battle-field equipped with helm, with breastplate, with the broad belt, with sword and spear. Vercingetorix had many thousands of these gallant cavaliers at his com-

mand; nor could Cæsar's horse cope with them. It was only by the capture of towns that the Romans could obtain supplies. Vercingetorix perceived clearly the way in which the enemy might be baffled and destroyed; and calling together a council of his chief followers, he told them that "It was necessary to resolve upon a new plan of war. Instead of giving battle to the Romans, they should bend their whole aim to intercept their convoys and foragers; that this might be easily effected; they themselves abounded in cavalry; and, as in the present season of the year there was no sustenance in the fields, the enemy must unavoidably disperse themselves into the distant villages for subsistence, and thereby give daily opportunities of destroying them: when life and liberty were at stake, private property ought to be little regarded; and therefore the best resolution they could take, was at once to burn all their buildings and villages throughout the territories of the Boii and elsewhere, as far as the Romans could send detachments to collect supplies; that they themselves had no reason to apprehend scarcity, as they would be plentifully supplied by the neighboring states; whereas, the enemy must be reduced to the necessity of either starving or making distant and dangerous excursions from their camp. It equally answered the purpose of the Gauls to kill the Romans, or to seize upon their stores; because, without these, it would be impossible for the enemy to carry on the war. Vercingetorix told them, moreover, that they ought to set fire to the towns which were not strong enough to be perfectly secure against all danger. By this being done their towns would neither be hiding-places for their own men to skulk in from military service, nor support the Romans by the supplies and plunder they might furnish. These things might seem grievous calamities, yet they ought to reflect that it was still more grievous to see their wives and children dragged into captivity, and be themselves put to the sword,—the unavoidable fate of the conquered."

The stern proposition was accepted, and was at first heroically executed. Twenty towns of the Bituriges were given to the flames, and throughout the whole neighboring districts, the country gleamed with voluntary desolation. But when it was known that the Romans were marching against the wealthy and populous city of Avaricum, (the modern Bourges,) and it became necessary to put the self-sacrificing ordinance in force there, the hearts of the Gaulish chiefs failed

\* De Bell. Gall., vii. 10.

them. They listened to the entreaties of the inhabitants, who implored them not to destroy a city that was almost the fairest in Gaul. The place was strong by nature, and well fortified. The inhabitants pledged themselves to defend it to the utmost. It was proposed, in the council of war, to spare Avaricum from the general doom, and to garrison it against the Romans. Vercingetorix reluctantly yielded, against his better judgment; and Avaricum was manned with picked troops from the Gallic army. Cæsar soon appeared before its walls, and commenced the siege, while Vercingetorix took up a position at a little distance, whence his cavalry harassed the besiegers, intercepted their convoys, cut off stragglers and small detachments, and inflicted severe loss and suffering, with almost total impunity to themselves.

The besieged defended their walls bravely; but the disciplined courage and the engineering skill and the patient industry of the Romans at last prevailed. The town was stormed with frightful carnage, neither sex nor age being spared. Out of forty thousand human beings who were in Avaricum, when the siege commenced, only eight hundred escaped; the rest perished beneath the Roman sword; and Cæsar gained a town, which not only abounded in provisions and stores of every description, but which served him as a secure basis for his subsequent operations.

Afflicted, but not disheartened at this calamity, Vercingetorix reminded his followers that the defence of Avaricum had been undertaken against his opinion, and exhorted them not to be cast down by a blow which was caused, not by any superior valor of the enemy, but by their superior skill in carrying on sieges; an art with which the Gauls were little familiar. He assured them of the successful efforts which he was making to bring other Gallic states into their league; and he skilfully availed himself of the humbled condition in which he saw his troops, to persuade them thenceforth to fortify their camps; a military toil, for which the Gauls had always previously been too proud or too idle. So different were the men, whom Vercingetorix led, to those whom he had to encounter—the laborious legionaries of Rome, to whom the toils of the pioneer, the sapper, and the miner were daily tasks; and who won Cæsar's victories for him, more even by their spades than by their swords.

Vercingetorix was pre-eminent in the quality, which is the peculiar attribute of

genius, the power of swaying multitudes by the impulse of his single will, and inspiring them with his own enthusiasm. It is the quality which Malebranche has expressively called "the contagiousness of a great mind." At his exhortations the Gaulish soldiery resumed their courage and their patriotic zeal; nor were the assertions which he made to them of his success in acquiring fresh members of the national league, deceptions or exaggerated boasts. Choosing his emissaries with marvellous discernment of character, and infusing into them his own persuasive eloquence, he had won over many more valuable adherents, and had even made the Ædui, those inveterate partisans of Rome, waver in their anti-national policy. The loss which the disaster at Avaricum had made in his ranks was soon repaired; and when Cæsar moved southwards to chastise the Arverni in their own territory with six of his legions from Avaricum, (having sent Labienus with the other four, to put down the risings of the Gauls in the north,) he found no signs of submission or despair. The passage of the Elaver was guarded against him, and when he had succeeded, by an able manœuvre, in crossing it, and advanced through Auvergne to its capital, Gergovia, he found Vercingetorix, with a numerous and efficient army, skilfully posted so as to cover the easiest approaches to the town; and with intrenchments formed round his camp, in which the Roman engineers recognized how well their own lessons had at last been learned.

Cæsar proceeded to besiege both the city and the Gaulish camp; but in the narrative which he himself has given us of the operations before Gergovia it is palpable that he has concealed much, and colored much, in order to disguise the defeat which Vercingetorix undoubtedly gave him. According to his own version, the indiscreet zeal of some of his soldiers, in following too far an advantage which they had gained in an assault upon the enemy's camp, led to their being driven back, with the loss of forty-six centurions, and seven hundred rank and file. But it is clear from the statements of other writers, that his loss was far greater; and he was obliged to raise the siege, and retreat towards the territory of the Ædui.

There is no Celtic Livy of the Gallic war. No one has recorded the rapturous joy that must have pealed through Gergovia, when Vercingetorix entered it as its deliverer, and when the previously invincible Cæsar was seen retiring with his beaten legions from their expected prey. The glad intelligence



soon afterwards arrived that the rich and powerful Ædui had renounced the Roman alliance, and were in arms for the independence of Gaul. This seemed to secure success. Cæsar had been principally dependent on the Ædui for his supplies; and the best part of his cavalry had been composed of their auxiliary squadrons. All these resources were now given to the already victorious patriots; and the speedy destruction of the invaders appeared inevitable.

The accession, however, of the Ædui to the national cause was not unattended by disadvantages. The chiefs of that wealthy and strong people thought themselves entitled to the principal command of the national armies; but the Arverni naturally refused to let their young hero be deposed from the dignity which he had filled so well. A general assembly of the warriors of all Gaul was then convened at Bibracte, (the modern Autun;) and of all the Gallic states only three neglected the summons. When the great national army was fully collected, the question whether the Æduan princes or Vercingetorix should have the supreme command was left to the general suffrage of the soldiery. To a man they voted for Vercingetorix. The Æduans submitted to the decision, and professed obedience to the commander-in-chief; but it was with reluctance and secret discontent. They repented at heart of having abandoned the Romans, who had always treated them as the first in rank among the Gallic states. And it is more than probable that the national cause must have suffered during the subsequent military operations through the disaffection and divisions which were thus introduced in the Gaulish army.

During these delays and deliberations of the Gauls, Cæsar gained time, which to him was invaluable, and had marched northwards, and reunited his legions with those of Labienus. He also employ the interval thus given him, for the purpose of calling new allies to his aid from the right bank of the Rhine. During his campaigns against the Germans, he had learned to appreciate the valor of that nation, far more enduring than the fiery but transient energy of the Gauls; and he had especially observed and experienced the excellence of the German cavalry. This was the arm in which he had always been weakest, and in which the defection of the Ædui had now left him almost helpless. Employing his treasures, and the influence of his name and renown among the adventurous warriors of the German tribes, he succeeded in bringing

a large force of their best and bravest youth across the Rhine, to fight under his eagles against their old enemies, the Gauls. He does not specify the number of the German auxiliaries whom he thus obtained; probably he was unwilling to let it appear how much Rome was indebted to German valor for her victory. But they were evidently many thousands in number, and their superiority, as cavalry, to the Romans, is evident from the fact, that Cæsar not only made his officers give up their chargers, in order to mount the Germans as well as possible, but he compelled the Roman cavalry to take the slight and inferior horses which the Germans had brought with them, and give up their own superior and better trained steeds to the new allies, who were the fittest to use them. Besides the German cavalry, he also obtained a considerable force of German light infantry; of youths, who were trained to keep up with the horsemen in the march or in action, to fight in the intervals of the ranks and squadrons, and whose long javelins, whether hurled, or grasped as pikes, were used with serious effect against both riders and horses in the enemy's troops.

With this important accession to his army, Cæsar began his southward march towards Provence. He seems to have collected all his stores and treasures from his various dépôts, and to have completely abandoned his hold on northern and central Gaul. His army was encumbered with an unusually large amount of baggage; and the difficulty was great of conducting it without serious loss through a hostile territory, and in face of a numerous and spirited foe.

Vercingetorix thought that complete vengeance now was secured. He led his army near that of Cæsar, and though he still avoided bringing his infantry into close action with the Roman legionaries, he thought that the magnificent body of cavalry, which was under his command, gave him the means of crushing that of the enemy, and then seizing favorable opportunities for charging the legions while on the march. He watched till the Romans had reached some open ground near the sources of the Seine, and then called his captains of horse around him, and told them that the hour of victory was come. He urged them to ride in at once upon the long, encumbered Roman line.

The Gallic cavaliers shouted eager concurrence with their general's address. In their excitement a solemn oath was proposed and taken, by which each of them bound himself never to know the shelter of a roof,

and never to look on parent, wife, or child, until he had twice ridden through the Roman ranks.

Thus inspirited and devoted, the nobles of Gaul rode forth in three large squadrons to the fight. Two were to assail the Romans in flank, the third was to charge the marching column in front. Cæsar also divided his cavalry into three divisions to meet the enemy. But Cæsar also arranged his legions so as both to protect the baggage, and to afford a shelter behind their brigades, whither any squadron of his horse, that was severely pressed, might retreat, and reorganize itself for a fresh charge. Vercingetorix could not trust his Gaulish infantry so near the foe, as to give any similar support to his horsemen. But his cavaliers charged desperately on each of the three points against which he had marshalled them; and the combat was long and desperate. At first the Gauls had the advantage. Cæsar was obliged to rally his squadrons, and lead them on in person: he himself was, at one time, nearly captured, and his sword was wrested from him during the close hand-to-hand fight, in which he was engaged. At last the obstinate valor of the German horsemen, aided by the skilful manœuvres of the supporting legions, prevailed, and the remains of the Gaulish cavalry fled in confusion to where their infantry was posted. This also caught the panic; and the whole Gaulish army was driven by the conquering Romans and Germans in ruinous flight to the walls of Alesia, where Vercingetorix at last succeeded in rallying his dispirited and disorganized host.

He might easily have made his own escape; for some time elapsed before the Romans were able to occupy all the approaches to the city, and he actually, in this interval, sent away all his cavalry. But he was resolved to maintain the struggle for his country as long as a spark of hope survived. His infantry, though ill suited for manœuvres or battles, was excellent in the defence of fortified posts; and at the head of the eighty thousand foot soldiers, whom he had rallied at Alesia, he resolved to defend the city, and the fortified camp which he formed beneath its walls, against Cæsar, while a fresh army of his countrymen could be assembled, and brought to his assistance. The victorious defence of Gergovia was remembered, and a similar success was justly hoped for now.

Cæsar, however, instead of wasting the lives of his legionaries in assaults upon the Gaulish camp or city, formed the astonishing project of carrying fortified lines all round Alesia, and the hill on which it stood, and of

reducing his enemy by blockade. As the speedy approach of a new army of Gauls to the relief of Vercingetorix was certain, the Roman general required also an outer line of contravallation to be formed. The patient discipline and the indomitable industry of his veterans accomplished this miracle of military engineering in five weeks. During these weeks the messengers of Vercingetorix were stirring up all Gaul to the rescue of her chosen chief; and at length Vercingetorix and his comrades saw from their ramparts an apparently innumerable and irresistible host of their fellow-countrymen marching down from the neighboring mountains, and preparing to besiege the Roman besiegers.

A series of battles followed, in which Vercingetorix and the garrison of Alesia sallied desperately against the inner line of the Roman works, while the external line was assailed by the myriads of the outer Gaulish army. But nothing could drive the steady legionaries from their posts; and at the close of each day's engagement the Gauls recoiled with diminished numbers and downcast hopes from either ambit of the bloodstained redoubts. At last Cæsar, by a skilful manœuvre, launched his German cavalry against the outer army of the Gauls, and the intended deliverers of Alesia fled in irretrievable disorder, never to rally again.

The doom of Alesia and its garrison was now inevitable. Their stores of provisions were almost utterly exhausted, and their own numbers increased the horror of their position. Vercingetorix alone was calm and undismayed. He thought that the lives of his countrymen might yet be saved by the sacrifice of his own. He reminded them that the war had not been undertaken for his private aggrandizement, but for the common interests of all; yet, inasmuch as the Romans represented it as a war made through his schemes only, and for his purposes only, he was willing to be given up to them either alive or dead, as an expiatory offering to their wrath. The other Gaulish commanders then sent to Cæsar to treat for the terms of capitulation. The answer was, that they must instantly give up their chief, and their arms, and surrender at discretion. Cæsar forthwith caused his tribunal to be set up in the space between his lines and the Gaulish camp, and took his seat there to receive the submission of the conquered, and to pronounce their fate.

Vercingetorix waited not for the Roman lictors to drag him to the proconsul's feet. The high-minded Celt arrayed himself for

the last time in his choicest armor, mounted for the last time his favorite war-horse, and then galloped down to where sat the Roman general, surrounded by his vengeful troops. Vercingetorix did not halt at the instant; but obeying the warrior-impulse that led him to taste once more the excitement of feeling his own good steed bound freely beneath him on his native soil, he wheeled at full speed round the tribunal, and then, suddenly curbing his horse right before Cæsar, he sprang on the ground, laid his helm, his spear, and his sword at the victor's feet, and, bending his knee, awaited in mute majesty his doom.

Even Cæsar was startled at the sudden apparition; and a thrill of admiration and pity ran through the ranks of the stern, bloody-handed soldiers of Rome, when they gazed on the stately person\* and martial

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\* Dio Cassius, xl. p. 140.

demeanor of their foe, and thought from what dignity he had fallen. But Cæsar's emotion was only transient. After some harsh and ungenerous invectives against his brave enemy, he bade the lictors fetter him, and hale him away. For six years, while Cæsar completed the conquest of Gaul, and fought the campaigns of his civil wars, Vercingetorix languished in a Roman dungeon; and he was only taken thence to be led in triumph behind the Dictator's chariot-wheels, and to be then slaughtered in cold blood, while Cæsar, in the pride of his heart, was feasting high in the Capitol.

There is, however, a tribunal before which the decrees of Fortune are often reversed; and no one, who studies history in the right spirit, can fail in awarding the superior palm of true greatness to the victim over the oppressor,—to the captive Vercingetorix over the triumphant Julius.

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## THE QUEEN'S OPERA.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

OF the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius* as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps

of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labor, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings' grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to

the Opera ; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female in this world. Nature abhors it ; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling ; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed ! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too ; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it !

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the arts of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening ? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select Populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not worth much amusing ! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of Self-vision : "High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware what proofs you give of betterness and bestness !" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply : "A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker : good Heavens ! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I am ? And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that ? John, the carriage, the carriage : swift ! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes !" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I

could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical ; and made your fair one an Armida—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females, (of quality,) in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment ; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with joy smile on his old worn face ; this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciousity, and then tripping out again ; and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see ; and sad, if you had eyes ! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste ; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself ; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons ! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to "the Melodies eternal," might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious—they have purchased you away from that ; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Singedelomme, and his improper-females past the prime of life ! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot ? I lament for *you* beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light ; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini too, and Mozart and Bellini—Oh, Heavens, when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Operahouse grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death ; through it too I look not "up into the divine eye," as Richter has it, "but



down into the bottomless eyesocket"—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity,

Vacuity, and the dwelling place of Everlasting Despair.—*London Keepsake for 1852.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL, the incorruptiblest of men and senators in an age when nearly all men and senators were corrupt, was in his lifetime a person much esteemed for his wisdom and his wit; and for his character and conduct has been since considered worthy of an honorable remembrance, being, indeed, now generally regarded as one of those true and faithful spirits that are born for the benefit and ornament of the world. As it is presumable that the acts and qualities of such a man are still possessed of interest, it shall be our present effort to show what manner of man he was, and to represent, in so far as present limits will admit, something of his actual life and conversation. The delineation will be necessarily imperfect, but such as it is it shall be accurate, and, if possible, entertaining.

Be it known, then, to all such as do not already know it, that Andrew Marvell was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in these days of abbreviation commonly called Hull, on the 15th of November, 1620. His father, also called Andrew, was master of the Grammar School, and lecturer at the church of the Holy Trinity in that town. Fuller mentions him as being remarkable for his facetiousness, and says further, that "he was a most excellent preacher, who never broached what he had new brewed, but preached what he had pre-studied some competent time before, inasmuch as he was wont to say, that he would cross the common proverb which called Sunday the working day, and Monday the holiday of preachers." But if his preaching was thus excellent, his life was not the less so; indeed, there seems reason to believe that he very much resembled the "Good Parson" drawn by Chaucer:—

"Rich he was in holy thought and work;  
And thereto a right learned man. \* \* \*

The lore of Christ, and his apostles twelve  
He taught; but first he followed it himselfe."

Of young Andrew's early years there is nothing particular related. A bold imagination may figure him as a frank and joyous boy, with probably a tinge of pensiveness, studying the Latin grammar under his father at the Grammar School, and spending his leisure time in such youthful recreations as were common to his age and country. Having given sufficient indications of ability, and obtained "an exhibition from his native town," he was sent, when hardly fifteen years of age, to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he was presently ensnared by the proselytizing cunning of the Jesuits, who induced him to quit his studies and run away to London, but with what specific object is not distinctly stated. Thither, however, his father traced him, and after considerable searching and inquiry, discovered him accidentally in a bookseller's shop. He was restored to the University, and for the two succeeding years he pursued his studies with becoming diligence and success.

While yet at College, Andrew lost his father under circumstances peculiarly sudden and affecting. It appears that among his intimate acquaintances there was a lady, residing on the other side of the Humber, and who had an only, interesting daughter, endeared to all who knew her, and by her mother so idolized and passionately beloved, that she was scarcely ever permitted to pass an hour out of her presence. On one occasion, however, in compliance with the solicitations of Mr. Marvell, she was allowed to cross over to Hull to be present at the baptism of one of his children. The day after the ceremony the young lady was to return. The weather was unusually tempestuous, and on reaching the river side, accompanied by

her reverend friend, the boatmen endeavored to dissuade her from passing over. Afraid of alarming her mother by her prolonged absence, she unhappily persisted. Mr. Marvell, seconding the representations of the boatmen, urged the danger of the undertaking; but finding her resolved to go, he told her that as she had incurred the impending peril to oblige him, he felt "bound in honor and conscience" not to desert her; and having at length prevailed on some of the boatmen to hazard the passage, they embarked. As they were putting off, he flung his cane on shore, telling the bystanders that, in case he should never return, it was to be given to his son, with the injunction "to remember his father." His apprehensions were very shortly realized: the boat was upset, and both were lost.

Great was the grief of the bereaved mother, but when she had a little recovered from her first impressions, she sent for young Marvell, and signified a disposition to aid him in completing his education; and at her death, some time afterwards, she left him the whole of her possessions. Meanwhile, having taken his bachelor's degree, in or about 1638, he appears to have been admitted to a scholarship. This, however, he does not seem to have retained long. A lively, and perhaps riotous temperament exposed him to a variety of temptations, into some of which he evidently fell; for we learn that he became "negligent of his studies," and absented himself from certain "exercises," which rendered him amenable to discipline. The result of these irregularities was rather serious, inasmuch as on the 24th September, 1641, he was adjudged by the masters and seniors to be unworthy of receiving "any further benefit from the college," unless he should show cause to the contrary within the space of three months; a gracious reservation, of which he does not appear to have availed himself. For that default he had, of course, to quit the University, and he accordingly girded up his loins for adventures in the open world.

It seemed to Andrew that perhaps the best thing he could do was to "set out on his travels." He therefore departed, probably about the beginning of 1642, and journeyed over a great part of Europe. On reaching Rome he fell in with his countryman John Milton, and here, it is believed, began their well-known and life-long friendship. It would be a pleasant accession to the biography of both, could one recover out of the depths of forgetfulness some of those

brilliant and stirring conversations in which they no doubt frequently engaged; but as there was no ready-writing Boswell there to do them such a service, this portion of their history remains, and will remain, extremely indistinct. The most of what we learn of them is this: that both being men of intrepidity, with a strain of the Puritan in their constitutions, they openly argued against the superstitions of the Romish Church, within the very precincts of the Vatican; and, what was hardly to be expected, came off scatheless. It would seem, however, that there was a certain kind of tolerance in the Popish authorities of the times, and that they could very well afford to let a pair of hot-tempered and noble-spirited strangers speak their minds.

It was at Rome that Marvell began to try his hand at authorship; the "heir of his invention" being a lampoon on Richard Flecknoe. It is now pretty well forgotten, or remembered mainly as having suggested Dryden's famous satire on Laureate Shadwell. Going afterwards to Paris, Marvell made another satirical effort, designing thereby to bring into contempt a certain Abbé Manibou, who, after the manner of our present "graphiologists," professed to interpret the characters and indicate the fortunes of individuals by an inspection of their handwritings. His piece was written in Latin, and in point of merit it is considered about equal to his first performance. What impression it made on the public has not been very certainly ascertained.

For some years after this, Marvell's history is in great part a blank. We find, however, that having been "four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain," he was some time subsequently engaged in the household of Lord Fairfax, for the purpose of giving "instructions in the languages" to the daughter of that nobleman. How long he remained in this employment is nowise clear or certain. In 1652 he offered himself as a candidate for the office of Assistant Latin Secretary to the existing government. In a letter of Milton's, dated the 21st of February in that year, and addressed to John Bradshaw, Marvell is described as a man of "singular desert," and as being in point of learning and ability well qualified for the appointment he was then solititing. The letter concludes in these terms: "This, my lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duty to the public in helping them to an humble servant; laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which

mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor." Though thus strongly recommended, Marvell was unsuccessful in his application, and did not obtain the office till five years afterwards.

The powers in high places seem nevertheless to have been well disposed to serve him; for in 1653 he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, Mr. Dutton. Marvell's mode of proceeding towards his pupil appears to have been distinguished by great sense and conscientiousness, and even by a touch of Yorkshire caution. "I have taken care," says he, in a letter to the Protector, "to examine him several times in the presence of Mr. Oxenbridge, as those who weigh and tell over money before some witness ere they take charge of it, for I thought there might be possibly some lightness in the coin, or error in the telling, which hereafter I shall be bound to make good." He adds further: "He is of gentle and waxen disposition; and God be praised, I cannot say he hath brought with him any evil impression, and I shall hope to set nothing into his spirit but what may be of good sculpture." How Marvell succeeded in building up the inner man of Mr. Dutton, or for what length of time he was so engaged, cannot here be certified, owing to the scantiness of the materials relating to this part of his life. But there seems reason to believe that, in whatsoever way employed, he remained connected with the person and family of Cromwell for a considerable period, as on the publication of Milton's "Second Defence of the People of England," he was commissioned to present the work to the Protector, and in 1657 was promoted to the Assistant Secretaryship which he had formerly solicited.

In 1658 Cromwell died, and we hear no more of Marvell till the opening of the Parliament in 1660. To that Parliament he was returned for his native town of Hull. He was one of the last members of the House of Commons that received *wages* from their constituents, and the duties which he performed were perhaps on that account more onerous than those of ordinary senators. He appears to have carried on a regular correspondence with the Hull electors, giving them full particulars of the parliamentary proceedings, and of the part which he himself took in them. A great number of his letters are still preserved, and are valuable for the proofs which they afford of the writer's diligence and fidelity, and in some respects also throwing light on certain points of parliamentary history and usage. A few passages from these letters, inter-

mingled with certain portions of his private correspondence, may serve to illustrate the character of Marvell's patriotism, and to show the unsparing criticism which he applied to the public transactions of the times.

It is matter of notoriety that the court and administration of Charles II. were extremely unscrupulous and corrupt; it may not, however, be uninteresting to some to see a little of what Marvell noted close at hand. In a letter to a friend in Persia, he says: "The King having, upon pretence of the great preparations of his neighbors, demanded 300,000*l.* for his navy, (though in conclusion he hath not set out any,) and that the Parliament should pay his debts, (which the ministers would never particularize to the House of Commons,) our house gave several bills. You see how far things were stretched, though beyond reason, there being no satisfaction how those debts were contracted, and all men foreseeing that what was given would not be applied to discharge the debts, which I hear are at this day risen to four millions; but diverted as formerly. Nevertheless, such was the number of the constant courtiers increased by the apostate patriots, who were bought off for that turn, some at six, others ten, one at fifteen thousand pounds in money, besides what offices, lands, and reversions to others, that *it is a mercy they gave not away the whole land and liberty of England.*" In the same letter he adds: "They have signed and sealed ten thousand pounds a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland, who has likewise near ten thousand pounds a year out of the new farm of the country excise of beer and ale, five thousand a year out of the Post-office, and they say the reversion of all the King's leases, the reversion of all places in the Custom House, the green wax, and indeed what not? All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognizance."\*

Of the King's unconstitutional visits to the House of Peers, Marvell gives the following account:—"Being sat, he told them it was a privilege he claimed from his ancestors to be present at their deliberations. That therefore they should not, for his coming, interrupt their debates, but proceed, and be covered. They did so. It is true that this has been done long ago; but it is now so old that it is new, and so disused, that at any other but so bewitched a time as this, it would have been looked on as a high usurpation and breach of privilege. He indeed sat still, for the most part, and interposed very little. . . . After three or four days'

\* Marvell's Letters, pp. 405, 406.

continuance, the Lords were very well used to the King's presence, and sent the Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain to him, to know when they might wait as a house on him, to render their humble thanks for the honor he did them. The hour was appointed them, and they thanked him; and he took it well. So this matter, of such importance on all great occasions, seems riveted to them and us for the future, and to all posterity. . . . The King has ever since continued his session among them, and *says it is better than going to a play.*"\*

From this, one can perceive that, whatever might be his faults, Charles II. was a pleasant fellow. Of another kind of pleasantry, arising out of the peculiar relations between members of Parliament and their constituencies, we obtain some curious glimpses from these letters. On more than one occasion it appears that members had *sued their constituents for arrears of pay*; and that others had threatened to do the like, unless the said constituents would agree to re-elect them at the next election. "To-day," says Marvell, (in a letter dated March 3, 1676-7,) "Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Master of the Rolls, moved for a bill to be brought in, to indemnify all counties, cities, and boroughs, for the wages due to their members for the time past, which was introduced by him upon very good reason, both because of the poverty of many people not able to supply so long an arrear, especially new taxes now coming upon them, and also because Sir John Shaw, the Recorder of Colchester, *had sued the town for his wages*; several other members also having, it seems, threatened their boroughs to do the same, unless *they should choose them* upon another election to Parliament." We gather further, that electors of those days did not pride themselves very much upon the suffrage, and that there were even instances of unpatriotic boroughs begging to be *disfranchised*, to escape the burdensome honor of sending representatives!

In such a state of things, it was hardly to be expected that the attendance of members should be very prompt or punctual. Such, indeed, was the difficulty of obtaining a "full house" that it was deemed advisable at various times to threaten severe penalties against the absentees. In one of these letters we are told, "The House was called yesterday, and gave defaulters a fortnight's time, by which, if they do not come up, they may expect the greatest severity." In another,—*"The House of*

Commons was taken up for the most part yesterday in calling over their House, and having ordered a letter to be drawn up from the Speaker to every place for which there is any defaulter, to signify the absence of their members; and a solemn letter is accordingly preparing, to be signed by the Speaker. This is thought a sufficient punishment for *any modest man*; nevertheless, if they shall not come up hereupon, there is a further severity reserved." These reserved severities, however, could be rarely put in practice, so that the absenteeism of honorable gentlemen was for a long time more or less a standing hindrance to legislation.

Among the other unpleasant perplexities incident to the House of Commons in those days, were the frequent disputes into which they were in the habit of falling with the House of Lords. The following is an amusing complication of their relations, and must have been extremely difficult of adjustment: "I have no more time than to tell you that the Lords having judged and fined the East India Company, as we think *illegally*, upon the petition of one Skyner, a merchant, and they petitioning us for redress, we have imprisoned him that petitioned *them*, and they have imprisoned several of those that petitioned *us*." "It is," adds Marvell, "a business of high and dangerous consequence," as indeed it manifestly was, though nothing very serious resulted.

As a curious example of the odd accidents on which important events may sometimes depend, the following singular anecdote may be cited. Sir G. Carteret had been charged with embezzlement of public money, "The House," says Marvell, "dividing upon the question, the ayes went out, and wondered why they were kept out so extraordinary a time; the ayes proved 138, and the noes 129; and the reason of the long stay then appeared. The tellers for the ayes chanced to be very ill reckoners, so that they were forced to tell several times over in the house; and when at last the tellers for the ayes would have agreed the noes to be 142, the noes would needs say that they were 143; whereupon those for the ayes would tell once more, and then found the noes to be indeed but 129, and the ayes then coming in proved to be 138; whereas if the noes had been content with the first error of the tellers, Sir George had been quit upon that observation."\*

It appears there is no evidence that Mar-

\* Ibid. pp. 417-419.

\* Letters, pp. 125, 126.



well ever spoke in Parliament. He was nearly twenty years a member, and all the time a silent one. His influence in the House, nevertheless, seems to have been more than usually considerable. The strong and decided views which he took on public affairs, the severe, satirical things which he was constantly uttering in conversation, or publishing in pamphlets and addresses, and the steadfast and well-known integrity by which his entire conduct was distinguished, rendered him a formidable opponent to the government, and even gained for him the secret respect of some of the court party. Prince Rupert honored him with his friendship, and is said to have remained attached to him when "the rest of the party had honored him by their hatred," and to have occasionally visited him at his lodgings. When he voted on Marvell's side of the House, as not unfrequently happened, it used to be said that he had been closeted "with his tutor." Our patriot, however, was nowise without his enemies—as indeed every good man necessarily lives in antagonism with the bad; and there are no relations hitherto discovered under which they can with any permanence be amicably associated. We find it said that on more than one occasion, Marvell was threatened with assassination; so that in spite of conscious virtue he had need of walking guardedly, and with the strictest circumspection.

Of his severe probity, his utter inaccessibility to bribery, and the manifold forms of flattery and temptation which the governing powers employed against him, there are many substantial evidences. The account of his memorable interview with the Lord Treasurer Danby, though it has often been repeated, and is, perhaps, generally familiar to historical readers, cannot properly be omitted in any relation having reference to Marvell's acts and character. It appears that he once spent an evening at Court, and very highly delighted the "merry monarch" by his wit and other personal accomplishments. In this there is nothing to astonish us; as it is known that Charles enjoyed wit and lively conversation almost more than anything. To his excessive admiration of wit and drollery he was indeed continually sacrificing his royal dignity. However, one morning after the above-mentioned interview, he sent Danby to wait on our patriot with a special message of regard. Charles perhaps might think that with a fellow of such humor it would not be impossible to come to an understanding. His lordship had some difficulty in finding Marvell's residence, but at

last discovered it on a second floor, in a dark court communicating with the Strand. It is said, that in groping up the narrow staircase, he stumbled against the door of the apartment, which, flying open, revealed to him the patriot writing at his desk. A little surprised, Marvell asked his lordship, with a smile, if he had not missed his way. "No," said Danby, in courtly phrasology; "No; not since I have succeeded in finding Mr. Marvell." He then proceeded to inform him that he came with a message from the King, who was impressed with a deep sense of his merits, and was anxious to serve him. Marvell replied pleasantly, "that his majesty had it not in his power to serve him." As Danby pressed him seriously, he told his lordship at length that he knew well enough that he who accepts court favors is naturally expected to vote in conformity with its interests. On his lordship's saying "that his majesty only desired to know whether there was any place at court which he would accept," the patriot replied, "that he could accept nothing with honor; for either he must treat the King with ingratitude by refusing compliance with court measures, or be a traitor to his country by yielding to them." The only favor, therefore, he begged of his majesty, was to esteem him as a loyal subject, and truer to his actual interests in *refusing* his offers than he could be by *accepting* them. His lordship having exhausted this species of persuasion, had recourse to what he probably considered more formidable logic, and told him that his majesty requested his acceptance of a thousand pounds. But this too was firmly and respectfully rejected, though, as it is related, soon after Danby left him, Marvell was compelled to borrow a guinea from a friend, to meet his immediate expenses.

It has been already hinted, that though no orator in Parliament, Marvell was moderately ready with his pen; and there can be no one at all acquainted with English literature, who does not know that he was one of the most popular writers of his age. Most of his works, however, were written for temporary purposes, and have accordingly in great part passed out of mind with the circumstances that occasioned them. The production on which his fame as an author may be said principally to rest, is the *Rehearsal Transposed*—a piece written in a controversy with Dr. Samuel Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, a splendid impersonation of the High-Church militant. Parker, in a preface to a posthumous work of Archbishop Bram-

hall's, which appeared in 1672, had displayed an excessive zeal against the Nonconformists, and with the fiercest acrimony and the uttermost extravagance, had urged those abominable maxims of ecclesiastic tyranny, which were fashionable among the rampant churchmen of the age. The preface was anonymous, but the author was not on that account unknown—his *style*, perhaps, exposing him. As a champion for tolerance, Marvell took the matter up; and as his adversary presented himself without a name, he facetiously dubbed him "Mr. Bayes," the name under which the Duke of Buckingham had lately ridiculed Dryden in the famous play of the *Rehearsal*. The title of Marvell's book was, indeed, suggested by a scene in the same play—that in which Bayes states the manner in which he manufactured his dramatic pieces. The passage is as follows:—

"*Bayes*.—Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*,—changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternative* as you please."

"*Smith*.—Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?"

"*Bayes*.—Why thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that is all one: if there be any wit in it, (as there is no book but has some,) I *transverse* it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time,) and if it be verse, put it into prose."

"*Johnson*.—Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose shall be called *transprosing*."

"*Bayes*.—By my troth, sir, 'tis a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so."

Seizing upon this conceit, Marvell called his work the *Rehearsal Transposed*; and the ridicule which he heaped on Parker was so unsparing and complete, that it is said even the King and his courtiers could not help laughing at him. The success of the work was signal, immediate, and universal. Bishop Burnet says, in allusion to it, with an evident enjoyment of the humiliation of the victim: "After Parker had for some years entertained the nation with several virulent books, he was attacked by the liveliest droll of the age, who wrote in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that, from the King down to the tradesman, his books were read with pleasure; that not only humbled Parker, but the whole party; for the author of the *Rehearsal Transposed* had all the men of wit (or, as the French phrase it, all the *laughers*) on his

side." To give a faint notion of the ridiculous light in which Marvell exhibited his adversary, and for the reader's entertainment, we may here insert some few sentences from the book. He says:—

"This gentleman, as I have heard, after he had read Don Quixote, and the Bible, besides such school-books as were necessary for his age, was sent early to the university, and there studied hard, and in a short time became a competent rhetorician, and no ill disputant. He had learned how to erect a *thesis*, and to defend it *pro* and *con*, with a serviceable distinction.

And so, thinking himself now ripe and qualified for the greatest undertakings and highest fortune, he therefore exchanged the narrowness of the university for the town; but coming out of the confinement of the square cap and the quadrangle into the open air, the world began to turn round with him, which he imagined, though it were his own giddiness, to be nothing less than the quadrature of the circle. This accident concurring so happily to increase the good opinion which he naturally had of himself, he thenceforward applied to gain a like reputation with others. He followed the town life, haunted the best companies; and to polish himself from any pedantic roughness, he read and saw the plays with much care, and more proficiency than most of the auditory. But all this while he forgot not the main chance; but hearing of a vacancy with a nobleman, he clapped in, and easily obtained to be his chaplain: from that day you may take the date of his preferments and his ruin; for having soon wrought himself dexterously into his patron's favor, by short graces and sermons, and a mimical way of drolling upon the Puritans, which he knew would take both at chapel and at table, he gained a great authority likewise among all the domestics. They all listened to him as an oracle; and they allowed him, by common consent, to have not only all the divinity, but more wit, too, than all the rest of the family put together. . . . Nothing now must serve him, but he must be a madman in print, and write a book of Ecclesiastical Polity. There he distributes all the territories of conscience into the Prince's province, and makes the Hierarchy to be but Bishops of the air; and talks at such an extravagant rate in things of higher concernment, that the reader will avow that in the whole discourse he had not one lucid interval."\*

\* *Rehearsal Transposed*, vol. i. pp. 62–69.

The Rehearsal soon elicited several *replies*; some of them written in awkward imitation of Marvell's style of banter, and all now deservedly forgotten. Parker himself remained for a long while silent, but at length came forth with a *Reproof of the Rehearsal Transposed*, wherein he urged the Government to crush Marvell as a "pestilent wit," and stigmatized him as "the servant of Cromwell, and the friend of Milton." It was but natural that Marvell should retort, and he accordingly wrote and published what is called the "second part" of the Rehearsal. He was, moreover, constrained to it by a pithy anonymous epistle, signed "T. G.," left for him at a friend's house, and concluding with these words,—“If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat!” A man of Marvell's boldness was not to be intimidated, and he straightway printed this pleasant document in the title-page of his reply. To this publication Parker attempted no rejoinder. Anthony Wood informs us that the said Parker “judged it more prudent to lay down the cudgels, than to enter the lists again with an untowardly combatant, so hugely well versed and experienced in the then newly-refined art, though much in mode and fashion ever since, of sporting and jeering buffoonery. It was generally thought, however, by many of those who were otherwise favorers of Parker's cause, that the victory lay on Marvell's side, and it wrought this good effect on Parker, that for ever after it took down his great spirit.” Burnet tells us further, that he “withdrew from the town, and ceased writing for some years.”

No adequate notion of this, the most considerable and curious of Marvell's writings, could be given by any such selection of extracts as could be inserted in these pages. Indeed it would be very difficult, even with the most copious quotations, to convey anything like the impression which the work itself must have originally produced. As a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has said, “The allusions are often so obscure—the wit of one page is so dependent on that of another—the humor and pleasantry are so continuous—and the character of the work from its very nature is so excursive, that its merits can be fully appreciated only on a regular perusal.” There are other reasons also why any lengthened citations cannot be given. “The work has faults which would, in innumerable cases, disguise its real merits from modern readers, or rather altogether deter them from giving it a reading. It is

characterized by much of the coarseness which was so prevalent in that age, and from which Marvell was by no means free; though his spirit was far from partaking of the malevolence of ordinary satirists.”\* It is not to be inferred, however, that the merit of the *Rehearsal Transposed* consists solely in wit and banter. Amidst all its ludicrous levities, there is, as D'Israeli has remarked, “a vehemence of solemn reproof, and an eloquence of invective, that awes one with the spirit of the modern Junius;” and, as the critic above quoted subjoins, “there are many passages of very powerful reasoning, in advocacy of truths then but ill understood, and of rights which had been shamefully violated.”

About three years after the publication of the second part of the Rehearsal, Marvell's “chivalrous love of justice” impelled him into another controversy. In 1675, Dr. Croft, Bishop of Hereford, had published a work entitled, “The Naked Truth; or, the true state of the Primitive Church; by a humble Moderator.” This work enjoined on all religious parties the unwelcome duties of charity and forbearance; but as it especially exposed the danger and folly of enforcing a minute uniformity, such as was then so generally demanded by the High-Church intolcrants, it could not be suffered to pass unchallenged by the leaders and guides of that trenchant faction. It was accordingly attacked, with a considerable display of petulance, by Dr. Francis Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, in a pamphlet entitled, “Animadversions on the Naked Truth.” Provoked by the unfairness and asperity of this production, our satirist replied to it in another pamphlet, which he entitled, “Mr. Smirke; or, the Divine in Mode.” He here fits the object of his banter with a character out of Etheredge's “Man in Mode,” as he had before fitted Parker with one from Buckingham's “Rehearsal.” The merits and defects of this performance are considered to be of much the same order as those of his former work, though it is, perhaps, somewhat less disfigured by vehemence and coarseness. On Dr. Croft's pamphlet he has one remark which beautifully expresses his admiration of the work, and indicates a feeling of which many persons must have been conscious, when perusing other works of eminent superiority, “It is a book of that kind,” says he, “that no Christian can peruse without wishing himself to have been the author,

\* Ed. Rev. No. 159.

and almost imagining that he is so: the conceptions therein being of so eternal an idea, that every man finds it to be but a copy of the original in his own mind."

Two years after the appearance of the "*Divine in Mode*,"—namely, in 1677,—Marvell published his last controversial piece, elicited, like the rest, by his disinterested love of fairness. It was a defence of the celebrated John Howe, whose conciliatory tract on the "*Divine Prescience*" had been rudely assailed by three several antagonists. This little volume is not included in any edition of Marvell's works, and is now extremely scarce, it being, presumably, unknown to any of his biographers. We are indebted to the writer in the "*Edinburgh*" before quoted for drawing attention to its existence.

Marvell's latest work of any extent was entitled, "*An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England*." This appeared in 1678. It was construed by the Government into a "libel," and a reward was offered for the discovery of the author. Marvell, however, does not appear to have been alarmed by these proceedings, nor to have been any way called to account for the publication. He thus humorously alludes to the subject in a private letter, written some months after the work was published:—"There came out about Christmas last, here, a large book concerning the growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government. There have been great rewards offered i private, and considerable in the Gazette, t any one who could inform of the author or printer, but not yet discovered. Three or four printed books since have described, as near as it was proper to go, (the man being a Member of Parliament,) Mr. Marvell to have been the author; but, if he had, surely he should not have escaped being questioned in Parliament or some other place."

During the latter years of his life, Marvell published several other political pamphlets, which, though now forgotten, are considered to have been influential at the time in unmasking corruption, and rousing the nation to a consciousness of its political degradation. Among these is a clever parody on the speeches of Charles II., in which the flippancy and easy impudence of those singular specimens of royal eloquence are said to be happily mimicked, and scarcely, if in any degree, caricatured. Let us, for a few sentences, hear the witty Charles, as our caustic author represents him speaking:—

"I told you at our last meeting, the winter

was the fittest time for business; and truly I thought so, till my lord-treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. . . . Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it, for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me, I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on, I will never break it. . . . I can bear my straits with patience: but my lord-treasurer does protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. . . . What shall we do for ships then? I hint this to you, it being your business, not mine. I know by experience I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how *you* will be without, I will leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by-the-by. I don't insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this:—it seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it,—Pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too, if you do not give me more. So that, if you do not stick to me, you will not have a friend in England. . . . Therefore, look to it, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your door. For my part, I wash my hands on it. . . . I have converted my natural sons from Popery. . . . 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the Psalter. They are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings! But, as I was saying, I have, to please you, given a pension to your favorite, my Lord Lauderdale, not so much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. . . . I know not, for my part, what factious men would have, but this I am sure of, my predecessors never did anything like this, to gain the good-will of their subjects. So much for your religion; and now for your property. . . . I must now acquaint you, that by my lord-treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff, of



which, by the way, upon my conscience, neither my lord-treasurer nor my Lord Lauderdale are guilty." \*

All this is very pleasant and facetious. But it seems Marvell's intrepid patriotism and witty writings rendered him extremely odious to the court, and especially to James, Duke of York, and heir presumptive to the crown. As already mentioned, he was frequently compelled to conceal himself out of dread of assassination. He died, however, to all appearance, peaceably in his bed, on the 16th August, 1678—the year in which his obnoxious work on the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government was published; but as he was in vigorous health immediately before, strong suspicions have been entertained that he was poisoned. We know of no evidence in support of these suspicions, so that, probably, there were no grounds for them, as we are all aware that strong and vigorous men have not unseldom died suddenly.

Aubrey describes Marvell as being in person "of a middling stature, pretty strong-set, roundish-faced, cherry-checked, hazel-eyed, brown-haired,"—the very figure of a jolly Yorkshireman. He adds, that in conversation he was modest and of very few words; and was wont to say, "he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he could not trust his life." Who would? Of his collected works, we believe there is no complete edition. Cooke's edition, published in 1726, contains only his poems and some of his private letters. That of Captain Thompson, in three volumes quarto, published in 1776, is not considered quite complete, and is very indifferently edited. There may be other editions, but if so, they are unknown to the present writer. The "Life of Andrew Marvell, with Extracts from his Prose and Poetical Works, by John Dove," (1832,) is, we believe, the fullest and most recent account we have of this distinguished patriot; and, perhaps, the passages selected will, to ordinary readers, prove the most interesting and agreeable portions of his writings.

"The characteristic attribute of Marvell's genius," says the Edinburgh critic already quoted, "was unquestionably *wit*, in all the attributes of which—brief sententious sarcasm, fierce invective, light raillery, grave irony, and broad laughing humor—he seems to have been by nature almost equally fitted to excel. To say that he *has* equally excel-

led in all would be untrue, though striking examples of each might easily be selected from his writings. The activity with which his mind suggests ludicrous images and analogies is astonishing. He often absolutely startles us by the remoteness and oddity of the sources from which they are supplied, and by the unexpected ingenuity and felicity of his repartees. His *forte*, however, appears to be a grave ironical banter, which he often pursues at such a length, that there seems no limit to his fertility of invention. In his endless accumulation of ludicrous images and allusions, the untiring exhaustive ridicule with which he will play upon the same topics, he is unique; yet this peculiarity not seldom leads him to drain the generous wine even to the dregs, to spoil a series of felicitous railleries by some far-fetched conceit or unpardonable extravagance."

But whoever supposes Marvell to have been *nothing* but a wit, simply on account of the predominance of that quality, will do him great injustice. As the same writer remarks:—"It is the common lot of such men, in whom some one faculty is found on a great scale, to fail of part of the admiration due to other endowments; possessed in more moderate degree, indeed, but still in a degree far from ordinary. We are subject to the same illusion in gazing on mountain scenery. Fixing our eye on some solitary peak, which towers far above the rest, the groups of surrounding hills look positively diminutive, though they may, in fact, be all of great magnitude." Though wit was his most predominating endowment, the rest of Marvell's talents were all of a high order of development. His judgment was remarkably clear and sound, his logic ingenious and adroit, his sagacity in practical affairs admirable, his talents for business apparently of the first order, and his industry in whatever he undertook steady and indefatigable. He had all the qualities which would have enabled him to succeed in almost any department of exertion; while in regard to candor, strict integrity, and all the solid merits which render a man honorable and worthy, he was not surpassed by any man of his generation.

Marvell has some, though not very considerable reputation as a poet. His poems are, for the most part, quaint, fantastic, uncouth in rhythm; but there are a few pieces which display both beauty of thought and no indifferent elegance of expression. The "Emigrants in Bermudas," a "Dialogue between Body and Soul," "The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn," and a

\* Marvell's Works, vol. i. pp. 428, 429, as quoted in Ed. Rev. No. 159.

"Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure," though all more or less unequal, contain nevertheless many sweet and pleasant lines. Besides these, there are some satirical pieces which, though largely disfigured by the characteristic defects of the age, are upon the whole highly felicitous and amusing. A few lines from a whimsical Satire on Holland may not be unacceptable, by way of enlivening the growing dulness of the present paper:—

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,  
As but the off-scouring of the British sand,  
And so much earth as was contributed  
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;  
Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell,  
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle-shell;  
This indigested vomit of the sea  
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.  
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,  
They with mad labor fish'd the land to shore;  
And dived as desperately for each piece  
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergrease,  
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,  
Less than what building swallows bear away;

\* \* \* \* \*

For as with pigmies, who best kills the crane,  
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,  
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,  
So rules among the drowned he that drains.  
Not who first sees the rising sun commands:  
But who could first discern the rising lands."

Though Marvell's works are now but little read and are not unlikely to be by-and-by forgotten, there can be no question that they considerably modified the character of his own generation. With his keen weapons of

satire, he did manful service in the cause of virtue, by assailing, and to some extent subduing various principalities and powers of despicability and corruption. By exposing and rendering contemptible the False, he vindicated and did honor to the True. Thus, he did not live his life in vain; nor did the influence of his activity or of his example cease when his own existence terminated. Though dead, and imperfectly remembered, he nevertheless speaketh through that transmitted and ever-present power which belongs inseparably to goodness. The uttered word may cease to be repeated, but the spirit of truth, whose manifestation and embodiment it was, departs not out of the world, but like an invisible electric current, circulates with an enduring efficacy throughout the whole development of humanity.

Personally, Marvell is memorable mainly for his high integrity and moral worth. It is this which attracts, and will continue to attract the admiration of posterity, more than anything which he actually accomplished by means of his particular endowments. His steadfast and inflexible abidance by an individual uprightness and sincerity, when all the rewards and enticements of life thronged round him like syren shapes to beguile him into apostasy, is a grand and striking spectacle, the rarity and the beauty whereof will never fail to command the earnest homage of mankind. Admiring men have called him the "British Aristides," and certainly no other man connected with our history can be mentioned who has more honestly deserved the honor thus attributed.

AN INDIAN SWORD-PLAYER declared at a great public festival, that he could cleave a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member; and the General (Sir Charles Napier) extended his right hand for the trial. The sword-player, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not one to be experimented upon with safety, and refused to proceed. The General then extend-

ed his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form; yet the Indian still declined the trial, and when pressed, twice waved his thin keen-edged blade as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally he was forced to make trial; and the lime fell open, cleanly divided—the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood.—*Sir Charles Napier's Administration in Scinde.*

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE POISON-EATERS.

A VERY interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Mathew Wurzel, was a poison-eater or not, elicited some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons.

As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practised in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr. T. Von Tschudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria, and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of *hedri*, from the travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow-doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

The poison-eaters have a twofold aim in their dangerous enjoyment; one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors are attended, for it is just the youthful poison-eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion, and an appearance of exuberant health. Out of many examples, I select the following:—

A farm-servant who worked in the cow-house belonging to — was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior, she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained; and in a few months she was much fuller in figure, rosy-cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's

taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity; she was poisoned, and died an agonizing death.

The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse prevails could tell of such tragedies; and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details. Whether it arise from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorized possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sin, the arsenic-eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the death-bed that raises the veil from the terrible secret.

The second object the poison-eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, "better winded!"—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic, and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest.

The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. The peasant R—, living in the Parish of A—g, a strong, hale man of upwards of sixty, takes at present, at every dose, a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practised this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children.

It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium-eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the cocoa-tree among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity.

In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr. von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English ambassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brussa, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium. In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every-day occurrence among horse-dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage-horses, and especially the much-ad-

mired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic feeding.\* It is a common practice with the farm-servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary 'indulgences' in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all poison-eaters. To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring-water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulphuric acid, (vitriol,) in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons, under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionery. Arsenic is said by Dr. Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint, at two or three days' notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a *blow*, and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other fells the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil does no injury; but if

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\* Arsenic produces an increased salivation.



the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and perhaps causes death.

But the misfortune is, that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensations they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulant is alcohol. The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every succeeding occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand no more, then comes the reaction. If the excitement could go on *ad infinitum*, the prognosis would be different; but the poison-symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without

producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of the want of drink! Many persons, it cannot be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time—perhaps from some frightful illness—and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution. “I cannot drink now as formerly,” is a common remark—sometimes elevated into the boast, “I do not drink now as formerly.” But the relaxation of the habit is compulsory; and by a thousand other tokens, as well as the inability to indulge in intoxication, the *ci-devant* drinker is reminded of a madness which even in youth produced more misery than enjoyment, and now adds a host of discomforts to the ordinary fragility of age. As for arsenic-eating, we trust it will never be added to the madneses of our own country. Think of a man deliberately condemning himself to devour this horrible poison, on an increasing scale, during his whole life, with the certainty that if at any time, through accident, necessity, or other cause, he holds his hand, he must die the most agonizing of all deaths! In so much horror do we hold the idea, that we would have refrained from mentioning the subject at all if we had not observed a paragraph making the round of the papers, and describing the agreeable phases of the practice without mentioning its shocking results.

A SKETCH OF MAZZINI.—A correspondent of the *Edinburgh News*, who lately spent an evening in London with M. Mazzini, thus attempts to convey an idea of the striking personal appearance of the triumvir:—“I should have known him among a million, although I cannot describe him, not having the gift of portraiture. The pictures of him which are in common circulation, are sufficiently like him before you have seen him, and perhaps afterwards too, but I have not come on one of them since that evening. A delicate but indelicate back-head, a bald coronal region of wonderful height and amplitude, a brow proper more remarkable for beauty than volume, and more expressive of keenness than power, dark eyes fitter for pity than defiance, and a thin, regular, long, pale, Persian face, are the first things that catch the eye of a stranger. The coal-black hair of the head and untouched beard yield fitting shadows, and form an appropriate ground for so eminent a countenance, surmounting, as it does, a small and slender figure. I soon perceived that, with all its beauty, it is a melancholy face; a most thoughtful, not unremembering, faithful, hopeful, yet

sad countenance. It struck me, however, as being the melancholy of temperament rather than of circumstance; the melancholy of genius, depending partly on some degree of constitutional languor, and partly on the continual perception of the littleness of life, and partly also on the feeling of his country's wrongs. Taking it all in all, it is a head and face as full of love and pity, clearness and truth, as ever I saw; worthy of a prophet or an apostle, a confessor or a martyr, and eminently capable of command wherever love and truth shall rule. . . . Mazzini's conversation is wide and various, being spoken in quite as good English as we of Scotland are yet accustomed to hear. His thoughts have evidently been concentrated on the present state of Europe; necessarily so indeed, owing to his position: but then he has studied, and can descant with effect upon the theological, the philosophical, and the literary aspects of European life, as well as its political phases. He gives one the impression of being abreast with the foremost thought of his age along an unusually large line of advance—a man to teach a prince, or to be one.”

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE principal new works issued in Great Britain, and noticed by the critical journals, and in which American readers have an interest, are enumerated below.

## HISTORY, TRAVELS, AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Hon. Henry Cavendish, with an abstract of his more important scientific papers, presents the only biography of this remarkable philosopher. As marking a phase in the progress of chemistry, it is an important contribution to the history of science. It vindicates, of course, Cavendish's claim to the discovery of the composition of water, and goes into a reply to the celebrated article of Sir David Brewster, in the *North British Review*, which claimed the honor for Watt. The work is praised as clear, scholarly, and impartial.

Lord Mahon has added the fifth and sixth volumes to his "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," which extend over seventeen years, embracing the period immediately preceding and during our war of Independence. The *Athenæum*, after indicating in a comprehensive sketch of the events embraced in this period, its importance as an historical era, remarks of Lord Mahon's qualifications thus:—

"But Lord Mahon is too timid—too conventionally respectable—for such a work. What he has done on a large scale, he has done well enough; just as might be expected from his culture and his political leaning. The tangled web of court and ministerial intrigue is unravelled, exhibited, and knitted up again by him with a minute dexterity to which works like that of Mr. Adolphus can make no pretension. The origin and progress of discontent in America, as they appear to one having no sympathy with revolutions, are traced with a copious preciseness, and in the new light of a purely English—without being a high Tory—point of view. The other—perhaps the most essential—part of the historian's task, Lord Mahon has gone over in an extremely brief, vague, and unsatisfactory manner. With the exception of a short chapter on literature and art placed, in the manner of Hume, at the end of his work, as if these subjects had only an incidental and altogether subsidiary connection with the history of the time, some eight or nine pages are all that he devotes, out of nearly eleven hundred, to the entire range of topics embraced in the term 'social history.'"

The *Literary Gazette* speaks of the author and the work in high eulogy:—

"It is always with extreme satisfaction that we read the announcement that Lord Mahon has accomplished another stage of his journey. From the peace of Utrecht, where his charming narrative begins, up to our own day, we have no classic historian who has gathered up the scattered events, which are else like water spilt upon the ground. Great deeds are lost without great writers, who can

raise themselves by an effort of the imagination to the high conceptions of the original actor, and can feel both the glow of the iron while in the furnace, and resemble the metal when it has cooled. History, to be sure, deals with the little as well as with the lofty, but he who is equal to cope with the last, will not be vanquished by the former. Mr. Macaulay is advancing upon the heels of Lord Mahon. Yet it must be some years, at least, before he can reach the goal which is Lord Mahon's starting-place; and should he ever tread the same path, he will not, we are convinced, efface the footsteps of his predecessor. That Mr. Macaulay will sustain his honors we have no sort of doubt, but we believe that Lord Mahon will keep his likewise. The only difference will be, that we shall have the pleasure thenceforward of travelling the road with a lamp on each side of us. Nay, great as is Lord Mahon's reputation, we expect it to be greater hereafter."

It may be stated that Lord Mahon, after a deliberate discussion, decides the author of the Junius Letters to be Sir Philip Francis.

D'Israeli's Life of Lord George Bentinck attracts general notice, and meets with diverse treatment. The *Athenæum* thinks that "dryness and D'Israeli were never so strongly associated as in this volume; about one fifth only of which is interesting to the general reader." The *Britannia*, on the other hand, regards it as a most successful specimen of biography.

A translation of a new work by the indefatigable German traveller, Kohl, has appeared—Travels in Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro—the result of an excursion made during the past year, along the eastern coasts of the Adriatic, partly because attention had been directed to the inhabitants of these coasts by some of the events of the late Hungarian war, and partly because our information respecting the territories and inhabitants of Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, is somewhat meagre. The *Literary Gazette* remarks:—

"What we respect in Herr Kohl, is the absence of pretence, and the conscientious matter-of-fact manner in which he proceeds to discharge the limited duties which he has imposed upon himself."

Narrative of the Voyage of the Rattlesnake, by John Macgillivray—a history of an exploring expedition sent out in 1846, to complete the survey of Torres Strait, and examining the sea between the Barrier Reefs, New Guinea, and the Louisiade islands, under the command of Capt. Stanley, a son of the late Bishop of Norwich. This voyage made the important discovery of a clear channel, of at least thirty miles wide, along the southern shores of New Guinea. The work, as descriptive of the voyage, and of the countries visited, is highly commended. The *Examiner* says:—

"Mr. Macgillivray has here published one of the best books of travels of its class which has fallen

under our notice for many years. It is indeed second only to one to which all books of maritime travels are likely to be second for a long time to come, we mean that portion of the 'Narrative of the Voyage of the Adventure and Beagle' which is Mr. Charles Darwin's. The judicious narrator of the Expedition has been no idle observer of the strange countries and stranger people that were brought under his notice in his four years' peregrination, and hence the public is presented with much varied knowledge, not only regarding his own special scientific pursuits, but relating to the rude and strange men of whom little or nothing was known before, and about whom, it must also be admitted, much remains still to be known."

Others of the best critical journals speak as well of the work.

Memoir of Peer Ibraheem Khan, is a curious work, portraying the life of a remarkable character, who took an active and most important part in the English war in Afghanistan. His character and his deeds are highly praised in Major Herbert Edwards' interesting account of his campaign on the Punjaub frontier.

Holland's Life of Chantrey, the sculptor, is sharply censured for its inadequacy, by the *Westminster*: "It is of the very lowest order of the '*Memoires pour servir*,' redeemed from utter worthlessness by the few facts concerning Chantrey which the local knowledge of the writer has enabled him to rescue from oblivion for the use of the future biographer. The alternate puerility and inflation of Mr. Holland's style, and the seriousness with which he makes all his calculations from the meridian of Sheffield, are at the turning-point between the tiresome and the amusing."

The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr, with Essays on his Character and Influence, by the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Loebel, is announced as in press, and is eagerly waited for.

Mr. Dickens' Child's History of England has been reprinted from his Household Words, and is a work of great merit.

The Lives of the Prime Ministers and other Eminent Ministers of State, by J. Houston Browne, is announced.

The Shrines and the Sepulchres of the Old and New Worlds, by Dr. R. R. Madden, a work of great research, is about to be published.

Recollections of a Literary Life; or, Books, Places, and People, by Mary Russell Mitford, is in the press of Bentley.

A new historical work by Miss Martineau is announced—a History of the British Empire during the First Half of the Nineteenth Century, to be published in monthly parts.

The ninth and tenth volumes of Grote's History of Greece, republished in elegant form in this country, by Messrs. J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston, are announced as nearly ready.

England and France under the House of Lancaster, is also announced, from an anonymous source.

Sketch of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations, is a new work, by Count Krasinski, who has delivered at Edinburgh interesting courses of

lectures on the same subject. The struggles of the Reformation in the Slavonic lands of Bohemia and Poland are detailed, and the historical and biographical sketches are admirably drawn.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

Dr. Latham, the celebrated ethnologist, has published two works recently. A Handbook of the English Language, which is commended by nearly all critics. The *Athenæum* says:—

"No man has done more than Dr. Latham to place the study of English on its proper footing. By his philosophical treatment of it, he has raised it to the dignity which it deserves, and shown that, while an essential in the earliest education of children, it is not unworthy to hold a high place in college pursuits. His present work is a sort of medium between his large and school grammars. It is rendered much more interesting, as well as more useful, to a student than the school grammar, by containing not merely a greater number of facts, but also a more copious discussion of principles and a fuller explanation of the origin and reasons of particular usages. On the other hand, it is less abstruse and more practical than the large work on the English language."

The other work of Dr. Latham is entitled, *The Germania of Tacitus, with Ethnological Dissertations and Notes*, which does not receive quite so genial a reception. The *Examiner* sharply criticises it as follows:—

"We fancy that a close ethnological examination, if it could be made, would prove to us that Dr. R. G. Latham and Mr. G. P. R. James come of exactly the same variety under a common stock. Both are clever men, and neither gives himself fair play. They will be for ever sprouting and leafing, and they will not let themselves be pruned. They build a mass of books upon a given, not very wide, base; a mass like the body of a top, upon a limited, though durable and solid peg; and down the mass must go, by its own weight, if it be not kept spinning. Dr. Latham, having acquired a certain number of respectable ideas connected with ethnology and language, proceeded to make admirable use of his acquirements in the production of a work upon 'the English language.' That work perhaps contained some pomps and affectations—we thought we saw some, but we did not care. The book was a good book, nobody has given us a better of its kind. But having produced this his main joint, Dr. Latham has since been putting it we do not know how many times again upon the public table, cold, hashed, fried, potted. We liked the joint when first served. We did not grumble when it was offered again, cold; we accepted it thereafter, hashed; not many weeks ago, when it came up again fried, we hinted a hope that there remained no other ways of cooking it;—and now, Heaven help us, here we have a stew made of the trimmings."

Douglas Jerrold is engaged in issuing a uniform edition of his numerous writings, the second volume of which, containing his "Men of Character," originally contributed to *Blackwood*, has been just published. Of course, they are well received. The *Athenæum* knows "of but few better counsels that we could offer in the interest of our readers' good spirits, and of the humanities which delight in 'wise wit and witty wisdom,' than a recommendation to

add to the list of the Christmas guests, Men of Character."

The *Fagot of French Sticks*, is the title of Sir Francis Bond Head's new work, which we perceive is about to be reprinted by Mr. PUTNAM, of New York. His previous lively and spirited books of travel excite an expectation which this appears to disappoint. Most of the critical journals, except some of those strongly sympathizing with the political views of the author, express this disappointment in greater or less degree. The *Examiner* thus disposes of it:—

"Books upon nothing are permissible to certain writers—to men of fancy, whose imagination can cover the barrenness of a theme; to sentimentalists, who can make pathos out of a horn snuff-box, or extract floods of humor from the first postillion or *grisette*; to the philosopher who can draw a moral from the most vulgar objects of life, or to the wit who can infuse his own comicality into them. But the author before us possesses none of these characteristics in that eminent degree which entitles him to present the world with two volumes upon nothing. Of humor, indeed, several of his former writings displayed not a little; but the source has apparently been dried up. We are quite at a loss to discover what kind of impression Sir Francis Head intended to make upon the reader by his present sketches, which are little calculated to instruct, and certainly not vastly to amuse."

The *Literary Gazette* gives its sincere, though qualified applause.

We are glad to observe that a new edition is preparing for publication of the works of Dr. Isaac Barrow, "compared with the original MSS.," the announcement says, "and enlarged with materials hitherto unpublished; edited for the Syndics of the University Press, Cambridge."

Wesley and Methodism, by Isaac Taylor, reprinted in a handsome 12mo by Messrs. HARPER, New York, obtains a long and highly commendatory notice in the *Literary Gazette*. The scope of the work is thus stated:—

"One division of Mr. Taylor's book relates to 'the substance of Methodism,' as distinguished from 'the form of Methodism,' still extant under the name of Wesleyanism, after one of the originators of the movement. The substance of Methodism he states to consist of these four elements—1. A belief, amounting to a vivid feeling, of the truth and importance of the great doctrines of the Christian system. 2. A sense of personal relationship to these truths, felt by each individual, as opposed to the 'Church idea' of Christianity, beyond which the Church of Rome knows nothing, and to which the Church of England, in all her public offices, gives much prominence. The need of what is called 'experimental religion' is made in Methodism to throw into comparative insignificance all questions of outward form or of ecclesiastical order. 3. The consciousness and the enjoyment of a new life, manifesting itself sometimes in unusual sensations of peace, or love, or joy, sometimes breaking forth into external demonstrations in the rude and unlearned, but in better constitutions leading to growing humility, faith, holiness, and zeal. 4. As an element of the Methodism of the last century was what is termed 'evangelic philanthropy,' an active and diffusive spirit and practice of doing good, arising from mo-

tives of gratitude for good personally received at the Divine hands, the welfare of the soul as of first importance, temporal welfare of others being also sought. All the characteristics of early Methodism are analyzed in the present volume with a discrimination, and described with a clearness such as we might expect from the philosophical and eloquent author of 'The Natural History of Enthusiasm.'"

The *Spectator* thus sums up the merits of the book:—

"The argument is not altogether so close and interesting as it might be. The purpose is sometimes remote, the manner too sermonizing. The work exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the lives and writings of the founders of Methodism, and a living knowledge of some of them as they approached the termination of their career. A judgment nicely critical is exercised upon both, in which charity never dulls the acumen, but ever restrains it from passing into bitterness. Much thought, moreover, is displayed upon the real causes of the success of the Methodists, and a good deal of original opinion in the survey of the religious world; which Mr. Taylor's task permits, if it does not require."

Harrison Ainsworth's new serial novel, *Mervyn Clitheroe*, has appeared.

The *Fair Carew*; *Jacob Bendixen, the Jew*, from the Danish, by Mary Howitt; *Spiritual Alchemy*, or *Trials turned to Gold*; *Anthony, or the Deaf and Dumb Boy*; *Darien*, by Eliot Warburton; *The Irish Buccaneers*; *Horace Grantham, or The Neglected Son*, are among the new novels of the month.

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

Mr. Young's Version of *Béranger*, published by PUTNAM, is treated by the *Athenæum* with as much severity as if the worthy translator were not a native Englishman. After stating some of the peculiar difficulties of rendering such an author as *Béranger* into English, the critic proceeds:—

"None of these unquestionable general truths seem to have been apprehended by Mr. Young;—or else he does not possess the expressive power of the poet who is to render foreign poets. His work justifies both suspicions,—and suggests the ungrateful toil of one who has set himself to copy a cameo with a sledge-hammer,—to touch an enamel with a coach-painter's brush. For the *malice* of the *vaudeville couplet*, Mr. Young gives us the homely 'mischief' of the *Clare Market* ballad. The tender yet popular singer—the *naïf* and poignant satirist—the boon companion who wears his vine-wreath, not as a *Silenus* but as a *Faun* would wear it,—is here presented as a being little more subtle or accomplished than the rhymesters who versified *Marshal Haynau's* visit to the *Brewery*, and who now, like *Wisdom*, are crying in the streets concerning the antecedents and destinies of *Bloomerism*. Is not such a character deserved by a versifier who employs such flowers of speech as 'the go,' 'draw it mild,' 'old clo,' 'shocking bad hat,' &c.,—and who does not even use his 'vernacular' pure? This, such nondescript words as 'old hunk,' (for 'old hunks,') because a word was wanted to rhyme with 'drunk,'—as 'Liz,' by way of translating '*Lisette*,' rather drearily illustrate. In brief, want of power, want of poetry, and want of taste characterize Mr. Young's translations."

Mr. Longfellow's new poem, "The Golden Le-



gend,' published by TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, and republished by BOGUE, is warmly received. The *Athenæum* says:—

"A new poem by Prof. Longfellow is sure to be welcome. His fresh imagery, his gracefully chosen epithets, and the delicate beauty of his thoughts, whatever be the mould into which he chooses to cast them, give him an unquestioned place in the Hall of the Poets. His present subject, to whatever objections it may be open as a theme, is peculiarly happy for the choice which it gives him of accessories of scenery and time, and for the variety of material which this choice places ready to his hand. Waving the question of the propriety of a medieval legend in a time when the heart of the world is busy with the labor of Progress which it has in hand, and when the Bard should be doing his part of the work, we recognize Mr. Longfellow's happy treatment of the quaint and picturesque materials on which he has chosen to exercise his muse."

The *Literary Gazette* echoes the strain:—

"Mr. Longfellow has written two books—'Hyperion,' in prose, and 'Evangeline,' in verse—which are sure to keep his name long fresh, wherever the English tongue is spoken. A well-stored mind, a graceful fancy, and glowing heart, are indeed apparent in everything that falls from his pen; but in the works we have named, more especially the latter, the power of moving the affections and stamping indelible pictures on the memory, proclaim the presence of the poet."

Layard's Popular Account of the Discoveries at Nineveh has been handsomely reprinted by Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In the compass of a single volume, and at a very moderate price, we have the results of the most interesting series of investigations which have been made in modern times into the history of the past. Four years ago, a single case, not three feet square, in the British Museum, contained all that was known to exist of the two most famous cities of antiquity. A few incidental notices in Holy Writ, and fragments of profane historians of doubtful authority, in which it is impossible in many cases to distinguish fact from fiction, were all the historical records of the first dynasties which ruled the East. Since that time the researches of Layard have brought to light inscriptions and works of art furnishing materials from which there is every reason to hope that the history of Assyria may be constructed upon a basis more satisfactory than that of any nation of antiquity, whose records have not been written by inspiration. This volume, abridged by Layard from his larger work, presents, in a more compact form, all the results and facts of his previous volumes, and cannot fail to prove even more widely acceptable. It contains no change of opinion on any material point, for the views which he at first advanced have been confirmed by his subsequent discoveries, and by the continual progress that has been made in deciphering the ancient inscriptions. It may, therefore, be confidently accepted as presenting an accurate statement of the present state of our knowledge of Assyrian antiquities. Independent of the light thrown on numerous topics of Biblical interest by the discoveries made, the history of the investigations abounds in curious and instructive details of the life and manners of the Arabs, with whom the author was thrown into very intimate relations.

#### LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

— Prof. Macdoul, of Belfast, has been elected to the Greek chair in the University of Edinburgh, in place of Prof. Dunbar, deceased. Prof. M. was some time ago elected to the Hebrew Chair of the same University, but being unable to subscribe the theological tests, (being a Free Church man,) his election was successfully resisted. These tests do not apply to the Greek professorship.

— Archbishop Whately was recently elected Chancellor of the Dublin University, made vacant by the death of the King of Hanover, over the Earl of Rosse.

— Dr. Freund, the celebrated Latin lexicographer, is now in London, engaged in constructing a German lexicon.

— Shakspeare has been translated for the first time into Swedish, by Dr. Hagberg, professor at Upsal.

— The forthcoming Grenville Papers, it is said, attribute the authorship of Junius' Letters to Lord Temple.

— Five professors of the University of Berlin died last year—Lachmann, Stühr, Jacobi, Erman and in December, Dr. Franz, Professor of Classical Philology.

— The hundredth anniversary of the Royal Society of Sciences of Gottingen was lately celebrated, at which Mr. Airy, the English Astronomer Royal, was elected an honorary member.

— The catalogue of the library of the late Cardinal Mezzofanti has just been published at Rome, in Latin. It is divided into forty-five sections, and contains the titles of works in more than 400 languages, idioms, or dialects. The library cost the learned Cardinal the labor of a long life and no small amount of money, and nothing more complete, curious, or valuable of the kind, exists in the world.

— Mr. Harry Luttrell, "a wit among lords and a lord among wits," died at his house in Brompton Crescent on the 19th inst., in the eighty-first year of his age. He was the friend of Sydney Smith and of Mr. Rogers, and the wit who set the table in a roar at Holland House, when Whig supremacy in the patronage of letters was rather laughed at in political circles. Like many other men of reputation for happy sayings, his printed performances do little justice to the talents which he himself possessed.

— M. Duprez, so long celebrated as the tenor of the French opera, has become a composer; his first work, an opera, called "*L'abime de la Maladette*," was produced for the first time at the Theatre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, on Monday last.

— The principal musical event of the week has been the production of an opera in three acts, by Felicien David, at the Opera National, called *La Perle du Brésil*. It created extraordinary interest in the musical circles and amongst the public, as it is the first piece David, though so widely known by his *Desert*, his *Eden*, and other ode-symphonies, has prepared for the stage.

— Dr. Mainzer, a composer of great merits, and a teacher of extraordinary success, died recently at Manchester, at an advanced age.

— Alexan'er Lee, author of several of the much-

admired songs of the day, "Come dwell with me," "Away to the mountain's brow," "The Soldier's Tear," "Come where the Aspens quiver," and many other delightful airs, well known to the musical world, recently died in London, in extreme destitution. A concert for his benefit was to be given, but he died on the very day of the concert. It was thought best to perform the concert, however, and devote the proceeds to paying the proper honor to his memory. They did so, but most of those who tried their voices were too much affected to sing, and the performance was at last brought to an abrupt termination by one of his pupils, who burst into a passion of tears while endeavoring to sing "The Spirit of Good," an air by the departed master.

— Mme. Sieber, widow of the celebrated music publisher, and mother of the composer of that name, died the day before yesterday in Paris, at the age of 101.

— Liszt, the celebrated pianist, has published an elaborate work entitled *Lohengrin et Tannhauser de Richard Wagner*, which develops and defends what is known as Romanticism in music. Dr. Liszt is one of the men of genius who adorn a not very rich period. In executive music—as offering that interpretation which approaches towards and enhances creation—he is without a peer. In picturesque and high-toned eloquence as a writer he is little less distinguished. His new work excites justly great attention.

— Two new original English operas are forthcoming—one by Mr. E. Fitzwilliam, and "Charles II.," by Mr. McFarren.

— Mr. Charles Horsley has made considerable progress in a new Oratorio, on the story of "Joseph." This evidences a facility and enterprise worthy of all recognition in a day when so many who would fain be composers abstain from efforts to produce works of a high order because writing is not immediately profitable, or who desire from some other equally prosaic motive to avoid the struggle which is part of every artist's training and experience.

— Signor Schira is said to have been nominated Mr. Bunn's musical director for the coming season at Drury Lane.

Rumor mentions operas by Mr. Balfe and by Mr. Benedict as works which probably may be performed. We believe that the former gentleman has long had in his hands a *libretto* by Mr. Bunn, identical in subject with that of Signor Verdi's "Rigoletto"—founded on M. Victor Hugo's tragedy, "Le Roi s'amuse."

— At the recent inauguration of the statue of William the Conqueror at Falaise, his native place, the music was wholly composed for the occasion by M. Auber.

— The death of Dr. Mainzer recently took place at Manchester. As a man, he was amiable, intelligent, and engaging—with those touches of the picturesque in his composition and of warmth in his temperament which persuade many whom it would be no easy matter to convince, and which are essential to the immediate success of a popular orator. Dr. Mainzer's published compositions are few and unimportant.

— The new Government School of Mines, and of Science applied to the Arts, commenced its operations recently under very favorable auspices. The inaugural address was delivered by Sir Henry de la

Beche, Director General of the British Geological Survey, on the benefits of Industrial Education. The day following, Dr. Lyon Playfair, the Professor of Chemistry of the institution, delivered a very able lecture on the national importance of studying and promoting Abstract Science as a means of giving a healthy progress to industry. The next day, Mr. Edward Forbes, who is the Professor of Natural History, delivered another lecture on the importance of the study of Natural History in the various branches of Industrial Art, particularly instancing the importance of palæontological knowledge in leading to a correct knowledge of the coal-measure strata. The courses of lectures under Professors Playfair, Forbes, and Hunt have begun; those by Professors Ramsay, Smyth, and Percy are to begin early in January. The whole enterprise is one of great promise.

— A new edition of Mr. Watt's splendid illustrations of the Geometrical Mosaics of the Middle Ages.

— The artists of Paris are engaged in subscribing for a monument to M. Daguerre.

— The colossal equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, destined for the town of Gottenburg, modelled by the Swedish sculptor, Fuglbjerg, at Rome, has just been cast. The statue of Bernadotte, modelled by the same artist, for the city of Stockholm, is also just completed.

— The statues, busts and objects of *virtu*, gathered in the Cottingham Museum, in London, have been recently sold at auction, and brought large prices. It was regarded as one of the most unique and valuable collections in the kingdom.

— An interesting paper was recently read before the London Statistical Society, on the duration of life among the clergy. The facts showed a very favorable duration of life among the clergy. The clergy of rural districts have an advantage of more than two years over those of cities and towns, and the married of more than five years over the unmarried. The duration of life among the clergy in the last three centuries appears to have been remarkably steady, with signs of recent improvement. The last table of the series contrasted the average age at death of popes, archbishops, and bishops of the Established Church and Romish saints. The popes, being appointed very late in life, attained the greatest mean age, exceeding that of the English archbishops and bishops by about a year—the latter surviving the Romish saints by about two years. This abbreviation of life in the case of the saints of the Romish calendar, may probably be attributed in part to celibacy, in part to the ascetic practices to which some of them were addicted.

— Sydney Smith discourses thus on puns:—"They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in a book on education, mentions the case of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met

with it, he always pronounced it *partridge*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now, here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game*; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the discovery that two such meanings are referable to one form of expression."

— Mr. Cunningham tells several amusing anecdotes in his "Handbook of Modern London." One is of Dr. South, whose habit of punning in the pulpit is well known. When appointed chaplain to the Merchant Tailors' Company, he took for the text of his inauguration sermon the words, "*A remnant of all shall be saved.*" In a Bible printed at Stationer's Hall, in the year 1632, and still shown there, the important omission of the word *not* in the seventh commandment, which is printed, "*Thou shalt commit adultery,*" brought down Laud's anger on the Company, and the infliction of a heavy fine for the immorality of the precept. A less serious mistake is thus narrated: "The City was commonly called Cockaigne. The name Cockney—a spoilt or effeminate boy—one cockered and spoilt—is generally applied to people born within the sound of the bells of St. Mary-le-Bow. When a female Cockney was informed that barley did not grow, but that it was sown by housewives in the country, 'I knew as much,' said the Cockney, 'for one may see the threads hanging out of the ends thereof.'"

— Fenelon's *Telemachus*, which has long since been translated into all the European languages, but which had never been rendered into any Eastern tongue, is just being published in Hebrew, in Posen, (Prussian Poland.) This edition is especially intended for the Jews of Russia, and the publisher, M. Samniter, has obtained permission from Nicholas to import into his dominions as many copies as he can sell, free of all duty.

— The Library of the Paris Observatory has just received a valuable addition to its scientific catalogue. When Lalande, the French astronomer, died in 1807, he left a vast number of manuscripts to be divided among his numerous heirs. One of his descendants, an officer in the army, has been for a long time engaged in attempting to get these manuscripts together again. In this attempt he has at last succeeded, and has made a present of the whole, forming thirty-six volumes, to M. Arago. The latter, fearing that they might again become separated, has, in his turn, caused them to be deposited at the Observatory.

— Miss Martineau's opinion of Dr. Paley is thus expressed in her new history:—"One of the Cambridge men who opposed Horne Tooke's having his

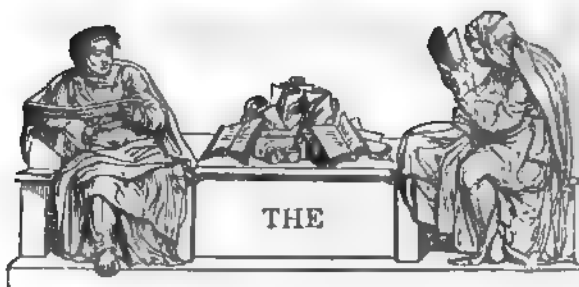
degree in 1771, was Paley, then a tutor in the University. Paley died first, in 1805, having distinguished himself in a very different line. He was too clear and strong an advocate of the principles of liberty and the rights of conscience to have any chance, in those days of high preferment; and he rose no higher in the Church than the sub-deanery of Lincoln. He was a clear-headed man, who could say at will exactly what he thought; and that talent, at a time when the solemn pomposity of Johnson's imitators began to be wearisome, obtained for Paley a reputation as a thinker, which the lapse of half a century has shown to be very far beyond his deserts. He was clear, but not deep; strong, but not comprehensive; orderly, but not elevated. The subjects he attempted—as in his *Moral and Political Philosophy*, his *Evidences of Christianity*, and his *Natural Theology*—were too deep and too high for his order of intellect; and though the charms of his manner and the clearness of his method secured a long term of popularity for these works, the higher and larger thought of men since born has made us wonder at the acceptance so long given to Paley's inadequate definitions, loose reasonings, and low moral propositions. Utility and expediency are his universal solvent; and the method of their application in the philosophy and practice of morals, politics, society, and ecclesiastical matters, seems as uncertain as the principle is loose and questionable. They accord but too well with his own celebrated saying, in regard to the profession of religious belief—that he "could not afford to keep a conscience." Dr. Paley died, as has been said, very early in the century; but his works exercised till lately so strong an influence over the minds of statesmen, divines, and educators, that he may be considered as belonging to our own time, as well as to the preceding half century."

TANCRED. — The engraving accompanying this number is from a subject contained in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*—one of the heroes of which epic is Tancred, the companion of Godfrey of Bouillon. Tancred was a Sicilian, and embarked with his friend, Bohemond, on the great crusade in 1096, and soon became conspicuous for his valor and daring. He joined Godfrey on the plains of Chalcedon, where was formed the celebrated compact of which Tasso speaks. At the great siege of Nice, Tancred was the soul of the engagement; and in a subsequent battle at Dorylaeum, his intrepidity saved the army of the crusaders when surrounded by 200,000 Seljooks. Tancred also led the way in the long and perilous march to Jerusalem, more than a thousand miles. On reaching the Holy City, he captured an advanced work, which still bears the name of Tancred's Tower. His career in Palestine was one of splendid and incessant triumph. He was created Prince of Galilee, and exhibited both in his administrative career and his military enterprise, the gallant, disinterested, noble conduct which has made his character the favorite of poet and painter alike, and his name the highest ideal of chivalry. Tasso's glowing verse has immortalized him, as the peculiar glory of the crusades, and the model Christian hero.









# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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MARCH, 1852.

From the Westminster Review.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.\*

WE propose in this article to enter on no proper discussion of American literature, but merely to present such an array of carefully ascertained and interesting facts, with brief and hastily written but deliberately formed opinions, as will guide the intelligent reader to a just estimate of the general intellectual activity in the United States; reserving for a separate article an account of the books that have recently issued from the American press. We have been over the field with some care, having in the last few months examined with more or less attention a larger number of American books, in the various

departments of literature, than a majority of our readers will be apt to believe were ever written. The library of the British Museum contains an immense number of American Histories, Biographies, Reviews, &c., and is by no means deficient in what with more propriety may be called American Literature, though the privilege that we enjoy, while occupied with these pages, of consulting a library in which there are thirteen thousand works composed in the United States, leaves on our mind an impression that Mr. Panizzi might, with some advantage to British students, suggest the bestowal of a few hundred guineas more on the speculation, the poetry, romance, and æsthetical dissertation of the cultivators of their language across the Atlantic.

We cannot but think, despite the contrary judgment of some wise persons who have debated this point, that the distinct history of the American mind should be commenced, far back, in the times of the first Puritans in New England. There is a national character in America; it is seen, very decided and strongly marked, in the free northern States; and making every proper allowance for the Dutch element and its influence in New York,

\* "The Prose Writers of America. With a Survey of the Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country." By Rufus Willmot Griswold. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 552. Fourth edition. London: Richard Bentley, 1849.

"The Poets and Poetry of America, to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century." By Rufus Willmot Griswold. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 550. Eleventh edition. Philadelphia: A. Platt, 1851.

"The Female Poets of America." By Rufus Willmot Griswold. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 400. Second edition. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird, 1850.

"De la Littérature et des Hommes de Lettres des États-Unis d'Amérique." Par Eugène A. Vail, auteur de la Notice sur les Indiens de l'Amérique du Nord. 8vo, pp. 617. Paris, 1841.

that national character was born in England, cast out from thence because it was not agreeable to a majority of the people, and has remained until now, unchanged in its essentials, where it first found a home, in the area of civilization ever widening from the British settlements on this continent. The history of American literature begins in the good old days of the Dudleys, the Cottons, Nortons, and Mathers, or earlier still, in those of JOHN MILTON, who has been claimed as the "most American author that ever lived." And with justice. For what had that stern and sublime intelligence in common with kingly domination, or hierarchical despotism, against both of which he made "all Europe ring from side to side"? And are not his immortal books on State and Church politics the very fixed and undecaying expression of the American ideas on these subjects?

*Philosophers.*—Before the commencement of this century, America had but one great man in philosophy; but that one was illustrious. From the days of Plato there has been no life of more simple and imposing grandeur than that of Jonathan Edwards, who, while living as a missionary at Northampton, then on the confines of civilization, set up his propositions, which have remained as if they were mountains of solid crystal in the centre of the world. We need not repeat the praises of Edwards, by Robert Hall, Mackintosh, Stewart, Chalmers, and the other great thinkers of Britain and of the Continent, who have admitted the amazing subtlety and force of his understanding. In America, his doctrines were constantly discussed among theologians, but until the present generation he had scarcely a disciple or an antagonist deserving of much consideration. Of writers now living who have treated with most ability and earnestness his Doctrine of the Will, we may mention Dr. Day, late President of Yale College, Professor Tappan of New York, Professor Upham of Maine, and Professor Bledsoe of Louisiana; but there are many others who have written with acuteness against the great necessitarian, or in his defence.

The text-books of the old country—the works of the Scotch metaphysicians, or those of Locke, were used commonly in the schools, and for fifty years there was scarcely a pretence of originality or independence; but in 1829, the late James Marsh, then President of the University of Vermont, republished, with a masterly Preliminary Essay, the Aids to Reflection, by Coleridge, which was destined in the United States to have an influ-

ence altogether more powerful than it has had in England; and soon after was commenced the propagation of the Franco-German philosophy, in translations of its leading expositions, and the composition of original works, which, in number and character, now constitute a philosophical literature, many-sided indeed, but abounding in able and ingenious dissertations on the chief points which have interest in the modern schools.

We have space only for a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of a few of the most conspicuous living writers in this department. Professor Upham, of Bowdoin College, is known to the religious world by "Memoirs of Madame Guyon," and other works illustrating a belief in Christian perfection, and as the translator of "Jahn's Biblical Antiquities." His metaphysical productions consist of a "Philosophical and Practical Treatise on the Will;" "Elements of Mental Philosophy, embracing the two Departments of the Intellect and the Sensibilities;" the same work abridged; and "Outlines of Imperfect and Disordered Mental Action." These works have passed through many editions, and are very largely used as text-books. They are, in the main, eclectic and Anglo-Scottish, but have some original and striking views, particularly in regard to the sensibilities, in his chapters concerning which he discusses very amply and clearly the distinctions between the intellectual and sensitive parts of our nature. Professor C. S. Henry, D.D., of the University of New York, an accomplished scholar, whose first considerable work was a "Compendium of Christian Antiquities," is best known by an "Epitome of the History of Philosophy," from the French, with additions, and a translation, with commentaries, of "Cousin's Elements of Psychology." In all his writings he agrees with Cousin. Henry P. Tappan, D.D., is the author of an admirable "System of Logic," to which is prefixed an "Introductory View of Philosophy in General, and a Preliminary View of the Reason;" the most able and satisfactory reply that has ever appeared to the doctrines of "Edwards on the Will;" a volume on "University Education," and many important papers in the reviews. S. S. Schmucker, D.D., Professor of Theology at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, is a voluminous writer in metaphysics and theology, and is noticed here chiefly for his "Psychology, or Elements of a new System of Mental Philosophy on the Basis of Consciousness and Common Sense." What is "new" in this work is rather in classification and terminol-

ogy than speculation. Dr. Frederick A. Rauch, a favorite pupil of Daub, of Heidelberg, was President of a college at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, where he died a few years ago, soon after publishing his "Psychology, or View of the Human Soul, including Anthropology." He was a transcendentalist of the school of Hegel, and a man of genius. Laurens P. Hickok, D.D., of Auburn, published about a year and a half ago the most important systematic treatise that has yet appeared from the American press in this department, under the title of "Rational Psychology." The style is inelegant and difficult, but the work displays a thorough mastery of the subject, and of its recent literature, especially in Germany, where the author received his education, and his characteristic principles. His strongest position is, that the mind is capable of constructing, *à priori*, pure forms in pure space; that is, that after perception, we can form in space general images, not having the qualities of particular bodies—a position of Brown against Berkeley and Stewart, but never so powerfully presented as in this treatise by Dr. Hickok. No American writer in this field has enjoyed so great a popularity as Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University. Of his "Elements of Moral Science" nearly 50,000 copies have been sold, and his book on the "Limitations of Human Responsibility" has had much influence on opinions. The chief feature of his system is an attempt to harmonize the intellectual with the moral; he has perhaps suggested no new principles, disclosed no new motives, but he has clearly defined the limits and positions of subjects in which indistinctness is equivalent to uncertainty. Mr. George Ripley, who now conducts the literary department of the *New York Tribune*, contributed largely to the spread of French eclecticism, by his translation of the "Philosophical Miscellanies of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Constant;" and by a book addressed to Andrews Norton in vindication of the transcendentalists, as well as by various profound discussions in the "Boston Christian Examiner," he displayed capacities which entitle him to a high rank in that party. He has since devoted much attention to the propagation of the doctrines of philosophical Socialism.

The school of Boston transcendentalists began to attract attention about twenty years ago. Its apostles, Ripley, Emerson, Parker, and Brownson, were then in the Unitarian ministry, which all—except Parker, who receives but a doubtful recognition in the de-

nomination—have since left. Brownson has become a Roman Catholic, and the rest have taken, we presume, to more congenial pursuits. The writings of Emerson are too well known in England to require characterization; his brilliant sentences, if they sometimes fail of illustration by the processes of logic, have always a ready and facile interpreter in the spirit, and the extent to which they are read places him, in position as well as by right of genius, among the foremost priests of the new age. Theodore Parker in many respects agrees with him, but he will never attain to his repose or power. Dr. Walker, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College, though classed among transcendentalists, is rather a party by himself. A new man, having many affinities with the Boston school, is Henry James, of New York, author of a volume printed last year under the title of "Moralism and Christianity." In what he has given to the world he has displayed so independent a spirit, so pure a method, such expansive humanity, and such ample resources of learning, as constitute him a teacher of the highest rank, and justify the most confident expectations of his distinction hereafter. We understand he intends soon to publish a new volume, in which he will discuss the "Symbolism of Property, Democracy and its issues, the Harmony of Nature and Revelation, the Past and Future Churches," and perhaps include his original and powerful articles from the *Tribune*, on the "Institution of Marriage."

Opposed to all these writers we have last mentioned is Mr. Bowen, editor of the *North American Review*, who appears, from his "Critical Essays on Speculative Philosophy," to be a general receiver of the principles of Locke, as modified by the progress of philosophical discovery. Professor Tayler Lewis, of Union College, who has edited *Plato Contra Atheos*, is now engaged on a translation of all the works of Plato.

*Philosophers and Theologians.*—There are some writers distinguished alike in philosophy and in religion, or occupying a middle ground which has no name. Edwards was a type of the first class, and perhaps Emmons also, the most invincible theological gladiator of the last generation, who extended Berkeley's principle of an immediate divine agency in all the phenomena of the material world, to the same comprehensive and absolute efficiency in intelligence. In the latter class the most conspicuous American is Channing, nor let it be deemed an absurd fancy that leads us for a moment to consider Edwards



and Channing together. Edwards conformed his life to the loftiest conceptions of his genius, and as much as Channing dissented from, nay abhorred, some parts of his theology, he readily apprehended the truth of his theory of beauty, which has been the germ of so much of the fine speculation of more modern times, and saw how harmonious were his walk and conversation with his philosophy. They were alike in person, of the same stature, the same spiritual presence, graceful manners, and fragile constitution; they shrank with the same sensitive delicacy from the turbulence and grossness of the world; they were both men of the closet, both earnest in their search after truth, both sincere in their worship of God and love of men. But one accepted for doctrine only results of the closest induction, while the other followed the law of consciousness. How happy for the world if the law were interpreted alike by all men, and in all bore such fruits! With the venerable heresy that God is honored by dishonoring the greatest of his creations which we can even in a degree comprehend, Dr. Channing had no sympathy. He felt that every good attribute of man was a substantial glory of God, and so found better employment than in diligently making himself sad about the depravity of his race. De Tocqueville has a chapter on the leaning to pantheism in democratic nations, and the thought may have been suggested by the Unitarian writer on the dignity of human nature. If Channing held views on this subject tending to the decay of adoration, he never apprehended such a consequence. His warmest friends and eulogists admit that he was wanting in capacity for metaphysical analysis and in logical acuteness. In the whirl and tumult of this busy and distracted age the Americans would remember the sun itself only while arranging gas lights by which to continue their occupations, and a great man is rarely spoken of among them after the installation of his successor. There was about Channing, however, such real greatness, he commanded so much sympathy as an impersonation of the loftiest spirit of his age, and he is so connected with the present as a prophet, that he may be regarded as more than any one else an exception to this humiliating truth. Still, ever since his death his fame has been decaying, and it will soon cease in any degree to obstruct the retrospective glances of his countrymen. Similar to Channing, in some respects, is Dr. Orville Dewey; and here we must mention Dr.

Bushnell, who is remarkable for his powerful instincts and strange incapacity to reason.

*Theologians.*—In no other department is American literature so rich as in that of theology and religion. It would be curious to pass a month in the perusal of those three hundred and eighty works by Cotton Mather, of which not half-a-dozen have been reprinted since the Declaration of Independence, though they abound almost as much as old Burton's Anatomy in curious learning, and are frequently eloquent or ingenious. We have looked through many of his discourses and letters, as well as his immense folio on the "Ecclesiastical History of New England," his "Essays to Do Good," "Student and Preacher," &c., and cannot help thinking that with all his weaknesses, vanities, and absurdities, he is underrated, and deserving of at least a partial exhumation. The New Englanders are directing attention to their Puritan "Fathers;" and we see in the latest journals from Boston advertisements of an edition, in six volumes, of the writings of the "learned and renowned Thomas Shepherd," one of Mather's contemporaries. We hope it will be followed by a selection of the most rare, practical, and curious compositions of Mather himself, who must always stand out more distinctly and largely than any other American of his times. The teachers of religion, whether metaphysical theologians, Biblical critics, or sermonizers, to whom the present generation is wont to listen, are Edwards, the elder and the younger, Bellamy, Hopkins, Dwight, (a grandson of the great necessitarian,) Emmons, (a Boanerges more grim and hardly less powerful than his master of Geneva,) Samuel Davies, Ashbel Green, John M. Mason, Daniel A. Clarke, Edward Payson, the Wares, Dr. Miller, Dr. Alexander, all of whom are dead—the last, at a great age, within a few weeks—and the living lights of the churches, Leonard Woods, (who, after having been half a century professor of theology at Andover, has just published a collection of his works in five large volumes,) Lyman Beecher, (who is now printing a complete edition of his writings,) Moses Stuart, Charles Hodge, Addison Alexander, Albert Barnes, George Bush, Andrews Norton, William R. Williams, Professor Park, Professor Hackett, Professor Sears, Professor Ripley, Professor M'Clintock, Professor Schaf, &c.; all but two or three of whom are voluminous as well as very learned and able writers.

In this list it will be observed that we have mentioned no member of the Episcopal

Church; and it is remarkable that the American branch of the English Establishment has never furnished a man of first-rate abilities, or one whose writings have in them the elements of enduring life. Bishop White did not lack much of being an exception; he certainly was in all respects a most respectable person; but his distinction was rather in affairs than in authorship. The late Dr. Jarvis was learned in ecclesiastical history; the two Bishops Onderdonk (one of whom was deposed and the other suspended a few years ago for licentiousness) are clever men. Dr. Seabury is a sharp but not a strong dialectician; Bishops M'Ilvaine, Potter, and Hopkins, are industrious and sensible divines; Bishop Doane, Bishop Burgess, Dr. Hawks, (one of the most impressively brilliant and graceful of modern pulpit orators,) Dr. Hooker, and some others, are men of decided talents; but we do not find among them all any one to be compared with a dozen in the Presbyterian Church—to Dr. Williams in the Baptist, or Andrews Norton in the Unitarian denomination. The dearth of eminent capacities is still more noticeable among the Roman Catholics. Archbishop Hughes (an Irishman by birth) is a noisy, impudent, and superficial, but tolerably shrewd demagogue; Dr. Ryder's claims to distinction rest on a few discourses in which he denies that Lord Bacon was "in any sense a great man," sneers at the inductive method as ridiculous, and asserts that "the Church" was never unfriendly to the march of science or the freedom of thought; and Bishop Kendrick, though he has filled several cumbrous octavos with decent Latin, has done nothing to preserve his name, except in the lists of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Philadelphia and Baltimore. Brownson, whom we have mentioned elsewhere, is but a splendid specimen of the theological Swiss guard.

*Sociologists.*—In vindication of that philosophy of society of which Charles Fourier was the founder, there are several American writers of decided talent. We can here but refer to Parke Godwin, (the son-in-law of Mr. Bryant,) Horace Greeley, (editor in chief of the *Tribune*, and author of "Hints towards Reforms," a "Sketch of his last Summer's Residence in Europe," and some other works,) Charles A. Dana, Albert Brisbane, and John L. Dwight.

*Political Economists.*—In Political Economy, America is represented by one of the strongest and most original writers of the age, Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia. His works are not yet much known in England,

though they have been favorably reviewed in *Blackwood*, the *Athenæum*, and other journals; but in France they furnished the late M. Bastiat with his leading ideas, and translations have made them familiar in other parts of the Continent. His theory of rents is regarded as a complete demonstration that the popular views derived from Ricardo are erroneous, and on the subject of Protection he is generally confessed to be the master thinker of his country. The Rev. Calvin Colton, who formerly resided some time in London, has within a few months published an able work defending a high tariff, under the title of "Public Economy for the United States;" and Dr. Wayland, the late Condé Raguet, and the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walker, have been prominent advocates of Free-Trade.

*Historians.*—Among the historians who have attained a high and deserved reputation in the United States within the last few years, we are inclined to yield the first place to George Bancroft. His great work on the "History of the United States" has been brought down from the commencement of American colonization to the opening of the Revolutionary War, to which subject it is understood that he intends devoting the three succeeding volumes. His researches in the public offices of England, while he was Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James, have brought to light a great mass of documentary evidence on the antecedents and course of the Revolution, which have not yet been made public. With his critical sagacity in sifting evidence, his hound-like instinct in scenting every particle of testimony that can lead him on the right track, and his plastic skill in moulding the most confused and discordant materials into a compact, symmetrical, and truthful narrative, he cannot fail to present the story of that great historical drama with a freshness, accuracy, and artistic beauty, worthy of the immortal events which it commemorates. Mr. Bancroft is now exclusively occupied in the completion of this work. He pursues it with the drudging fidelity of a mechanical laborer, combined with the enthusiasm of a poet, and the comprehensive wisdom of a statesman. With strong social tastes, he gives little time to society. His favorite post is in his library, where he labors the live-long day in the spirit of the ancient artist, *Nulla dies sine linea*. His experience in political and diplomatic life, no less than his rare and generous culture, and his singular union of the highest mental faculties, enable us to predict with

confidence that this work will be reckoned among the genuine master-pieces of historical genius. The volumes of the "History of the United States" already published are well known to intelligent readers both in Great Britain and America. They are distinguished for their compact brevity of statement, their terse and vigorous diction, their brilliant panoramic views, and the boldness and grace of their sketches of personal character. A still higher praise may be awarded to this history for the tenacity with which it clings to the dominant and inspiring idea of which it records the development. Whoever reads it, without comprehending the standpoint of the author, is liable to disappointment. For it must be confessed that, as a mere narrative of events, the preference may be given to the productions of far inferior authors. But it is to be regarded as an epic in prose of the triumph of freedom. This noble principle is considered by Mr. Bancroft as an essential attribute of the soul, necessarily asserting itself in proportion to the spiritual supremacy which has been achieved. The history, then, is devoted to the illustration of the progress of freedom, as an out-birth of the spontaneous action of the soul. It is in this point of view that the remarkable chapters on the Massachusetts Pilgrims, the Pennsylvania Quakers, and the North American Indians, were written; and their full purport, their profound significance, can only be appreciated by readers whose minds possess at least the seeds of sympathy with this sublime philosophy. The chapter on the Quakers is a pregnant psychological treatise. Sparkling all over with the electric lights of a rich humanitarian philosophy, it invests the theologic visions of Fox and Barclay with a radiance and beauty which have been ill preserved in the formal and lifeless organic systems of their successors. The parallel run by the historian between William Penn and John Locke is one of the most characteristic productions of his peculiar genius. Original, subtle, suggestive, crowded with matter and frugal of words, it brings out the distinctive features of the spiritual and mechanical schools in the persons of two of their "representative men," with a breadth and reality which is seldom found in philosophical portraiture. Mr. Bancroft was the son of an eminent Unitarian clergyman in Worcester, Massachusetts. He was born about the beginning of the present century, and is consequently a little more than fifty years of age. He graduated at Harvard University, with *distinguished honors*, before he had completed

his fifteenth year. Soon after he sailed for Europe, and continued his studies at the German Universities, returning to his own country just before the attainment of his majority. Devoting himself for several years to literary and educational pursuits, he acquired a brilliant reputation as a poet, critic, and essayist; and at a subsequent period, entering the career of politics, he has signalized himself by his attachment to democratic ideas, and the eloquence and force with which on all occasions he has sustained the principles with the prevalence of which he identifies the progress of humanity.

The reputation of William H. Prescott as an elegant historian is well known to British scholars. His works have been translated into several of the continental languages, and have received a cordial tribute of admiration from eminent critics in various departments, including men of no less dissimilar pursuits and tastes than Humboldt and Hallam. Mr. Prescott is an indefatigable student. Laboring under the disadvantage of a partial loss of sight, while engaged in the composition of his elaborate histories he has shown an iron perseverance rarely equalled in the records of literary labor, and an almost incredible extent of research, reminding us of the astonishing diligence of Gibbon or Niebuhr. He is not a profound thinker; he seldom descends below the surface; he has no love for the investigation of first principles. Destitute of all tendency to theory or to general views, he is never lost in the region of speculative ideas. His mind is singularly free from the transcendental element. Nor is his imagination either plastic or suggestive. His sympathies are languid, and not cold, but lukewarm. He is never fired into a generous enthusiasm in the contemplation of a noble act. He looks at the whole field of history with a certain scholastic and gentlemanly indifference, without permitting the serenity of his good breeding to be disturbed by any thrill of passion. Hence, he is after all a mere collector of facts—a polished and charming story-teller—a graceful showman of the scenes of grand historic achievements—a lively and courteous cicerone, whose knowledge of details is rivalled only by the smooth facility of his descriptions. His style is doubtless admirable, in its kind—finished with dainty elaboration—clear and limpid as the gentlest rivulet which winds gracefully through a quiet New England valley—redolent of the choicest literary culture, and betraying an almost affected air of good society. But without any intellectual muscularity,



temperate to tameness, uniformly elegant, and as uniformly timid—free from anything that could violently impinge on the most fastidious tastes, and equally free from anything that can touch the higher sentiments of our nature and convert the field of history into a sublime arena where great thoughts and divine principles struggle for the mastery—it soon palls on the sense of the reader with its o'erhoneyed sweets, producing a profound impression of monotony, and a gasping feeling of suffocation, like that of breathing the air of a close greenhouse, in its most profuse luxuriance of winter blossoms. We long for one free native blast from the rocky hills in the midst of such costly artificial beauty. Mr. Prescott has taken the public, especially the British public, by surprise. The latter was by no means prepared for the advent of such a writer from the Bœotian, commercial, well-to-do New World; and his sudden appearance in the midst of the most refined circles was nearly as astounding as would be the discovery of a medieval Gothic temple in the backwoods of America.

Jared Sparks can claim no higher merit than that of a diligent and careful compiler. He is familiar with the sources of American history. Devoted for many years almost to the exclusive study of the subject—possessing a plain, tough, sturdy common sense, and without the slightest particle of imagination—he has written several historical biographies, as those of Washington, Franklin, and Gouverneur Morris, which are of some value as works of reference, but as models of historical composition are entirely beneath criticism. Their style is heavy, lumbering, awkward, and has not even the negative merit of simplicity. Often attempting an ambitious flight, he makes dire havoc of all rhetorical figures, producing admiration for his intrepidity at the expense of our confidence in his taste. In his selections from the papers of Washington, he has been guilty of what we can call by no milder name than a flagrant literary misdemeanor. We allude to the frequent substitution of his own language for that of Washington, under the pretence of preparing the writings of the latter for the public eye. By this process, the most familiar letters of Washington, written in the freedom of private friendship, are made to assume a grave and stately bearing, and eliminated of all the touches of nature, which, to a reader of the present day, are of more interest than the whole of the sententious wisdom which has been preserved with such scrupulous precision. We protest against

such tampering with the productions of the illustrious American. Nor do we always wish to see the father of his country in full dress. No doubt Washington had the heart of a man beneath the gravity of a statesman, and the suppression of the little escapades of humor or petulance, which sometimes occur in his letters, is a wretched tribute to his memory.

A work of considerable learning and research has been written by Samuel Eliot, entitled "The History of Roman Liberty." As a specimen of historical investigation, on a difficult and complicated subject, it is highly creditable to the diligence and accuracy of the author. His style is formed on classical models, but it lacks the ease and freedom of the practised writer. Nor does the work exhibit any remarkable traces of either profound or original thought. Mr. Eliot is evidently a man of high cultivation, but can lay no claim to genius. He is only safe when he follows his masters. Whenever he attempts to speculate on his own account, a signal failure is the consequence. His book is at once an illustration of the elegant culture which is given at Harvard College, the pride of Boston, and of the timid, conventional superficiality of thought, which distinguishes so large a portion of the scholars of that literary metropolis.

Richard Hildreth is a more recent historian. He has written the "History of the United States down to the Administration of Thomas Jefferson," and is now engaged in its completion to a later period. His work deserves more attention than it has received. It is a keen, ice-cold, anatomical analysis of American history, written with a bloodless freedom from passion, dissecting the motives and measures which have been usually surrounded with a brilliant halo of admiration, and persistently eschewing every appeal to sentiment, imagination, or emotion. The language is clear, terse, vigorous, and, for the most part, pure idiomatic English. It constantly reminds you of greater power than is exhibited. You leave the perusal of the work with the assurance that you have been following a guide, who, though severe, sombre, taciturn, knows well his road, and could exercise lusty sinews and muscles in case of need.

Francis Parkman is a young author of singular promise. His recent "History of Pontiac" is an admirable production. Combining thoroughness of research with a picturesque beauty of expression, it presents a fascinating narrative of one of the most



pregnant episodes in American history. His diction is copious, free, and impressive, often highly ornate, but never violating good taste; his descriptions of natural scenery and of military movements are graphic and spirited; and, with more than common powers of grouping and arrangement, he has produced a work whose symmetry and harmonious coloring entitle it to a high place among the recent masterpieces of literary art.

In connection with the present topic, we may allude to the "History of Spanish Literature," by George Ticknor, a work which shows how much may be accomplished by thorough scholarship, refined taste, and devotion to a specialty of research, without the possession of rare ability, or the slightest tincture of the generous ideality which so often gives an electric glow to the compositions of far less erudite men. The "History of Spanish Literature" is not surpassed, indeed it is not approached, by any previous work on the same subject. Its criticisms are almost invariably acute and discriminating; its narrative portions flow with a facile sweetness; and its translations, always faithful, frequently display considerable poetic skill. But throughout the whole work, the author rarely suffers himself to exhibit, in a thought or an expression, the originality of his mind or any tendency to the higher regions of contemplation or poetry.

*Biographers.*—A fault of the Americans, to which we fear they are becoming more and more addicted, is a certain tendency to decry the abilities and virtues of their most distinguished historical characters. It is said that a forthcoming account of the private life of Franklin, for instance, will show that he had a full share of the infirmities that flesh is heir to, and even the spotless fame of Washington, rising in white and shining isolation from the interminable wastes of time, is still exposed to the assaults of parricides.

In New York, Mr. John C. Hamilton has just completed an edition, in nine volumes, of the works of his father, Alexander Hamilton, and has also published two volumes of a Life of that illustrious statesman. In Boston, Mr. Charles Francis Adams is printing, in from twenty to twenty-five volumes, the writings of his grandfather, John Adams, and his father, John Quincy Adams. The works of the late eminent jurist and politician, Levi Woodbury, are on the eve of publication in four volumes; and the first volume of the works of the late John C. Calhoun, being his "Treatises on Government and on the Con-

stitution of the United States," has just appeared at Charleston.

*Statesmen.*—The living public men of the country have the excellent habit of coming before the public in printed exhibitions of their principles and capacities. Edward Everett published last year, in two handsome volumes, his Orations and Speeches, which are to be followed by two others, containing his Reviews and Miscellanies, and one to be occupied with a work on "International Law." Charles Sumner has published two volumes of his brilliant Discourses. Of Mr. Clay's Speeches, there are several editions; and the "Works of Daniel Webster," embracing his Forensic Arguments, Speeches, and State Papers, are announced at Boston, in seven large octavos. Clay and Webster have been forty years leaders of the two divisions of the Whig party. Clay's speeches disappoint, and whoever reads them is astonished that so little thought has been evolved by a person so celebrated and powerful; while the student of Webster is amazed that the reputation and authority supported by such an intelligence have not overspread his country. The secret is one of character: the Kentucky senator has tact and an indomitable will, but the wisdom of the Secretary of State, however practical in great affairs, is not guided by either of those qualities so indispensable to the ambitious politician. For more than twenty years Mr. Webster was constantly opposed by Mr. Calhoun, the champion of State rights, of slavery, and of free trade; and the occasional conflicts of these two illustrious men mark the epochs in the history of the Senate. But nothing is more certain, though the South will hardly admit it, than that Mr. Calhoun was the least powerful dialectician. His chain of argumentation was, to Webster's, as shining tissues of attenuated glass to the large, close-twisted, glittering strands of steel with which the "expounder of the Constitution" supported himself and bound his antagonists.

The veteran statesman, Thomas H. Benton, is preparing "Historical Memoirs of his Life and Times." He is now about seventy years of age, and for half a century he has been an active participant in public affairs. He was thirty years a senator from Missouri, and in that period very few exercised a more powerful influence on American institutions or policy. The increase of his strength, as well as the increase of his fame, has been gradual and regular. He has been from his youth a student. To every question which has ar-

rested his attention, he has brought all the forces of his understanding; and what he has acquired by patient and painful labor, he has to an astonishing degree retained, after the occasions which made it necessary have passed. At a period much beyond the noon of other men he was still rising. He was of the age at which Cicero achieved his highest triumphs, before he displayed the fulness and perfection of his powers. With his extraordinary experience, his faithful and particular memory, and wisdom which is master of his temper, he is, perhaps, before any man of his time in the requisites for such an undertaking as that which for the last year or two has occupied his attention. The work will be published, in four or five volumes, during the next year. Collections of the political writings of General Cass, Mr. Buchanan, and others, who are candidates for the Presidency, are also announced.

*Comic Authors.*—It is frequently, but we think most erroneously, asserted that the Americans are deficient in humor. The writings of Franklin, "Modern Chivalry," written half a century ago by Judge Breckenridge, Trumbull's M'Fingal, and a dozen other works of the last age, abound with original and for the most part national comedy; and Irving may certainly be ranked with the first humorists who have written in the English language; while Paulding, Judge Longstreet, the late Robert C. Sands, Halleck, Hawthorne, (in the "Twice-Told Tales,") Mr. Davis and Seba Smith, (in the "Jack Downing Letters,") John P. Kennedy, (in "Swallow Barn,") Willis Gaylord Clark, (in "Ollapodiana,") John Sanderson, Charles F. Briggs, and Mrs. Kirkland, (in a "New Home,") may well be said to have given American literature a fair infusion of this quality. But a school of comic writers in the Southern and Western States, amply represented in a series of volumes published in Philadelphia under the direction of William T. Porter, editor of the chief sporting journal in the Union, would quite redeem the fame of the Americans in this respect, though all the rest of their books were grim and stern as the most fanatical preacher in their pulpits. In this school T. B. Thorpe of New Orleans, author of "Mysteries in the Backwoods," and Johnson J. Hooper of Alabama, author of "Capt. Simon Suggs," are most conspicuous; and we know not where to turn for anything more rich, original, and indigenous, than much of the racy mockery and grotesque extravagance in their pages. We have not room for quotations, but let the reader turn

for illustrations to pages 548-9 of Mr. Griswold's "Prose Writers." In the satirical vein the Americans have not succeeded so well, though the "Fable for Critics" and the "Bigelow Papers," and a few pieces by Holmes, have remarkable merit.

*Novelists.*—Among the novelists Washington Irving cannot very justly be included, as his exquisite productions do not in any case quite conform to the novel's description. It was his intention, however, when a young man, to devote himself to the novel of American life, and he had half finished a work referring to the time of King Philip of the Wampanoags, when the reading of one of Cooper's earlier tales convinced him, as the reading of Byron convinced Scott, that he must change his rôle or occupy a secondary position. The freshness and abounding power of Cooper carried the day on the large canvas; but in refinement, grace, tenderness, and humor, the cabinet productions of Geoffrey Crayon are master-pieces. Cooper died a few weeks ago, exactly sixty years of age; comparatively poor, we believe, but his family (to one of whom, his daughter Susan, we are indebted for the charming book entitled "Rural Hours") are able to retain his beautiful seat at Cooperstown. In the last month, the memory of Cooper has received the highest honors that could be offered by the literary class in his country; a committee of which Washington Irving was chairman, and Fitz-Greene Halleck and Rufus W. Griswold were secretaries, and among the members of which were all the distinguished literary men of New York, was formed some time in September, and, pursuant to its arrangements, Mr. Bryant was, on the 24th of December, to deliver in the Metropolitan Hall, an immense edifice capable of receiving six thousand persons, a discourse on the illustrious author's life and genius. Daniel Webster, Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, Kennedy, Hawthorne, Paulding, and indeed all the distinguished writers of the country, were to be present. A colossal statue of Mr. Cooper, by his friend Greenough, is likewise to be placed in one of the parks of New York.

Mr. Irving lives in lettered ease at his delightful place on the Hudson, the patriarchal genius of his country's literature, enjoying the grateful and affectionate reverence of the Anglo-Saxon race. Since he was ambassador to Spain he has been chiefly occupied with a careful revision of his various works, of which fourteen large volumes have already been published, and he will complete the

series with a personal history of General Washington, which is now nearly completed.

Of the deceased American novelists the most celebrated were Brown, Allston, (the painter,) and Timothy Flint; but the names Paulding, Kennedy, Neal, Fay, Ware, Simms, and Bird, belong almost to the last generation. The new writers who have been heard of in England are, Hawthorne, first and greatest; Kimball, best known by his fine metaphysical romance of "St. Leger," but deserving highest praise for his finely-conceived shorter domestic tales; Sylvester Judd, an eccentric Unitarian minister whose original, peculiar, and very American stories of "Margaret" and "Richard Edney" have excited at home a great deal of attention and criticism; Melville, a man of unquestionable genius, who struck out for himself a new path in Typee, Omoo, and his last book, "The Whale;" Dr. Mayo, whose remarkable novels of "Kaloolah" and "The Berber" are well known in England; and Mr. Mitchell, who, under the *nom de plume* of Ik. Marvel, has written the "Lorgnette," (in the class of the Spectator,) "Fresh Gleanings," (a "sentimental journey through France and Italy,") the "Reveries of a Bachelor," (a graceful romance of reflection, sentiment, and humor, which has had an extraordinary success in America,) and "Dream-Life," (a work of the same character,) which has just reached us.

*Various Authors.*—Among the writers of magazine stories, of whom there are a large number, Richard H. Dana, N. P. Willis, C. F. Hoffman, and the late Edgar A. Poe, besides the novelists already mentioned, deserve particular praise, for various and generally for very eminent abilities.

We can but allude to the scholarship of Robinson, Conant, Sears, Felton, Anthon, Woolsey, and several others, who deserve honorable mention for their labors in ancient literature. With the same brevity we must dismiss Livingston, Wheaton, Marshall, Parsons, Kent, and Story. And in the criticism of literature and life we have no room for characterization of Legaré, Wilde, Dana, Verplanck, or the younger writers, Whipple, Hudson, and others who have recently begun to attract attention.

*Poets.*—We offer here no criticism of the American poets. Their works demand a separate and elaborate discussion. Pre-eminent among them unquestionably stands Bryant. Longfellow is more read in England, as Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper has a *larger audience than any British bard*, from

Shakspeare to Browning, in the United States. Dana, Percival, Halleck, Brainard, Sands, Pinckney, Emerson, Hoffman, Willis, Whittier, Pike, Poe, Parsons, Lowell, Street, Taylor, Stoddard, and Boker, have each a good right to be considered at some length. The last three have just published volumes, of which we have seen only Bayard Taylor's and R. H. Stoddard's, each of which embraces a portion of the most excellent verse produced in this decade.

*Literary Women.*—We close this too hasty article with a brief paragraph respecting American literary women. The intellectual activity of the sex in that country constitutes a remarkable feature of its civilization. We do not think Southey overpraised Mrs. Brooks when he declared her the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses; and for her genius and her character, but most for her beautiful character, the late Mrs. Osgood's name should move men's hearts as the moon moves the sea. No living American woman has evinced in prose or verse anything like the genius of Alice Carey; but next to her, in poetry, must be ranked Edith May, of whose writings an edition has just appeared with a preface by N. P. Willis; and following, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, and Miss Townsend. Among the female prose-writers of America, a conspicuous rank must be awarded to the late Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, (whose memoirs are soon to be published by R. W. Emerson,) Mrs. Kirkland, (the amusing and sensible "Mary Clavers,") Miss Sedgwick, Miss M'Intosh, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Robinson, ("Talvi,") and Mrs. Oakes Smith, a voluminous writer in poetry, prose, fiction, criticism, and the philosophy of society, whose late book, "Woman and her Needs," is the most powerful assertion that has appeared of the necessity of a change in the legal and social condition of woman.

*Works of E. A. Poe.*—After the above rapid glance over the whole field of American literature, we shall now give a brief account of some of the recent importations which cover our table.

The phrase "Life and Genius" has not yet come to be so inadvertently or indiscriminately applied as to cease to stimulate expectation, when we see its magic letters glittering on a title-page. And whoever is induced, by this expectation, to make himself acquainted with the Poems, Tales, Essays, and Criticisms of Edgar Allan Poe, will not be disappointed.



The possession of something more than mere "talent" was conceded to him, both by friends and foes, when alive, and when his position in the literary world was simply that of a "Magazinish": much more cheerfully will it be conceded to him now that his scattered writings are gathered together—now that the grave has closed over his follies—and his memoir presents such a sad picture of a tempest-tossed life so fatally wrecked at last, as must fill his very enemies with pity, but no longer with prejudice or scorn.

Although he at first apologized for the publication of his poems by intimating that, with him, poetry was "not a purpose, but a passion," his genius was not of the impulsive or perceptive order, but analytical and constructive. He had no inspiration. His apology was an untruth. It was an artifice of his real genius, aiming to win for himself the credit of that higher order of genius, in which he was deficient. Everything he wrote was written "for a purpose." In an essay on "the philosophy of composition," detailing the process by which he constructed the "Raven," he reveals, on the one hand, his deficiency in spontaneous thought and emotion, and, on the other, his perfect mastery of mechanism and method. He had a strong but wayward imagination, with a large development of causality. Combined with these, his analytical faculty enabled him to weave his web of fiction into extreme minuteness of detail, so as to throw an air of reality over his most imaginative productions. We read the piece entitled "Mesmeric Revelation"—narrating a conversation with a sleep-waker—not only without the slightest suspicion of its being fictitious, but quite prepared, from internal evidence, to repel such a hypothesis. "The facts in the case of M. Valdemar" produced the same conviction of their *bona fide* historical accuracy, reading like a newspaper report published at the time and place where the "facts" occurred. It appears also from the Memoir that both pieces were reprinted as incredible, and yet credited historical narratives, in the literary and philosophical journals of various countries, "everywhere causing sharp and curious speculation, and where readers could be persuaded that they were fables (!), challenging a reluctant but genuine admiration."

With such rare artistic powers, he was, nevertheless, æsthetically deficient; which, with more serious deficiencies of a moral nature, effectually dried up the fountains of inspiration, and blighted with falsehood his

ablest efforts. Consequently, there is clearness without warmth, and the symmetry of sculpture without the beauty of life. According to the company he was thrown into, his personal character was alternately that of a seraph or a brute; and his biography unfolds a dark and melancholy tale, such as has been told of few literary men, even in their worst estate.

The following sad scene, which occurred toward the close of his career, justifies such a strong expression of our opinion:—

"His name was now frequently associated with that of one of the most brilliant women of New England, and it was publicly announced that they were to be married. \* \* \* They were not married, and the breaking of the engagement affords a striking illustration of his character. He said to an acquaintance in New York, who congratulated him upon the prospect of his union with a person of so much genius and so many virtues, 'It is a mistake; I am not going to be married.' 'Why, Mr. Poe, I understand that the banns have been published.' 'I cannot help what you have heard, my dear Madam; but mark me, I shall not marry her.' He left town the same evening, and the next day was reeling through the streets of the city, which was the lady's home; and in the evening—that should have been the evening before the bridal—in his drunkenness he committed at her house such outrages as made necessary a summons of the police."

There was subsequently a temporary reformation, and another marriage engagement, in fulfilment of which he sets out from New York, but on his way meets with acquaintances, who persuade him to drink: all his resolutions and obligations are forgotten; and, after a night of insanity, he is carried to a hospital, where in three days he closes the eight-and-thirty years of his life!

Even to a picture so dark as this there is a bright side; and, though our space is limited, it would be unpardonable to omit it. Mrs. Osgood, in a letter to the Editor, after acknowledging his frailties, which she had heard of, but never saw, thus throws the sunlight of some happier reminiscences over his character:—

"It was in his own simple, yet poetical home, that to me the character of Edgar Poe appeared in its most beautiful light. Playful, affectionate, witty, alternately docile and wayward as a petted child, for his young, gentle, and idolized wife, and for all who came, he had, even in the midst of his most harassing literary duties, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention. \* \* \* Of the charming love and confidence that existed between his wife and himself, always delightfully apparent to me, I cannot speak too earnestly, too warmly. I believe she



was the only woman whom he ever truly loved; and this is evidenced by the exquisite pathos of the little poem lately written, called 'Annabel Lee,' of which she was the subject, and which is by far the most natural, simple, tender, and touchingly beautiful of all his songs. But it was in his conversations and his letters, far more than in his published poetry and prose writings, that the genius of Poe was most gloriously revealed. His letters were divinely beautiful, and for hours I have listened to him, entranced by such strains of pure and almost celestial eloquence, as I have never read or heard elsewhere."

What forlorn and forsaken poet could desire an "in memoriam" more tender or more oblivious of his faults?

*Memoirs of J. H. Perkins.*—Similar to Mr. Poe, in his nomadic tendencies, and associated, like him, with periodical literature, and dying, too, at the same time and at the same age, but unlike in all other respects, was James Handasyd Perkins. The difficulties of the former arose from the almost total absence of a conscience; those of the latter, from such an over-development of the faculty as almost to render him unfit for any trade, profession, or position in social life. Amidst the mass of men who gradually work their way to wealth and comfort, there is always a number for whom "there is no place found" in the mechanism of society, and who, therefore, get the character of being eccentric, and are so, just because society itself is eccentric to them, and to the laws of nature. Mr. Perkins was one who thus felt himself, at an early age, out of joint with "things as they are," which, however, conduced to foster in him that spirit of noble discontentment which rendered him in mature years an earnest and efficient advocate of "things as they should be." His youth is spent at school, and in his father's counting-house; but his aspirations are too ideal—he lives too much in the future—the details of business prove irksome—its fundamental conditions are morally repulsive to him—and its actual matter-of-course practices fill him with utter disgust. Other questions come up, and deeper troubles surround him. He is driven inward upon his own consciousness, to grapple there with the stern problems of destiny. He becomes skeptical; for a time finds solace in the poetry of Shelley, and satisfaction in the doctrines of phrenology, until, becoming acquainted with the writings of Coleridge, a new realm of speculation is opened up to him, and he eagerly enters it in search of the *lost faith* which it promises to restore.

*He inaugurates his Manhood by emi-*

grating to the great valley of the West, there to engage in farming, and to find in the difficulties of a rising state something in which his energies could be fully and honorably employed. Arriving at Cincinnati, he is accidentally led to peruse some law books which he finds in the office of a legal friend, and is soon profoundly interested in tracing out the symmetrical system of justice, which, like a network of nerves, pervades the body of social relations. He is, in fact, so enamored with the study, that he pursues it in earnest, and, at the same time, with success. He is admitted to the bar with the most brilliant prospects; but hardly has he entered upon his professional duties, when his career is again arrested by conscientious scruples. The *practice* of the law turns out to be somewhat different from the *study* of it, and so he gives it up and betakes himself, as Carlyle says, to that "resource of all Adam's prosperity that are otherwise foiled—the Pen." Again the land attracts him, and he settles down, in patriarchal fashion, on a few acres, in the neighborhood of his favorite Cincinnati. Dividing his time between labor and literature, he writes those brilliant essays for the *North American Review*, which are reprinted in the second of the two volumes before us,—admirably fulfilling, at the same time, his mission as a Spiritual Pioneer—contributing, in various capacities, his intellectual and moral energies to the social education of a free and vigorous people, and to the organization of institutions befitting their destiny. In 1849, being then thirty-nine years of age, he met with an untimely death; and so ended a beautiful and useful life, in which conscience kept its throne to the last. He very much resembled Dr. Channing. With more practical vigor, he was equally pure in his aspirations, equally catholic in his sympathies, and earnest in his opinions and endeavors. He was a true man, and never outgrew his manhood.

As a biography, Mr. Channing's work is not entitled to high praise. It has been too hurriedly executed; and the author forgets what is due to the public, to himself, and his subject, when, conscious of this, he has the effrontery to say that he has "neither leisure nor inclination to mend it." The extracts from the writings of Mr. Perkins are too copious. The right place for an Essay or a Lecture is in an appendix, or separate division of the work. We are surprised also that Mr. Channing should exhibit the character of his friend by quoting wholesale the obituaries of the press, and the resolutions

passed by committees. Both his character and opinions should have been worked into the Life, and exhibited there in concrete unity, and not in their present patch-work isolation. To social reformers, however, the opinions of an earnest thoughtful man, like Mr. Perkins, on Christian Republicanism, Christian Socialism, Educational Plans, Moral and Religious organizations, Criminal Jurisprudence, Slavery, Preaching, Literature and Art, &c., will be interesting in any form.

*Mechanical Philosophy*, by S. E. Coues.—Heresies in Science threaten to be as abundant as Heresies in Theology. Were it not that "they manage those things better" in the Academy than in the Temple, we should soon have, side by side with "Anti-Trinitarians" and "Anti-Sabbatarians," such sects as "Anti-Creationists," and "Anti-Gravitationists;" and in the *Index Expurgatorius* of orthodox science we should expect to find such books as the "Vestiges," &c., and these "Outlines" by Mr. Coues; for under this plain and unpromising title, (which we supposed at first to be a mere school-book, and which we opened with the view of taking the measure of the compiler's skill in the art of appropriation,) we were surprised to find ourselves very speedily absorbed in the perusal of an ingenious and elaborate attempt to overthrow the doctrine of Gravitation! A refutation of Moses seems much less startling in the present day than a refutation of Newton. Nothing less, however, is here attempted—we had almost said achieved—but this we are not yet prepared to concede. The insecurity felt in consequence of Mr. Hobbs having succeeded in picking our locks would be trifling compared with what we should feel, under the impression that Mr. Coues had succeeded in picking holes in the "Principia."

It is perhaps necessary for the reader to be reminded that the doctrine of gravitation is avowedly a *hypothesis*. It is a word used for the purpose of concealing our ignorance, not of revealing our knowledge. The law of gravitation, however, is a reality, whether the doctrine be true or not. The doctrine is an attempt to explain the law; but this, though unexplained or unexplainable, is still true. In the formula *that every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter, with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances*, the latter portion defines the law, and the former the doctrine. The one seemed to be harmonious with, and explanatory of, the other. For scientific purposes the law is sufficient.

Newton himself admitted gravitation to be a *theory*—a *hypothesis*. He did not assert that the planets revolve around the sun *because* of an attractive force in the central orb, but *as if* in consequence of such a force. The present work endeavors to show, that the explanations which this hypothesis of gravitation offers of the phenomena of the physical universe are unsatisfactory and unsound, but without taking sufficient care to obviate misconception as to the real object of his attack. The subject is of great importance. Truth must always be more serviceable than error; and, inasmuch as we are always viewing facts through the medium of theories, an error in the latter will tend to distort and discolor the former. When a theory is considered well established and unassailable, it precludes further inquiry, and coerces the application of new observations. It disposes of discrepancies by asking: *How can they be explained?* not: Can they on the hypothesis assumed be explained at all? Theories, being but approximations to the reality, ought to be as flexible as the mind is progressive, and as numerous as there are possibilities in the case.

Mr. Coues contends that *all* motion is orbital, rotary, curvilinear; "for, all atoms being in curvilinear motion, no addition of rectilinear motion can change the curve into the straight line—there will ever remain the element of the curve." By the ancients, and, in more recent times, by Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Des Cartes, circular motion was deemed the natural motion: modern philosophy conceives it constrained by the operation of conflicting forces. These, however, are shown to be unnecessary. The force of the revolving sphere is *within itself*; and, consequently, it goes round in its orbit, without needing the guidance and direction of central and tangential forces. Newton's doctrine is not applicable to atomic motions, nor to the phenomena of the imponderable agents. The present theory endeavors to prove that the motive power of nature is *one*, acting under uniform laws; that force, "whether it form the dew-drop, or marshal the 'hosts of heaven;' whether it manifest itself in the flow of the tides, or of the purple stream of life—whether in the flash of lightning, or in the sweep of the bird with motionless wing—is ever the same principle." Not only are cosmical phenomena exhibited in nature's simplicity and unity, but its application to chemistry would tend, it is alleged, to educe order out of the confusion existing in that department, where, for the want of fixed

general laws, or for the want of comprehending them, forces multiply as fast as facts. Heterogeneous attraction, homogeneous attraction, capillary attraction, various forms of repulsion, elasticity, cohesion, chemical affinity, current affinity, and the forces of the imponderables, like gravitation, are not ultimate, but manifestations of a higher force, for which we have no name. There is not in the teachings of mechanico-chemical science the prominence, the boldness, the exactness, the simplicity which characterize the works of Nature, whether her force be exerted on the atom or on the world. Such is the general tenor of the author's reasoning. Throwing down both telescope and microscope, he proceeds in disproof of the attraction of matter, and in illustration of his own theory, to an examination of the common facts of daily observation. The most striking in this respect are those which relate to oscillatory motion; the action of the pendulum, and kindred movements; atmospheric density, and the action of the barometer; the pressure of fluids; the tides and trade winds, &c. The preceding hints may give some idea—necessarily very imperfect—of the nature and object of the work. With fulness of detail and force of reasoning, it combines that simplicity of exposition which indicates originality and perfect mastery of the subject. Its novelty will inspire interest, and its independent tone will command respect, even if its arguments fail to produce conviction.

*The Great Harmonia.*—The origin of this work is as remarkable as its contents, and its contents as remarkable as its origin. It will perhaps be in the recollection of some of our readers, that a work by the same author was published, a few years ago, under the title of "Principles of Nature," which was represented as containing lectures, or utterances, which he gave forth, from time to time, while in the clairvoyant state, before a number of intelligent and trustworthy individuals. As might have been expected in reference to such extraordinary claims, some believed, and others believed not. Upon any hypothesis, however, the work was a phenomenon, meriting the attention of inquiring and scientific minds. Since that time, his psychological peculiarities have become even more remarkable. His "Principles" were said to be the result of simple clairvoyance—he being thrown into that condition entirely by the mechanical operations of his mesmerizer, and *only while* in it manifesting any superiority

of spiritual power. No continuity of consciousness and memory linked together his normal and abnormal states, which ran on in parallel lines, alternating their activities, without any interchange of recognition or assistance. Now, however, this obstacle to his harmonious development has been surmounted: this suspension of memory he no longer experiences, having dynamically moved up into a higher state, which permanently unites both spheres of intellectual existence. His case, therefore, as alleged, stands thus: in addition to the use of his external senses, his interior senses have become so developed as to afford as complete and as spontaneous an egress into the interior world of spirit, as, through the ordinary medium, he enjoys into the exterior world of matter. While, therefore, he can perceive the phenomena in each, and the relations which subsist between them, this double perception is blended together in the focus of a common consciousness, and becomes the harmonious property of a single personality, in which reason is admitted to be paramount. He remains, consequently, liable to error, in regard to his own impressions, as well as those communicated by the spirit-messengers, with whom he professes to hold converse; inasmuch as he, (as well as they,) with better *means* of knowledge, is still subject to the same *methods* of acquiring it, and to the same tests of its truthfulness and logical coherence, as his less fortunate neighbors. In short, his condition is that of *inspiration*—not in the sense of receiving a communication directly from the Almighty—but in the sense of being instructed by higher intelligences than himself, all with varied opportunities and powers of observation and reflection—or in the wholly subjective sense of having and using an interior organ for *inspiring* truth (rather than having truth *inspired*) from that encircling ocean of love and wisdom which flows from the central fountain of intelligence,—just as in our physical system we are furnished with an organ for inspiring the atmosphere around us. The present work, therefore, does not profess to be produced, like the former, from the reported utterances of the clairvoyant, but from the calm reflections and carefully-preserved notes of the student. It is intended to take a cyclopædic range through the realms of knowledge, the author being "impressed to search (as far as his abilities will permit) the natural, spiritual, and celestial departments of God's universal Temple, and to reveal and suggest the proper application of such gen-

eral truths as man's physical and spiritual organization requires in this his rudimental state of existence."

From the following brief statement of the impressions left upon our minds by the perusal of these two volumes, the reader will perceive a close resemblance between the Harmonial Philosophy and those of Spinoza and Swedenborg.—God is represented as the source and soul of the universe, giving birth to it, and dwelling in it, (like the idea giving birth to, and dwelling in, the word,) and, together with it, constituting the Cosmos, as the soul, together with the body, constitutes Man. Spirit and matter are merely relative terms. God is spirit in this relative sense. In a similar sense, the soul of man is regarded as spirit. Both God and the soul are organized substances, developing their own likenesses in those material embodiments in which they enclothe themselves, and which they pervade as power, though locally concentrated as intelligence—thereby possessing personality and consciousness. The universe, therefore, is an emanation, and all creation is a development. From the relation which the material or outward man bears to the spiritual or inward man, and which the material world sustains to the spiritual world, their respective functions and destinies are indicated. A scientific basis is laid for the hope of immortality, which thence becomes an object of knowledge, rather than of faith. Death is a simple metamorphosis, and more properly a birth than a death—a door which opens into a higher sphere—a primitive *event* in a life which is eternal. The body which is laid aside has given birth to a spiritual organization more befitting the soul's higher destiny, and can never therefore be resumed, or become the subject of a mechanical resurrection. Progress is the programme of the future. Man's education goes on. The Infinite and the Eternal are around him, and before him, stimulating his aspirations, and pouring their riches into his expanding faculties.

We have not space to follow the author through the multitude of other interesting subjects connected with science and philosophy, which are here expounded. This brief expository notice will suffice to indicate its character and contents to that class of readers fond of mystical philosophy.

*Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiac.*—It is somewhat singular that, in so young and un-historical a country as America, there should be so strong and growing a spirit of historical research. As phenomena of a contrary,

but really kindred nature, Scotland, so famed for its religion, has produced no great theologian, and Switzerland, so rich in poetic scenery, has produced no poet. A country sparing of its beauties may nourish the inventive genius of the poet by the necessity it imposes of seeking and wooing nature in her poverty, while an ampler profusion might lull it into indifference, or even nurse it into blindness. It may be that, in like manner, a country with the link of its traditions broken, and its hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, uninvested with the lingering associations of olden times, and unchronicled in story or in song, may manifest all the greater eagerness in searching for the scattered relics, and the greater care in gathering up the fragments which remain. Not only are the documents connected with her own political history voluminously piled together, but, like an outcast child in search of its parentage, she claims as her own the traditions of her aborigines; and so dear is her very dust to her citizens, that they are ready to forget that they are the kinsmen of Milton and Hampden, and almost willing to believe that they are the offspring of the Mohawks and Ojibeways.

The present work relates to what may be called the frontier wars of America, and especially to the closing struggles between the Indians and English colonists, after the conquest of Canada. For the purpose of securing unity of design, and scope for constructive skill in his historical picture, the author has selected, for his central object, Pontiac's conspiracy for the expulsion of the English, and around this has grouped the numerous battle-scenes and thrilling incidents, interspersed with sketches of Indian life and American landscape, with which the work abounds.

In qualifying himself for writing this history, Mr. Parkman has not only made diligent use of all existing documentary information, but has made Indian life and character the subject of personal observation and study—penetrating, in the course of his enthusiastic adventures, beyond the Mississippi, "leaving the very shadow of civilization a hundred leagues behind him," with the view "of studying the manners and character of the Indians in their primitive state." For weeks together this Harvard academic dwelt in the solitude of the wilderness; acquiring their speech, joining in their sports, and conforming to their habits—an Indian of the Indians, in the zeal of his temporary conversion to savagism. The various localities,



also, where the scenes of his history are laid, were minutely traversed, and their floating traditions diligently collected.

With such materials, and with such qualifications for using them to advantage, the result is a narrative fresh and vivid,—*scenically*, rather than graphically written, a characteristic due to the fact of his having observed as well as read, and heightened, perhaps, rather than diminished, by the circumstance that, during its composition, he was afflicted with such weakness of eyesight as to be obliged to dictate to an amanuensis—a method requiring a perfect mastery of details, and necessitating a composition from the picture in the mind, instead of a mere compilation from the documents on the desk.

Public opinion has already awarded to it the rank of a standard work, and to its author the rank of an historian.

*Squier's Antiquities of New York.*—The investigations, the results of which are embodied in this work, were undertaken in 1848, under the joint auspices of the Historical Society of New York, and the Smithsonian Institution of Washington. They were originally published in the second volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," and now republished in the present more portable and less expensive form. To this edition the author has appended a *résumé*, or synoptical view of the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," (forming the *first* volume of the Smithsonian Contributions,) so as to enable the reader to institute a comparison between the aboriginal remains of New York and those of the Western States.

These researches establish the fact, that the Great Valley of the West not only maintained an Indian population before the present one began to pour in upon it like an inundation, but that, anterior to the Indian tribes, it was inhabited by a people more numerous and more advanced in civilization—acquainted with agriculture and the useful arts, and living under a consolidated government and well-organized priesthood—they themselves apparently primitive colonists from the north, dispossessing some tribes more aboriginal still, and migrating southwards, to become the founders of empires in Mexico and Peru. These conclusions seem to be decipherable from the monuments and kindred relics discovered; though Mr. Squier, while careful in furnishing facts, is very cautious in forming theories. These monuments are not hieroglyphical tablets, like those discovered on the banks of the Nile and the Tigris:

they consist for the most part of elevations and embankments of earth and stone, erected with great labor and manifest design. They extend throughout the entire valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and increase in magnitude and regularity, if not in numbers, as they descend the valley toward the Gulf. They indicate that the mound builders must have manifested, throughout the whole territory which they occupied, great uniformity in social habits and superstitious observances—a uniformity sufficiently marked to identify them as a single people, having a common origin, a common course of development, and a common destiny.

It was generally supposed that the aboriginal earth-works of New York were contemporaneous with those of the Mississippi Valley; but Mr. Squier has been led to a different conclusion. They are not characterized by the same mathematical accuracy of form; and the minor relics which have been found in their neighborhood are precisely similar to those found in real Indian settlements. Although adverse to admit of any save a *natural* reason for the numerous similarities, civil and sacred, which characterize the remains of different countries, those similarities are abundantly illustrated; and those who believe with Leibnitz that "nothing happens without a *reason* why it happens so rather than otherwise," will here find much to interest them. The work is a repository of facts and observations, collected with indefatigable industry, and lucidly arranged by one who has earned for himself a deservedly high reputation as an archæologist.

*Squier's Serpent Symbol.*—This work is the first of a series, under the title of "American Archæological Researches," which proposes to collect "all such leading and authenticated facts as may be accessible, relating to the aboriginal monuments of the American continent, which shall serve to illustrate not only their character and origin, but also the ancient and as yet unwritten history of the New World, and the relation which its aboriginal inhabitants sustained to the great primitive families of the other Continent." The points which Mr. Squier endeavors to establish and illustrate in this volume, are the essential identity of *some* of the elementary religious conceptions, and the similarity of the symbolical systems of the primitive peoples of both hemispheres; and it is confidently asserted that a comparison and analysis on a more extensive scale, and philosophically conducted, would establish

the grand fact, that in *all* their leading elements, and in many of their details, they are essentially the same. It may naturally be concluded, therefore, that, at some remote period, the two widely-separated continents were by some means or other connected; but the author is opposed to such an inference—at least “without inquiring how far similar conditions and like constitutions, mental, moral, and physical, may serve to approximate institutions, religions, and monuments to a common or cognate type.” The hypothesis of an independent origin is advocated in the opening chapter, which embodies also the results of physiological, psychological, and philological researches on the question of the unity of the American race. The second chapter is on the doctrine of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature, and on Phallic Worship in the Old and New Worlds, the undeniable existence of which in both he regards as the most interesting fact which a comparison of their respective monuments has yet disclosed, as it tends to draw the whole circle of mythology around a common centre. The third and fourth chapters are on the sacred “High Places” of America—their purposes, and the primitive ideas which they illustrate; and on the rationale and attendant rites of American Sun or Fire worship. He then describes the ancient serpentine structures of the Mississippi Valley, which seem to have an undoubted religious origin, and to be the symbols of some grand mythological idea. The remarkable coincidences between the ancient American, Brahminical, Egyptian, Hebrew and Christian religions, in regard to the attributes of God, and the relations of Trinities, Demiurges, and Devils, (chapter sixth,) and in regard to the incarnation of Deity, as a mediator and teacher, (chapter seventh,) are copiously furnished. In subsequent chapters, the author traces the serpent symbol in the temples of Central America, as also the resemblances which these structures bear to the Buddhist temples of India; and, coming nearer our own part of the world, he examines the serpentine structures at Abury, Mervale, Stanton Drew, and Karnac, in Britany. Finally, while in the Old World, he exhibits the universality of the serpent worship, and illustrates the various applications of the serpent symbol, *e. g.*, to duration and eternity; to vitality, and thereby to the healing art; to wisdom or knowledge; and, as in the Egyptian Typhon, &c., to malignant force or evil power. Such applications are easily accounted for; but in many other in-

stances the reason is difficult to discover, unless on the ground intimated by Sanchoniathon—that, being the most mysterious creature in nature, it was therefore chosen to symbolize things least understood.

*Stuart on Ecclesiastes.*—The old Puritanical system of biblical exposition has gradually disappeared before the higher culture and more rational spirit of modern times. Cabalistic word-shuffling, double senses, and mystical interpretations, are no longer palatable to “educated and scientific theologians.” Even where the Bible is not regarded as belonging to the same order of literature as the classical writers of Greece and Rome, it is subjected to the same *kind* of critical treatment. The man who is capable of translating Homer, or editing Thucydides, has only to turn from Matthiæ and Passow to Gesenius and Winer, in order to qualify himself for taking a chair of exegetical theology, and prelecting on the Psalms of David, or the Epistles of St. Paul. Of this new school of grammatico-historical critics, Moses Stuart is *facile princeps*; and few men were better qualified for exhibiting the essential leanness of the system. In the works of genius, as in the works of nature, the eye sees (as has been observed) what it brings with it the power of seeing; or, in the words of St. Paul himself, it is “the spirit that searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.” Of this spirit, Prof. Stuart and his school give indications of as great deficiency as the Puritans did of morbid excess. Where the latter could see everything or anything, the former can see little or nothing. This emasculation of the Bible is the most effectual way to depopularize it. It was upon no such basis that modern religionism attained its power; nor upon such a basis will it be possible to sustain it. “Scientific theologians” would do well to remember that science of any kind has to do with eternal laws and unchangeable realities, and not with mere words.

Prof. Stuart’s latest work is a “Commentary on Ecclesiastes.” In the earlier part of his professional labors at Andover, he undertook to lecture on it, but failed to satisfy himself, or find satisfaction in the labors of others. He therefore soon abandoned the attempt, candidly informing his pupils that he could not lecture on a book which he did not understand.

In regard to the passages which seem to inculcate Skepticism, Epicureanism, and Fatalism, Mr. Stuart concedes that—

"It is impossible to read with candor such passages as iii. 18-21; ix. 2-6; and even vi. 2-8; ix. 11, 12; without feeling that they are effusions of a mind disturbed by difficulties and doubts, if they are considered separately and as standing alone."

He concedes further that—

"If it be read, as most readers in ancient times seem to have read it, as containing nothing but the sentiments of Solomon himself, it is indeed a task more difficult than that which Oedipus had to perform in solving the riddle of the Sphinx, to make out such a solution of some parts of the book as will cause them to speak *orthodoxy*."

All difficulties, however, are to be overcome by the hypothesis that the writer has given "a picture of the struggle and contest through which his own mind passed, when he set out on the road of philosophical inquiry." We are informed that Solomon was probably not the author of the book, and that its inspiration has long been a subject of dispute. The Talmud says that "the learned sought to lay aside the book *Cohélet*, because the declarations thereof contradict each other." And again—"because they found therein words leaning to the side of the heretics. And why did they not lay it aside? *Because* at the beginning are words of the law, and at the end are words of the law." Jerome "pronounces the book to be one of authority, *because* it ends with the conclusion, that we should fear God, and keep his commandments." Mr. Stuart defends its *canonicity*, but is very quiet on the subject of its *inspiration*. He considers it deserving the "notice and attention of modern philosophers, as a specimen of Hebrew philosophy;" and that a right view of it "would aid very much in restoring to it the usefulness which it is *adapted* to subserve."

*North American Review*.—It was originally our intention to run briefly over the leading periodicals, as we are in the habit of doing with the products of "Magazine-day" here. But we find nothing answering to "Blackwood" or "Tait," or rather, we find our "Blackwood" and "Tait," our "Edinburgh" and "Westminster," circulating in the States like aboriginal productions. Hence, though possessing a richer periodical literature in the theological department than we can yet exhibit in England, they seem more disposed for "annexation" than for rivalry in other departments. For many years, however, the "North American Review" has enjoyed a distinguished reputation for culture and criticism. The present number (October) contains several *elaborate and interesting papers*. The first,

on "the Republic of Chile," is by a gentleman who has lived in the country, and gives a well-digested account of the development of popular institutions and public life in the model republic of the South. An article on "Slavery in the United States: its evils, alleviations, and remedies," gives a calm and intelligent view of the subject. The writer advocates colonization as a gradual remedy for the evil, which, though unsatisfactory to Exeter Hall philanthropy, or to the extreme party of abolitionists, is here presented in the broad light of historical and ethnological research, and commends itself as resting on a basis of humanity, no less than of philosophy. Hildreth's "History of the United States" is reviewed antagonistically; and Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" with warm approbation. A searching criticism is bestowed on Fowler's "English Grammar," a work of scientific pretensions, based on Latham's treatise on the same subject. The other articles are on "Physical Geography," "Hugh Miller and Popular Science," and the "Life and Poetry of Wordsworth," the last of which falls far below the requirements of the subject.

*Annals*.—Mr. Putnam's two massive and elegant Christmas gift books, indicate that America is "going ahead" in the cultivation of the *dulce*, as well as in the pursuit of the *utile*. Out of compliment to the ladies, we address ourselves first to the "Book of Home Beauty," though unfortunately for the value of the compliment, we are tempted to be somewhat critical over it. A book of home beauty was quite a happy idea, and so was the idea of selecting for its adornment portraits of twelve matronly ladies, to represent the home circles of their patriarchal country. Great taste is displayed in its execution; but we cannot speak of it throughout with unqualified admiration. We have a very modest opinion of our capacity for appreciating beauty, and are half inclined to sacrifice our feeble claim in that line to our courtesy; but our judgment, in that case, if flattering to the representative ladies, would hardly be considered flattering to the ladies whom they represent. If the book was intended to exhibit the *average* standard and proportion of American beauty, we should say that it has been faithful to a fault; but if it proposed to exhibit the *élite*, we must express our disappointment with the result. Mr. Putnam, however, must persevere, and if he continue to manifest the same delicacy of feeling, and purity of purpose, he will succeed. But for the present the American ladies must occupy the back-

ground; and so far as they are concerned, England sustains the fame of her fair aristocracy, and Scotland remains unrivalled for her "bonnie lasses." *Fitness*, indeed, is what ought to be considered in any kind of comparison between different countries; and in that respect, while we do not demand in the daughters of an *industrious* population any remarkable refinement of beauty, we do expect to find in the representative mothers of a *republican* nation a marked individuality of *character*—an expectation, however, not realized.

Dismissing the art portion of this volume, we have a word to say upon the authorship. The portraits being the principal feature, it was no doubt a difficult matter to find a suitable literary padding to pack between them; and a continuous fiction by a single writer being determined upon, Mrs. Kirkland has executed her task in a most praiseworthy manner; but, besides the literary extravagance of spreading such a light sketch over such "expansive pages," it would have been more appropriate to have had letter-press portraits by twelve American female authors, of the noble lives or noble deeds of some of their most memorable countrywomen. Were there no heroines of the Revolution to whom such a monument was due? Or are there none illustrious enough among the living, to become, in this form, as in their actual life, the models of their sex?

"*The Home Book of the Picturesque*" is the result of such a combination of labor as we have just suggested, and on that, as well as on other accounts, it has our preference. It is truly representative of "American Scenery, Art, and Literature."

The landscapes, however, though American, are not *peculiarly* so; and they serve rather to show the *similarity* than the *difference* between the scenery of the old country and the new.

The literary material is excellent, and is

furnished by the leading masters in that department. Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Miss Cooper, Bayard Taylor, Willis, Tuckerman, Mary E. Field, and W. C. Bryant, are all contributors, and each on some favorite locality or topic.

The opening paper by Magoon, on "Scenery and Mind," is an elaborate, eloquent and classical production. The closing one by Dr. Bethune, on "Art in the United States," shows that its development there is the same as in other countries and times, owing to the gradual alliance of wealth and taste in the same individuals.

Among the gift-books of the season that are truly American in material and style, as well as in name, specific mention deserves to be made of "The Iris." This is by no means an ephemeral production, nor is it "got up" in the usual manner of books of this class. It is an original work containing materials that were no doubt destined for independent publication, but which were pressed into the service of the *Annals*. Captain Eastman, of the United States topographical corps, has furnished a series of drawings of some of the most striking and remarkable objects connected with Indian traditions, which he made during a nine years' residence among the Indian tribes; and Mrs. Eastman has furnished poems and tales founded on the legends which she gathered during her sojourn in the wilderness. The illustrations are in chromo-lithography, and are executed with great skill. "The Snow Flake," "Leaflets of Memory," and "The Proverbialist and the Poet," are also deserving of high commendation. The last-mentioned, especially, is a beautifully-executed work, containing truly "sands of gold sifted from the flood of literature"—a very Bible of Proverbs from Solomon, Shakspeare, and Tupper, illustrated by parallel passages from other poets, and dedicated to the lovers of "sense, shortness, and salt."

THE LAST ARGUMENT.—Though Pitt's moral or physical courage never shrank from man, yet Sheridan was the antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into collision, and with whom the collision, when it did occur, was of the most fretful nature. There were a thousand instances of that "keen encounter of their wits," in which person was more involved than party.

"I leave," said Pitt, at the conclusion of an

attack of this kind—"I leave the honorable gentleman what he likes so well, the woman's privilege—the last word."

"I am sensible," said Sheridan, "of the favor which the right honorable gentleman means, in offering me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. I have no wish for the last word; I am content with having the *last argument*."



From Fraser's Magazine.

## KING ALFRED.\*

THERE is something romantic in the origin of this book. The author, a young Prussian, who had been several years in England, was studying at Oxford in the autumn of 1848. It was the crisis of the Berlin revolution, and the road in which things were going was not one which any honest German heart could expect to find issue in anything but the most mournful disaster. Dr. Pauli sought and found a remedy against his uneasy thoughts in increased activity in his own occupations, and gradually what he had devoted himself to, to dissipate his anxiety, rewarded him with an interest which peculiarly softened and relieved it.

His proper business at Oxford was with the old Saxon manuscripts; and as he read them more and more carefully, the figure of the greatest of the early English kings rose before him, as of one who, in a storm far worse than any present storm, had risen over it, and swayed and controlled it; who was a man in the strong sense of that most pregnant word, and on whom he might look and be ashamed of his despondency.

The work begun in this temper is now finished, written, as its author tells us, for Germans, and in the German spirit, and for the present is only in the German language; but we can hardly conceive that the English publishers will pass by such an opportunity of a profitable speculation, and allow it to remain long untranslated.

"My aim (he says) has been to delineate, to the best of my ability, out of such authorities as can best be trusted, the exalted position which Alfred occupies in the organic development of the liberties of England. I am well aware of the defects in my work—defects which remain, and which must remain, after all my efforts at revision. They arise partly out of the necessity I was under to combine original inquiry with narrative of what is already known; partly out of my own want of skill in supplying the defectiveness of my authorities by a workmanlike style of writing;

and no doubt there are faults in criticism too—yet, such as they are, they result not from indolence and carelessness, but from that partial love for my subject which is certain to produce them."

Now we do not intend to affront Dr. Pauli with the panegyrics of the book trade, with telling him that he underrates himself, that he has written a perfect book, that he has exhausted the subject, left nothing to be said, &c. &c.; but after all the objections which we shall have to urge, the result will appear hardly less than wonderful, considering the materials with which he had to work. The life of Alfred, as we read it in Hume, or in Sharon Turner, is scarcely more than a mass of legend, which vanishes under an industrious criticism; and at best it is but a vague conjectural business, where we can hardly assure ourselves of anything except when we have his own word for it.

It is only of rarely recurring periods that any real history is possible; and the intervals have to be filled as we can fill them, with lists of names, and dates, and battles; a few marked events, with here and there a charter or a law code, lying as lonely rock islands of fact, in the midst of huge desolate oceans, with cloudy legends over them and round them. Ages like those of Pericles and Cæsar are illuminated with ever-burning lamps—historians, poets, philosophers, statesmen, dramatists, artists, all contemporary with what they describe, and throwing cross lights on all sides and on all figures—while the long centuries of Saxon history are lighted only by faint cloister tapers, thinly scattered along the generations, often far away from what we try to see by them, and the shadows which they throw are strange, and dim, and unearthly. Dr. Pauli has had nothing to depend upon except Asser's *Life of Alfred*, the *Saxon Chronicle*, and a few autobiographical fragments; and at first sight Asser seems hopelessly interpolated, and at first sight too, the *Saxon Chronicle* yields nothing but a list of battles, following year after year, one as like another as Livy's old wearying irruptions of the

\* *König Aelfred, und Seine Stelle in der Geschichte England.* Von Dr. Reinhold Pauli. Berlin: 1851. London: bei Williams and Norgate.

Æqui and Volsci. As soon as we leave them, we pass at once into the purely legendary, and the story rolls down along the chroniclers, gathering up into itself just what each writer thought best assimilated with Alfred's character; history faring with the chronicler as physical science fared with the schoolmen, and being put together on the grandest *à priori* method. So that to find any real human features left remaining, after the rubbish of critical demolition is cleared away, may well surprise us; still more to find any so clear and detailed and delicate as some of those which Dr. Pauli has laid open to us.

Before giving an account of his work, however, we will first get rid of the disagreeable part of our business, and dispose of the points on which we are at issue with him. And, first, as to Asser's *Life*. It is known to have been very largely interpolated out of a *Life of St. Neot*, or by the author of that *Life*, somewhere towards the end of the tenth century. The more gross of these interpolations are easily eliminated, but after that is done, the beginning of the story remains full of contradictions, which it is impossible to reconcile. Dr. Pauli would make his way through them by supposing that large paragraphs have got out of place, and tries to construct a consecutive story by an alteration of the order of the text. He loves Alfred's memory too dearly to sacrifice a single-trait if he can help it; yet his theory is thoroughly unsatisfactory, and for anything we have yet seen, the whole story of Alfred's childhood remains unhistoric. Here is an instance. His mother is described by Asser as *religiosa nimirum fœmina, nobilis ingenio, nobilis et genere*. One day, we are told, the boy Alfred was playing with his brothers in her presence, when she called them all to her, and showed them an illuminated volume of *Saxon Poems*,—"whichever of you children (said she) will first learn to read this, shall have it for a present." On this, Alfred went off to his tutor, told him what had been said, and applying himself with all diligence to the work, in a short time earned for himself the beautiful book. . . . Now we will not speak hardly of the internal merit of this anecdote; it is the sort of thing which a monk would think edifying, and Dr. Pauli seems to admire it. Is there any reason, however, to believe it true? First, there is the startling difficulty that the same writer, calling himself Asser, declares that Alfred was entirely neglected by his parents, and taught nothing; and then we have his own

word that he could not read before he was twelve years old. . . . Dr. Pauli gets out of the difficulty by supposing that the tutor in question taught him to repeat the poems by heart, and that the neglectful parent was Judith, his father's second wife. Sharon Turner, on the other hand, pushes forward the story; supposes the kind mother to have been Judith, the step-mother, and the neglectful one his own proper mother. . . . Against both of these suggestions we must enter our protest. According to Dr. Pauli, Alfred went to Rome when he was four years old, and the story could not well be referred to an earlier period; while it is scarcely possible, if he did take this journey, that he could ever have seen his mother again; while Judith had married a second time, and left his father's house and family before Alfred was eight. . . . And more than this, who could the children be who were playing with him? His sister, Ethelwitha, who was the child next above him, was marriageable when he was little more than able to walk; and his brothers were grown up warriors before he could have learnt to repeat a poem.

This Judith, too, is a most apocryphal lady. Mr. Kemble tells us, that by a third marriage, she became the mother of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, a fact about as probable or possible as that a present English duke is the son of a mistress of Charles the Second. Dr. Pauli would help out the difficulty by inserting a link, and calling her the grandmother instead of the mother; but he has not mended it, and it must remain as it is.

And again, curiously, one of the passages which he selects as characteristic of the genuine Asser, and in virtue of which he concludes him to have been a person of highly cultivated taste, he will find word for word (or nearly so) in one of the lives of that very St. Neot who has led to all this trouble—so vitiated Asser's text has been—for this passage does not occur in the portion of the story which refers to this saint, but in the directly descriptive narrative which belongs only to Alfred.

Then, as to the *Saxon Chronicle*, Dr. Pauli says, that it was made up in the form in which we now read it, down to the year 891, either in that year, or at any rate before the close of the century. If this be so, it is, of course, a high authority; and the evidence that it is so, is the style of writing in a MS. now extant, which is declared to belong to that period. Dr. Pauli is a far bet-

ter judge of Saxon manuscripts than we are; but we have a right to require him in his next edition to append a note, explaining how it comes to pass that in the entry for the year 876, which details Rollo's conquests, there is a further statement that Rollo *reigned fifty years*. This may have been a marginal gloss, entered carelessly, and apparently belonging to the text. But if so, is the handwriting in which it is entered perceptibly different from the rest? Again, the year of the eclipse is given wrongly, as may be proved by calculation; various stories, too, are omitted; Ethelbald's rebellion, for instance, which it is not easy to explain. But what is of more consequence than all, it is impossible to read the two stories of Alfred's journey or journeys to Rome, and not to feel that there is a confusion somewhere. Dr. Pauli, by fixing the date of the compilation so near the period in question, cannot allow a mistake, and supposes that he went twice there—once without his father, and again with him. He must further suppose that he was twice anointed, and that the Pope did not recollect in 857, what he had before done in 853, or else that the writer of the *Chronicle* forgot in writing one page what he had written on that preceding. Here are the two stories in question:—

“853. King Ethelwulf sent his son Alfred to Rome; Leo was then Pope of Rome, and he consecrated him King, and took him for his son at confirmation.

“855. The same year, he (Ethelwulf) went to Rome in great state, and dwelt there twelve months, and then returned homewards. And Charles, King of the Franks, gave him his daughter to wife; and after that he came to his people, and they were glad of it; and about two years after he came from France he died.”

Then follows a genealogy, tracing Alfred through Woden to Adam, and after that—

“Alfred, his third son, (he was the fourth,) he had sent to Rome, and when Pope Leo heard say that Ethelwulf was dead, he consecrated Alfred King, and held him as his spiritual son at confirmation, even as his father Ethelwulf had requested on sending him thither.”

The boy, therefore, had remained in Rome three years at least in the Pope's care; he was looked upon as the future King of England, and yet we are to believe that he was not even taught to read.

We cannot resist the conclusion that these *entries* were put together from the writings of two wholly different persons, who had

each described some one event, with which they were both imperfectly acquainted; and the whole story of the anointing, when its object was a child five years old, with three elder brothers living, and when the throne in question was filled always by elective princes, and never by children, savors strongly of the *à priori* method, and of a later age, when the papal anointing had become a European question; Alfred was a great Catholic king, and therefore he could not have been without so vast a spiritual blessing. It is not easy to be too disrespectful to the historical ability of the monastic writers; never did any set of men betake themselves to the recording human affairs who had less power of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, or who were less scrupulous in inventing a useful or an edifying fact, when they did not find one ready to their hand.

We have two more faults to find before proceeding. We must call on Dr. Pauli to justify his quoting the work passing under the name of *Ingulf of Croyland* as a credible witness for any one fact contained in it. It has no pretensions whatever to be a real work of the secretary of the Conqueror; and it was not written, at the earliest, till the time of Edward I. . . . Among the many serious monastic delinquents in the matter of charters, histories, and other documents, the monks of Croyland are the very worst, and no one of them may be admitted into the historical witness court without formal testimonials of character.

On the other point we touch with more delicacy. It may seem out of place in an English reader to criticise a German's style; and yet, when the literature of the two countries is beginning so largely to interchange, he will hardly be sorry to see how the dress in which he has set out his thoughts appears to the eye of a foreigner. Partly from a most laudable effort at condensation, and partly from the natural fulness of his own mind, all his sentences are crowded with matter. But he thinks with so much eagerness and intensity, that he crams it together without much care in the arrangement; and in important passages it lies heaped in most tumultuous disorganization. This is so much the case, that in translating we have been driven to take wide liberties of paraphrase, and we are often uncertain whether we have caught his real meaning. In this way we have to struggle through long paragraphs, and often pages, till we come to the conclusion of the particular subject; and then, like the last few drops of a body of water which

has been rushing out through an aperture too small to let it escape freely, the few last sentences being relieved of the pressure from behind, flow off in a clear, bright, beautiful stream, which shows what the whole might be if he would take pains with it. Take, for instance, his story of the wonderful Ceadwallah, out of the Introductory Summary, whose wild life is the death-shriek of paganism; and which, as a symbol of the struggle, and of its issue, dies away in a prayer of penitence at the feet of the Pope. The pages in which Pauli describes it all are full of vigor and brilliancy, but altogether without shape or organization, till the last clear sentence, in which he lets it roll away from him to its finish.

“Wie ein feuriges Meteor, das kurz leuchtet, Krieg und Verheerung verkundend, und dann plötzlich zerplatzt, streift Ceadwallah, mehr Kelte als Germane durch die Geschichte von Wessex.”

And now, after all this fault-finding, to go on with a more pleasant employment.

For the first three centuries of their life in England, the only external enemies with whom the Saxons had to contend were the Picts of the northern border and the Celts of Wales and Cornwall. Neither of these were strong enough to give them serious trouble, and they had had time to develop themselves into a free industrious people; somewhat lazy in their method of working, yet, if Mr. Kemble is right in his calculations, having contrived by the end of the reign of Egbert to bring into cultivation as large an area of soil as was under the plough in the reign of our own first George. There had been time for a rise and for a decline of a spiritual and social cultivation. Strength had brought security, security ease, ease selfishness, selfishness weakness, in the old unerring cycle. Their battles among themselves had served at first, like those between the Grecian states, as a school of discipline and courage. But the spirit of independence was waning slowly and surely. The deadly symptom of centralization had begun to show itself; and then a storm was to break on them which was to try them to the quick. In the old language, the priests and bishops call it a punishment for their sins, . . . and with all justice. For if the Saxons had been what men ought to have been, the first ships of the Danes which touched on the English shores would have carried back an account of their reception which would scarcely have tempted others to try the experiment again.

But so it was to be. And the far-off issues of history required a new element, as, two centuries later, they required again another, to be interfused among the Anglo-Saxons before they would be fit for the work which was in store for them. Perhaps it is with nations as with families, and only mixed blood breeds the fine race. But however that may be, towards the middle of the ninth century the old roving spirit began to stir again on the shores of the northern seas, and fleets of homeless wanderers, driven out either by force or by over-crowding, under the fiercest and most needy of their chiefs, came sweeping down over the same track which, three centuries before, had been first marked by the Saxons. We cannot tell now what causes lay behind this movement. Perhaps it was another pulsation of the same great force which, from time out of mind, had been driving stream after stream, and race after race, westward and westward from the wall of China to the Atlantic. Perhaps Charlemagne's military missionaries, preaching Christianity in the German forests at the sword's point, drove back wave upon wave of proud warriors upon Norway, and Sweden, and Iceland, who preferred independence and their old faith; and rolling back upon the ocean, took ship and passed again towards the south, in search of a resting-place. At any rate, the Danes who came down upon England and Ireland had swarmed out from their hive without intention of returning to it; and, with rare exceptions, they never even attempted to return. They were adventurers bent as much on settlement as on plunder; and they fought when they landed with the desperation of men who knew that the place which they had left was filled behind them, and that there was no hope for them or home for them except what their sword could win. We call them pirates, and the Saxon writers of the day speak of them with a frightened horror as preternatural or fiendish visitants. They were to the Saxons what the same Saxons, three centuries before, had been to the poor Roman Britons—neither any better nor any worse. If they could beat the Saxons, and wrest from them part of their conquest, they had the same right here which the Saxons had made for themselves, or which the Normans afterwards won; and a nation of several millions of men who can be conquered by the crews of a few pirate boats, have no very deep claims on our commiseration. . . . It was for their sins, as their clergy told them; and without their sins it could not have been. They had been



dividing themselves into classes—rich gentlemen and suffering poor; and selfishness in one, and want in the other, had made both cowards, as they always will. It is the universal rule; and the rights of free men are very justly taken away from such as have not courage to defend them. This is the principle of all such struggles, then, now, and ever; and that instinct of judgment which sides so irresistibly with the victor is a true and faithful voice in us. It is foolishness to cavil at the right of Saxons and Normans; and the Danes conquered half England, and made their right good in it by the same title as they. Where it was good that they should be, there they settled themselves. If they had conquered all the island, they would have thrown it back into paganism, and that would not have been good. And God raised up King Alfred to turn them back from where they should not be, at the right time and the right place, and to give them his faith, not to receive theirs.

At Egbert's death, the heptarchy had broken into a tetrarchy. Kent had been incorporated into Wessex; Mercia was still a kingdom, but dependent on it. The rest of the island, from the Ouse to the Tweed, was shared virtually between East Anglia and Northumberland, and these were still independent. Lying nearest to the Danes, these two kingdoms were first exposed to them; and from the strong ground they so early made for themselves in Lincolnshire and Norfolk, it is likely that they had begun their visits there before they are mentioned by the Wessex Chronicle. Egbert had come first into collision with them in 835; but their first arrivals were like the drops before a thunder-storm; and they were generally, though not always, driven back. It was when their visits had begun to be repeated with every summer, and the coast of Wessex, from the Exe to the Thames, had been the scene, year after year, of many and desperate engagements, that Alfred, grandson of Egbert, and the youngest child of Ethelwulf, was born in the year 849 at Wantage, then a royal hunting seat in the midst of a forest. We have already spoken of the ill success which seems to have attended Dr. Pauli's efforts at reconstructing his boyhood out of Asser. Here is a happy passage, which in form is only hypothetical, yet which, from what we know of the habits of the Saxon kings, we may receive with all certainty:—

"What must have been the early impressions which formed themselves on the spirit of the

child? Surely the heart-inspiring features of Nature around him and above him—the summer green of woods and fields—the blue English sky with its light clouds, which the breezes waft over the island; and when the father would break up his household and remove to some other of his castles far away, the immeasurable, ever lovely ocean, 'where the whale reigns among the rolling waves, and the sea-mew bathes his wings.' While on this very ocean in those days the fierce hordes were roaming, in fear of whom every peasant slept upon his weapons, and whose ruthless deeds the child must have learnt to fear in the first words which he could understand. So in the free air, with the war-cries ever ringing round him, he grew on to be the delight of his parents, fairer to look upon than either of his brothers, and lovelier in word and gesture. To this gentleness of temper a further charm was added by the longing he soon showed to do honor to his noble race by his own noble life. Of education proper, at least, in its modern sense, there was little enough possible for him. The Church, in those days the only instructress, did not care to educate any except such as were to be exclusively dedicated to her service; and it was a rare and fortunate exception when a layman, even a king or a noble, had learnt to read and to write. Through his early years he was taught to hunt, and to ride, and to be expert in all the martial exercises; and the mind in all nations of the Germanic family was supplied with vigorous food in the old songs and poems of the fatherland."

So gradually comes out before us the figure of a lovely boy, showing early all grace, and energy, and promise, and gathering to him the hope, and affection, and confidence of every one. When he was seven years old, his father Ethelwulf died—the last two years of his life having been made bitter by the rebellion of his eldest son; the success of which obliged him to forgive it and to recognize it. But Alfred was too young to have suffered or learnt much from such an incident; and in five years the brother followed the father to the same grave. This was in 861. The second brother, Ethelbert, succeeded, and with him the northern clouds, which for a few years had fallen back under the horizon, began to thicken up again. In the general danger and general insecurity, the character of the country had gone on rapidly in its decline. The Saxon law had not permitted private persons to hold fortified houses. It was a privilege which was considered dangerous to the liberties of the people, and was reserved, therefore, only for the officers of the crown. But the times were too rough for these nice respects, and every nobleman took advantage of the opportunity to assume a position which it was too easy for him to abuse.

The discipline of the clergy fell slack. After Swithun died, Alfred tells us, there was no one left in all West Saxony who could teach him to read a book in his own language. We are now emerging on the sounder portions of Asser, and are better able to make out the story. Closely following Asser, Dr. Pauli proceeds :—

“We are scarcely in a position to form a notion of the difficulties which in those days lay in the way of acquiring knowledge. Undeterred, however, the boy faced and overcame them, and soon began to read for himself in his mother tongue, what till then he had only learnt by rote at others’ dictation. So the old poetry grew more dear to him as it became more accessible; and at the same time he began to give his attention to the hymns and offices of the church. He made a collection for himself of the Psalms and Hymns, and the Services for the Hours, and this he always carried about with him, parting from it neither day nor night. Asser had himself seen this little book, and the King had spoken to him of the help and comfort which it had been to him in some of his hardest straits.”

Dr. Pauli scarcely thinks this can really refer to his boyhood; but it stands on very tolerable evidence, and it is only another exhibition of that warm and eager devotedness which a very curious story, certainly authentic, proves to have early characterized him—a story which, from its character, belongs obviously to the age when the boy is changing into the man. What the monks call “the flesh” had begun to grow unruly; his nature was altogether strong and vehement, and thoughts and inclinations began to obtrude themselves, from which his higher self recoiled. There is no more beautiful instance in history of a young boy’s unassisted efforts at self-mastery than what he is said to have done to conquer them. With the miraculous part of it we have nothing to do. It is he who is really interesting; what happened to him may have been what it would. In the dead of the night he would leave his bed, and creep away to the cold, lonely chapel, and kneel and pray there; and at last he prayed that God would send him some disorder which would cure him. . . . The prayer was strangely answered. . . . A disease fell upon him: what it was we do not know, further than that it was intermittent, and its paroxysms were so agonizing, that for years his life was despaired of. . . . He believed that it was really sent him because he had asked for it, but perhaps he doubted whether he had been right in asking. At any rate, when he was about nineteen, on a hunting party in

Cornwall, he passed near the well of Saint Gueryr, the water of which had medicinal properties, and where, in consequence, a small chapel had been erected. He dismounted from his horse, and going in, (whether he drank the water is not told us,) he prayed again that God would take pity on him, and exchange the disease which he had given him for some other which he could more easily bear, or which, at least, would not disable him from doing his duty as a prince. This petition was again answered; his more acute sufferings ceased, and ever after till his death he was subject to epileptic fits.

No doubt all this may be “accounted for by natural causes,” &c., &c., although that is not to our purpose; but it serves to show what a deep, earnest heart there must have been in the boy—a superstitious one, it may be said, and many other such adjectives. Yet we may not use such adjectives wisely: the religion of one era is the superstition of the next; the grown Alfred was as superstitious as the boy, and believed in the Pope, in relics, chips of wood, witchcraft, priestcraft, saints, miracles, and the mass; they were light to his eyes and food to his soul; and yet we will not stumble at it. Such things are but a language, a dead language now, and the letter of them a ghastly Fetish, but once a living word, in which was expressed and symbolized faith in the one invisible God in whom he and we alike move and have our being. Now-a-days a faith so expressed would promise little good: but it was in virtue of it, and because of it, that Alfred grew into a strong, valiant, and noble man.

In 869—he was then twenty—Alfred married Elswitha, daughter of a Mercian thane. A story lies in the father’s name—Ethelred the Mickle: some mighty fighter, we may see easily, who had won Alfred’s friendship on many a hard battle-field; for many such he had already seen. In 865, the Danes had wintered in Thanet; for years after the Chronicles are full of nothing but battle after battle; and the Saxon victories, however frequently they are claimed, could never have been decisive enough to be profitable. Ethelbert died, and then only Ethelred and Alfred were left; and the work was fast thickening round and over them. By 868, the whole of England north of the Ouse had been decisively conquered, and became the permanent possession of the Danes, from which they were never dislodged. The Saxon inhabitants either submitted on terms or were made slaves; and

the conquerors, as owners of the soil which they had won, settled down on it, took wives of the country, and, speaking the same, or nearly the same, language, merged so swiftly in the old population, that in half a century hardly a difference remained to be traced. But they had determined to be satisfied with nothing less than the entire island. Reinforced by fresh hordes, and gathering up their force in East Anglia and Northumberland, they swarmed out round Norfolk, and, landing in thousands on the Kentish coast, they pressed inwards, as they always did when conquest, not plunder, was their object, and, ascending the valley of the Thames, seized and fortified themselves in Reading. Dr. Pauli supposes that they chose Reading, because the river gave them an open access to the sea, and that they had ascended it in their war-ships; but the windings of the Thames would put such an adventure out of the question, even if without locks the river had been navigable, which it was not. Reading was in the centre of Wessex, and being easily fortified, it formed an excellent basis of operations in carrying out their plans of conquest, which they intended to make as conclusive in the southern as they had already made it in the northern counties. And then began a struggle which, with slight intermissions, lasted ten bitter years: all depended on it. If the Saxons had lost, they could never have recovered their ground. It was a conflict between two families of the same race, so like each other, with all their difference of creed and habit, that the weaker would, as a matter of course, take its character from the stronger. As it was, the Danes were beaten and became Saxons. But it might have fallen the other way, and what would have happened then? The battle was, in literal truth, *pro aris et focis*—for God and for home.

Ethelred, the last remaining brother, died a few days after a desperate battle with these Reading Danes, probably of his wounds; and Alfred, on the 23d of April, 871, succeeded to the precarious and unenvied throne. He was then only twenty-one. For two years he had been incessantly fighting, and in the year of his accession himself fought nine pitched engagements, with doubtful success, as the event proved, for, at the end of it, he had to buy off the Danes with a large present. In the preface to one of his own writings he has left us a sad and disdainful account of the people on whom he had to depend; and above all things he had to gain time at all costs, to send them to

school where they might learn to be men. In this way he secured to himself five years' quiet. It was at his neighbors' cost, but he could not help it. The army moved north from Reading into Mercia, which did not even attempt a resistance. Burrhed, Alfred's brother-in-law, who called himself its king, fled for his life, and died in a cloister at Rome, the strange ending-place of so many of the Saxon kings—saint and sinner, pagan and Christian; and Mercia became part of the Danish kingdom. When the five years were over, Alfred had again to defend himself. In 876, Danish ships were swarming on the coasts of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, and in 878 he was himself alone, a fugitive hiding in the marshes about Bridgewater.

It is round this part of his life that romance has been most busy. Alfred, rated by the cowherd's wife for letting the cakes burn, has been the favorite story in English nurseries for many hundred years; and it is at least certain that the scene in which the legend says it happened is given rightly, a gold ornament having been found there a century and a half ago, bearing Alfred's name. A facsimile of it is given in Dr. Pauli's work, and it is a fair specimen of the art of the day. Some doubt has been recently thrown upon its genuineness, but entirely gratuitously. The language of the inscription contains a peculiarity in the form of one of the words which is not to be found in later Saxon.

How much else may be true it is impossible to say. All that we are decidedly bound to throw away and fling from us—if with disgust and execration, all the better—are the stories which the writers of St. Neot's Lives dared to spread about, of certain profligacies on the part of Alfred, which had provoked the Divine displeasure.

It is a fair specimen of the unscrupulousness with which these worthy people went about their work, the one object being to make a situation for their saint, as a Nathan by a modern David. But the flight, the concealment, and the re-appearance are all made too much of, if the dates are given correctly, and Dr. Pauli follows his authorities in this with too little hesitation. The tone in which they speak is one which would imply a long disappearance—years long at the very least: and yet the invasion before which Alfred had to yield took place in January, 878; in March of the same year Hubba was killed in Devonshire, and the Raven Standard taken; and in May the King

is at the head of an army, fights the deciding battle of Ethendun, and saves England. It is out of place to speak of a kingdom prostrated, settled under a Danish yoke, and only a King Alfred left unsubdued, when the entire period of their superiority was not more than four months. Under pressure, the story will scarcely yield more than that he would not risk an engagement till he was certain of victory, and the marshes of Somersetshire offered a safe and convenient spot to collect his people about him. Yet the legend may be taken to prove that all did really depend on Alfred—that, if he had yielded, it was lost; and Dr. Pauli, in a very successful passage, shows clearly enough what it was which was at issue:—

"If, at that moment, his faith in God had failed him; if he had desperately rushed upon death; if he had again trusted the word of these perjured heathen; if, like the last King of the Merclans, he had fled away to hide himself and die at Rome, with him the hope would have passed away that England could remain true to the Christian faith. The old Britons had not preserved it when they were conquered; the monks who had wandered forth from among the ashes of their cloisters, and gone up and down the land, or made homes for themselves in the woods and wastes, with all their preaching had made no impression on the minds of those fierce barbarians, who, trained up amidst ice and storm, held fast by their own awful gods of Asgard and Valhalla. On the ancient sites of the deserted Woden worship, bloody offerings of their own apostate worshippers had once again steamed up to Odin and to Thor, and the fallen Christian population, who still retained among themselves large elements of the old superstition, having lost their leaders and their teachers, were gradually losing hold of the faith of their conversion, and turning again to the idol altars on which their conquerors offered."

After the battle of Ethendun, Alfred could have destroyed the Danish army; but he chose a wiser course. He dismissed them, and sent them back to East Anglia Christians. He converted them, it is true, not with sermon and Bible, but with sword and spear: but it is true also, and no one knew it better than Alfred, that to temper such as theirs, sword and spear are the true convincing preachers. Children, as they called themselves, of Thor and Odin, strength was their real god; they were trying the strength of these Asgard gods against the God of the Christians, and they were not men to halt between two opinions. They would bow before whichever proved the strongest. That is the higher faith which makes men higher, nobler, braver.

"But what was the King now to do? By what idea was he to guide himself? He must have experienced, to his sorrow, the collapse of the old fabric of which his grandfather had been so proud, but which his father had done so much to undermine. Was it not natural, that now, when he was firmly seated again, he should draw the rein of government tighter than before, and gather up the loose and crumbling fragments into a strong, firm whole? A few hints only of his measures have survived all these centuries, but we have enough left to show that he did take some steps of this kind. Indeed, lately he has been reproached with having begun the work of despotism, and narrowed the liberties of his people. This is not the place to meet such a charge. We should rather remember the higher necessity which at that time was busy, uniting and centralizing in all the great Teutonic families. What we mean by freedom is removed far as heaven from earth from independence in half-barbarous communities, and again and again in history has been found really to have been furthered even by tyrants. Now, what Alfred undertook was gently and effectively to change the whole existing relations of men and things, and thus to prepare the way to a far different, but wiser and better polity, than he had inherited from his ancestors."

Very 'unconstitutional' doctrine this, yet very wholesome too, especially at this time, when there is a cry rising for local self-government, &c. Local self-government is good when there is local virtue; else it is local tyranny, local corruption, and local iniquity. Centralization is a symptom of decline—an unerring one; no doubt of it. But to suppose that the character of a people can be restored by decentralizing, is like supposing a people can be made orderly by dismissing the police force. If Dr. Pauli means by the last paragraph which we quoted, that despotic central authority is absolutely the best for us to live under, we do not agree with him the least. But in Alfred's time, as in Cæsar's, there was nothing else possible; we may be sorry for it, but there was no help for it. The first great change was in the mode of appointment of the public officers. The old plan was popular election; but popular election no longer bore good fruit, and had to be done away. Henceforward the King, on his own authority, undertook the appointment of the sheriffs, the town reeves or mayors, the judges, the lords-lieutenant of the counties; if the popular form was preserved, it was but like a modern *congé d'élire*. For indeed the substance of a popular election was no longer even possible. The peasant occupants of small holdings were everywhere diminishing; the commons were being inclosed and falling to the thames; the small estates



swallowed by the large; everywhere that wretched, because false and hollow, system prevailing, under which masses of men lose the substance of freedom, and live and act only as the lords of the land allow them. The King had to seize for himself the old local rights which had once belonged to the people, in order to exercise them for the people's benefit. Men placed in high authority (of course by those who had the real power in their hands) Alfred found unable to read or write, and unacquainted with the commonest principles of justice; and so iniquitous had the administration become in consequence, that complaints poured in from all parts of the country. In the old *Mirroure for Magistrates*, there is a story that he had to hang forty-four judges—and there is nothing more likely. So, again, the fine old liberties of feud, by which men who had been deeply injured were allowed, under restrictions, to be their own avengers, had become a mere plea for lawlessness, and could not be any longer permitted. He did not venture, indeed, entirely to abolish it, but he fenced it round more and more with difficulties. All injuries had first to be referred to his officers, or to himself; and crimes, which under the older system had been of man against man, became, under the legislation of Alfred, crimes rather against the law, against himself, and against God.

Dr. Pauli does not like the story of the hanged judges, and prefers another, which to us has but an insipid monastic flavor. Asser, or the psuedo-Asser, says that the King summoned them into his presence, and read them a homily on the advantages of learning, forthwith obliging them either to go to school with the little boys and learn, or else lay down their high offices. "Then for that they would not resign might be seen bearded men at lesson in one form with the youngest children," &c. It may be true; but if it be true, let no man ever more plead internal improbability in the criticism of history. In such grim days as those, there was scarcely time or leisure for such feeble experimentalizing. There is rare virtue in your gallows; and from what we know of King Alfred, and that deep, earnest Christianity of his to which Dr. Pauli appeals, there never was a king with whom an unjust judge would have run a better chance of finding it.

His Church reforming was a less successful affair. Church discipline, as Asser says, went against the grain of the Saxons; and the King had to depend altogether on foreigners to carry it out: Asser, a Welshman,

Grimbald, a French priest at St. Omer, John, perhaps Erigena, at any rate not an Englishman—these were his ecclesiastical reformers, and the work hung upon his hands. It was left for Dunstan, whose taste it suited better, to finish this. Alfred could never throw himself into it as an end in itself. With him the Church was valuable as an educator of the people, and it was mainly as such that he cared to keep it in activity.

"Nothing (writes Pauli) is more delightful than to read what Alfred, with the help of these fellow-workmen, was trying to do for the laity. His own words show it most clearly.

"My desire is (he says) that the entire freeborn youth of this kingdom, who have means thereto, and so long as there be no other occupation which hinders them, shall receive so much instruction as shall enable them to read without difficulty in their own tongue; and that whosoever are to hold offices in the Church shall go on to learn the Latin."

"Golden words—such as were rarely heard from the great men of those ages, and only long after they came to be spoken out again with equal vigor by the Protestant Reformers."

It is very grand—this brave, heroic man, slaving alone at so dead a labor. He saw the people were sliding down and down, and education was the only hope. But *quis custodiat custodes*, and who was to educate the educators? The history of Alfred is the history of a dead lift at the souls of a lazy race, in whom he knew there lay the seeds of rare virtue, if he could quicken them. But perhaps even his heart would have sunk in him, if he could have seen their descendants, after a life and death struggle of a thousand years, only now imperfectly winning back the lost ground, and still fighting for the boon which he believed he could confer himself.

So many years was Alfred before his time, as the phrase goes. Whatever time has brought out as most excellent in the English nature, either actively or in germ is found antedated in him. We have seen him the soldier, the statesman, the Church reformer, the schoolmaster; besides these, he was the architect of his age, and the inventor of a new order. Ships of his designing were the swiftest and strongest in the channel. He was jeweller, clockmaker, engineer. There was no work done, or necessary to be done, high or low, in England, but Alfred was king and master there and everywhere. His navigators cruised in the Mediterranean. He sent exploring parties to Palestine, and even to India. One thing more remained, one work which, if any other person had pro-

posed it to himself as the exclusive labor of his life, might well make us smile at his presumption; but to the gigantic Alfred it was the amusement of his leisure. It was nothing less than to form a national literature. His people were to be taught to read in their native language, and there were no books for them; none, at least, except the poems, and these would serve but indifferently for the sole spiritual food of a people half actual heathens, and the other half of a very weak Christianity. So Alfred seriously set himself to create a prose Saxon literature; not to write new books, but to translate good old books, which, in passing through so great a mind as Alfred's, came out enriched and invigorated. They are to be read now by whoever chooses to read them. A jubilee edition we see is advertised; and whatever we may please to think of the doctrine, or the philosophy, or the actual knowledge, in all these he was as far in advance of his own age as he was in everything else which he undertook. He did not want to drive out the Scandinavian poetry; no man's heart could be the worse for reading that. And in the English versions of the old myths, the Titanic unearthly spirit which was first breathed into them among the snow mountains and lakes of Norway, had softened off into a warm and human heroism. Substantially and humanly Beowulf is more Christian than Norwegian, and no better *Præparatio Evangelica* could be given to young, high-hearted boys, provided there was an *Evangelium* to interpret and to appropriate. It was not for Alfred to train a nation of devotees. He would make his people men—men because Christians, and Christians because men; and whatever was really manly and noble was sure of welcome with him.

But of course he would consider something more directly Christian as indispensable, and to this he set himself. Dr. Pauli follows lovingly through it all, and with the help of Asser lets us see how he went to work. First, there was the Common-place Book, which is now lost, but which William of Malmesbury had seen and studied; and the story of this is characteristic both of Asser and his master. The good Welshman, it seems, was employed in reading every book he could lay hands on aloud to the King, who had made it a second nature, day and night, no matter in what trouble he might be, either to read or to have some one read to him. And now that he had an understanding person about him, he would talk over the books; and, no matter

what they were, never failed to make something out of them.

"One day," says Asser, "we were sitting together in his room conversing as usual, when I quoted to him a certain passage. He listened with an eager attention; and then pointing to his little manuscript book, which he kept always about him, and which contained among other things the Daily Lessons, Psalms, and Prayers, bade me write into it what I had told him."

Asser, thanking heaven for the good mind of the King, set himself immediately to work, when he found every corner of the parchment occupied—crammed full of notes on all sorts of subjects. He hesitated, he tells us, not knowing what to do. The King repeated his order. Asser replied, (what a strange, loving imbecility there is in the way in which he tells the story :) "May it please you that I take a fresh parchment to write upon? Who knows but what we may soon light on something else which you may wish to have noted down; and then happily we may make a fresh collection."—"That is a good idea," replied he. And so Asser took a large, fresh square sheet, and wrote in his quotation; and he had rightly foreseen what might happen, for the very same day three new notes had to be inserted.

Most amiable and most sweet!—but it is not without its piteous side, when we have to remember that this poor Welshman was not only one of the *best*, but one of the *ablest*, men to be found in the island. And if such were his instruments, we may understand a good deal of work would remain on Alfred's own shoulders.

Besides this Common-place Book he translated or paraphrased the celebrated work of Boëthius, of which Dr. Pauli has given a sufficient account, with Anglo-Saxon extracts, as specimens of the style. The English reader will find an excellent analysis of it, with considerable portions very well translated, in Mr. Sharon Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*.

After this, Orosius' *History of the World*, which was written at the instigation of Augustin, as a controversial work, containing, from a Christian's point of view—but not an intolerant or ignorant one—a summary of the acts and fortunes of the great heathen nations:

St. Gregorie's *Pastorals*, a collection of legends of the Italian saints: to our palates insipid and tasteless enough; pretty much what the best of our modern novels may seem (if any are so unfortunate as to survive

so long) a thousand years deeper on in history. But they had their day of popularity and perhaps of usefulness, and were translated early into Greek, and even Arabic :

And Bede's *History* ; all these being composed in the same manner ; Asser or some one else translated the Latin *viva voce*, and Alfred supplied or omitted as he thought good, and rendered the whole into his own sound solid English.

Besides these, he composed a work on geography : an account of northern Europe, and the position in it of the various Teutonic nations. Dr. Pauli says it is far better than any that were then extant, and he was assisted in it by Ohthere, a mighty whalefisher, and others—sea-going adventurers, whose lives would as ill bear close scrutiny, perhaps, as that of old Ulysses. But they were the men for Alfred's purpose, and he used them for it.

Such was the first germ of a literature which Alfred bequeathed to his people. There was philosophy for them, and history and geography, and devotional books, and saints' lives for light reading ; good food for all tastes and all capacities, and supplied, as we said, by himself, in the interval of other labors enough of themselves for ten ordinary men—οἱ τοὶ νῦν βρότοι εἰσι.

Truly might Alfred say of himself—“While I live, I have no care except to live worthily, and to leave good works well done, to remain as my monument when I am gone.”

Such is something of the real life and actions of this great man, as Dr. Pauli presents them to us. In this rapid sketch we have had to leave altogether much which is most beautiful ; and we could only touch lightly even what was of highest importance. In a short octavo, however, (only 300 pages long, and the writer of it a German!) Dr. Pauli's delicate criticism has drawn out the man before us, with his work all about him, in fine full-colored human proportions, and given life to the soul and sinew to the limbs of the stiff and feeble portraits which the monks have left us. Many extracts press upon us, but we must leave them now where they are, and half the incidents of his reign remain untold. It closed as it began—in storm ; and the Chronicle, in its catalogue of years, contains still the same old recurring stories of Danish armies landing and fighting, though not any more with the old success attending them. In his own family, Alfred was as happy as he deserved to be. From Asser's story one might have

feared that his children would have been brought up little book-worms, who, at the first shock of life, would have bent and trembled down into a cloister. It is as unlike the truth as may be. His son, Edward, and his grandson, Athelstan, who had sat on his knee, and had learnt to bend bow and draw sword under his eyes, were men of his own noble metal—stout Christian warriors, who followed in his own ways ; the grandest princes, except himself, who bore sword and sceptre among the Saxons. While Ethelfleda, his daughter, the lady of the Mercians, as she was called, (she had early married and early lost Ethelred the Mercian prince,) fought and won as many battles against the Danes, in her own person, as even her father. Never anywhere, since Homer's heroes disappeared, are there to be found such fiery fighters, so brave, and yet so tender and so humane, as in these three generations of this family.

One beautiful trait in Alfred Dr. Pauli has, we believe, been the first to notice in an unquestionable document—Alfred's will. The royal vill of Wantage, where he was born, and Ethendun, the deciding scene of his life, he bequeaths—not to the nation, not to the church, for pillars, or churches, or shrines, or statues to rise as ostentatious memorials of his greatness,—not to these at all, or for any such purpose, but to his wife. It is by her that the great King is still most proud to be remembered in connection with his highest achievements. He died at the age of 58, worn out early by work and disease. Singularly, it is the same age at which England lost her other greatest man, William Shakspeare. A devout, God-fearing man he was from his childhood to his end. Pauli sees this, and sees it in the soul of his greatness ; but he will hear of no parallel between him and that other most Catholic King, in better favor with the ultra-montanes, Edward the Confessor.

“Edward lost his kingdom and found a place in the calendar. Alfred held his kingdom with his sword and with the help of God, and the Roman Church gave him no thanks for it. But he is not without a place in the hearts of his people, and with his works he lives there. . . .

“So stands his monument, shining brightly in the book of the world's history ; disfigured neither by ill-will nor by ignorance, and unblemished by any faults in himself. . . . Not any prince or hero of old or modern times can be compared with him for so many excellences, and every one so pure. . . . With all the strength and all the greatness of the world's famous chieftains who have ruled over mightier peoples, there is ever some defect on the moral side which disfigures

the impression of the intellectual magnificence; and though by the side of Alfred, reigning in his narrow Wessex, their high forms may seem to tower into the stars, yet his figure, in its smaller proportions, remains among the most perfect which the hand of God has held up before the world and before its rulers as their model."

And here we leave Dr. Pauli, trusting soon to see his book in our own English; and in the meantime, not jealous that we owe the best history which has yet been written of our Alfred to a foreigner, nor grudging the

loving claim which he makes to him as a German and one in race with himself; but giving him warm thanks for what he has done, and accepting it as one more evidence of the growing union between the two old families, so many centuries divided, and in whose closer intercourse and cheerful appropriation, each from each, of the lessons which each can teach the other, seems to lie the happiest prospect of solution for the problems which are already weighing upon them both.

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From the Westminster Review.

## MARY STUART.\*

EXCEPT on Machiavelli's principles, who can tell what political morality is? Private morality is a simple matter enough. We have canons universally acknowledged, which leave us in no manner of doubt, and right and wrong stand out with a sharpness of relief, which gives no excuse for uncertainty. But pass out into wider relations and our unerring guides will hesitate, or contradict each other, or speak doubtfully. We cannot judge kings or statesmen as we judge each other; kings or statesmen have to act as emergencies demand, and the emergency must pronounce for itself on the right and the wrong. And again, subjects have sometimes to obey and sometimes to disobey, as the early Christians found, and there is no pronouncing generally on the when or the where or the how. Particular cases require their own treatment, and conscience, no longer, as it seems, with any single or determinate purpose, says to one man, Obey, to another, Suffer, to another, Resist, and to all speaking with equal per-

emptoriness. The pedant is ready with his maxim, "We may not do evil that good may come." Who doubts it? There is no lie like a truism misapplied. The real difficulty is to know what is evil and what is good; and to quote proverbs such as that to settle it, is to imply that we are hesitating between expediency and justice, and that we do know when we do not know at all. It is betraying the cause of "immutable morality" to intrude it where it has nothing to say. Immutable morality cannot decide when one state may interfere in the affairs of another, or when subjects may resist sovereigns; or, if such vexed questions are entertained with too much passion to be acknowledged uncertain, what are we to say to these: Is it right to intercept correspondence? to accept underhand information? to use spies and pay for them? to meet stratagem with stratagem and mine with countermine? Soldiers in war time must do these things; and statesmen who will carry empires through their times of crisis must dirt their fingers with them. The commander may despise the traitor, yet cannot do without him, and sovereigns, when conspiracies are abroad, must take what information they can get. Or again, for such punishments as must from time to time be inflicted: can we dare to say that the poor, tired, hungry sentinel at an outpost, who has let his thoughts stray away to old home, and wife, and friends, and in these sweet re-

\* 1. *Histoire de Marie Stuart.* Par M. Mignet. Paris. [*The History of Mary, Queen of Scots.* By F. A. Mignet. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley, 1851.]

2. *Letters of Mary Stuart, selected from the "Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart."* By Prince Alexander Labanoff. Translated by William Turabull. 8vo. London: Charles Dolman, 1845.

3. *Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots.* Edited by Agnes Strickland. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: Henry Colburn, 1848.



membrances has dosed into forgetfulness of duty, deserves the measure which must be dealt out to him? In the severe exigencies of danger we cannot measure conduct by its moral deservings; and often so nicely balanced in times of party struggle are the obligations of duty, that friends and brothers will be parted, men of high noble purpose will be fighting against each other, and though as men they may still love and admire each other, yet as statesmen they may be forbidden to be merciful. Why is this? Because society is a thing so sacred, that at all hazards it must protect itself, no matter what sacrifice it compels; and the men who are brave enough to take the helm in the storm must follow its inexorable bidding. Disloyalty to the state or treason to the friend, this will be the hard alternative; and let a man choose which he will, he will not fail of enemies to point hard conclusions at him. Add to this, that in political struggles that fearful element in the old Greek tragedy is almost always present, a nearness of blood between the respective opposites. And now suppose a case where every difficulty we have mentioned is present in its most intricate form; throw into it every passion at its boiling point which stirred between Popery and Protestantism; add a dissolution of an entire old social fabric—Republicanism struggling, like a young Hercules, with monsters in its cradle, and an old monarchy, strong in the sacredness which ages had hung around it, each able to claim to be, and each believing that it really was, the cause of God on earth; add violent under-currents setting between Scotland, and France, and England—strong in old associations and antipathies, and doubly strong now in the new religious element which had sprung up to enhance them; add clan rivalries splitting up the nobility, old rivalries of crown and nobility which again divided them, and a vast *tiers état* in the Commons, rising in vindictive strength with its centuries of grievances to avenge; add for actors in the drama the largest number of remarkable persons, whether for good or evil, who have subsisted together on this earth since Cæsar's time; and remember that in times of anarchy, when old habits are broken up, and more or less every man for himself is his own law, the passions which routine, while routine subsists, can hold in check, have all their own free scope, rein broken, and harness shaken off; suppose all these forces crushing and grinding against each other in the explosion of a social earthquake, and in the middle of them a beautiful lady, and that lady a queen with

a character strung with every passion which a poet would most choose out for a tragedy;—and there are the wild elements among which the story of Mary Stuart was played out—a war of discords, which have made the estimates of herself and of her doings the most contradictory which perhaps have ever been offered of any human being. Nay, on her historians she has exerted personally the same fascination which she exerted in her life. Documents which passed the scrutiny of the ablest as well as noblest men then living in England and Scotland alike, which even she herself only faintly denied, and which at the time her best friends did not venture to deny for her, late writers have not been afraid to set aside as forgeries, on grounds which it is no use to meet with argument, since there is no argument in them; and even a man like M. Mignet, who is obliged to let facts and documents pass as beyond question, yet cannot extricate his judgment to pass the sentence which under any ordinary circumstances would appear inevitable. He seems to have gone to work conscientiously intending to be fair, and true, and faithful; but he has not been able to resist the strange influences which hang round Mary; even when he knows better, he condescends to resolve the political into the personal, and accepting his inferences, he has produced a less intelligible figure for us, if a truer one, than any of his predecessors. He has accumulated his evidences, and he has attempted to integrate them; yet he continues to demand our sympathy when the facts which he acknowledges forbid it, while on Elizabeth, Cecil, Walsingham, Murray, and other chief actors in the story, he continues to heap the stereotyped invectives, which are only credible, and which only came to be accepted, in the belief that Mary had been shamefully calumniated. However, we will not quarrel with M. Mignet. He has given us what he had to give, and his faults are less injurious to him as a historian than many which are in themselves more respectable. He is so candid in his acknowledgments, that nothing is wanted but a tolerably sound judgment to correct everything which is amiss in him. Catholics and Protestants cannot see the facts which make against them, and they believe readily whatever best harmonizes with their religious convictions. But M. Mignet cares little for either Catholic or Protestant. His philosophy of history is of a larger kind. He can afford to admit facts on all sides, for he can see the imperfectness of theories. What we desire in him is rather a power of moral ap-

preciation, and that just awarding of love and hatred which the actions of men demand of us. He sighs over the misfortunes of Mary, over the cruelty and tyranny with which she was treated; but he fails to see that if Mary was unfortunate, it was rather in being what she was, than in suffering what she suffered. God forbid that we should not call her unfortunate. It was a misfortune to have been bred up in that bad court of France, with Catherine de Medicis instead of a mother, and Cardinal Lorraine for a preceptor in profligacy. It was a misfortune to have been called by destiny to fill a place where she was in the focus of the intrigues of the world. Perhaps her own nature too, those gifts which she brought with her into this life, were no great blessing—that strange beautiful face of hers, with a heart behind it (the expression is her own) “as hard as diamond.” Unfortunate she was, and it is no business of ours to add to her burden; only we have to look to this, that those others whose misfortunes, too, compelled them into dealings with her, shall not bear more than their just share of ill language for acting as they had no choice except to act, and in our anxiety to set off a suffering heroine, there is no necessity for us to inflict a pity on her, which her own fierce heart would have been the first to fling away and to despise.

Whether the Reformation could establish itself in England, whether England itself could hold its ground as an independent European power, had come to turn, as Henry the Eighth saw, on Scotland; with Scotland in alliance with the Catholic powers, and with half his own subjects disaffected, civil war was the slightest of the inevitable consequences, and as Scotland could not stand alone, it was a life and death matter with him to gain it. In Scotland itself parties were nearly equally balanced; on one side there was the old French connection, and the Border feuds dating back beyond Bruce and Wallace; on the other, the civil and religious interest of the Commons on both sides of the Tweed set strongly towards union.

All the Catholics and nearly all the old noble families inclined to France; the Protestants, as far as they dared express themselves, and those wiser statesmen whose instincts pointed to what was really of happiest promise, saw their best hope in the uniting the entire island under one government. The death of James the Fifth, leaving Mary the infant heiress of the crown, gave Henry the opportunity he was craving for. He proposed that she should be contracted

to the Prince of Wales, and between threats and entreaties he had almost won the consent of the Queen-Mother, when his death threw the negotiation into the foolish hands of the Duke of Somerset. As it moved too slowly for his wishes, he thought he could precipitate it by the gentle pressure of an invasion, and in winning the battle of Pencky he stirred up every most bitter anti-English recollection, and flung the country, heart and soul, into the old alliance with France. A French marriage was ready for Mary, as well as an English, yet with the result the English most dreaded, and France and Scotland, not England and Scotland, would now, as far as the divine right of sovereigns could bestow the fate of countries, pass under a single hand.

The accession of Mary Tudor, isolating as it did the Scotch Protestants from England, completed what Somerset's blunder had begun, and the prudent and tolerant regency of the Queen-Mother, who refrained from all extreme measures till her daughter was actually married to the Dauphin, and her ground, as she supposed, was secure, was spent in gaining that strong position for the Catholics, which made the struggle, when it came at last, so desperate. It seemed as if the tide had turned and was ebbing back to the old faith; Mary of England married to the most Catholic king, burning heretics at Oxford, and Mary of Scotland married to the heir of France, and John Knox chained in the galleys at Brest, it might have been well thought all over with the Reformation, and the Pope might well expect an obedient Europe at his feet again. And yet, in Scotland at least, there was a swift and noiseless dissolution hurrying on below all this of all Catholicism rested on, and the Queen-Mother might have seen the symptoms of it even in her own edicts, if she could have read the signs of the times. The old country games were broken up; the Queen of the May was proscribed as licentious; the Abbot of Unreason was to cease his unbecoming pranks; “those ancient festivals in which the women sang about the summer trees” disturbed the royal progresses through the country. Slight surface changes, but how much is signified by them! for old customs are as the blossoms on the tree of a nation's life, and when they wither and fall off, death and change are at the roots.

So things went silently, however, till 1558, when Mary Stuart became Dauphiness of France, and the Guises, honorable champions of such a cause, formed the Catholic League to put down the Reformation. In an ev

hour, and with many heart-sinkings, it was signed by Mary of Lorraine, and Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, (let us mark him, for we shall meet him again hereafter,) inaugurated the new crusade by burning a poor old preacher, Walter Milne. Like the French Cardinal, the Scotch Primate had the undesirable reputation of being the most profligate person in the kingdom, and it was so detestable a thing to see this bad man sitting in judgment on an aged saint, that no civil magistrate could be found to execute the decree of the Archbishop's court. The difficulty was obviated by giving some irregular civil office to a worthless underling of the Hamiltons; and the execution was accompanied with a decree, enforcing a return to uniformity, under death penalties. But the time was gone in Scotland when Imperial edicts could make men pray as kings or priests were pleased to order, and this burning of Walter Milne lit a fire, which was not quenched so long as mass-book remained unconsumed.

It was ill-timed in many ways: there was another change taking effect in England of ill promise to Catholic reaction—Mary Tudor was dying; and the Queen-Mother herself had been imprudent; her patronage, so the northern lords thought, had been exercised too liberally towards the French, and she had affronted the strongest of the Catholic nobility at the time when she most needed them. The issue of the edict for uniformity was the signal for the first league, and Scotland went off like a flash of gunpowder. The Lords of the Congregation, as they were called, Knox's converts out of the higher classes, assembled at once, and declared in peremptory language to the Regent, that "it was their duty to hinder such ungodly doings," and that they should not be. Knox, who had been biding his time at Geneva, reappeared upon the instant, and the southern counties rose as one man. Mary was frightened, affected a compromise, gave her word to them, and then broke it, and in a few months the whole Lowlands were swarming with mobs of Puritans, burning monasteries and destroying cathedrals. The Protestant League was again sworn at Edinburgh, Lord James Stuart, who had remained true to the Regent till her breach of faith at Perth, joining it, as well as Kirkaldy, Lord of Grange, the two ablest and truest-hearted men in the kingdom. An explosion so sudden and so violent could not pass without notice in England, when they were forced to be watching Scotland so anxiously, and Cecil, in Elizabeth's name, sent to inquire the meaning of these lawless doings. He was

answered promptly, that they meant no disloyalty: they (the combined Lords) meant only that they would have their religion reformed; they would be rid of the French; they would be rid of the mass; that was all, but that they would have. "The Reformation is somewhat rough," writes Knox to Cecil, "because the adversaries are stubborn," thinking no further explanation necessary; and the Lord of Grange, after declaring that they would go through with the work which they had begun, concludes, "and all Europe shall know that a league made in the name of God hath another foundation and assurance than pactions made by man for worldly commodity."

So things went in Scotland in the spring and summer of 1559. It was a desperate move, for they had flung down the gauntlet; not only to their own home government, and whatever Catholics were left to support it, but to the whole power of France. Their queen was now the French queen, and she and her husband vowed that while there was a soldier left to them they would never cease till they had crushed this insolent rebellion. Elizabeth was the only hope for Scottish Protestantism, and to Elizabeth it turned. Yet it would probably have turned in vain, in spite of Cecil and political necessities. Elizabeth hated rebels, no matter what their cause was, and she would most likely have left them to their fate, if Mary had given her the opportunity of choosing. No sooner had she become Queen of England, than Mary had been pleased to quarter in the English arms with her own; and this was not an idle affront to the legitimacy of Elizabeth; it was a deliberate claim, recognized by all the Catholics in Europe, and which she was prepared, with the help of France, Spain, and Austria, all Ireland and half England, to enforce by arms the first convenient opportunity. There are political impossibilities as well as physical; it was impossible for Elizabeth, in the position into which Mary had forced her, to let a French invasion triumph in Scotland; her duty to her country and her duty to the Protestant faith alike forbade it. Excommunication was already hanging over her, which was only held from falling by the Spanish King till she had given a definite answer to his wooing, and as she had no doubt about the answer she meant to give, she was forced to prepare for the worst. For excommunication, as she well knew, meant something; it meant that her person was proscribed, and that whatever blessings the Court of Rome had to confer in this world



or in the other, would be freely given to any pious Catholic who would merit Heaven by assassinating her. But Elizabeth was a Tudor ; she believed in the divine right of sovereigns as implicitly as in any article of the creed, and she was more loyal to Mary than her own subjects were. Puritanism had already opened its perilous doctrine, that God must be obeyed before man—perilous enough, when each man has to determine for himself what God's commands are—and for doctrines like this Elizabeth had no taste ; if she was to fight the battles of the Reformation, she would have it a decent and orderly one, and it required all Cecil's influence to get the insurgent lords a hearing. First of all she required to know what their intentions were. "They were minded, as she heard, to a change in government, as well as a change in religion, and she must know the truth of it." The reply was sent to Cecil ; it is written in Knox's hand, and signed by Lord James Stuart, Maitland, Morton, Argyle, Grange, Ruthven, and the rest, showing with sufficient distinctness the temper in which they were going about their work.

"True it is that as yet we have made no mention of any change of authority, neither hath any such thing entered into our hearts, except that extreme necessity compel us thereto ; but perceiving that France, the Queen Regent here, together with her priests and Frenchmen, pretend nothing else but the suppression of Christ's Evangile, the maintenance of idolatry, the ruin of us, and the utter subversion of this poor realm, we are fully purposed to seek the next remedy to withstand their tyranny ; in which matter we unfeignedly require your counsel and furtherance at the Queen and Council's hands."

Whether after such plain speaking, Elizabeth had any right to support them, we shall judge variously according to our tempers. She did support them, as we know, and so efficiently, that before the year was out Mary of Lorraine was deposed from the regency, the French were expelled, and the treaty of Edinburgh was drawn up in which it was decided that no Frenchman thenceforth should hold any office in the kingdom, that the mass should be interdicted, and that, saving Mary Stuart's rights in Scotland, (*which were insisted on by Elizabeth,*) she should cease to quarter the arms of England, and by a formal act renounce the claim which she had formally preferred, so long as Elizabeth or issue of her should survive.

This is the charge against Elizabeth, of fomenting discord in her sister's kingdom, the first of a long list against her for her ill deal-

ings with Mary Stuart. This is what she did, and we have seen why she did it. Whether it was right or wrong, as we said, we judge variously according to our creeds, religious or political ; but men who represent it as a poor act of personal rivalry from queen to queen, simply know nothing whatever about the matter.

So closed the first act of the Scottish Reformation. The second opened with happier prospects. Francis the Second died in the end of 1560, and Mary was left a widow, but without a child in whom the formidable union of France and Scotland would have been consummated. The Queen of Scotland was now only Queen-Dowager of France, and as their own independent sovereign, with no other ties or interests, her subjects could receive her among them with undivided hearts. There was no further question, if ever there had been a question, of fidelity to Mary. It was now only a matter of conditions, and these her brother, Lord James Stuart, was able to make easy for her. The more rigid of the Calvinists insisted that, as the mass was banished out of the kingdom, it should not be reintroduced, even in the Queen's household ; but Lord James contrived to prevent so intolerant a condition, and his austere virtue was accepted as a guarantee that the favor should not be abused. He at once proceeded to Paris to urge his sister's return, and, as far as we can see, to explain to her as truthfully as possible the real state of the kingdom. Irrecoverably Protestant, it was only as a Protestant country that it could be governed ; nothing could alter that ; but if she could make up her mind to that, she would find it true, faithful, and loyal. Unhappily for herself she could not make up her mind to it at all, and she found it quite other than loyal.

Lord James Stuart, better known to us as Earl of Murray, was natural brother to the Queen of Scotland ; we meet him first under the title of Prior of St. Andrews ; these ecclesiastical offices having been the recognized mode of provision for the indirect offspring of the later Scottish princes ; not implying of necessity that the holders of the benefices should be qualified professionally ; it was a species of lay impropriation, which the Church had no objection to recognize in return for protection ; yet a more bare-faced parade of the uselessness into which these once high offices had degenerated can hardly be conceived. The verdict of the present seems singularly to reverse the judgment of contemporaries in its estimate of every most important



person who had to do with Mary. Next to Elizabeth, Murray has fallen in for the heaviest share of hard epithets, and has been accused of hollowness, insincerity, ambition, and unnatural cruelty. Intrigues have been laid to his charge which, if real, would have been only not devilish, because they were so foolish; and Mignet, with the rest of the modern writers, has been unable to see in him, or in any other actor in those dark scenes, any honesty or straightforwardness. They could not have been honest, and therefore they were not; and the higher character they bore, the deeper their hypocrisy. Such is the reasoning. Murray was eleven years older than the Queen; he surrendered his Priorship as soon as he was old enough to understand its nature, and, becoming early one of Knox's congregation, we find him, at his first entrance into public life, tempering the extreme form of party passion, mediating wherever mediation was possible, and commanding the respect of Cecil as the wisest, and of people generally as the justest, man in Scotland. Thus, at the first outbreak with Mary of Guise, he forced his party, in spite of Knox, to take her word that she was dealing in good faith with them; she broke it publicly, and fell with ignominy. He was present at his sister's marriage. He had been able afterwards to secure for her the free exercise of her religion; and if she could only have forced herself to trust him, she might have looked through the world before she could have found a wiser or more faithful guide.

But Mary could trust no one who could not consent to be her instrument. He had brought to Paris with him the treaty of Edinburgh, but she would not sign it. She was quite open with him; she hated the Reformation and the Reformers; and above all she would not surrender her English claims. Instead of taking his advice, she tried her power of fascination to win him. The Guises tempted him with a Cardinal's red hat; and when both failed, Murray's presence became displeasing. Throgmorton, the English ambassador, has to write to Elizabeth:

"She (Mary) hath changed her opinion of the Lord James, because she could by no means dissuade him from his devotion to your Majesty and the observation of the league between your Majesty and the realm of Scotland; and that neither she nor the Cardinal Lorraine could divert him from his religion."

Mary was young to intrigue. She learnt her lesson better afterwards; but she had not as yet made experience of the rough

metal she had to deal with in her subjects and her neighbors; and supposed that she could go the straight way toward all her ends. Presently came the difficulty of the return, and Elizabeth's opposition to it, of which so much has been said; yet what could Elizabeth do? Mary had called herself publicly Queen of England. When urged to withdraw from so dangerous a position, she had given nothing but refusals, and only complained that Elizabeth "made more account of her rebellious subjects than of her, their Sovereign." It was not to be wondered at that Cecil should have to write, that "till it was done, the Queen could not show her any pleasure, nor allow her to pass through her dominions." She was returning in a position of open hostility; and, if she meant anything by the title which she had taken upon herself, she meant civil war the first convenient opportunity. Whatever became of the personal question, if personal feeling entered into the matter at all, it was Elizabeth's plain duty, if she really believed that she had a right to be where she was, not to permit Mary's landing upon the island if she could hinder it.

However, Mary landed. Elizabeth, though the strictest justice would have permitted her to employ severe measures at once, waited to see how she would go on,—and, whether from prudence, or because Cardinal Lorraine had given her her lesson, or from whatever reason, she put herself in Murray's hands, and all went well with her. The Protestants bored her with their psalm singing, but she contrived to bear it: she had her chapel and her chaplain, and she kept them, though Murray on one occasion had to stand in the door and hold back the mob from breaking in upon it. It was a strange position indeed, into which the plan of hereditary succession had forced her. She was an alien in everything but birth, with no one hope or fear in this world or in the other which she held in common with those who were called her people; and, in the question which lay nearest the hearts both of subjects and sovereign, each acknowledged a higher allegiance which might at any moment precipitate them into collision. If she had cared for happiness she would have shrunk from it all; as a Catholic she was not likely to find it, as she must have foreseen, where she was; but Mary's nature was not of the sort to consider much what the world calls happiness. To spirits such as hers one plunge in excitement is worth a century of still life; and danger only serves to give charm to enterprise and edge to pleasure.

She accepted the "constitutional" theory of things, however, as long as no other was possible for her; and, indeed, for a time, she seems to have liked Murray, as Murray was undoubtedly faithful to her. He worked incessantly to bring her to a better understanding with John Knox; he saved her from unpleasant sumptuary laws, with which the Calvinists would have cut down her finery; with less success, he did all he could to smooth matters between her and the English Queen.

*Personally* there is no evidence that, at least at this time, Elizabeth bore anything but good-will to Mary; she felt as kindly towards her as Mary's own acts would let her feel; but they were in an unfortunate position of antagonism, from which Mary would not, and Elizabeth could not, recede. Nevertheless, she wrote with great affection to her, and wrote just as warmly of her; nay, as Mary never, to the last, would sign the Edinburgh treaty, she treated her with very great forbearance. The succession became the grievance. Mary required Elizabeth to nominate her, Elizabeth reasonably insisted that **Mary** must first acknowledge her present right, and so the matter lay between them, fermenting with gall and bitterness.

But the really important thing was Mary's second marriage. The Catholic Princes, one by one, were trying for her; at all times a beautiful lady with a kingdom for a dowry is likely to attract suitors—at that time the issue of a world struggle seemed involved in it. It is the curse of princes, this of marrying; leaving policy, as they must leave it, to choose for them. Heart, love, affection, are unknown words in the necessities of state; the holiest and purest human rites are polluted into idol sacrifices; and who shall say where the guilt lies when the outraged passions burst out into crime and catastrophe? Mary Stuart brought a heart with her into the world, soft perhaps as other women's hearts, but it had been steeled by an education which had commenced from her cradle, which taught her that she might never indulge it. Better far it had been for her if it had been extinguished altogether, but it was beyond human art to extinguish, and it woke from its political enchantment to a dreadful revenge.

As yet she knew nothing of it, further than an elegant dalliance with a young poet, Chatelar, which scandalized the Puritans, and cost him, poor boy, his life. She had made no experience of love, and she was quite ready to choose a second time, as she

had chosen the first, by convenience. A singular document in Prince Labanoff's collection throws the fullest light on her state of mind. It is a set of notes in her handwriting, apparently her private meditations, on the claims and advantages of her several suitors. Spain, France, Denmark, pass under review; then comes a Prince of Austria, to whom she was otherwise well inclined, "but that he is without power or interest to further my claims on the sovereignty of this island." Poor Mary! This was all she thought of. She had been pretending affection for Elizabeth; but, at the bottom, the old mischief was working, leading her along a dark road to a dark end. It was the ἀρχὴ ὀδυνῶν—the beginning of all her sorrows.

In all ways Mary was now growing weary of submission to what she hated. She had her Italian Ritzio about her, and she had been carrying on negotiations with Rome. Murray knew it, and could not prevent it. She had been corresponding, too, with Philip the Second, who had been supplying her with money to be used in her service in England, and then came the proposal for the Darnley marriage, which has been represented as a love match, but which was nothing of the kind. Darnley was no more than a boy, with little enough in him to attract such a woman as Mary, but he was the next heir **after** herself to the English throne; the Lennoxes were deeply in the confidence of the English Catholics, and a marriage with him would **double** the strength of her position, while the boy himself, as she supposed, would be as clay in her hands. This, of course, was the reason why Ritzio urged this match, why Elizabeth was so angry about it, why the English party in Scotland felt so strongly what was involved in it, that they tried all means, even force, to prevent it. Mary was launching out on the one fatal course from which Murray had all along been laboring to lead her, but unhappily, such was the state of things, there were no means except force by which she could be held back from it. Murray rose, but it was not a question which the people could understand. Scarcely any one joined him, and in a week his party was scattered and he found himself an exile in England.

And here was another instance, according to Mr. Tytler and the rest, of Elizabeth's hypocrisy. She had encouraged Murray in rebellion, they tell us; but when it failed, and the French and English ambassadors complained of what she had done, she dressed up a scene in which Murray was forced

to deny in their presence the assistance which both he and she knew well enough to have been given. *Credat Judæus*. When these tortuous constructions of human conduct are offered us, they must at least be made intelligible according to some known principles of our nature, and, in the absence alike of internal probability or outward evidence, we must decline to believe such gratuitous baseness. Elizabeth's own account of her own actions seems entirely natural. "Keep your sovereign," she always said, "by all lawful means from doing wrong, and you shall have all the help which I can give you, but it is no part of a subject's duty to oppose her by force." This was her uniform principle, and it explains perfectly her displeasure with Murray, and the scenes in which Mr. Tytler declares her to have been so false and hypocritical. But her brief triumph was fatal to Mary. The most dangerous of the Presbyterian nobles were banished. Murray gone, her marriage was carried through with a high hand. The way seemed now clear to her; she threw off the mask of toleration, and, urged by Ritzio, she repeated the same act which had already cost her mother the regency, and formally joined the Catholic League. And now, if Darnley had only been what they all supposed! All parties knew his weakness, and all calculated on it. The Protestants feared it, the Catholics built their hopes on it. Only if weak men did but know themselves what they were! But Darnley, poor boy, (he was but nineteen,) had spent his short life fluttering about a court, filling himself with every most foolish notion of show, and vanity, and self-indulgence. His notions of kingship were much what his nursery books might have described it, an affair of crown, and dress, and banquets, and everlasting pleasures. Mary, he had arranged with himself, was to settle into the obedient wife, leaving power and place to the stronger vessel, and he was to be a king, and life was to be a festival.

These visions being abruptly dispelled, he took to loose ways, to drinking, and to much else which was unbecoming, and the crown matrimonial (he showing himself so unfit to wear it) Mary shortly refused him. For all her purposes he was equally useless and intractable.

But he, not seeing his own unfitness, in his mortification flung himself into the intrigues which were boiling round the Court. Without principle, without power of seeing anything (how should he see?) except that *he was a most ill-used husband*, and that

certain of his faithful Protestant subjects, if he would give them his countenance, were ready to have him righted, within five months of his marriage he was the blind willing tool in the hands of the fiercest of the Presbyterian fanatics. Murray, who alone was able to check them, was in exile, and it was not the Catholics only who in those dark times thought any means lawful to rid themselves of dangerous enemies. In periods of convulsion the fate of parties and kingdoms hangs on individual men. When institutions, habits, faiths, fail and are broken, persons only are powers, and the destruction of a life is often a revolution and a victory. Each side considered the other the enemy of the Lord, and Knox was ready with Scripture proof to show that when the law could not reach such, the Lord's servants must take the matter into their own hands.

Ritzio, for the present, as the Pope's emissary, was the obnoxious person—the wretched Darnley let it be believed, (perhaps he believed it himself, and it suited the purpose of the rest that the world should believe it,) that Ritzio had touched his honor, and therefore Ritzio was to be killed and the Queen's person secured. Not a word of all this was lost to Elizabeth's Ministers. There was not a plot the details of which were not sent to them. As we said, in such internecine times the ways of statesmen are perplexed and difficult—difficult to find and more difficult to judge. But there is something terrible in the attitude of the English Government towards this unhappy Court of Scotland; hovering over it, watching its struggles with a dreadful calmness, till its own turn came. Mary had suspected the English Ambassador of correspondence with "her rebels," and had required him peremptorily to give her his promise that all such under-dealings should cease. Randolph's haughty answer did not look like under-dealing. She had threatened, if he did not promise, that he should have a guard over him. "I will promise nothing," he said, "either on honor, honesty, word, or writing; and for guards to attend me, they shall fare full ill unless better and stronger armed than my own servants." Alas, why could not Mary feel how ill she could afford to venture on the game which she was playing, when she was forced to endure language such as this! And, now, Randolph writes to Leicester, in February, 1566:—

"I know the Queen repenteth her marriage. She hateth him and all his kin. I know that he knoweth himself, that he hath a partaker in play



and game with him. I know that there are practices in hand contrived between the father and the son to come by the crown against her will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, ~~with~~ the consent of the King, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievous and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person, which, because I think better to keep secret than to write to Mr. Secretary, I speak not of them but now to your lordship."

What was intended did take effect, as we know, in the murder of the poor David. But Darnley had better have been playing his tricks with an untamed tigress than with Mary Stuart. An Italian Secretary might be dispatched without much difficulty, but it required a bird of another flight than such a poor mousing owl to strike her down when she was towering.

So far she had played her game in Scotland skilfully and successfully. A really sincere Catholic, (it would be unjust to question it,) underneath her seeming toleration, she had been watching her time and giving herself heart and soul to the Italian cause. If she was personally ambitious, her desires for herself were of that large pitch which were coincident with the interests of half Europe, and, light as she appeared on the surface, her deeper passions had set steadily on this wide world-question. Bold, remorseless, and unscrupulous, she persisted, through evil and good, by fair means and by foul, in the pursuit of an object—the restoration of the Catholic religion in the whole Island of Great Britain. How any real religious faith could have existed in sincerity in such a person, is a question which would lead us far into Ethical Metaphysics. But of the fact there is no doubt at all, and she is not the first evidence that with creeds—not the Roman Catholic only, but with all whatsoever—which rest the salvation of the human soul on anything except or beyond practical obedience, whether it be Church system or Sacraments, or right belief, or right forms and ceremonies, whatever it be, there is a strong under-current of Antinomianism running through every one of us which will tend to make our devotion to this outside form of religion in the inverse ratio of its influence on the conduct. So long as there are two ways of pleasing God, how many of us will not find it more agreeable to purchase indulgence for our passions by the exactness of our orthodoxy, and choose rather to please Him like Jehu by killing Baal's worshippers, than by departing from our own sins. We

said above, *if* Darnley had been what he was supposed to be—and now we have another *if*. If Mary had been able to hold herself consistently in the same tenor in which she began and in which she closed her life, she might have plotted and conspired; given all rein to her intellect to wind among those sinuous intrigues in which it so delighted; and if her course had ended where it did end, or even if she had not, as she easily might have, changed the whole course of European history, if it had ended in assassination or on the scaffold, she might have laid a real claim to the reputation of martyrdom which, as it is, she receives from the Roman Catholics; and with the unbelieving world she would have had an honorable memory. Devotion to a cause is always respectable; it always demands self-sacrifice and self-restraint, and implies something of the heroic. Mary might have had as fair a fame as Elizabeth—though Elizabeth's was the winning cause and Mary's the losing. But underneath Mary there lay an entire wild woman's passionate nature, unknown, unthought of, and uncontrolled, ready waiting to explode.

In a few more months Darnley was left without a friend and without a party. Mary had prevailed on him to deny his connection with Ritzio's murder. She never doubted it, but she entangled him in a denial of it which earned him the hatred of those whom he betrayed, and then, producing the covenant for the murder, with his own signature attached to it, she left him to digest his shame as he might. The Prince, our James the First of inglorious memory, was born, but the father was not permitted to have anything to do with his child, and, Mary holding aloof and not concealing her disgust with the chain with which she had bound herself, Murray, who had returned to her after the Ritzio affair, and in whom she again professed to feel confidence, proposed to relieve her by a divorce before bad grew to worse; again he was at hand as her guardian genius; again she listened, but only turned away, and followed her own counsels. It is difficult to see what was passing in her mind at this time. She pretended that she would go back to France and wait there, in a hope that Darnley might come to a better mind—a proposal in which no one who knew her could believe her sincere, unless there were other feelings struggling in her, and it was a faint effort of her better nature crying to her to fly from temptation. But the air was growing fearfully electric. Randolph writes:



"Things cannot go on much longer as they are." She was heard often wishing she was dead, and then on the sudden she recalled Morton and Ruthven, who had nothing to recommend them to her, except that they were her husband's deadliest enemies. To Murray it seemed all so threatening that, as soon as his divorce proposal failed, he withdrew altogether and left his sister to go her own way.

Here are two specimens of what was passing in the middle of this year, 1556. The first at Craigmillar, shortly after Bothwell's wound and Mary's visit to him. This was before Murray was gone, and he must have been at Craigmillar, though not taking part in this conversation, as is evident from the tenor of it. The persons are the Lord of Lethington, the carnal Maitland, as Knox called him, and the Queen of Scotland; and the subject between them the unhappy so-called King. She had spoken of retiring to France, and of her alarm for her son. Maitland's devil tongue whispers that if she will trust them they will find the means to quit her of him without prejudice of her son.

"But what would my Lord of Murray here present think of it?" was suggested.

"My Lord of Murray," says Maitland, "for all he is so scrupulous as a Protestant as your Grace is for a Papist, will look through his fingers and say nothing."

"Better leave the matter as it is," answered the Queen, "till God in His goodness find remedy thereto, than that ye proposing to do me service it may turn possibly to my hurt and displeasure."

"Madam," said Maitland, "let us guide the business among us; and your Grace shall see nothing but good and approved by Parliament."

That day the bond was drawn for Darnley's death. Sir James Balfour drew it; it was signed by Maitland, Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, and the Archbishop of St. Andrews, not by Murray, then or after, nor by Morton, though he was executed for it. But Mary, her friends say, refused. Alas, is it not a fatal complicity to have listened! They knew her temper and the meaning of these faint refusals.

In the autumn, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Morton came back from England. They were allowed to return to join in the murder if they would join; if they would not, (as seems from Bothwell's remonstrance sent in to the King of Denmark in his imprisonment,) that it might be laid to their revenge. *Whether it was proposed or not to the others*

there is no evidence to show, but to the dark terrible Morton it undoubtedly was. "Nursed in blood and in the shedding of it," as Cecil described him, he was a man worth gaining in such a business; and, high in the confidence of Knox and of the ultras, his countenance would stand them in good stead in case of danger. But Morton, whatever he was, would shed no blood in his own private quarrels. Bothwell told him that the Queen approved, but he declined believing that without a note under the Queen's hand; and Lethington and Bothwell undertook that he should have it. But for once Mary's prudence saved her; they went to Holyrood to see her about it, and returned with answer that the Queen would hear nothing about the matter. Another refusal, exclaim her advocates, but again, unhappily, a damning one. We must follow through this sickening business in close detail, for everything depends upon it. If Mary was innocent she was ill-used indeed.

The year was turning now, and it was all bitter winter with her internally as well as externally. On the 20th of January (the date is important) she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow of her husband with an animosity which she was at no pains to conceal. In the same January came the affair with Lutyni, one of the Queen's household, whom Sir William Drury had to arrest at Berwick, and on whose person he found evidence that some life-and-death mystery was going forward, of which he wrote on the instant to Cecil, though what it was, for the present he was unable to discover. And now, as in what follows we intend to quote the letters which were found in the celebrated casket, it is as well that we should anticipate the story and say a few words as to why we receive them as genuine: Mignet has condescended to prove them so at the tribunal at which Mary's modern friends have pronounced them forgeries; it is enough for us to state—what those who call them forgeries must be prepared to maintain and to explain away—that the whole of the leaders of the Protestant party in Scotland, including John Knox, were guilty of a gratuitous forgery in support of an accusation of which they had already sufficient evidence; that in this forgery, or in conniving at it, the Scotch Parliament, who examined the letters in the originals, the clergy, and, last of all, the entire Scotch nation, allowed themselves to be implicated, for they were publicly printed in 1572, and never till long after denied. Mary had many friends

in the Parliament, and there was a long and violent debate as to what should be done with her; but no question was raised as to the genuineness of the letters, (although the objections now urged against them are of so obvious a kind that if there is anything in them at all they would be obvious to a child,) and we are to suppose that Mary had no friend living whose ability was equal to suggesting any.

Lord Grange, who afterwards died in her cause, must have been implicated in the forgery, if it was one, and yet never, not even on the scaffold, dropped a hint of foul play.

The letters were examined privately by the York Commissioners, men of the highest rank in England; and one of whom was at that very time in secret correspondence with Mary herself; yet neither he nor the other two found anything to urge against them.

For greater security in so grave a cause, the investigation was transferred to London and laid before the Queen's Council. The Roman Catholic peers were summoned among the rest, and after mature and patient examination, the originals having been carefully compared with letters undoubtedly written in Mary's hand to the Queen of England, they were pronounced unquestionably and certainly hers; and, therefore, we are to suppose that the leading nobility of England, the ablest lawyers, the bishops, Elizabeth herself, and her ministers, all those to whom we may say the very security of the Protestant faith was intrusted, and who carried England through the worst years of trial it has ever known, deliberately united in a fraud without parallel for baseness in all history, while Mary's own Commissioners, instructed by herself, were so infatuated as to neglect the only ground on which it was possible for them to stand, and by their own silence or evasion to confirm every worst conclusion against her.

It is a task beyond our patience to argue with persons who accept such positions as these as if there was no difficulty in them at all. One may say decidedly that there are no historical documents of any country, age, or language, which have undergone such an ordeal, and the genuineness of which rests on evidence so overwhelming.

It is the end of January, 1567, and in the dull winter weather Darnley is lying sick of smallpox at his father's house, in Glasgow—sick in body, and sick in mind too, for the world had become but a dismal lonely home for him. The poor "long lad," as Elizabeth

called him! It was but two years back when, as first prince of the blood, he was flaunting with mace and sword at Leicester's coronetting; since then he had been mocked with the titles of Queen's husband and King of Scotland; and set to walk, as he had been, among such vain shadows, had fallen into wild and wicked ways.

Alas, it would have needed a stronger head than God had given poor Darnley to have carried him straight through such storms and whirlpools as he had been thrown among; and it would go ill with many of us if all the sins into which we had fallen before we had turned twenty years were to stand against us in everlasting remembrance, if so young we had been pronounced past hope and to have forfeited our chance of mending. His dreams of pleasure had come rapidly to an end. They were all flown, and in these sick hours he was learning, as it seems, to understand what they had been made of; he had asked himself how it was that he had fallen into such neglect and shame; had left off blaming others for it, and had begun to blame himself, perhaps more than he deserved. It was long since he had seen his wife. He heard from time to time the bitter things she said of him, and rumors had flitted in about his sick bed of covenants, such as he had once signed for another's murder, now drawn up for his own, and offered at least for signature, where least of all the sound of such things should have been whispered. Morton was at home again, and Ruthven, and dangers on all sides; and as soon as he could leave his bed he was going away to France, where, in new scenes and with new chances, he might make something better out of life than he had made.

There must have been something true and good in Darnley, or he would not have attached such a man as Crawford to him. It was the same Crawford who afterwards stormed Dumbarton Castle,\* performing feats there of which Wallace might have been proud, and it is from his evidence before the Commissioners at York that we learn what we are going to tell. Darnley was a little better, out of danger, but unable to leave his room. Enfeebled with illness, he was

\* This was in 1571. . . . It was at Dumbarton that the papers were found which led to the full detection of Norfolk's conspiracy. The Archbishop of St. Andrews was also taken there, of whom we read with no little satisfaction that he was carried thence to Stirling and forthwith hanged; some one writing under his body on the gallows:

"Cresce diu felix arbor semperque viseto  
Frondibus, quæ nobis talia poma ferat."

disturbed with a sudden intimation that Mary was coming to see him. He was alarmed; and sent Crawford to ask questions, and, if he could, to excuse him from receiving her—an unwise move in him, cowardice being the last feeling which a man can afford to betray to a woman. “He is afraid,” Mary answered scornfully; “there is no medicine against fear; however, there is no need for any.” Something in her manner so struck Crawford that he took her words down and noted them. He conducted her to Darnley’s room and there left her. It seemed like a visit of affection; she spoke gently to him of his faults, gently and with promises of forgiveness; he was young and there were hopes for him, and they both had enemies; bitterness had been sown between them; she had come of her own accord to make the first move towards a return to a kinder feeling. It was very strange, and most unlike Mary. Perhaps there was something in the glitter of that deep blue eye, perhaps in his feeble convalescence some power of inner sight hung about his senses, at any rate she could not reassure him. He talked of murders—

“told sad stories of the death of kings,  
How some were poisoned by their wives, some  
sleeping killed.”

There was a plot, he said, against his own life, and he had been told that she knew of it, and then he piteously reminded her that she was his own flesh and blood.

Yet her soft words and her soft caresses prevailed with him at last; he begged her to forgive him; she promised, and he promised for the future; as soon as he was well she was to receive him back again, and all was to be as it had been. When he could travel, she said they would leave Glasgow together, and they would spend a week or two at Craigmillar; and so tenderly she left him, promising another visit very soon. When Crawford returned, Darnley related to him what had passed.

“What is this Craigmillar plan?” said he. “It is strange; why not go to one of your own houses?”

“It struck me so,” answered Darnley; “and I have fears enough. May God judge between us. I have her promise only to trust to, but I have put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me.”

So things went in the sick man’s room. Now let us follow Mary to her cabinet. She

*sits down and writes a letter to the Earl of*

Bothwell. “Being departed,” she tells him, “from the place where she had left her heart, it was easy to be judged what was her countenance, seeing she was no more than a body without a soul.” She then describes her journey to Glasgow and her visit to her husband, (very nearly in Crawford’s words,) and goes on:—

“I have never seen him carry himself better, or heard him speak so well; and if I had not had proof that his heart is soft as wax, while mine is as hard as diamond, whereunto no shot can make breach but that which comes from your hand, I would almost have had pity on him.”

And there she ends, bidding Bothwell not fear, “for the place should hold to the death.”

The month crept out; she grew anxious; the stake was too heavy to venture the chances of a false throw. Again she wrote, “Praying the Lord Bothwell to advertise her what he did deliberate to do in the matter he knoweth of upon this point, to the end that the one of them may well understand the other, so as nothing fail in default thereof.”

By the end of the month everything had been arranged; and on the 30th of January—a fatal day to the Stuarts—the last of these sad letters went off on its mournful errand.

“She was now going,” she writes, “on her fashious and loathsome purpose, (deliberation odiense—the translation is Sir Ralph Sadler’s, and he has thrown his own feeling as well as hers into it,) which she did abhor, and therein she was doing the office of a traitress. If it were not to obey him, she had rather be dead than do it, for her heart did bleed at it. She cannot rejoice to deceive anybody that trusteth her; but Bothwell may command her in all things, only *she bade him have no ill opinion of her* for that cause, for that he was the occasion of it himself; because for her own particular revenge she would not do it.”

Unhappy woman! sunk down from her high estate thus foully low, her good name gone for ever, her honor stained, her cause betrayed, and crown and life and all imperilled in this infatuating passion. For she loved this Bothwell—why, it is hard to see—but she loved him, “she would follow him round the world,” she said herself, “in a white petticoat, sooner than forsake him.” And a dreadful revelation it was to her of the meaning and of the power of love. Strange satire on what claims exclusively the name of human virtue! These ungodly passions call out efforts of self-sacrifice to

the full as complete as those decent affections which walk orderly in the rule of duty. She who would kill her husband would give her own life for her love. Perhaps we may take her own words, and she would sooner have given her life for him than what she gave—the last wreck of her self-esteem. Shakspeare never struck a deeper note than that wild prayer of hers, that Bothwell “would not think ill of her for what she was doing for him.” So pleads the heart for Mary Stuart, if this be indeed the worst of her, clinging still to her, in spite of all, though with shame and sorrow. Yes, if it were the worst; but there are icy touches in the last act of the Darnley tragedy, which shrivel up our sympathies as an April frost wind shrivels the young leaves.

There had been some change in the plan in the last ten days; possibly the conveniences at Craigmillar were inferior to those at Kirk-of-Field. It was to this place that they carried Darnley on the last of January, 1567. There was a villa there of the Duke of Chatelherault's, to which, as a matter of course, his litter was being conveyed, when, to their own and to his surprise, the bearers were ordered to carry him to a small gloomy house, lying detached in the middle of a garden, belonging to a certain Robert Balfour, a brother of that Sir James Balfour who, as we remember, some few months before, had drawn the bond for the murder.

It is as well to observe the arrangement of this house, of which Nelson, one of the chamberlains, who was found unhurt amidst the ruins of it, has left us a sufficiently close account. The main door opened from the garden, and close to it, inside, there was another smaller door at the end of a passage, which led off to a detached suite of apartments, contrived for separate use, like those in the Inns of Court. Opening from this passage there was a large ground-floor room; at the end of it a staircase, leading to a landing, and another room immediately over the other. Where the servants' offices were does not appear, probably in some other part of the house. What is principally noticeable is, the relative position of the two rooms, and their entire isolation. The upper one was for Darnley; Mary was below him, on the ground-floor.

Darnley's sickness lingered; he was still unable to leave his bed. The winter waned slowly, and the sallow February twilights were lengthening mournfully out. It was Sunday, the tenth of the month. The King heard mass in the morning. His religion

had been of the vaguest, alternately Catholic and Protestant, as had suited the interests of those who had the care of him; and for himself, he had thought as much about it as young self-indulgent men of rank of his age commonly are apt to think. But, brought roughly to his senses as he had been, and with the world growing all so dark about him, something of his old lessons was stealing back over him, and, hardly knowing what he was, he turned mourning in his prayer to the God which Catholic and Protestant alike had told him of. Mary had not left the house all day; she had been out of the sick-room but for a few minutes; it was to give certain directions for the alteration of the arrangement of the furniture down stairs, and another singular order—

“The Queen,” says Nelson, “causit tak down the utter door that closit the passage towards baith the chambers, and was nothing left to stop the passage into the chambers but only the portale dour;”

of which Bothwell had a second key.

Her bed, which was exactly under her husband's, was to be moved away to the other side of the room; the new black velvet hangings were to be replaced by others old and worthless; and a valuable counterpane of some fur or other to be taken away altogether. She could think of these things at such a time; let us consider it. When an ordinary imagination ventures into the atmosphere of great crimes, and tries to realize their awfulness, it pictures out and dwells upon the high-wrought passions which envelope them—all is gloomy, vast, majestic, terrible. But nature is wiser than we, and there is a deeper tragedy, if we can read it rightly, in the small thoughts and cares, for which she in her real-life dramas can find a place. The night fell down black and moonless. Mary returned up stairs and “promist allsua to have hidden there all night;” and Bothwell came with others, with respects and inquiries. There were four came with him: one his servant Paris; another a kinsman of his own, a Captain Hepburn; and two more, who paid shortly for this night's work upon the scaffold, Hay and Tallo they were called. They had brought powder-barrels with them, and while Bothwell was up stairs, they were busy arranging them in the spot which the Queen's late alterations had provided for them, where, till that evening, her own bed had stood. By this time it was ten o'clock.

“Paris passes to the King's chamber where the



King, Queen, the Earl of Bothwell, and others, were; and Paris shows the Earl Bothwell that all things were in readiness."

"Then the Queen tak purpose, as it had been on the suddain, and departed as she spak to give that mask to Bastian who that night was marrit to her servant."

She kissed him, and she left him, knowing too well that it was the last time—that before morning, those lips she touched so lightly would be cold in death. She departed to the lights, and the music, and the wedding-ball at Holyrood. Darnley lay painfully on his bed; his page was with him, and Nelson, from the passage outside, heard him repeating the 55th Psalm.\* Singularly, it was one of the Psalms for the English evening service of the day, and it is impossible to read it in its fatal appropriateness without very painful emotion. Mary had played ill her part of tenderness, and the shadows of the coming hours were stealing over his spirit.

"My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

"Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me.

"And I said, O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonor, for then I could have borne it.

"Neither was it mine adversary that did magnify himself against me, for then peradventure I would have hid myself from him.

"But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend."

We cannot dwell on it. God forgive her and all of us! He was found dead under a tree in the garden by the people who hurried in after the explosion, with his page at his side; but there was no mark of fire on him, and from the situation in which the bodies were found, it was conjectured that he had sprung out of the window, and had been followed and dispatched below. Hepburn had told Bothwell that he did not intend to trust the powder, as he had known it so often fail; and Darnley had perhaps fallen asleep and had been awake by the men entering his room.

But we need not follow this miserable story further. What is remarkable is the immediate impression which spread everywhere, that, if Mary was not cognizant of the mur-

der, she was well pleased that it had taken place, and that she would take no steps to revenge it. In France, where she had friends, it might have been expected some kinder feeling might have shown itself. But Catherine knew her pupil, and, even three weeks after, the Archbishop of Glasgow wrote to her from Paris, that no one there had a doubt of her complicity. The worst opinion which could be formed of her she herself did her best to justify. On the Wednesday a reward was offered; but no notice was taken of the thousand voices which answered it with a charge against the Earl of Bothwell. The people paraded the streets of Edinburgh through the night crying for vengeance upon him; yet she did nothing. She did worse than nothing; a fortnight after, before the month was out, she was off at Lord Seton's with him, amusing herself with archery and pleasure parties. With the one exception of Lord Seton himself, the entire party collected there consisted of those very noblemen whose fatal signature made them all chief accomplices in the murder—Huntly, Argyle, Bothwell, and the worthy Archbishop Hamilton. These were the present favorites. Well might the Lord of Grange write to Bedford, "Whoever is dishonest reigns in this court; God deliver them from their evil." And the signs of the deepening indignation of the people showed unmistakably on her next appearance in Edinburgh, the very market women calling after her as she passed, "God be with your Majesty, if ye be sackless of your husband's death."

But it was all lost on the Queen of Scotland. After playing so deeply for her prize, she was not going to lose it for the insolent clamor of a mob, and in three months she was married. Bothwell had a wife already, but the ever-ready Archbishop made a two days' business of a divorce for him, and the marriage itself was accompanied with every circumstance most disgraceful to herself and degrading to the country which had to look on at it. Her cause was utterly gone. From the Presbyterians she could of course expect nothing. Profligacy would not have troubled the Guises, but they could not forgive the outrage on the world's opinion, and they could not afford to uphold a person who could sacrifice her interests and her faith upon a love fancy. Catherine wrote to say that she could have no more to do with her; and her letter was endorsed by Cardinal Lorraine. Nor was this the worst. It shows what Mary's party in Scotland was, that

\* Mignet says the 65th; unless the mistake is the Brussels Pirate's, on whose edition we have unfortunately been dependent. The English translator has it right.

when Throgmorton came in July to Edinburgh, to examine and report on the state of the country, it came out that at that very time (Throgmorton refused to believe it, till the fact itself was dragged before him) the Archbishop, in behalf of the Hamiltons, was making proposals to put the Queen to death. Perhaps there was but one person living who retained at that time any genuine kind feeling for her, and that one it was her curse through life that she could do nothing but detest: it was the Queen of England.

Since the Darnley marriage, there had been but little interchange of cordialities between them. It could not well have been otherwise, considering what were Mary's intentions in so marrying; but on first hearing of the tragical ending of it, Elizabeth came forward with everything which was most affectionate and kind. She told Mary openly what was said of her, that she winked at the crime, and did not intend to punish it. People said this of her; but for herself, she added, "*de moy pensez, je vous supplie, que je ne voudrois qu'une telle pensée residait en mon cœur pour tout l'or du monde;*" only for her honor's sake she implored her to remember how much was at stake, and how much depended on the way in which she acted. This M. Mignet calls "the bitterness of reproach and ill-concealed hypocrisy," an imputation of motive which it is difficult to meet, except with a very indignant rebuke. In answer to this letter, Mary promised to bring Bothwell to trial, and the next thing which Elizabeth heard of her was, that she had put the castle of Edinburgh into his hands. Forced at last to allow him to be tried, the proceedings were precipitated so as to make them a mockery; yet Elizabeth still refused to believe that Mary was more than reckless; and four days before the trial she wrote again, urging her to put it off; telling her that the Earl of Lennox was assured of a combination to acquit Bothwell, and imploring her to act straightforwardly, to silence the calumnies which were spreading about her. What is this but the conduct of a real friend, struggling to think well of her, and anxious, of all things, to see her right herself?

It is unhappily necessary that we should bespeak the patience of at least any lady readers under whose eyes these pages may fall, while we relate Elizabeth's conduct. It has been so uniformly assumed that she could not have been acting sincerely with the Queen of Scotland, that she must have envied her, must have hated her, and there-

fore must have betrayed her; that when she is kind, she is always hypocritical, and everything she says or does is interpreted into the result of a steady malevolence, springing out of the meanest rivalry. As we find no evidence that, in her own lifetime, even her worst enemies suspected her of so miserable a feeling, we can only account for the present so general belief from the temper of the modern popular historians, who have explained her actions according to such principles and ways of looking at things as their own experience had made them familiar with. This is not meant for poor thin satire; it is miserable truth.

It was only through fear of Elizabeth that the marriage was not sooner interfered with, and that strong measures were not taken to prevent Mary from disgracing herself. Whatever Elizabeth's real feelings were, there can be no question at all what the Scotch Calvinists supposed that they were, and that even after the mock violence which Bothwell used with Mary, and after it had been necessary to keep her by force from placing Prince James in his hands, so little hope had any one of them that Elizabeth would encourage or even permit active rebellion, that Murray had left Scotland in despair, and was trying what he could do in Paris; and Kirkaldy of Grange wrote to the Earl of Bedford, that he would give it all up, and leave home and country for ever.

"The Queen," he says, "will never cease till such time as she have wrecked all the honest men in this realm. She was minded to cause Bothwell to ravish her, to the end that she may the sooner end the marriage which she promised him before she caused him to murder her husband. *There is many that would revenge this murder but that they fear your mistress.*"

So thoroughly bad it all was, the Guises were even ready to interfere; and the French ambassadors threatened Mary with immediate consequences, if the marriage were proceeded with; yet so right was Kirkaldy about Elizabeth, that if she had given way to her own inclination, the world would have seen her in marvellous league with Mary against Murray and Catherine de Medicis.

Randolph describes a morning's interview which he had with her about it all. She was possessed with a notion that Mary was shamefully calumniated about the murder, and bad as the Bothwell marriage was, and indignantly as she said she abhorred it, she did not choose that subjects should take excuse from it for insolence or for rebellion.

"Notwithstanding her abhorrence, her Majesty doth not like that her subjects should by any force withstand that they see her bent unto, and yet she doth greatly fear for the young Prince. Her Majesty told me also that she had seen a writing from Grange (the letter quoted above) to my Lord of Bedford spitefully written against the Queen, in such terms as she could not abide the hearing of it. She would not that any subject, what cause soever there be proceeding from the Prince, or whatsoever her life and behavior is, should discover that unto the world."

At last, however, it was not to be borne any longer. Perhaps at no time, and in no country, could proceedings like Mary's have been passed by without retribution of some sort or other overtaking her at last. Crime produces hatred, and hatred revenge—it is an eternal and inevitable law—and least of all was she likely to escape among these fierce Calvinists of John Knox's, men whose very moral sense was stimulated into fanaticism, and who had already, too, made more than an experience of successful rebellion.

They tried unsuccessfully to the last to win Elizabeth; they told her they were rising, not against Mary, but against Bothwell, and that Mary was in thralldom. But Elizabeth answered sternly, that their Queen had written to her to say that she was not in thralldom, but had consented to all that had passed, and therefore the prerogative must not be violated. But probably, before this answer came, it was all over. The Queen and Bothwell, with a body of about three thousand men, were marching on Edinburgh, to put down the sedition; the army of the Kirk went out to meet them, and something of the spirit which was in them may be conjectured from the standard which they had chosen to fight under; on its black massive folds there was worked curiously the body of the murdered Darnley lying under the tree as he was found, the baby prince kneeling over him, and underneath, for a device, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord." It was a cause before which the spirit of loyalty quailed and sank. The two armies met at Carberry; an hour's parley followed, for the interchange of challenges and expostulations. At the end of it the Queen found herself alone with Bothwell and some sixty of his private friends; the rest had melted off the hill like snow. It was over; the game was lost; she had played desperately, but the stake was forfeited. Bothwell had to ride for his life, and Mary, *in the long June twilight*, was escorted into *Edinburgh in shameful captivity*, with the

black "banner of the Lord" floating on before her.

It is impossible not to admire her bearing in a trial so humiliating. Alone, struck down with all her crimes about her, a young woman scarcely twenty-five years old, borne along in the iron circle of those grim avengers, and a wild flood of execrating people weltering round her; if Mary Stuart had known how to fear, her heart would have failed her then. She turned on them like a lioness at bay. "Give me your hand, sir," she said to Lord Lindsay, who rode beside her; steel gauntleted, she took it in her slender fingers. "By this hand," she said, her blue eyes glaring fury at him, "I will have your head for this." It is not like the poor, weak, injured sufferer our imagination has been taught to paint her. There was not a fiercer heart behind the mail of any warrior there, than was beating in that one woman's breast.

On the news of this rough treatment of the *prerogative*, Elizabeth burst into high anger. The Earl of Bedford was instantly dispatched to the frontier with all the available troops, and Throgmorton was sent direct to Edinburgh, to express her feelings about it, and demand immediate explanation. But matters were already past explanation, either to Elizabeth or to any one. Mary was at Lochleven a fast prisoner, the casket had been found, and, though there had been no moral doubt of her guilt before, there was now conclusive evidence. Throgmorton wrote in despair,—*"It is public speech,"* he says, *"among all the people, that their Queen hath no more privilege to commit murder nor adultery, than any other private person, neither by God's law, nor by the law of this realm."*

The ultra party, among whom were Morton, John Knox, and the clergy generally, were now urgent that she should be brought to a public trial and executed. The threat of this, and its apparent imminence, for the first time alarmed her; and in July, with a mental reservation that it should be invalid against her, as extorted by violence, she signed an abdication of the throne in favor of her son. But Throgmorton was not sent from England to look on quietly at such proceedings as this. Immediately on his arrival, finding the victorious party cared nothing either for his threats or for his entreaties, he had gone to Lochleven, and in Elizabeth's name had told the Queen of Scots, that at first his mistress had determined to hold no further communication with her, to express

her horror that no steps had been taken to prevent the murder, and her shame at the marriage. But the rebellion of the nobles had softened her feelings. Whatever had been Mary's conduct, it did not become subjects to assume the sword, and she was now ready to restore her to liberty, only making one condition, that she should give up Bothwell; and imploring her, for God's sake, to come forward with some answer or other to the abominable things which were said of her.

But Mary would not hear of giving up Bothwell, would not answer, would not do anything. Elizabeth hesitated. If she made a condition, it seemed as if it ought to be observed; but then came the news of the extorted abdication, and she could not contain herself any longer. It is quite clear that she did not believe a word of the worst charge against the Queen of Scotland. In vain Cecil and Leicester implored her to let matters alone and not interfere. She would hear nothing; and she declared that "she would make herself a party against the rebels, to the revenge of their sovereign, and as an example to all posterity."

Throgmorton was to communicate this imperious threat. The Earl of Morton listened, and then coolly told him, that if Bedford crossed the frontier, it would be the signal for Mary's death—not a hand in the country would be raised to save her. In proof of this he showed him the proposal of which we spoke above, which within forty-eight hours he had received from the Hamiltons, suggesting her execution, as the simplest solution of their difficulties. And he showed him further certain promises, which (so strangely parties had changed sides) had been sent to him from the Queen-Mother of France, to the effect that she would imprison Mary for life in a French convent, and give him all help to enforce her deposition. This would, indeed, have placed Elizabeth in an impracticable position. As things were, it was impossible for her efficiently to serve Mary, and with a bad grace she yielded to her minister, and recalled Bedford.

And now all eyes were turned to Murray. He had been in France during all this. Like Elizabeth, he had refused to believe in his sister's guilt. It was only as he was preparing to return to Scotland that he was shown what appeared decisive evidence of it. Murray never did anything in a hurry; he travelled back at his leisure, passing through London on his way, where he had an interview with the Queen. She insisted that he

should join her in forwarding Mary's restoration; but after what he had seen he could not undertake anything of the kind. Elizabeth was exceedingly angry, Murray grew only more cold and impracticable, and she dismissed him in high displeasure; but he reached Scotland without having at all made up his mind, and then for the first time he was shown the originals of the fatal letters. There was no more to be said. The assembly offered him the regency, and implored him to accept it. Murray said he must first see his sister, and there must have been fears of his constancy, as attempts were made to prevent it. But he was determined to go; and Throgmorton wrote to England, that there was no doubt that he was acting "in full faith and true affection towards her." He rode off to Lochleven, and we owe to Throgmorton an account of the remarkable interview which followed. He was introduced into her presence, and remained with her four hours, unable to speak a word. There she was—his own father's child and his Queen. Queen of France, Queen of Scotland, and to be Queen of England, what had not fortune done for her! And now what was she? In vain for five years he had watched over her as a father might; with small thanks to him, and in spite of him, she had gone her own bad way, and, deposed and degraded, she had made her name infamous through all time as a murderess and adulteress. He could not trust her. He knew her too well. Humble as she seemed as she sat there, he knew that she had learnt nothing, and repented of nothing, except of having failed. What could he say to her?

In the evening, after vague confession and wild prayers to him to speak to her, even if it were to tell her the very worst, he broke silence; "more," Throgmorton says, "like a ghostly confessor than as a counsellor."

"He set her up a glass  
Where she might see the inmost part of her."

The Darnley marriage, so wretchedly desired and still more wretchedly detested—the murder, and the mock trial, and the second marriage—her obstinate clinging to it—and, last of all, the dreadful witness against her, "in her own hand written," on which any day she might be brought to trial, with but one issue of it possible. Mary threw herself before him, beseeching him to save her; she desired nothing except to be spared that, and Murray was her only refuge. Murray told her sternly to seek a



refuge with God, and so left her—artfully for his own purposes, as Fraser Tytler thinks, working on her fears, with no motive but his own ambition, to induce her of her own accord to make over the supreme power of Scotland to himself. The next morning he carried out the same insidious policy; in the night he appeared to have softened towards her. He promised to save her life; but he warned her that if she attempted to escape, if she intrigued with the Queen of France or of England, (he knew Elizabeth's feelings,) or if she persisted in a correspondence with Bothwell, it would be all over with her—neither he nor any one could protect her. For the present she must remain where she was; her liberty was out of the question till she had given them better reason to trust her.

It was Mary's misfortune, says Mr. Tytler, that she was the creature of a generous impulse. In an overflow of weakness and affection (Mignet echoes all this trash) she herself begged her brother to undertake the regency. "By this means," said she, "my son shall be preserved, my realm well governed, and I in safety." The false Murray had gained his purpose by betraying her nobleness and confidence. "At length he accorded unto her his acceptance," and "requiring the Lords Lindsay, Ruthven, and Lochleven to treat the Queen with gentleness, with liberty, and with all good usage, he took his leave of her." . . . "And then began a new fit of weeping, which being appeased, she embraced him very lovingly, kissed him, and sent her blessing to the Prince, her son, by him."

Such was the scene at Lochleven, and such is the received interpretation of it. One cannot but be surprised at the recklessness with which it is all delivered. Fascinated with Mary, these writers speak of her as an injured saint, even in spite of the actions which they acknowledge. She is always free, trusting, generous, and noble; and whoever is in opposition to her is full of all bad passions, all selfishness, all baseness, all gratuitous malevolence. Murray, in his lifetime, passed as a good man; a man whom all parties revered and all sought to gain. His private life was unblemished by a spot. In his regency Holyrood House "was ordered more like to a conventicle than to a Royal Palace." Oh, but he was ambitious, and he was hypocritical—so easy it is to dirt a noble man with epithets. Ambition! Was it so *blessed* a thing, then, to take the rein of poor *sick Scotland* in the birth-throes of a new

era, and in the death-struggles of an old—with unresting treason to hold down with one hand, and fanatic anarchy with the other—to be at once marked for the hatred of all bad men living, with murder dogging his every step, as he well knew, and as in two brief years he proved? And is his good name to be now tamely given over a prey to every wretched whimperer over the misfortunes of unhappy Mary?

The question which Murray had to answer, in the name of the Scottish nation, was, whether a person who had been guilty of the crimes of which Mary Stuart had been guilty, was any longer to be permitted to remain on the throne of a kingdom—the supreme executor of justice and fountain of order and law? Such was the question, and it is the same which now divides our judgments. Happily for us, however, in these days differences remain only for the foolish jangling of opinion. No one doubts that if occasion for action were unhappily to arise, whatever our words are now, action would be prompt and decisive. Such a change has passed over us. It is not easy for us to realize the feelings towards royalty which Murray had to encounter. He had to fight the battle when there was danger in it; when "divinity" did really seem to "shrine a king," and royalty of any sort was held so high a thing that even "the devil," it could be said, "should be sometime honored for his burning throne." Constitutional solutions of such difficulties may be far more orderly and respectable; yet, perhaps, they have been only made possible by those other earlier ones which were not constitutional at all.

On that common speech of the Scotch people, that "princes have no more license to commit murder nor adultery than any other person," there is no difference even of opinion; the question is only of responsibility. Indeed, it may be said, that they must accept all consequences of their high place; and that crime in princes, being where they are for the punishing of crime, is of as far more evil example, and as far more monstrous, than crime in subjects, as they in their place are raised above subjects. Only, say the vindicators of Divine right, the source of law cannot be tried by the law, but is only answerable to God. Yet, perhaps, God, and not the sovereign, is the source of law, and others, besides the sovereign, are God's commissioners in executing it. There is not a wretched felon at the criminal bar but is answering to God there, as well as answering to man. But a problem which has received its practical answer from the beginning of all history, is not to be ar-

gued on *à priori* theories. Crime, injury, revenge, hang together in indissoluble sequence. We can modify the form, so much nature gives to us, but the substance is from everlasting to everlasting. Where justice cannot reach, the dagger can; and the alternative is but between the old assassination and the modern judicial tribunal. God will not tolerate crimes or criminals in this world; and as we do not hesitate, when the wrong lies between subject and subject, to prefer such ordering of a kingdom as delivers the murderer over to the law, to those ruder methods which left him to the avenger of blood, so we cannot doubt, when of two ways one is inevitable, open judgment or secret vengeance, which of these two ought to be preferred.

The intention of bringing Mary to trial had saved her from immediate punishment. The authority of Murray and the fear of Elizabeth this time sheltered her from trial. It was a weakness which she taught them both to regret. Mary was not a person to believe any one could mean well with her who crossed her inclination; and one year of Murray's stern intolerance of oppression and lawlessness sufficed to restore her the allegiance of the haughty northern lords, to whom government was detestable exactly as it was strong. The Calvinist Regent respected neither high nor low, punishing guilt alike in the noble or the peasant; and Mary's liberty was soon all that was wanted to make her a rallying point for the disaffection of half the kingdom. She escaped, fought a battle, and lost it, and a fortnight after she had left Lochleven she was a fugitive in England.

A sovereign lady flying from the treason of her subjects, and throwing herself on the hospitality of a sister queen, her nearest kinswoman, and whose heir she was—flying to her for protection, and finding instead of a protector an unfeeling tyrant, who imprisoned her for nineteen years, and then flung her to a cruel death—this is the picture which poets and historians have never been weary of drawing for us. It has been the stain on the fame of Elizabeth. Even those who think worst of Mary, insist that Elizabeth's injustice gave her all right to use any means to free herself. The eagerness with which all this has been insisted on has occasionally embarrassed its advocates. For this imprisonment is described as one act in a long series of injuries which had commenced with Elizabeth's accession; and there has naturally, therefore, been a difficulty in explaining how the Queen of Scotland came to be so infatuated as to

choose England for a refuge when the world was open to her.

Now, it is quite certain that she chose England because she expected a better welcome there than in any other country; Elizabeth had written to congratulate her on her escape; to stay in Scotland was certain death; in France, where she had been threatened with a convent, her reception would be more than doubtful; while Elizabeth was, perhaps, the only person living who still resolutely disbelieved her complicity in Darnley's murder. She looked with confidence, therefore, for warm reception and warm assistance; and she had crossed the border with a promise to her friends, that before a month they might expect her back again in force.

Nor was the Regent any more doubtful than his sister what the first impulse of Elizabeth would be. Instantly that Mary was in England, he dispatched his secretary to London, declaring that he and Morton were ready to appear in person to justify what they had been forced to do; and to "enter himself prisoner in the Tower of London if he did not prove her guilty in the death of her husband." A cruel thing for a brother to be forced into, and one on which it is easy to be eloquently abusive; and yet the one alternative which lay before him was to betray the country of which he was at that time supreme governor, called to be so, as he believed, by the providence of God—to betray the people committed to him into a dreadful civil war—by throwing a mock shield over the reputation of one bad woman.

Murray's secretary must have crossed a dispatch of Elizabeth's to himself, summoning him to appear and answer for himself; and as urgent business had forced him to delay in coming, another message, more peremptory, followed, that if he did not appear at once, in person or by commissioner, she would send Mary over the border with an army.

It was now that, for the first time, copies of the casket letters were laid before Elizabeth. She still would not believe them genuine, and she wrote to the Queen of Scots to say so; but publicly received, as she knew them to be, and as nothing which Mary could do to persuade the world that they were genuine had been wanting in her conduct, it was necessary that they should be publicly looked into. She summoned the Regent to prove them, without a doubt that the exposure would be not of Mary but of themselves, and the condition of their failure was to be the restoration of the Queen. But Mary

was in no haste for any such examination; she pretended that it was putting *her* upon her trial; and that her Sovereign Majesty would be degraded by her being placed in any such position. For her own conduct she was only answerable to God, and if Elizabeth would not help her, she claimed her freedom, that she might seek it elsewhere. To have let Mary go was to bring the Duke of Alva into Scotland: it was the restoration by the Catholic powers of a princess whose name was uncleansed from the darkest crimes; with, behind it, interminable vistas of strife, misery, and discord, first for Scotland and next for England, as far as human foresight could look, inevitable. Elizabeth could in no case permit it. If it was just that Mary should be restored, she would restore her herself, but she could not have a Spanish army on the frontier; and if Mary was guilty, the throne was no place for her. It may be said, Elizabeth was no judge of this. Mary was not a subject of hers; and whatever her opinions might be, she had no business to interfere—an argument which it will be possible to meet when we know something of the abstract right and wrong which determine the actions of sovereign powers. When such mighty interests depend on the conduct of one person as then depended on that of Elizabeth, there is commonly some responsibility with it, and those who shout loudest against interference on the people's side would have seen no injustice in her interference on the Queen's. But if they will press the letter of the law, then let them press it, and on their own conditions Elizabeth was merciful. Mary had claimed her crown. As soon as the excommunication should fall there was not a Catholic in England who would not regard Mary as his lawful sovereign. Was this a person to be allowed to go abroad and organize European invasions?

Rival claimants of thrones are not commonly dealt gently with; nor is it desirable that they should be, considering what civil war is. The leaders in political conspiracies, no matter what they are, are the very last persons that governments may pardon: our moral estimate of them may vary infinitely; but if they fail, they have no right to look for anything but the very worst. Revolutions, even when vast interests are at stake, are not things to play with, and to trifle in them is as reckless a piece of wickedness as man can be guilty of. If there were nothing *else* against Mary than this claim of hers, it

is mere idle talk to clamor that she was not an English subject.

Elizabeth was dealing faithfully with her, if she could have believed it, or if her cause was one which could prosper with any faithful dealing. If the charges against her turned out false, she would be restored to Scotland; if true, she was still heiress of England, with noble fresh chances before her, if she pleased to deserve them; at any rate, whether true or false, Elizabeth's first duty was to secure herself and her country from Mary's treason, and already she had too good reason to suspect her. Mary had come to England in June. She was not a person to hesitate when there were opportunities of intrigue, and, finding a new field open, she at once plunged into it. Nor, indeed, was it altogether new; years before, as we saw, she had been throwing out golden feelers there with the money of the King of Spain. Elizabeth heard at once of some of her doings, and wrote to complain. Mary must bear witness against herself, true Stuart as she was, and true in nothing else.

In her answer to these complaints, dated the 8th of October, she writes:—

“Madam, since I have been in your country, I will defy the world to say that I have offended you in deed or word; confiding implicitly in you, wherein, I am sure, you will not find yourself deceived.”

And yet here is a letter, dated a fortnight earlier, to the Queen of Spain:—

“I will tell you one thing, by the way, that if the King, your lord and brother, were at peace, my misfortunes might be of service to Christendom, for my coming to this country has caused me to make acquaintance by which I have learnt so much of the state of things here, that if I had ever so little hope of succor elsewhere I would make ours the reigning religion or perish in the attempt. The whole of this part (Yorkshire) is entirely devoted to the Catholic faith; and with the right that I have, for this reason in my favor, I could easily teach this Queen what it is to intermeddle and assist subjects against princes. She tries to make me appear guilty of what I am unjustly accused of. God be praised, I have gained the hearts of a great many good people of this country since my coming, so that they are ready to hazard all that they possess for me and my cause.”

What was to be done with such a woman—who would keep no faith except when it suited her convenience, and whose indomitable spirit could neither be crushed nor gained,



except at the price of what could not be given it—its own way?

The trial came on. Murray wrote again and again to her, imploring her to spare him the necessity of showing the letters by confirming her abdication. When Elizabeth came to know better where the truth really lay, she, too, joined in entreating her; but it was no use. Mary saw their reluctance, and laid her plans in a confidence in their generosity. Her commissioners were instructed to refuse all concessions, but to prevent, not meet investigation. As soon as it was clear that it would be proceeded with, they proposed a compromise. Elizabeth told them that at that stage of the proceedings a compromise would be fatal to Mary's honor. It was still open to her to abdicate. In that case everything would be dropped. But Mary had seen another game opening before her in England; she still trusted (as the event proved, with sufficient grounds) to Elizabeth's unwillingness to disgrace the honor of a sovereign. She withdrew her commissioners, and contented herself with protesting against further proceedings. But a protest like this of course could not put an end to the trial of Murray. He produced the letters reluctantly, being, to the last, willing to exhaust every other means. They were examined by the Privy Council with the result which we have already spoken of; but Elizabeth had first bound the Lords of the Council to secrecy, and she had no intention of allowing the contents of papers so disgraceful to transpire to the world. The day after they had sent in their report, she declared that "Mary could not be restored, that she must remain in England, and that the whole affair should be buried in oblivion." Mary had not miscalculated; after another fruitless attempt to prevail on her to resign quietly, the Queen of England declared the investigation at an end. Cecil, in her name, pronouncing in the way of sentence words to the following effect:—"That as to Murray, and his adherents, she was of opinion that nothing had as yet been brought forward against them which impaired their honor or allegiance;" while, on the other hand, "There had been nothing sufficiently proven nor shown by them against the Queen, their sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of her gude sister for anything yet seen." A sentence which Fraser Tytler calls the most absurd in all history. And, indeed, it is absurd on any other hypothesis, except that Elizabeth was really sincere in doing the best for Mary

which the circumstances could allow; on that hypothesis it is not absurd at all. She could not restore her; she could not set her free; but she would not disgrace her. If the whole truth had been then publicly told, Mary's chance of succeeding to the English throne would have been as utterly swept away as her chance of recovering that of Scotland; and when shortly after the French and Spanish ambassadors ventured a faint request for her liberty, Elizabeth was able to tell them, that she had concealed matters which, if published, would have overwhelmed Mary with infamy, and so utterly disgraced her, that for very shame neither Catholic nor Protestant could ever again lift hand in her cause.

On the 21st of December, immediately after the trial, she wrote herself to Mary. What more kind or genuine or generous she could have written it is hard to say.

"As we have been very sorry of long time for your mishaps and great troubles, so find we our sorrow now doubled in beholding such things as are now produced against you to prove yourself cause of all the same. Our grief herein is also increased in that we did not think at any time to have seen or heard such matters of so great appearance and moment to charge and condemn you. Nevertheless, both in friendship, nature, and justice, we are moved to cover these matters;"

at any rate till such time as, if any answer were possible, Mary would condescend to give it.

And again, on the 31st of March, after repeated letters, in which the Queen of Scots had endeavored to convince Elizabeth of her love for her, declaring that she felt for her as for an elder sister, and valued her friendship above all things, and on the strength of these feelings complained that her sister had been publishing hard things against her, Elizabeth, although she knew well enough how Mary had been showing her love to her since she had been in England, yet was contented calmly to reply—

"That since her unsatisfying answers she had hushed up the case and never meddled with it since." "All parties," she told her, "were now at rest in Scotland, and after years of anarchy they were at length peaceful and contented."

And she concluded with words which, as it appears to us, she must have written directly from her heart with the fullest consciousness of sincerity:—

"I thank God I have not been left to stumble, much less to fall, against you; and with a clear



conscience, I call on Him to witness, who will be my judge, if I have not gone openly on my way without feints."

And now, if we consider the sort of penalties which the sense of mankind has declared, and always declares, to be due to crimes such as those of which Mary Stuart had been indubitably guilty, it really cannot be considered that the measure which was dealt out to her was so severe as to give her claims on our commiseration. For it was no more than this—to remain quietly, in all ease and splendor, at the castle of an English nobleman, with all liberty and all indulgence out of doors and in, with no restriction on her correspondence, and none upon her pleasure—to remain quietly, only till she had recovered a confidence which Elizabeth was longing to restore to her; with opportunities of beginning life anew, with clear ground and clear new magnificent prospects, if she could only bring herself to deserve them. This, at least, is the light in which it appears to us. To M. Mignet it appears in a very different light indeed. As a specimen of his style, both of thought and writing, take the following, as his summing up at the point of the history at which we have arrived:—

"Quant à Marie Stuart, elle resta prisonnière en Angleterre. Elizabeth non seulement ne l'assista point contre ses sujets, comme elle l'avait offert, mais ne lui rendait pas même la liberté dont elle n'aurait jamais dû la priver. Sans respect pour les règles de la justice, et les droits de l'hospitalité, comme pour les prérogatives des couronnes, elle n'avait pas craint d'emprisonner une suppliante, et de mettre en jugement une reine. Elle n'avait été sensible ni à la confiance de la fugitive, ni aux prières de la parente, ni à l'affliction de la femme, ni à l'honneur de la souveraine. Marie Stuart, à son tour, n'avait plus aucun ménagement à garder envers Elizabeth. Arrêtée avec perfidie, diffamée avec haine, retenue avec iniquité, il lui était permis de tout entreprendre pour se rendre libre. Elle ne manqua point de la faire."

We cannot praise these "rounded periods," at any rate in a historian. The temptation of choosing words for their poise and euphony is apt to make literal truth suffer sadly in the shaping. However, to such persons as have a taste for it, we beg to offer this, which if not absolutely true, is a good deal truer than what we have quoted from Mignet:—

"As for Mary Stuart, she remained in England. Elizabeth not only refused to surrender her to be tried under the laws which she had violated, but she did not even submit her to a restraint which would

have disabled her from a repetition of her crimes. Disregarding alike the demands of justice, the peace of her subjects, and the safety of her own person, she did not hesitate to throw a shield over a murderess, and to keep a rival claimant of her crown in the heart of her kingdom. Mary Stuart had violated her hospitality, had tampered with her subjects, had done dishonor to the royal blood of England; and she was reckless enough to put faith in promises which had been repeatedly and perfidiously broken. She sheltered her from a punishment which she had deserved. She maintained her in a credit which she had forfeited. She continued her a kindness which she abused. Was it likely that Mary would fail to use the opportunities which her own unjustifiable lenity persisted in affording her?"

The remaining eighteen years which Mary lived present features singularly uniform. So far she had profited by the past, that she could now keep her personal passions subordinate to her larger purposes; and she fell into no more love scrapes, except where love could be made politic. Her interests were coincident with the interests of Catholicism, and it suited the interests of the Catholics to forget the misdoings of a person whose situation could be so useful to them. Universally acknowledged as heiress to the crown of England, and after Elizabeth's excommunication acknowledged through Catholic Europe as its lawful possessor, her position filled the world with a romantic sympathy for her; and the struggle between the two faiths, at the moment when it was fiercest and hottest, centred in the fortune of Mary.

The Protestants of Navarre were to fall with Elizabeth; Flanders, Don John of Austria said, could only be conquered in London; and Mary was able to throw off the painful past, and to persuade herself that in her later schemes she was fighting the Church's battle. Her energy never flagged. The kindness of Elizabeth, except in the intervals when conspiracies were known to be ripening, put no check on her correspondence, which covered the world. Her funds were ample; for she had her French dowry all at her own disposal, the Sheffield expenses being paid out of the English treasury. Philip, too, gave her vast sums; and the organization of the Jesuits provided her with the ablest ministers of conspiracy to be found in Europe. And the result of all this was, that the history of her imprisonment is a history of a succession of plots to have Elizabeth dispatched, and in the confusion to bring the Duke of Alva, or Don John of Austria, or the French, into England. One after another she shaped her schemes, entangling hundreds of gallant

gentlemen in her service. One after another they exploded without effect; Mary's share in them demonstrated by the clearest evidence; her punishment expected abroad and demanded at home, yet prevented from falling on her by Elizabeth.

So skilfully the first great rising had been planned, that if it had taken effect as she intended, or if the Duke of Norfolk's energy had been equal to her own, Mignet thinks it would have succeeded. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were to rise in the north; Norfolk in the south and south-east; while Alva was to land, with twelve thousand men, either at Yarmouth or at Southampton. Alva was quite alive to the danger of the enterprise, but he was ready for it; only, he says, (the easy *naïveté* with which he writes it to Philip is not a little remarkable,) the Queen must first be got rid of—a purpose for which one of his own people was sent to London, under pretence of a diplomatic commission, and therefore with a safe conduct. But rebellion had bad luck. The north rose prematurely, and Alva would not risk help to a mutilated enterprise.

Those "good gentlemen," whom she boasted to the Queen of Spain that she had gained, were ready, so far as their lives went, to risk them for her—and they risked them, and lost them by hundreds on the scaffold. It was proposed at that time to punish Mary. We learn from Leicester—"How effectually all the Council of England then dealt with her Majesty for justice to be done on that person—how the Great Seal of England was then sent, and thought just and meet upon the sudden with execution." But Elizabeth interposed and saved her—saved her only to play her next card in the same game. Murray's murder made an opening in Scotland in 1570. It had two years' breathing time; but she found means to unchain the devil of civil war again there. She got Elizabeth at last excommunicated; and prevailed on Philip and on Charles of France to sink their differences in a common league against her. The next year the Norfolk affair exploded; and he, too, had to go to the scaffold. Once more the Privy Council—again with fatal proof of Mary's complicity—the Houses of Parliament, and the whole Bench of Bishops, implored Elizabeth to save the country, and execute her. In vain. Her answer was touching. "Can I put to death the bird," she said, "that, to escape the pursuit of the hawk, has fled to me for protection?" As Elizabeth would do nothing, the Parliament

thought to act for themselves, and passed a unanimous vote, cutting the Queen of Scots off from the succession; but the Queen, in her imperious way, at once dismissed them, forbidding them evermore to approach the subject—conclusive enough, one would think, as to her real feelings for Mary. In the meantime the Catholics were showing that they were not choice in their means, and Elizabeth might well prepare herself. In 1570 Murray had been murdered; in August, 1572, just after Norfolk's execution, came St. Bartholomew. Cecil had previously been down at Chatsworth to try whether there was any chance of being able to let Mary go; but he had only been met with duplicity and defiance. Then came out the conspiracy, which of course made further negotiating out of the question. There is a letter, or a fragment of one, extant, dated just after the Duke of Norfolk's execution, and it reads like the most genuine piece of Mary which she has left us—pride, rage, disappointment; but a fixed determination to stand at bay and die game.

"I am resolved to die and have grace and mercy of God alone, who, by His goodness, made me a free and sovereign princess. I am determined; and I will have none of *her* pardons. She may take my life, but not the constancy which Heaven has produced and fortified in me. I will die Queen of Scotland."

She would have been in no danger, however, except for St. Bartholomew; but with so terrible an evidence of the temper in which the Catholics were, Elizabeth felt that she had no right to run any more risks. Twice, at least, since she had been in England, Mary had forfeited her life under every circumstance of treachery. In the September following the massacre she announced that she would withdraw her shield; and here, we think, is the one thing which we have any reason to regret in the later treatment of Mary, that what at this moment was intended was not carried into execution. Bad as had been her doings in England, in her own country they had been infinitely worse; and it was decided that she should be sent back thither to answer there for her husband's murder. Killigrew was sent to Scotland by Cecil, and it was arranged between him, as representative of Elizabeth, Morton, and Lord Mar, who was then Regent. The Assembly and the clergy were to be summoned, and in their presence she was to be publicly tried and afterwards publicly executed—by far, as it appears to us,

the most wholesome termination of the tragedy. The Divine vengeance would then have overtaken her in the direct form of punishment for her greatest crime, instead of lingering out uncertainly for years, and falling at last with an ambiguous stroke, which admitted of being distorted into a martyrdom. It was not to be, however. The sudden death of the Earl of Mar made it impossible for the moment, and Elizabeth had relented before another opportunity had offered itself.

Mary's retrospect, it might now be thought, whatever might be her views for the future, would have been enough to sadden her. Not for the dangers, perhaps, which she had herself escaped; nor for the unavailing guilt in which she had involved herself; but at least for the trouble which she had brought on others. Hundreds of gallant gentlemen were lying low in bloody graves, who, but for her, might have been still sunning themselves in prosperous life. And one there was whom she had pretended that she loved, the highest English subject, whom she had first entangled in apostasy, and then in treason; and he had had to lay down his head remorsefully on Tower Hill. But it is not the least sad feature in the Queen of Scots, that it was all nothing to her; she was without feeling either for friend or enemy. Fearless for herself, and reckless for them, no sufferings either of her own or of any other cost her a really uneasy hour. This last danger having blown by, and for the present no fresh opening presenting itself, she employed herself in arranging her affairs, and in careful study of the various English factions. In the management of her property, she showed a real genius for finance. She knew the value of useful servants, and we find her not forgetting among her pensioners the Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who had shot her brother; and Lord Adam Gordon, who had burnt Lady Forbes, and all her household, in Towie Castle. Her vacant hours she amused with writing sonnets to the birds or clouds; ordering new Paris dresses, and feeding her poodles and Barbary fowl, loving them, as she says, very dearly; but only afraid that they would die of plethora. To Elizabeth she sent off periodic letters, imploring her not to listen to the slander of her enemies, and to believe that she did nothing but love her; occasionally, as the season of the year suited, throwing in dashes of religious sentiment; and so weak Elizabeth was *with her*, that a few quiet months were *always enough to give her fresh hopes, and to*

set her looking again for means to set her free.

Mary, however, had not so tamed the natural devil in her, but that it would break out sometimes with the old recklessness. Though it cost her her life she could not resist the temptation to a sarcasm.

When Cecil came down to Chatsworth with conditions, the first was the old one—a formal surrender of her claim to the English crown during the lifetime of Elizabeth or issue of her body. Mary insisted on the insertion of the word "*lawful*" before issue. Elizabeth was not pleased, naturally, but consented at last that it should stand "issue by a lawful husband." And Mary would have been free if a fresh plot had not been discovered at the moment. Another time she deliberately sat down and polluted a sheet of paper with the filthy scandals which had been gathered out of the kennels and the gutters against Elizabeth's character, and sent it to her, "trusting for her dear sister's sake that these things were not true, and yet Lady Shrewsbury had assured her that they were."

When she set herself to study the religious and political position of parties in England, she shows an insight which would have done credit to Cecil himself; and in the style of her reflections she gives a piquancy to the driest details. Thus of the divisions between Puritan and Protestant (by which she means Church of England) she writes:—"These two factions are very inimical to each other, and always united against me. An unworthy comparison; and yet, as they say in the proverb, 'Caiaphas and Pilate became friends to judge our Lord.'"

Her recklessness about truth was frightful. She could pretend to Elizabeth that she was dying, and directly after write off to Babington, that "her enemies flattered themselves she was breaking down, but she thanked God she could still ride her horse and use her cross-bow with the best of them."

Look at her on which side we will, it is impossible to feel interest in her or pity for her, except on that common ground for sorrow which all bad persons share with her, for being what she was. Elizabeth, as she herself said, "had not stumbled, much less fallen, towards her." She had not, and she never did, unless, indeed, it was in the last business of all, when it would be hard to say what Mary had left undone to provoke her fate. Through the nineteen years during which she was a prisoner, Elizabeth's life was one long struggle with her Parliament

and her ministers to save her. As plot after plot came out, the country became more and more urgent, for other interests besides the Queen's were at issue; the death of Elizabeth would at once have let loose civil war among them. But she would neither punish Mary herself, nor allow her to be cut off from the succession. In the Throgmorton affair, in 1584, Parliament made it a condition under which it would grant supplies, "that for the greater safety of the Queen in case of invasion, or of any attempt to injure the royal person, the individuals by whom or *for* whom the attempt was made, should forfeit the succession, and be pursued to death." But again Elizabeth interposed. She insisted that it was unjust that any one not personally engaged in treason should suffer for it; and she forced upon them an amendment, "that no one might be pursued to death who had not been pronounced privy to conspiracy by a competent court," and Mary was only to be incapable of succeeding in case of the Queen being murdered.

We said we could find no fault in Elizabeth's conduct except it were in the concluding scenes of this weary struggle: we do not mean in the execution, for Mary had dragged it down upon herself; but the reluctance with which the Queen of England yielded to the necessity gave a character of irresolution and uncertainty to her actions, which has enabled later writers to fasten invectives upon her that it is difficult to clear away. We are not apologizing for her. Her conduct is to be admired, not apologized for; but at a time when she was swayed backwards and forwards by violent tides of conflicting feelings, it is naturally made difficult to explain. But let us first look at such of the facts as are certain.

The embers of the plot of 1584 had not been entirely extinguished. Two years later they kindled up again into what is familiarly known as the "Babington Conspiracy." Discovered by Walsingham, it was determined that this time, if Mary Stuart was implicated in it, there should be evidence of it so conclusive as to leave Elizabeth no pretence for softness. The Spanish invasion was evidently approaching; the country could not afford to be kept any longer in a chronic fever, and it was time that it should come to an end. Foolish persons affect a horror at what they call the perfidy of a minister who would intercept letters and watch the progress of a traitorous correspondence; which is as much as to say that, as treason never shows in open light until the moment when

it can strike, it must be let alone to mature itself; that, because it is insidious itself, they are insidious too who track it down and crush it, and that an honorable man may take no precaution against a dagger till he feels it in his breast. Walsingham did his duty as a faithful servant ought to do it; and at last he was enabled to lay before the Queen fatal evidence, in Mary's own letters, of a design upon her life. Elizabeth was thunderstruck. She was incorrigible, then. The Privy Council was summoned, and it decided, after a short debate, that the Queen of Scotland must this time be brought to judgment. She was tried in the Hall at Fotheringay; and, after such defence as she was pleased to make, the Court, after due discussion, (not without great stomaching, as Cecil said,) pronounced her guilty. The sentence, which was properly death, was referred to the Houses of Parliament and confirmed by them, and they proceeded to urge on Elizabeth the duty of relieving the country by putting it in execution, reminding her how Saul sinned, and called down God's anger on himself, when he spared Agag.

Elizabeth's answer, if it had been the only document which had come down to us from the time, would have been enough to have shown us what she was.

Her life, she said, had been dangerously shot at; but her sense of danger was lost in sorrow that the bolt should have been launched at her by one so near of kin as the Queen of Scotland. So far she had been from bearing ill-will to her sister, that, on discovering her treasonable practices, she had at once written to her, that if she would privately confess them, they should be buried in silence. Even now, if the matter involved only danger to herself, and not to the people's welfare, she would willingly pardon Mary, but, as it was, she was in grievous difficulty.

Without anything more decisive she left them, and two days after, the 14th of November, she sent down a message requesting them to consider whether they could not devise some gentler expedient by which her commiseration for the Scottish Queen might be allowed to operate, and her life to be spared. Both Houses answered unanimously that there was no other way. So much for the pretence of that hatred and vindictiveness of which men accuse Elizabeth.

She then sent for the foreign ambassadors, putting to them the same question, and she promised to respite the execution at least till an answer had been returned from Paris.



But nothing came of it ; they had nothing to suggest.

Yet Elizabeth's hesitation was no nearer being terminated. The sentence had been confirmed by Parliament in the middle of November ; January passed, the warrant had not been issued, and her reluctance to issue it had begun seriously to alarm the country. Mary wrote to her after the sentence had been communicated to her, and Leicester says of the effect of it to Walsingham, "There is a letter which hath wrought tears, but I trust shall do no further harm—albeit the delay is dangerous."

February came, and found her still undecided. On the morning of the 1st, Davison, her secretary, was summoned ; when he entered, she was with Lord Howard, who had been pressing the execution upon her. The warrant had been drawn for many days. On that morning she signed it—to content the people, as she said—and it did content them, as the bells in all the churches were set ringing at the news. To sign a warrant did not mean with her that it was to be carried into effect, as her ministers very well knew. The Duke of Norfolk's death-warrant, for instance, had been three times signed and as often recalled. However, between the 1st of the month, when the warrant was signed, and the 7th, when it was executed, there was a singular interlude. So far Elizabeth's conduct had been quite consistent. We are now required to believe that, in this interval, she ordered Davison to write to Sir Amyas Paulet, in her name, and suggest to him, that if he wished to please her, he would take Mary off quietly. He had now an opportunity of serving her to which he was bound by his oath of association, &c. Paulet, we are told, refused indignantly, and the Queen affected extreme anger at the preciseness of his Puritanism. So much of this is certain, that, on the 1st of February, a letter to that effect did go off to Paulet, signed by Davison and Walsingham, and Paulet answered as has been said ; for both letters (the original which was sent to him and a copy of his answer) were found among his papers, at least so it is said, and we have no present ground for questioning the genuineness of them. Besides other difficulties, Walsingham having joined in sending such a proposal is strange, as it was Walsingham who, in opposition to Leicester, insisted on having Mary openly tried, Leicester then proposing more silent methods. At all events, too, Davison was the only authority, and *Davison's offences in the matter were deeper*

than any of us know : we will not take his word when it is against Elizabeth's ; and her estimate of him may be seen in his punishment. However, we have no room to argue it further, and we will take his own story and see to what it really amounts :—There had been an association for the protection of Elizabeth's life, the members of which (Paulet was one of them) had bound themselves to pursue traitors to the death by all and every means. Their loyalty had been so vehement *in words* that Elizabeth herself had been obliged to restrain it ; and on the morning when she signed the warrant, full of bitterness as she was about it, she was not sparing of some sharp sarcasm at their flatulent fidelity. They had sworn oaths enough and to spare, but when the time came it was all left to her. Davison, either from folly or worse, caught at the words, and interpreting them into a hint, went off with them to Walsingham, and Walsingham doubting Elizabeth's resolution, and feeling it necessary at all events to rid the country of Mary, joined him in sending off this undesirable dispatch to Paulet.

Such seems to us to be the natural account of this matter : perhaps it is the true one, perhaps some other is the true one ; but as a serious purpose of assassination can in no way whatever be reconciled with the character of Elizabeth, we must interpret what is difficult by what is certain, and answer ourselves, without any doubt at all, that, whatever else is true, that is not. What Davison was is clear enough to us from his punishment. Miss Strickland has made a notable discovery of a grant of money made to him shortly after it, proving, as she asserts with much noise, that Elizabeth could not have been so very angry with him. Elizabeth had fined him £10,000, and he was made a beggar by it. The grant is a wretched pittance to save him from starvation. At any rate it is to us certain, that he knew her indecision about the warrant, and that she knew that he knew it. If she had given him no precise directions, her silence was enough. But he put it in Burleigh's hands, and Burleigh, with the rest of the Council, determined to save Elizabeth in spite of herself, and venture her displeasure. The Queen of Scotland was executed on the 7th of February, 1587. Her manner of death has been much commented on ; her high bearing having passed as evidence of her innocence. But there is no reason for regarding it so. She died, as she had lived, without fear ; she never knew what fear was ; and, in dying for

an attempt on the life of a heretic excommunicated and marked for destruction, she was suffering in so good a cause that she might easily persuade herself that she was a confessor. If years before she had been calmly able to compare herself to Christ, she would not fail of means to comfort herself when really and truly she was dying in a cause which, if her own, was that of her religion as well.

That Elizabeth did not intend it, we may take on her own word:—"You cannot believe," she said to the French Ambassador, "that if it was really done by my orders, I should lay the blame on a wretched secretary." "Five of them did it," she added; "and if they had not grown gray in my service, they should have paid dearly for it."

But if it was not her act, it was well done.

It was the act of faithful servants, who loved their Queen better than she loved herself, and who were ready to risk their own favor to save her. Peace be with them all! They are all together now, where there are no more conspiracies to form or to revenge. It has been no wish of ours to wave again the black banner with its sad blazonries over the grave of Mary, but Elizabeth's fame must not be darkened because Mary sinned and suffered. Let us leave M. Mignet, with a hope that this book of his is the last of its kind; that henceforth, when the history of these times is written, it will not be by men who are not afraid to put good for evil and evil for good; and that, for himself, he will find some better use for his high talents than to employ them in stereotyping calumny and stimulating a vicious sympathy with wrong.

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE POINT OF HONOR.

ONE evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and chatting in a state of hilarious gayety in front of Senor Arguellas' country-house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern Intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an incident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bomb-shell had suddenly exploded at our feet. But first a brief account of those seven persons, and the cause of their being so assembled, will be necessary.

Three were American merchants—Southerners and smart traders, extensively connected with the commerce of the Colombian Archipelago, and designing to sail on the morrow, wind and weather permitting, in the *dark Neptune*—Starkey, master and part owner—for Morant Bay, Jamaica; one was a lieutenant in the Spanish artillery, and nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and rich creole, of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia—the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas,

and withal a graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious clime; the sixth guest was Captain Starkey of the *Neptune*, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time a mere youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sickness which a twelve-month previously had necessitated my removal from Jamaica to the much more temperate and equable climate of Cuba, albeit the two islands are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Senor Arguellas, who had business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Senora Arguellas, Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The *Neptune* had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons, *etcetera*, to Cuba, and was returning about half-laden with goods. Amongst these, belonging to the American merchants, was a number of barrels of gunpowder that had proved unsaleable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica. There was ex-

cellent cabin accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the north-west, with the intention it seemed of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good-humor, and discussing the intended trip, Cuban, American, and European politics, the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havana and Alabama cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Captain Starkey to be rising to a five or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odorous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away beneath us, gently to fan the heated faces of the party with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets rather, which everywhere intersect and irrigate the island, and which were now glittering with the myriad splendors of the intensely-lustrous stars that diadem a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drunk very freely of wine, too much so, indeed; but the talk, in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Senora Arguellas and her daughter had left us. The senor, I should state, was still detained in town by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking for Jamaica.

"Do not go away," said Senora Arguellas, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, "till I see you again. When you are at leisure, ring the *sonnette* on the table and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements."

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought, seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it, but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that possibly M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as she courtesied to Captain Starkey. The after-unpleasantness did not however arise ostensibly from that cause. The commander of the *Neptune* had agreed to take several free colored families to Jamaica, where the services of the men, who were reputed to be expert at sugar cultivation, had been engaged at much higher wages than could be obtained in Cuba. The American gentlemen had previously express-

ed disapprobation of this arrangement, and now began to be very liberal indeed with their taunts and sneers relative to Captain Starkey's "negro principles," as they pleasantly termed that gentleman's very temperate vindication of the right of colored people to their own souls and bodies. This, however, would, I think, have passed off harmlessly, had it not been that the captain happened to mention, very imprudently, that he had once served as a midshipman on board the English slave-squadron. This fanned M. Dupont's smouldering ill-humor into a flame, and I gathered from his confused maledictions that he had suffered in property from the exertions of that force. The storm of angry words raged fiercely. The motives of the English for interfering with the slave-traffic were denounced with contemptuous bitterness on the one side, and as warmly and angrily defended on the other. Finally—the fact is, they were both flustered with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the wordy tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed and angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out: "I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It was wrong—very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable."

"Pardon! *Mille tonnerres!*" shouted Dupont, who was capering about in an ecstasy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Yes, a bullet through your head shall pardon you—nothing less!"

Indeed, according to the then notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the duello appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguellas hurried at once into the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. "Let us proceed," he said in a quick whisper, "to the grove yonder; we shall be there free from interruption." He took Dupont's arm, and both turned to move off. As they did so, Mr. Desmond, the elder of the American gentlemen, stepped towards Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said: "I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service I shall"—

"Thank you, Mr. Desmond," replied the English captain; "but I shall not require

your assistance. Lieutenant Arguellas, you may as well remain. I am no duellist, and shall not fight M. Dupont."

"What does he say?" exclaimed the lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle. "Not fight!"

The Anglo-Saxon blood, I saw, flushed as hotly in the veins of the Americans as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our race. "Not fight, Captain Starkey!" said Mr. Desmond with grave earnestness after a painful pause: "you whose name is in the list of the British royal navy, say this! You must be jesting!"

"I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duelling upon principle."

"A coward upon principle!" fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a serpent. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step towards Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

"Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat I will not fight with you."

"But you *shall* give my friend satisfaction!" exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; "or by Heaven I will post you as a dastard not only throughout this island but Jamaica!"

Captain Starkey for all answer to this menace coolly rang the *sonnette*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Senora Arguellas that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

"The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your aunt's petticoats, Alphonso!" shouted Dupont with triumphant mockery.

"I almost doubt whether Mr. Starkey is an Englishman," exclaimed Mr. Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much incensed; "but, at all events, as my father and mother were born and raised in the old country, if you presume to insinuate that"—

Senora Arguellas at this moment approached, and the irate American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the captain, instantly led the way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors, as the French say, *plantés là*.

Ten minutes afterwards we were informed

that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Senora Arguellas that the *Neptune* would sail the next morning precisely at nine o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt, and scorn broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr. Desmond, the last-named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo-Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time on the following morning. Captain Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate sneers which sat upon the countenances of Dupont and the lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia as she passed with Senora Arguellas towards the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly round her as she swept by, as if—so I perhaps wrongfully interpreted the action—it would be soiled by contact with a poltroon, visibly touched him—only, however, for a few brief moments. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed, contemptuous forbearance. Dupont, approaching him, gave his thought audible expression, exclaiming, loud enough for several of the crew to hear, and looking steadily in the captain's face: "*Lâche!*" He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel. "*Ecoutez, monsieur,*" said Captain Starkey: "individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say; but I am captain and king in this ship, and I will permit no one to beard me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, till we arrive at Jamaica." He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forwards. The passengers, colored as well as white, were all on board; the anchor, already apeak, was brought home; the bows of the ship fell slowly off, and we were in a few moments running before the wind, though but a faint one, for Point Morant.

No one could be many hours on board the *Neptune* without being fully satisfied that, however deficient in duelling courage her captain might be, he was a thorough seaman, and that his crew—about a dozen of as fine fellows as I have ever seen—were under the



most perfect discipline and command. The service of the vessel was carried on as noiselessly and regularly as on board a ship of war; and a sense of confidence, that should a tempest or other sea-peril overtake us, every reliance might be placed in the professional skill and energy of Captain Starkey, was soon openly or tacitly acknowledged by all on board. The weather throughout happily continued fine, but the wind was light and variable, so that for several days after we had sighted the blue mountains of Jamaica, we scarcely appeared sensibly to diminish the distance between them and us. At last the breeze again blew steadily from the north-west, and we gradually neared Point Morant. We passed it, and opened up the bay at about two o'clock in the morning, when the voyage might be said to be over. This was a great relief to the cabin passengers—far beyond the ordinary pleasure to land-folk of escaping from the tedium of confinement on shipboard. There was a constraint in the behavior of everybody that was exceedingly unpleasant. The captain presided at table with freezing civility; the conversation, if such it could be called, was usually restricted to monosyllables; and we were all very heartily glad that we had eaten our last dinner in the *Neptune*. When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers except myself were in bed, and a quarter of an hour afterwards Captain Starkey went below, and was soon busy, I understood, with papers in his cabin. For my part I was too excited for sleep, and I continued to pace the deck fore and aft with Hawkins, the first mate, whose watch it was, eagerly observant of the lights on the well-known shore, that I had left so many months before with but faint hopes of ever seeing it again. As I thus gazed landward, a bright gleam, as of crimson moonlight, shot across the dark sea, and turning quickly round, I saw that it was caused by a tall jet of flame shooting up from the main hatchway, which two seamen, for some purpose or other, had at that moment partially opened. In my still weak state, the terror of the sight—for the recollection of the barrels of powder on board flashed instantly across my mind—for several moments completely stunned me, and but that I caught instinctively at the rattlings, I should have fallen prostrate on the deck. A wild outcry of "Fire! fire!"—the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and heightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amidst the runnings to and fro,

and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sinewy, athletic figure of the captain leap up, as it were, from the companion-ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet-voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to batten down the blazing hatchway. This, with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the fore-castle. The two or three minutes he was gone—it could scarcely have been more than that—seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognized that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigor, that not a word was spoken, nor a finger, I think, moved, till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms. He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me: "Run down and rouse the passengers, and bring my pistols from the cabin-locker. Quick! Eternity hangs on the loss of a moment." Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice: "You well know, men, that I would not on any occasion or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then, attentively. Yon drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguellas' servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish."

A cry of rage and terror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively towards the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. "Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember," he added, as he took his pistols from Hawkins and cocked one of them, "that I will send a bullet after any man who disobeys me, and I seldom miss my aim. Now, then, to your work—steadily, and with a will!"

It was marvellous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic-terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were in the water. "Well done, my fine fellows! There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you"—and he named them—"remain with me. Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and

bring them round to the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats, and we shall be able to keep only one gangway clear."

The passengers were by this time rushing upon deck half-clad, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board. The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as colored, forced their way with frenzied eagerness before the women and children—careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed so that they might themselves leap to the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet. Captain Starkey, aided by the four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurled them fiercely back. "Back, back!" he shouted. "We must have funeral order here—first the women and children, next the old men. Hand Senora Arguellas along; next the young lady her daughter: quick!"

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst up through the main hatchway with the roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so suddenly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's herculean strength, she must have been precipitated into the water.

"Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!" roared Captain Starkey, terribly excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: "or if you will, look there but for a moment," and he pointed with his pistol-hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light at but a few yards' distance from the ship. "Men," he added, "let whoever presses out of his turn fall into the water."

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the prompt mechanical response.

This terrible menace instantly restored order; the colored women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

"Pull off," was the order; "you are deep enough for safety."

A cry, faint as the wail of a child, arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

"Stay one moment; pass along Senor Arguellas. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!"

The next boat was quickly loaded; the colored lads and men, all but one, and the three Americans, went in her.

"You are a noble fellow," said Mr. Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; "and I was but a fool to"—

"Pass on," was the reply: "there is no time to bandy compliments."

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips when his glance chanced to light upon me, as I leaned, dumb with terror, just behind him against the vessel's bulwarks.

"Hold on a moment!" he cried. "Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you;" and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so: "Remember me, Ned, to thy father and mother should I not see them again."

There was now only the small boat, capable of safely containing but eight persons, and how, it was whispered amongst us—how, in addition to the two seamen already in her, can she take off Lieutenant Arguellas, M. Dupont, the remaining colored man, the four seamen, and Captain Starkey? They were, however, all speedily embarked except the captain.

"Can she bear another?" he asked, and although his voice was firm as ever, his countenance, I noticed, was ashy pale, yet full as ever of unswerving resolution.

"We must, and will, sir, since it's you; but we are dangerously overcrowded now, especially with yon ugly customers swimming round us."

"Stay one moment; I cannot quit the ship whilst there's a living soul on board." He stepped hastily forward, and presently reappeared at the gangway with the still senseless body of the lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope the next instant was cast into the water. "Now pull or your lives!" The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly with eyes shaded with his hand in the direction of the shore. Presently he hailed the headmost boat. "We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot-boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, bid him be smart; there may be a chance yet." All this scene, this long agony,

which has taken me so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterwards assured by Mr. Desmond, eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguelas till the last boat left the ill-fated *Neptune*.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by that flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and presence of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship, amidst a dead silence broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward with the hope of descrying the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop beating at the sound—was heard ahead, lustily responded to by the seaman's throats, and presently afterwards a swiftly-propelled pilot boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

"What ship is that?" cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat.

"The *Neptune*, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!"

I sprang eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert, shouted: "A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship!"

"That's young Mr. Mainwaring's face and voice!" exclaimed the foremost pilot. "Hurra, then, for the prize!" and away both sped with eager vigor, but unaware certainly of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore-boat came up, but after asking a few questions and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all three too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt whilst this was going forward. I can scarcely bear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless, palpitating excitement for the explosion that should end all. It came!—at least I thought it did, and I sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, partly, no doubt from recent sickness as well as fright, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boats' crews for the dreaded catastrophe. The bowsprit, from the end of which a rope was dangling, was empty! and both pilots, made aware doubtless of the danger, were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. The cheering among us was renewed again and again, during which I continued to gaze with arrested breath and fascinated stare at the flaming vessel and fleeing pilot-boats. Suddenly a pyramid of flame shot up from the hold of the ship, followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or was knocked down, I know not which; the boat rocked as if caught in a fierce eddy; next came the hiss and splash of numerous heavy bodies falling from a great height into the water; and then the blinding glare and stunning uproar were succeeded by a soundless silence and a thick darkness, in which no man could discern his neighbor. The stillness was broken by a loud, cheerful hail from one of the pilot-boats: we recognized the voice, and the simultaneous and ringing shout which burst from us assured the gallant seaman of our own safety, and how exultingly we all rejoiced in his. Half an hour afterwards we were safely landed; and as the ship and cargo had been specially insured, the only ultimate evil result of this fearful passage in the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Neptune* was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A piece of plate, at the suggestion of Mr. Desmond and his friends, was subscribed for and presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given at Kingston in his honor—a circumstance that many there will remember. In his speech on returning thanks for the compliment paid him, he explained his motive for resolutely declining to fight a duel with M. Dupont, half-a-dozen versions of which had got into the newspapers. "I was very early left an orphan," he said, "and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs. ———." (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must be still familiar.) "Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had

passed my nineteenth year ; and so vivid an impression did the patient sorrow of her life make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loathe and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me, as the last sigh trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel. As to my behavior during the unfortunate conflagration of the *Neptune*, which my friend Mr. Desmond has spoken of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maritime race, one of whose most peremptory maxims it is that the captain must be the last man to quit or give up his ship. Besides, I must have been the veriest dastard alive to have quailed in the presence of—of—that is, in the presence of—circumstances which—in point of fact—that is"— Here Captain Starkey blushed and boggled sadly : he was evidently no orator ; but whether it was the sly significance of Senor Arguellas' countenance, which just then happened to be turned towards him, or the glance he threw at the gallery where Senora Arguellas' grave placidity and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheeks encountered him, that

so completely put him out, I cannot say ; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good-humor, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself ; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable, though amidst a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few more words to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled at the Havana ; and Donna Antonia has been just as long Mrs. Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man ; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is, I am quite satisfied, as true an Englishman, and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass of wine in the Cuban creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont ; and, to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguellas has attained the rank of major : at least I suppose he must be the Major Arguellas officially reported to be slightly wounded in the late Lopez bucaneeering affair. And I also am pretty well now, thank you !

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From the Critic.

## THE NORTH BRITISH, THE BRITISH QUARTERLY, AND THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

ALTHOUGH *The Edinburgh* still preserved a title which seemed to connect it intimately with Scotland, it had, some time before 1842, ceased to be in any sense a Scotch Review. Not only was it published in London, but its editor was an Englishman, and never in any way very peculiarly Scotch, especially under the influence of a light cosmopolitan thinker like Jeffrey, it was now in no way to be distinguished from the professedly English *Quarterly*, save by the difference of its political tone. But in 1843 there happened an event which shook Scotland from its circumference to its centre, even to the making of it subscribe two millions of money ; and it must have been something that made Scotland do that. In the May of that year, some

two or three hundred members of the General Assembly took sad and solemn leave of their old ecclesiastical parliament, and, with Dr. Chalmers at their head, proceeded to set up the "Free Kirk." Scotland was now suddenly rent asunder into two mortally hostile camps : Under which *kirk*, "Bezonian live or die ?" The chief "organ" of the disruption was an Edinburgh newspaper called *The Witness*, conducted with considerable nerve and talent by Hugh Miller, of *Old Red Sandstone* notoriety, a man great no less in theology than in geology, whom his native abilities and Lady Gordon Cuming, of Altyre, herself geological, and mother to the South-African lion-hunter, had helped up from a very humble obscurity. *The Edinburgh*, &



course, looked coldly, and *The Quarterly* inimically, on the seceders; and the friendly zeal in their behalf of Mr. John Robertson, in the pages of *The Westminster*, was of too purely secular a kind for the chiefs of the Free Kirk. After two years, when it had been found that the most potent furtherer of the secession was not any minister, however eloquent, or any layman, however influential, but a mere newspaper like *The Witness*, it was resolved to start a quarterly organ, and to call it *The North British Review*. Noblemen and gentlemen, enthusiastic for the Free Kirk, like the Marquis of Breadalbane, and Mr. Campbell of Monzi, subscribed a portion of the needful. Mr. Blackie, the Glasgow publisher, and Mr. Cowan, the Edinburgh paper-maker, gave their aid. It was this Mr. Cowan that ousted Macaulay at the last Edinburgh election. He guaranteed the carrying on of the speculation for a certain period. Whether it was paper of his own manufacture that was to be used is unknown to Herodotus Smith.

A Dr. Welch, who had suffered losses in the cause of the Free Kirk, who was a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, and the biographer of Dr. Thomas Brown, was pitched upon for the editor. Indeed, it was something done to him that heated the Free Kirk enthusiasm so as to boil over and form *The North British Review*. Dr. Welch, when the disruption took place, was "Moderator," that is, President or Speaker, of the General Assembly, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and Secretary, with a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, to the Scotch Bible Board. At the secession, he, of course, cheerfully surrendered the Moderatorship and the Professorship, but saw no reason to surrender the lucrative Secretaryship, of which, however, Sir James Graham took the liberty of forcibly relieving him. Whereon *The North British* was hastened into existence. Welch was a man of ability and tact, and began operations with a promising staff of veterans and others. He did not fall into the error which, in his circumstances, might have easily been committed, that of making his review too theological. His great gun, Dr. Chalmers himself, fired off articles chiefly on politico-economical subjects, his first being one on Sterling's *Philosophy of Trade*; but his most famous was that on Morell's *History of Philosophy*, which was considered as an annihilating manifesto against Continental speculation. In physical science, the biographies of its heroes, and books of scientific travel,

Sir David Brewster, the noted *savant*, was mainly depended on; he wrote the papers on Cuvier, Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Watt, Cavendish, and the like, and is still a contributor. Hugh Miller led off his series of performances by a vivid paper in which herring-fishing was made poetical. Mr. Moncrief, now Lord Advocate, reviewed Jeffrey's *Essays*, the first of a set on the light literature of the day. Dr. Heugh, of Glasgow, recommended "Christian Union," and Welch himself dealt with Archbishop Whately. Among the early contributors too, if we are not mistaken, was Dr. Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, a singular and gifted individual. With the zeal of an old alchemist, (but with a purer enthusiasm,) he has been occupied many years in endeavoring to effect the mutual transmutation of some of the primary chemical elements, and by some of the good people of Edinburgh is looked upon as one in search of the philosopher's stone. He is a man, however, of sane, clear, and subtle understanding, of varied accomplishment, and deeply versed in his own science, the chair of which, in Edinburgh University, he narrowly missed attaining. He sometimes lectures with success in public; he published, a good many years ago, a series of tracts by "Victorious Analysis," with a high and beautiful meaning, and more recently the tragedy of *Galileo Galilei*; and so he lives on there, in Edinburgh, with one believing and helpful disciple, a life of scientific romance in an age of scientific prose. But to return. In religion, the aid had been secured of the well-known Isaac Taylor, the author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*. So that, on the whole, *The North British Review* started under good auspices, and with very fair promise of success.

Dr. Welch died the year after he had commenced the labors of editorship, and it passed for a short time into the hands of Mr. E. Maitland, an Edinburgh advocate, whence it was received by Dr. Hanna, the biographer and son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers; so that three of our chief reviews were being conducted by sons-in-law of distinguished men—*The Quarterly*, by Mr. Lockhart, a son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott's; *The Edinburgh*, by Mr. Empson, a son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey's; *The North British*, by Dr. Hanna, a son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers; while a son of James Mill was editing *The London and Westminster*. So powerful in literature, even, is the hereditary principle! Somewhat more than a year ago, *The North British* ceased to be edited by Dr. Hanna, and was transferred to Professor Fraser, its present conductor. This gentle-

man is the son of an Angyleshire minister, was educated for the Scotch Church at Edinburgh University, where he was a favorite student of Dr. Chalmers, whom he followed into the Free Kirk to become Professor of Logic in its metropolitan college. In England as well as in Scotland *The North British* is said to be doing well among reviews, not at present a very prosperous class of publications. In politics, its principles are liberal; it recognizes the interest and importance of the new social theories, without committing itself to any of them. It acknowledges the right of the State to supervise industrial arrangements, and tends towards the advocacy of a general system of education, although its religious views are orthodox, without, however, being sectarian. In addition to the contributors already named, we can mention that most shrewd and hearty observer, Mr. Samuel Laing, the Norway tourist; Principal Cunningham, and Professors Fleming and McDougall of Edinburgh; Dr. Hamilton, the earnest minister of the National Scotch Church in Regent's Square; Dr. Kitto, versed in Palestine; Thomas de Quincey, who has contributed some half dozen articles or so, among them a striking one on Pope; the Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of *Alton Locke*, whose hand we recognized mauling Festus-Bailey; and Mr. Anthony Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, who writes upon Italian literature and Italian affairs, and in a review of Sir Harris Nicolas's *Nelson Despatches*, is said to have "settled" the question whether our naval hero was right or wrong in hanging some Neapolitan prince or other. Indeed the library of the British Museum sends more than one contributor to *The North British*. Thus Mr. John Jones lately explained in its pages the system pursued in his own department, and there, too, figures Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose ingenious and subtle essays on architecture are, we confess, more to our taste than his poetry. Last, not least, among the contributors to *The North British*, is Mr. David Masson, a searching and meditative writer, chiefly on social topics, yet the critic, too, of Wordsworth and Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. But stop—we are forgetting one of the cleverest articles that have been recently published in any review—that on "The Literary Profession," which appeared about a year ago, and is from the pen of a Mr. John W. Kaye, of whom we are likely to hear more.

It had been one of the designs of *The North British* to secure the support of the

English Dissenters, but this was soon found to be impossible. Doctrinally, there was no great difficulty, but a radical difference of opinion on ecclesiastical polity presented an insuperable obstacle. The Free Kirk was friendly to the principle of an Establishment, the great bugbear of English Dissenters, or at least of English dissenting laymen. Stimulated by the appearance of *The North British*, some wealthy English Dissenters founded *The British Quarterly Review*, the first number of which came out in February, 1845, then, as now, under the editorship of Dr. Vaughan. The Doctor (a man surely of more energy and industry than parts) is the Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, a leader of the Congregational dissenters, and formerly preached in a chapel at Kensington. He is said to have been patronized, when in London, by the Duchess of Sutherland and the late Lord Spencer, and it may easily therefore be supposed that he makes some figure in Lancashire, where he is a frequent preacher, and an orator no less—in this latter capacity mainly on behalf of Kossuth, Liberty, and that sort of thing. He writes a great deal in his own review, and chiefly with the aim of diminishing the influence of such living authors of renown as he considers, from their insinuating skepticism, dangerous to the faith of the rising generation. The more marked of his papers in this branch are those on Theodore Parker, Emerson, and Carlyle. Yet an article from his pen in one of the earliest numbers of his review, entitled "The Priesthood of Letters," said a good many things which were looked on by his friends as far too bold. In theological and biblical literature he has had the assistance of Dr. Davidson, likewise of the Independent College. In political and social economy, a good deal has been done by that striking personification of prosperous mediocrity, Mr. Edward Baines, the editor of *The Leeds Mercury*. Mr. Edwards, formerly of the British Museum, and now at the head of the Manchester Free Library, contributed an instructive paper on public libraries. And here, too, in these dashing sketches of Macaulay, Carlyle, and D'Israeli, do we not once more recognize the hand of the omnipresent Mr. Lewes?

The same month of the same year that witnessed the birth of *The British Quarterly*, welcomed to the light the first number of *The Prospective Review*, the organ of English Unitarianism, as the other is of orthodox dissent. This small and modest-looking pub-

lication has been and is managed by a trio of Lancashire Unitarian ministers, the Rev. John James Taylor of Manchester, and the Rev. Messrs. Thom and Martineau of Liverpool. In general talent, although it is of a refined rather than of a vigorous kind, Mr. Taylor is considered to stand at the head of his class; and certainly none of his brethern have produced a work displaying as much acumen as his *Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*, although as sermons many Unitarians would rank Mr. Martineau's *Endeavors after the*

*Christian Life*, higher than Mr. Taylor's *Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty*. But we must leave these questions of precedence to more competent judges, and conclude with saying, that while *The Prospective*, by the nature of the case, circulates almost exclusively among the sect of whose doctrines it is the organ, yet it occasionally contains articles on neutral topics which, from their calm elegance of style and discriminating intellectuality, might be perused with pleasure by even the most orthodox.

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From the Westminster Review.

## SHELL-FISH—THEIR WAYS AND WORKS.\*

It is reported of the Orcadians that they hold in utter contempt a certain people among the Thuleans, who satisfy hunger by eating limpets, an act regarded by the prouder race as the last extremity of human meanness. The self-exaltation of the Orcadians above their conchivorous neighbors may be paralleled intellectually by the proud disdain with which naturalists have looked down upon conchologists. Your dry and prosaic mathematician, in his turn, slights the naturalist, whose studies he is apt to rank among the more trifling exercises of human intellect. The idle and self-satisfied satirist has his fling at all, and spins his filmy rhymes and pithy verses in happy ignorance, or unfeigned dislike of natural knowledge and the Royal Society.

Yet if any one of these wise men, be he Orcadian, or conchologist, or naturalist, or mathematician, or satirist, have the good fortune, so far as his stomach is concerned, to partake of a feast aldermanic, in the Egyptian Hall of the temple wherein the Neo-Babylonians annually erect a Lord Mayor, and worship him with baked offerings of venison and steaming censers of odorous turtle-soup, he shall find a wiser man in his generation at his elbow; one who holds

Thulean, Orcadian, conchologist, mathematician, and satirist alike in contempt, and makes no distinction or bones between mortals, unless they have been money-producers.

Now, to our way of thinking, all the various kinds of knowledge distinctive of each of these varieties of men are good, respectable, and worthy of mutual esteem. The knowledge of the Thulean that there is nutrition even in a limpet; of the Orcadian, that there is something better than a feast of limpets; of the conchologist, that shells are worthy of examination and admiration; of the naturalist, that there is a philosophy in shell-fish over and above their jackets; of the mathematician, that his own is among the profoundest of sciences; of the merchant, that money-making requires forethought, energy, and skill. Nor do we admit the right of any kind of knowledge to puff itself up and stamp upon any other sort, however apparently mean. There are facts worth knowing, and a philosophy worth evoking in all things, small and great; even in shell-fish and conchologists, two despised categories of individuals, often brought into contact with each other, with more advantage, however, to the latter class than to the former.

Look at an oyster. In what light does the world in general—not your uneducated, stolid world merely, but your refined, intellectual, cultivated, classical world—regard it? Simply as a delicacy—as good to eat.

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\* *An Introduction to Conchology, or Elements of the Natural History of Molluscous Animals*. By George Johnston, M.D., LL.D. London: J. Van Nostrand.

The most devoted of oyster-eaters opens the creature's shell solely to swallow the included delicious morsel, without contemplation or consideration. He uses it as a candidate for orders does an article of faith; he bolts it whole and without a question. He relishes, with undisguised *gusto*, the good living that lies embodied in a barrel of Colchester natives. He gratifies his palate, and satisfies a craving stomach. He takes neither note nor notice of the curious intricacies of its organization; he neither knows nor cares about its wisely-contrived network of nerves and bloodvessels. He clips its beard, that wondrous membrane of strange and curious mechanism by which the creature breathes, as thoughtlessly as he would shave his own. He gulps down its luscious substance unmindful that he is devouring a body and organs, which all the science of man can only dissect and destroy, without a hope of being able either to recompense or reanimate. Moreover, were Cuvier, or Owen, or any other philosopher deeply versed in the mysteries of the molluscous microcosm, to remonstrate for a moment against the cannibal act of one soft body swallowing another without understanding, and endeavor to enlighten our ostreophagist, by discovering to him the beauties of his victim's conformation, he would regard the interruption as ill-timed and impertinent, and hold by his original intention of bolting his oyster without inquiry or investigation. The world is mainly made up of such ostreophagists. Yet could we persuade them to hesitate—to listen for five minutes—we feel sure that they would live and die wiser and happier men, without the slightest diminution of the keen relish with which, in the days of their darkness, they enjoyed their testaceous prey.

On the other hand regard the mere conchologist. He eviscerates his oysters as earnestly and gloatingly as the veriest Dando. Nay, worse! he rejects, without either inspection or deglutition, the soft and tempting substance, and contents himself with the hard and unprofitable shell. He counts all its little waves and scales and ribs, without heeding whether they ever inclosed a living body. He cares not to know how they have developed with the creature's growth, and what were the features of the incipient germs. His whole ambition is centred in the wish to possess a fine example of an oyster-shell. He has gained his inglorious aim, and, after one more gaze at his beautiful treasure, goes to rest happily for the night, to dream that he is reposing upon

an oyster bed, entirely composed of choice unchipped specimens, all shells and no insides! Lucian ridiculed the philosophers who spent their lives inquiring into the souls of oysters. The satirist overshot his mark. Such wiseacres were respectable when compared with their brethren, who care for neither an oyster's soul nor body, but concentrate their faculties in the contemplation of its shell.

And yet there is a philosophy in oyster-shells undreamed of by the mere conchologist! A noble and wondrous philosophy revealing to us glimpses of the workings of creative power among the dim and distant abysses of the incalculable past; speaking to us of the genesis of oyster-creatures ere the idea of man occupied the creative mind; giving us a scale by which to measure the building up of the world in which we live, such as the mathematician, and the natural philosopher, and the astronomer, all combining, could not furnish; unfolding for us the pages of the volume in which the history of our planet, its convulsions and tranquilities, its revolutions and gradualities, are inscribed in unmistakable characters. The letters of that book are shaped in the likenesses of extinct and existing beings; plants and animals; not written slovenly and shapelessly, but drawn by a firm and sure hand. The sentences of that book are all consistent and inseparable verses of one eternal and symmetrical psalm; of a grand and harmonious hymn, plenary inspired. There can be no question about the plenary inspiration of the Book of Nature. Yet the letters of those sublime sentences are in great part despised oyster-shells and similar relics. The alphabet that we use ourselves, could we read what passes in the mind of an infant, would seem bizarre, fantastic, and incomprehensible, if looked upon without understanding of its meaning and purpose. The great majority of grown men, educated and uneducated alike, are to the alphabet of nature in the position of children. To them the oyster-shell is a mere rude and sportive device. But teach them to read and spell, to peruse and study the great Bible of Nature, and that device becomes a sign pregnant with meaning. Assuredly there is a philosophy in oyster-shells.

And then the oyster itself—the soul and body of the shell—is there no philosophy in him or her? For now we know that oysters are really he and she, and that Bishop Sprat, when he gravely proposed the study of oyster beds as a pursuit worthy of the sages



who, under the guidance of his co-Bishop, Wilkins, and Sir Christopher Wren, were laying the foundation stones of the Royal Society, was not so far wrong when he discriminated between lady and gentleman-oysters. The worthy suggestor, it is true, knew no better than to separate them according to the color of their beards; as great a fallacy as if, in these days of Bloomerism, we should propose to distinguish between males and females by the fashion of their waistcoats or color of their pantaloons; or, before this last great innovation of dress, to diagnose between a dignitary episcopal and an ancient dame by the comparative length of their respective aprons. In that soft and gelatinous body lies a whole world of vitality and quiet enjoyment. Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks "monuments of the felicity of past ages." An undisturbed oyster-bed is a concentration of happiness in the present. Dormant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beatified existence of an Epicurean god. The world without—its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, evil and good—all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unobservant even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself; yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves waft fresh and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current feeds it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills evolves its imprisoned air to freshen and invigorate the creature's pellucid blood. Invisible to human eye, unless aided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronic beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet. Well might old Leeuwenhoek exclaim, when he looked through his microscope at the beard of a shell-fish, "The motion I saw in the small component parts of it were so incredibly great, that I could not be satisfied with the spectacle; and it is not in the mind of man to conceive all the motions which I beheld within the compass of a grain of sand." And yet the Dutch naturalist, unaided by the finer instruments of our time, beheld but a dim and misty indication of the exquisite ciliary apparatus by which these motions are effected. How strange to reflect that all *this elaborate and inimitable contrivance* has

been devised for the well-being of a despised shell-fish! Nor is it merely in the working members of the creature that we find its wonders comprised. There are portions of its frame which seem to serve no essential purpose in its economy; which might be omitted without disturbing the course of its daily duties, and yet so constant in their presence and position that we cannot doubt their having had their places in the original plan according to which the organization of the mollusk was first put together. These are symbols of organs to be developed in creatures higher in the scale of being; anti-types, it may be, of limbs, and anticipations of undeveloped senses. These are the first draughts of parts to be made out in their details elsewhere; serving, however, an end by their presence, for they are badges of relationship and affinity between one creature and another. In them the oyster-eater and the oyster may find some common bond of sympathy and distant cousinhood. Had the disputatious and needle-witted schoolmen known of these mysteries of vitality, how vainly subtle would have been their speculations concerning the solution of such enigmas?

But the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo-life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gaily and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders, unincumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed, and, if in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as

its monument throughout all time; a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust, were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him unresisting to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped, and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts. If a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street fishmonger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger, or becomes the luxurious repast of a successful pickpocket.

Were it not that pains are taken to rear and cherish oyster-broods, the incessant war waged by the human race against this highly-esteemed but much-persecuted mollusk would have gone far to extirpate the species long before now. It must have been a natural instinct that prompted the first oyster-eater to make his great experiment. "Animal est aspectu et horridum et nauseosum," truly observed Lentilius, "sive ad spectes in sua concha clausum, sive apertum, ut audax fuisse credi queat, qui primum ea labris admovit." Once, however, the luscious morsel had been tasted, the horrid and nauseous aspect of the animal was forgotten. Epicures soon learned to discriminate between the various qualities of this submarine delicacy, as well as of other edible shell-fish, and to prefer those that came from some localities over others.

. . . . . "non omne mare est generose fertile testæ.

Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris :  
Ostrea Circeiis. Miseno oriuntur echini ;  
Pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum."

Thus minutely did Horace lay down the law respecting the proper places from which each favored mollusk should be procured. In the matter of oysters, however, the Circæan examples could never have equalled our own natives, and the ancient Romans deserve the warmest commendation for the justness of their taste in appreciating our British aborigines, the recognition of whose excellence, after carriage to Italy before the days of steam and railroads, was the greatest compli-

ment ever paid to a shell-fish. The epicure of whom Juvenal reports—

"Circæis nata forent, an  
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo  
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu,"

deserved to be once more called into life and being, and permitted to spend one delicious hour amid the newly-dredged natives, cultivated and civilized, after centuries of experience, to the highest degree of perfection, in a London oyster-cellar.

The consumption of oysters in London alone is indeed enormous. During the season of 1848-49, one hundred and thirty thousand bushels of oysters were sold in our metropolis. A million and a half of these shell-fish are consumed during each season in Edinburgh, being at the rate of more than seven thousand three hundred a day. Fifty-two millions were taken from the French channel banks during the course of the year 1828, and now the number annually dredged is probably considerably greater, since the facilities of transport by rail greatly increase the inland consumption of these as of other marine luxuries. French naturalists report that before an oyster is qualified to appear in Paris, he must undergo a course of education in discretion. For the artificial oyster-beds on the French coast, where the animals are stored to be carried away as required, are constructed between tide marks, and their denizens, accustomed to pass the greater part of the twenty-four hours beneath the water, open their valves and gape when so situated, but close them firmly when they are exposed by the recession of the tide. Habituated to these alternations of immersion and exposure, the practice of opening and closing their valves at regular intervals becomes natural to them, and would be persisted in to their certain destruction, on their arrival in Paris, were they not ingeniously trained so as to avert the evil. Each batch of oysters intended to make the journey to the capital is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out, until at length the shell-fish have learned by experience that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water. Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. We would not stake either our own or Dr. Johnson's authority on this conchological anecdote, which we offer with the preceding statistics (these we warrant) as

supplementary to his interesting dissertation on oyster-fisheries. We have it, however, from some of the best-qualified informants in France. In consequence of the continually-increasing consumption of oysters, the comparatively small number and extent of well-managed artificial oyster grounds, the waste and neglect of the dredgers upon those which are natural, and the limited localities in which oysters are found thriving indigenously in any considerable quantity, we believe that the time will come when the supply will be greatly decreased, and when this cherished luxury will necessarily rise in price until it may no longer, as now, find a place among the delicacies of the poor man's table. The law has done its best to preserve them, and Parliament has more than once legislated about oysters. With proper care a plentiful supply might doubtless be kept up, but they have many foes and devourers besides man. Starfishes, with greedy fingers, poke them out of their shells when incautiously yawning, and whelks assail them from above, perseveringly drilling a hole through and through their upper valves. Fortunately man at least does not carry them away from their homes until they have attained their maturity. A London oyster-man can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth; it bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth, so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the epoch of its maturity the shoots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusk is capable, if left to its natural changes and unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity. Among fossil oyster specimens are found occasionally of enormous thickness; and the amount of time that has passed between the deposition of the bed of rock in which such an example occurs, and that which overlies it, might be calculated from careful observation of the *shape* and number of layers of calcareous matter composing an extinct oyster-shell.

In some ancient formations stratum above stratum of extinguished oysters may be seen, each bed consisting of full-grown and aged individuals. Happy broods these pre-Adamite congregations must have been, born in an epoch when epicures were as yet unthought of, when neither Sweeting nor Lynn had come into existence, and when there were no workers in iron to fabricate oyster-knives! Geology, with all its wonders, makes known to us scarcely one more mysterious or inexplicable than the creation of oysters long before oyster-eaters and the formation of oyster-banks—ages before dredgers! What a lamentable heap of good nourishment must have been wasted during the primæval epochs! When we meditate upon this awful fact, can we be surprised that bishops will not believe in them, and, rather than assent to the possibility of so much good living having been created to no purpose, hold faith with Mattioli and Fallopio, who maintained fossils to be the fermentations of a *materia pinguis*; or Mercati, who saw in them stones bewitched by stars; or Olivi, who described them as the "sports of nature;" or Dr. Plot, who derived them from a latent plastic virtue?

A collection of shells is a beautiful and surprising sight: beautiful, since more exquisite examples of elegance of form and brilliancy of color cannot be found through the wide range of natural objects, whether organized or inorganized; surprising, when we consider that all these durable relics were constructed by soft and fragile animals, among the most perishable of living creatures. Still more surprising is such an assemblage when we reflect upon the endless variation of pattern and sculpture which it displays, for there are known to naturalists more than fifteen thousand perfectly distinct kinds of shells, each presenting some peculiarity of contour or ornament, distinguishing it from every other sort. Then, again, whilst multitudes of species present constant and invariable features, others, as numerous, are capable of changing their dress so capriciously that scarcely two individuals can be found exactly alike. Some, too, obey in the coiling of their whorls the most exact geometrical rules, whilst others are twisted and twirled into fantastic likenesses of cornucopiæ and trumpets, without regard to symmetry or direction. Yet every one of the fifteen thousand and more kinds has a rule of its own, a law which every individual of each kind through all its generations implicitly obeys. Thus there is a liberty to vary



given to some, whilst others are rigidly bound by immutable rules of the utmost simplicity; but to none is allowed the license to depart, unless in the exceptional case of useless and abnormal monstrosities, from the law of its specific organization. The researches of the naturalist have made him conversant not merely with the fact of these myriads of modifications of the type of the molluscan shell, but also with the laws obeyed by whole groups of forms, and the principles which may be evoked from the careful and minute study of species and genus. Thus a science arises out of the knowledge of conchological details, and truths are elicited which bear importantly upon the elucidation of the laws of life and being throughout organized nature. The formation of the shell itself is but an example of a process at work equally in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A shell, whether simple or complicated in contour or color, is the aggregate result of the functional operations of numberless minute membranous cells, the largest of which does not exceed one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and in the majority of instances is less than one two-thousandth of an inch. In the cavities of these microscopic chambers is deposited the crystalline carbonate of lime, which gives compactness to the beautiful dwelling-house, or rather coat of mail, that protects the tender mollusk. How astonishing is the reflection that myriads of exactly similar and exceedingly minute organs should so work in combination that the result of their labors should present an edifice rivaling, nay, exceeding, in complexity yet order of details and perfection of elaborate finish, the finest palaces ever constructed by man! Throughout nature we find the same complicated results attained by the same simple mechanism. The flower of the field, the shell of the sea, the bird of the air, the beast of the forest, and man himself, are all so many cell-constructions, wings of the one wonderful animated edifice, whose masons we may behold through the aid of instruments of human construction, but whose architect is beyond the power of mortal science to comprehend. Everywhere the naturalist discovers the hand-prints of an omniscient Designer, but must humbly content himself with endeavoring to develop the unity and benevolence of the design.

The mollusk in building up its house does not always labor for itself alone. The brilliant lustre and gleaming iridescence of its shelly envelope are not always destined to remain hidden in the depths of ocean, or im-

mured within mountains of rock. The painted savage appreciates its pearly charms, and plunges beneath the waves to seek the living joints of his simple necklaces and armlets, or to supply his civilized brother with highly-prized materials for more elaborate ornaments.

Mother-of-pearl, as it is called, is the nacreous portion of the shells of certain mollusks belonging to very different orders. Its charming coloring is not due to pigments, but caused by the arrangements of the layers of membrane and solid matter of which it is composed. The nacreous shells which furnish it are now sought for greedily wherever they can be obtained in sufficient quantity, and form articles of considerable import. From our own seas, or rather from the sea around the Channel Isles, we procure the *Haliotis* or Sea-ear to use it in the decorations of papier-maché work, and other and larger kinds of the same curious genus are brought from the shores and islands of the Pacific Ocean for the same purpose. They furnish the deep-colored and richer-hued dark green and purple mother-of-pearl; the brighter and paler kinds are derived from the shells of the pearl-oysters, almost all inhabitants of tropical regions. The nacre of pearls themselves is identical with the substance of these shells. These jewels of animal origin, so highly prized for their chaste beauty, are only the rejected or superabundant secretions of a shell-fish, consisting of concentrically-disposed layers of animal matter and carbonate of lime. In most instances they are consequences of the attempts of irritated and uneasy mollusks to make the best of an unavoidable evil; for, rendered uncomfortable, their peace of mind and ease of body destroyed by some intruding and extraneous substance—a grain of sand, perchance, or atom of splintered shell—the creature incloses its torturing annoyance in a smooth-coated sphere of gem-like beauty. Would that we bipeds could treat our troubles so philosophically, and convert our secret cankers into sparkling treasures! It is not to be wondered at that the earlier naturalists ascribed the production of pearls to other causes than the true one, believing them to be congealed and petrified dew or rain drops falling from heaven into the cavities of gaping shell-fish, thereby supplying the poets with a suggestive hypothesis, out of which many a beautiful verse and quaint conceit has sprung. There is, indeed, a version of malacology peculiar now to the poets, but originally derived from the fanciful dreamings of



unobservant zoologists, or their credulous acceptance of the narratives of superstitious fishermen and exaggerating travellers. To it belongs such pretty but imaginary actions as the voyages of the nautilus, floating with outspread sails and paddling oars on the surface of unruffled seas, the terrestrial expeditions of the cuttlefish, and the dew-drop theory of pearls. Long after such errors have been investigated and exposed, and consequently expunged from the text-books of scientific students, they retain a tenacious hold of more popular treatises, and keep their accustomed place in the compilations put into the hands of children. Indeed a general revision of all the pretended facts of science, stereotyped as it were in school-books, is becoming more and more desirable every day.

Excellent and estimable as many shell-fish are, a few partake of a reputation by no means creditable. There are among them creatures exceedingly obnoxious—poisoners and sickeners. Mussels, above all, have a bad name, yet the quantities of them brought to the London market and purchased as treats by the poor (for the richer classes despise them) are very great. In Edinburgh and Leith about 400 bushels of mussels, that is, about 400,000 individual animals, are used as food in the course of the year.\* A statement has lately gone the round of the newspapers to the effect that, during the two months ending in November last, no fewer than 330 tons of mussels have been sent by rail from Conway to Manchester, in consequence of the opening of the Chester and Holyhead Railway. These were brought in bags, of which sixteen went to a ton, and each bag was sold at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings. Yet on many parts of our coast the mussels remain ungathered, for the people believe them noxious, and every now and then the doctors register in the sanguinary periodicals devoted to their profession, authentic cases of poisoning by these shell-fish. Yet the number of persons killed or wounded by this virulent though savory mollusk is but small; almost minute when compared with the number of mussel-eaters. One man "musselled," however, makes more noise in the world than a million unharmed; just as the fate of a single victim of a railway accident overpowers all our recollections of the myriads who travel safely every day. Like railways, too, mussels sometimes upset people in batches. In 1827 the

town of Leith was thrown into commotion and fearfully frightened, in consequence of the hostile proceedings of a number of these fish-in-armor, who, after having for many years conducted themselves quietly and digestibly in the stomachs of their devourers, suddenly waxed rebellious, and were declared to have insidiously poisoned many hundreds of human beings, though, as with great battles, the number of the fallen was wickedly exaggerated, very few really having been killed, and no more than two score wounded. The victims of these attacks are thrown into convulsions; often partially paralyzed; their skins, in many instances, become covered with nettle-rash. Why such symptoms should supervene has sadly puzzled physicians. No rule seems as yet to have been made out; so that if a man will eat mussels he must just trust to his stars. The chances of safety are a million to one in his favor. A restless night and hideous dreams are likely to be the worst results of his indiscretion. There is a bivalve shell-fish called *Anomia*, remarkable for having a hole near the beak of its under-valve, through which a fleshy plug is protruded to serve as a cable and moor it to the rock. It strikingly resembles an oyster, and when of ample size has been treated as such, and eaten. Its pungent flavor tickles the palate; but if once tasted it should be immediately rejected, since this oyster, peppered by nature, is exceedingly pernicious, and apt to produce very ugly symptoms in its consumers. In it we have an instance of a mollusk reputed harmless being in reality dangerous. Evil qualities are, however, more frequently assigned to animals unjustly. An example of this we find in the sea-hare or *Aplysia*, which from very ancient times has been held in bad repute as a malignant. The ancient Romans regarded this sea-slug with exceeding horror, and believed that its aspect alone caused sickness, nay, death itself, sometimes, in its beholders. Pregnant women were brought to bed before their time, if unluckily they caught sight of this ill-omened creature. Its scent was said to infect the air. The fool-hardy meddler who handled it, swelled and possibly burst in consequence; at any rate his hair fell from his head and chin. Subtle poisons were concocted from its slimy corpse. With these *Locusta* drenched to death the enemies of Nero, and prepared a like beverage for the crazy tyrant himself, but his stomach could not muster resolution to receive the odious draught. An inquisitive virtuoso could not marry a rich widow in those days without having the sea-hare sum-

\* *History of British Mollusca*, vol. ii. p. 175.

moned as a witness against him: Apuleius, having done so, was accused of magic; a very strong proof against him being his employment of fishermen to procure *Aplysia* for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity by a careful examination of them. The poison itself was reputed subtle and peculiar in its action, killing very slowly and deliberately, not absolutely destroying life until after as many days as the sea-hare itself had lived after having been taken out of the sea. Its employment, however, was not safe to those who used it, for it betrayed its presence by too many peculiar symptoms in the human sufferer, who gave out an odor from his body similar to that attributed to the mollusk. Even in these enlightened days, fishermen all over the world—Britons and Italians, Malays and Polynesians, devoutly believe in the evil qualities of this sea-slug. How strange that so prevalent, so far-extending a superstition should be absolutely groundless! All modern naturalists of reputation who have examined the sea-hare about its poisonous qualities, have agreed to pronounce it guiltless of the crimes laid to its charge. This *bête noire* of fishermen and compilers is a pretty, harmless, quiet, inoffensive creature, crawling among the rainbow-colored seaweeds that fringe most rocky shores just beneath low-water mark; sporting with *Doris* and *Antiopa*, and other graceful nymphs of the briny waters, who in these prosaic times reveal themselves to men in the diminished shapes of delicately-robed mollusks. The *Aplysia* might stand as the representative of a thousand similar vulgar errors. Erroneous fancies about the qualities of animals and plants are elements of popular belief. Often, as in the instance we have just been recording, it is almost impossible to trace even the shadow of a foundation for the popular notion. Fictions of this kind have an astonishing vitality, and survive in defiance of general intellectual progress. They are changeable and pertinacious as some of those surprising creatures which the microscope brings within the compass of our ocular ken—now contracted into an almost inconceivable point, now swelling into sizeable masses; round one moment, square the next; shooting out limbs at pleasure, and retracting them as rapidly; capable of disappearing for a season, and on the return of favoring conditions, becoming as vivacious and astonishing as before. So very few persons have acquired in the course of their education even the rudiments of natural history science, that it is almost impossible

to argue with, still more to convince them, about the erroneousness of their baseless superstition respecting animals and plants. In nine cases out of ten they appeal to the experience either of themselves, or of some equally ill-informed friends, on whose judgment they place confidence. It is not merely the uneducated or partially educated who sin in this foolish way; scholars and mathematicians are as prone to be confident in their capacity to pronounce judgment upon matters requiring a peculiar training and study ere they can be correctly observed, as peasants and fishermen. The evil will not be remedied until training in the methods of observation, and instruction in the elements of natural history, form part of the necessary education of youth. None but a naturalist can conceive the astounding folly of the prevailing ignorance about even the commonest biological phenomena.

There is, however, a mollusk, the worker of ten times more mischief to mankind than ever the sea-hare was accused of doing, savagely as that poor innocent has been slandered. The shipworm or tere-do is a bivalve shell-fish, which, as if in revenge for the unceasing war waged by mankind against its near relative the oyster, seems to have registered a vow to extinguish the vitality of as many human beings as lies within its power. That power, though exercised by an insignificant shell-fish, is a prodigious one, for ever since mankind turned attention to nautical affairs and went to sea in ships, the tere-do has unceasingly endeavored, unfortunately with too much success, to sink their marine conveyances. Nor have vessels alone been the object of its attacks, for many a goodly landing pier has it riddled into shreds, not to speak of bolder attempts, such as the endeavor to swamp Holland by destroying the piles of her embankments.

The shipworm is the only mollusk that has ever succeeded in frightening politicians, and more than once it has alarmed them effectively. A century and a quarter ago, indeed, all Europe believed that the United Provinces were doomed to destruction, and that the tere-do was sent by the Deity to pull down the growing arrogance of the Hollanders. "*Quantum nobis injicere terrorem valuit,*" wrote Sellius, a politician who suddenly became a zoologist, and a good one too, under the influence of the general alarm, "*quum primum nostros nefario ausu muros conscenderet, exilis bestiola! quanta fuit omnium, quamque universalis consternatio! quanta*

pavor ! quem nec homo homini, qui sibi maxime alias ab invicem timent, incutere similem, nec armatissimi hostium imminentes exercitus excitare majorem quirent." In our own country, although we undergo no danger of being suddenly submerged, as our Dutch neighbors might be, we have suffered seriously in our dockyards and harbors by the operations of the shipworm, to which the soundest and hardest oak offers no impediment. As a defence against it, the underwater portion of woodwork in dockyards has been studded with broad-headed iron nails. Like most mollusks, the teredo, though fixed when adult, is free in its young state, and consequently enabled to migrate and attach itself wherever mischief can be done by it. Thus ships at sea are attacked, and no wood has yet been found capable of defying its efforts. Even teak and sissoo woods, hard as they are, dissolve before it with rapidity ; and though the chemical process of kyanizing timber successfully defeats the ravages of time, it fails before the voracity of the teredo. By a remarkable instinct, the shipworm tunnels in the direction of the grain of the wood, whatever be its position, and thus succeeds in its purpose with destructive rapidity. The tube with which it lines its bore is sometimes nearly two feet and a half in length ; it is not always straight, for if the creature meets an impediment sufficiently hard to defy its power, it takes a circuitous course, and thus gets round the obstacle. In like manner it avoids any interference with its fellow-shipworms, winding round them in such a way, that at length a piece of wood attacked by many teredos becomes transformed into a knot of calcareous tubes. The tube is not the true shell of this dreaded mollusk. That body is to be sought for at its innermost extremity. It consists of two very small curved valves, united at their beaks, and beautifully sculptured on their surfaces. The pipe or tube is a limewalled shaft, intended to keep up a communication between the animal and the watery element necessary for its existence, and to protect the soft body and long fleshy siphons of the creature. How the cavity in which it lives is excavated is still a matter of discussion among naturalists. There are many shell-fish endowed with the instinct to burrow into wood or clay, or even hard stone ; and it is not yet certain whether they do so by mechanical or by chemical agencies, or by a combination of the actions of an auger and a solvent. Many sea snails, as well as bivalve shell-fish, have the power to perforate solid substances ; and some of

the predacious kinds exercise this faculty to the detriment of their brother shell-fish by boring through their outer coverings, and extracting the juices of their bodies by means of long soft extensile trunks. There is reason to believe that this operation is effected by the aid of the siliceous teeth which stud their long ribbon-shaped tongues. These microscopic teeth are beautiful objects, exhibiting regular and constant shapes ; so constant, indeed, that by mere inspection of a fragment of the tongue of a sea or land snail, the naturalist can pronounce to a certainty upon the affinities of the creature to which it belonged. Even its particular genus may be verified ; and in a few years (for this kind of research is as yet novel and only commenced) probably its very species may be thus determined. These teeth are arranged in transverse rows upon the tongue. From an ordinary individual of the common limpet, a tongue two inches in length may be extracted, armed with no fewer than 150 or more bands of denticles, twelve in each row, so that in all it may possess nearly 2000 teeth. The limpet uses this elaborate organ as a rasp with which to reduce to small particles the substance of the sea-weeds upon which it feeds. In some of our common garden slugs as many as 20,000 teeth may be counted. Wonderful, indeed, is this complication of minute organisms !

Throughout nature apparent evils are compensated by unnoticed benefits. Destructive as the shipworm unquestionably is, nevertheless we could ill dispense with its services. Though a devastator of ships and piers, it is also a protector of both, for were the fragments of wreck and masses of stray timber that would choke harbors and clog the waves, permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injuries to property that would result would soon far exceed all the damages done and dangers caused by the teredo. This active shell-fish is one of the police of Neptune : a scavenger and clearer of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating or sunken timber with which it comes into contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it a hundred are really saved ; and whilst we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that without its operations, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and venturesome mariners doomed to watery graves.

Shell-fish had once the reputation of being among the dullest, most inert, and stupid of



living animals. "Les mollusques," wrote Virey, even within our own time, "sont les pauvres et les affligés parmi les êtres de la création ; ils semblent solliciter la pitié des autres animaux." Their senses were believed to be developed but imperfectly, and in the majority not at all. At the same time marvellous manifestations of intelligence and sensibility were occasionally attributed to favorite or popular species, usually on account of actions for which they deserved no credit ; at best, mere instinctive impulses or even convulsive contractions. The older writers on natural history, especially, sinned in this way. Hector Boethius reported of pearl mussels, that they had so quick an appreciation of the treasure contained within their shells, as to close their valves carefully and firmly on hearing the approach of a footstep, or desecrating (how, the witness deponeth not) the greedy shape of a fisherman upon the bank overhanging their translucent home. And Otho Fabricius, a much greater authority, indeed one of the best observers of his time, asserted that the *Mya byssifera*, a bivalve indigenous to the seas of Greenland, moored itself by a cable or remained free and unattached after due consideration of the circumstances in which it was placed ; a nearer approach to the truth, however, than the ingenious figment of Boethius. The fool told King Lear, that the reason why a snail has a house, was "to put his head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and have his horns without a case ;" which wise and significant explanation was as good an interpretation of the fact, as many a one gravely set forth in the ponderous tomes of Rondeletius and Aldrovandus. The wisdom of the snail, however, met with its highest appreciation from Lorenz Oken, that mistiest of philosophic naturalists, yet at the same time one of the most far-seeing and suggestive. To him (alas ! the past summer has witnessed the death of this venerable teacher, and, in spite of all his absurdities, true genius) the snail was the very embodiment of circumspection and forethought. To use his own words, he saw in it "the prophesying goddess sitting upon the tripod." "What majesty," he exclaims, "is in a creeping snail ! what reflection, what earnestness, what timidity, and yet at the same time, what firm confidence ! Surely a snail is an exalted symbol of mind slumbering deeply within itself." In plain truth, however, there is no need to give shell-fish credit for acts and doings that belong not to their intentions. They have sufficient acuteness and sensibility in their own peculiar

way, and their instinctive proceedings are often very surprising. In every collection and museum may be seen the turbinated top-shell called Phorus, that by some tasteful impulse decorates its turreted whorls with fragments of variegated pebbles or shells of other kinds than its own, cementing them to its dwelling-house symmetrically and at regular intervals, something in the manner that the members of the Carlton Club have struck parti-colored stones at proportional distances over the front of their palace in Pall Mall, or as Mr. Hope has done on his somewhat ponderous shell in Piccadilly. Nay, more curious still, the Phorus will sometimes occasionally let its taste get the better of compassion, and seize upon a little sea-snail weaker than itself, but possessed of fatal attractions of sculpture or color, and regardless of the agonized writhings of its captive's neck and tail, remorselessly suspend the victim for life from the battlements of its testaceous tower : as if the members of the said Carlton Club had impaled some stony-hearted but handsome reformer on their chimneys or the sharp angles of their frieze. Mark any snail, be it aquatic or terrestrial, in the act of crawling, and observe how cautiously it gropes its way, gently and deliberately inspecting with its slender and pliant tentacles each impeding object, and apparently gathering an instantaneous knowledge of the nature and composition of the opposing body. Its actions manifest all the delicate perception and judgment with which a blind man explores with his staff the ground over which he is passing. The mollusk has the advantage over the man of carrying an eye at the end of his rod. This eye, indeed, is not the complicated organ that gives such powers of vision to animals higher up in the scale of creation. It is a true eye, however, although probably not intended to discern the exact shapes of objects, yet sufficient to ascertain the presence or absence, and possibly, in some cases, the nature, of interrupting bodies ; certainly to perceive the different degrees of light and darkness. Among the members of the highest tribes of mollusks, the eye becomes more perfect and complicated in its organization. The actions of the cuttle-fishes would lead us to the inference, that these strangely-shaped and cunning creatures actually saw things as well as any of the inferior vertebrata. Among the lowest tribes, on the other hand, it is reduced into a mere light-perceiving point, a colored representative of a visual organ. In the common Acallopp, and some allied bivalves, the eyes are placed in a very ex-



traordinary position, being arranged in shining rows along the borders of the creature's cloak or mantle, starring the edges immediately within the margin of the shell and in front of the tender and filamentous gills; as if a man should bear a row of eyes instead of buttons upon his coat and vest, a place for them by no means inappropriate or inconvenient, if, like acallops, he were deprived of a head. The sense of smell is clearly possessed by slugs and snails, for fresh food, as long ago observed by Swammerdam, attracts them towards it. In what particular organ lay the faculty was, however, a matter of dispute; and Cuvier went so far as to surmise that in these animals the whole surface of the skin might be susceptible of perceiving odors, as if the mollusks were just so many animated and independent noses. But Owen has of late years shown that in the nautilus, at least, there is a distinct and specially organized smelling organ; and the indefatigable naturalists who do so much honor to their town of Newcastle,\* have demonstrated, among sea-slugs much lower in the molluscous series, elaborately-constructed organs of smell, the true significance of which had previously been undiscovered.

Strange as it may seem, next to touch, the sense most generally distributed among shell-fish is that of hearing. The ear or hearing

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\* Mr. Alder, Mr. Albany Hancock, and Dr. Embleton, all of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The researches of these gentlemen among the mollusks are among the most elaborate and admirable that have been conducted during the present century. The beautiful monograph of the British Nudibranchiata, published by the Ray Society, a union of naturalists, deserving of general subscription and encouragement, is the work of the two former naturalists.

organ is of very curious structure. It consists of one or more hyaline capsules, each supplied with its special auditory nerve. In this little cavity or sac are contained sparry crystalline corpuscles, composed of carbonate of lime, varying in number in different species of mollusks. These minute bodies are in continual motion, vibrating backwards and forwards, rotating on their own axes, or rushing with violent motion towards the centre of their prison, whence they are as violently repelled. A careful tracing of the relations of this curious mechanism to the well-developed and unquestionable organs of hearing in higher animals, leaves no doubt respecting their functions. Indeed, it would seem that among much lower types of animal life than shell-fish belong to, the sense of hearing is manifested by similar rudimentary organs. Our knowledge of the extension of the senses among the mollusca is of very recent date; yet inquiries into this matter have not been undertaken of late years only. These creatures have been favorite subjects for the inquiries of anatomists for two centuries back. But nature seems to dole out her secrets gradually and in portions, so that we may have due time to meditate upon the significance of each fact, and be more and more impressed with the imperfections of human science, and the necessity for continued and persevering research. "In these discoveries," writes Dr. Johnston, "you have a lively example of the nicety of anatomical researches in our times. In my student days it was questioned whether any mollusks besides the cuttles had eyes; and it was agreed on all hands that they were earless and surd. Behold the change a few years have made in our knowledge of this branch of physiology!"

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SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep, than that in one of Leigh Hunt's papers in the *Indicator*: "It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle

failure of the perceptions comes creeping over; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

From the Eclectic Review.

## DANIEL DE FOE.\*

HUMAN nature, which must worship, worships the Dead rather than the Living. To award extraordinary praise to a man while he is among us is generally avoided, as though it were a tacit admission of inferiority. But when he is dead, he seems to be removed beyond comparison. Men do not then wound their own pride by being fair to him; they rather gratify it in the very act of praising, which at that period is a sort of assumption of equality, if not of superiority.

To the truly great man, however, human praise or blame is of small value. He knows its worthlessness, and looks to a higher Judge. He runs his course steadily, although no hand is raised for him—although all hands are raised against him; and when it is over, he goes calmly to his rest. To him it matters little if the earth resounds with praises or reproaches—for there is another and a better world.

This truth is illustrated in the life of the extraordinary man whose name heads this paper. He pursued an honest and manful course; he was hated, and persecuted, and wronged in every way by his contemporaries; but posterity have done him justice, and there are few hearts now that refuse respect, if not reverence, to his name. But the general public do not know how many claims he has on their esteem. They associate his name with his "Family Instructor," "Religious Courtship," "Memoirs of the Plague," and, above all, "Robinson Crusoe." But all these were works of his old age. His chief labors were as a politician and Nonconformist; and he was a sufferer in the cause of religious liberty. The fact is, that De Foe had no biographer worth notice till more than fifty years after his death. Since then several memoirs of him have seen the light; but scarcely any of them deserve to see light any longer. They lack the animation and reality which their subject demands. The energetic hero of them shows calm and passive under

treatment. They are as lifeless as he is. The best is that by Mr. Wilson, whose elaborate and painful work will always be the standard for future biographers; but it is written with a diffusiveness of style not calculated to lure those who begin it, to the end.

This is so opposed to what should be the case, that we think it well to present a brief account of his life and opinions, touching chiefly on his career as a politician and Nonconformist.

To go no further back in his pedigree, his father was a butcher in Cripplegate, where Daniel was born in 1661. His parents were Independent Dissenters; their minister, Dr. Annesley, was once rector of Cripplegate, but, having seceded from the Establishment, preached in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

Under such care, he was brought up in the strictest rules of the Dissenters of those times. The sect was then comparatively small, for it was dangerous to belong to it; and true piety had then, as it would have now, under similar circumstances, but few votaries. As Lord Bacon says of virtue, we may say of religion—it is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.

Of his early years we know little. They were overshadowed, we know, by one cloud—the Great Plague. He was in London all the while it raged; his father judging that his family was as safe there as anywhere else, if it were God's pleasure they should be preserved. The scenes he then saw, and constantly heard of, remained, though he was very young at that time, indelibly impressed upon his mind, but he did not write about them till many years after.

In 1675, at the age of fourteen, he was put to Mr. Morton's academy, or college, in Newington, where, he afterwards says, the pupils had one advantage over those in the established universities; namely, that while, in the latter, the tutors were careful about the dead tongues, and had all their readings in Latin and Greek, in this one, the tutors

\* *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe.* By Walter Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple. In Three Volumes. London. 1834.

gave all their lectures and systems, whether of philosophy or divinity, in English; by which, of course, great advantages were gained. For, as he says, it seems absurd to the last degree that preaching the gospel, which was the end of their studies, being in English, the time should be spent in the language which it is to be fetched from, and none in the language it is to be delivered in. And to this error he humorously attributed it that many learned, and otherwise excellent, ministers preached away their hearers; while jingling, noisy boys, with a good stock in their faces and a dysentery of the tongue, though little or nothing in their heads, ran away with the whole town.

The languages, however, were not neglected. He learned Latin and Greek, Italian and French. He also appears to have acquired a good stock of mathematics, geography, logic, and the like; although the bent of all his studies was primarily towards the office of the ministry.

But it was not intended that this should be his career. He was to preach from the press, and not from the pulpit. He was solemnly set apart to the clerical profession; but in the impatience of no common genius, he so mixed himself with political controversies, sharp-witted discussions, and secular matters, that it was found necessary, as time drew on, to withdraw him from this employment.

Two years afterwards, he began authorship; and it appears that his worthy parents got over his disgrace at college on learning that he was likely to become of some note and use as a defender of Nonconformity, and in the troubled atmosphere of politics. It seems to us as if he never lost sight of his original destination, though he left the regular road to it—we mean preaching; but that, in the majority of his writings, he was constantly aiming at the spread and growth of true and unfettered religion.

Among his earliest pamphlets was one which has not descended to us, but being on a subject nearly akin to certain recent transactions on the continent, we may notice it here. The Emperor of Austria had goaded the Hungarians into rebellion. These poor people were Protestants, and the Emperor a Papist, which made matters worse. They appealed for aid to neighboring Protestant countries, but without success. On this they called in the Turks, who were then a brave nation, and with them they pressed the Emperor so hard, laying siege to Vienna, that *Sobieski, King of Poland*, fearing lest the

Mohammedans should get footing in the very heart of Europe, raised a large body of troops, horse and foot; and, suddenly coming on the Turks, defeated them with great slaughter. The question in England was, whether it was right to help the Papist Emperor, who had dealt very unmercifully with his Protestant subjects, and many said, no; but De Foe thought, that their calling in the Turks quite overbalanced the scale against the Hungarians—it not being the interest of the Protestant religion to have even Popery itself thus extirpated. In fact, he said, he had rather the Emperor should tyrannize than the Turks. “For the Papist hates me because he thinks me an enemy to Christ and his church; but the Turk hates me because he hates the name of Christ, bids him defiance as a Saviour, and declares universal war against his very name.”

This was the first time he differed from his friends in politics, many being much offended with him, for which he expressed his sorrow; but, having carefully examined his opinions, he would not suppress them when he believed them to be true. This was one of the noblest traits in his character. He was as incere man. He began life by boldly avowing what, after mature consideration, he believed to be the truth; and he continued to do so in spite of persecution, and loss of friendships, and of money. No sleek, variable man, he—bending and yielding to the opinions of others, either from courtesy or fear. He feared nothing but his Conscience: that was the only critic who could make him afraid. Unlike the great body of his contemporaries—unlike the great body of our contemporaries, too—he thought for himself; he ascertained the truth for himself; and then he would not hide it, but proclaimed it on every side, although dungeons, and pillories, and fines, as well as arguments, were brought against him.

In 1685, Charles II. died, leaving the nation in a truly pitiable state. Morality, honesty, religion, and all other virtues, were not only neglected, but ridiculed in every way. Such things could not be suffered in another reign. Divine right was a straw to prop such a fabric; and though James II. came to the throne with fair promises, it was no sooner known that any amendments were proposed with a view to the establishment of Popery, than the whole body of Protestants in the nation determined to make a stand against him.

Their first efforts failed. With a number of others, mostly Dissenters (for the reve-

nues of the Church not having been as yet fingered, that body only looked on,) De Foe joined Monmouth when he landed in June, 1685. The expedition was badly managed: had it been otherwise, he states that it must have succeeded, for half the Dorsetshire nobility would have joined the Duke but for his ill-timed proclamation of himself as king, and the denunciation of Albemarle and Faversham as traitors. These and other follies worked against them; and on Sedge-Moor the army was scattered by James's forces, and Monmouth was afterwards taken. De Foe did not wait for the issue, but escaped to London, where he managed so well as not even to be suspected of a share in that business; nor would it have been known at all, if he had not himself divulged it years after.

This event, however, made him seriously consider whether he was not losing his time by thus mixing in the battles of politics, which he could neither direct nor allay. He was recommended to a respectable manufacturer, then in want of a London agent; and, after a struggle, he was persuaded to lay politics partly aside, and commence as a broker. His offices were in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill, where Royal Exchange Buildings now stand.

But he did not take kindly to trade. It was solemn drudgery to him; and he hankered after politics and adventure, just as a jockey turned ploughman would hanker after the chase when he saw his field alive with hunters in full course. Accordingly, he took a very early opportunity to join once more in controversy; and when James, to encourage the Papists, proposed the free toleration of Dissenters, he wrote a pamphlet to caution his fellow-Nonconformists against accepting such a gift, not granted by Parliament, but by the royal dispensation alone. It was plain, he said, that it was wholly inconsistent with the constitution, and done only to create a feud between the Dissenters and the Church, that the Papists might find a weak and divided camp, and so get the day. Here, again, he offended some of his friends, who told him that he was a young man, and did not understand the Dissenters' interests, but was doing them harm instead of good; to which, when time undeceived them, he only returned the words of that young man to Job, for which God never reproved him—"Great men are not always wise, nor do the aged understand judgment." In fact, though he had said he had rather the Popish Austrians should ruin the Protestant Hungarians than that the Infidel House of Otto-

man should ruin both Protestant and Papist in Germany, yet he would rather have the Church of England pull the Dissenters' clothes off by fines and forfeitures than that the Papists should fall both on Church and Dissenters and pull their skins off by fire and fagot.

This was a strange time in our ecclesiastical history. The Nonconformists held the real balance of power, and, had they joined with King James, the Prince of Orange might as well have stayed in Holland. But they would not do this. The Church had cruelly plundered them, yet they chose rather to be under a Protestant than a Papal governor, and so saved the Church of England from her enemies.

De Foe's account of the conduct of that Church in her straits is very amusing. The clergy, he says, became the very opposite of what they had been, and were the foremost to cry up peace and union, pressing the Dissenters to forget unkindnesses, and come into a general league against the danger that threatened them; and they were "their brethren, the Dissenters," and "their brethren that differed from them in some things," now that it was evident if the Nonconformists joined Rome *they* would be undone. To these sudden friends, however, the Dissenters paid little or no heed; they preferred their tyranny to Papal tyranny, and therefore did not intend to side with Rome, which, when they found, the Church party took courage, and the crisis of our history arrived.

James had grown proud, in consequence of his success against Monmouth, and pushed his prerogative far beyond its rightful limits. Mass-worship was openly practised in many places, and the offices of trust and high pay were filled with priests. The Protestant feeling of the nation would bear no more, and proposals were made to William of Orange, who landed at Torbay on the 4th November, 1688. De Foe regrets, in one of his tracts, that he could not leave his business so long as to go there to meet him, but he joined the march at Henley.

It seemed as if the whole people of England had, with one consent, risen for their deliverance. Where they could they joined William; where they could not do that they assembled under the gentlemen and nobility, and drew together in great bodies at York, Nottingham, and elsewhere. The enthusiasm was so great that a sudden terror fell on the enemy's camp, and when the people looked for at least a battle, the whole Popish pack had vanished, like spectres at cock-crowing.



De Foe tells many tales of this excited time; how poor James parted with his dignity, and courage, and crown altogether. He gives the best account of his escape from Faversham by boat, and his return, and how, being recognized, he was nearly mobbed; how he applied, but without effect, to a clergyman for protection, reminding him of the doctrine of divine right of kings so much preached and professed by his cloth. And he satirically expresses his wonder how the clergyman could so suddenly have forgotten the doctrine, just as the King was dethroned. If he had forgotten it when the throne was firm, and Judge Jeffreys the lion rampant on the arms, it would have been another thing, but,

“ ’Tis natural in man to save his own,  
And rather to be perjured than undone.”

As soon as William heard how James was handled he sent a coach and guard for him, and had him brought to London, where his presence being inconvenient, he allowed him to pass to Rochester, and thence, on the first opportunity, he escaped to France.

Thus, as De Foe says in one of his papers, was the public peace of Britain preserved, and the religious and civil liberty of the country were rescued from the ruinous projects of Popery and tyranny. The crown was effectually secured in the hands of Protestants, it being, once for all, declared inconsistent with our constitution to be governed by a Roman Catholic; and not only this, but the right of the people was proved to dispose of the crown even in bar of hereditary title—that is, to limit the succession of the crown. By which article De Foe—who hated divine right as much as the Stuarts hated freedom—saw a thorough suppression of that absurdity.

But still he was disappointed with the Revolution, because of the scanty allowance made to the Nonconformists. It angered him to see how foolishly that party acted—unlike men of sense, and men who had been so long ill-used. He would have had them make just and reasonable conditions with the Churchmen; not the Low Churchmen only, but the High Flyers also. Both, as he said, wanted the Revolution equally, and would have given any terms. Schools, academies, places—they might have been all had under hand and seal—they could not have been denied at that time. But the simple Dissenters ventured their liberty on a parole of *honor*, when they might have secured it by

express stipulation, and we all know the result. It has been too much our practice. Our chief men, long in opposition, are flattered when their powerful antagonists are humbled, and ask for terms; and they are easily induced to play the magnanimous part, and trust that to generosity which they should insist on as their right. Let us be awake in these times, when we are again holding the balance of power; and, while we secure our freedom as Protestants, take heed that we free ourselves from our Protestant chains.

However, when the Church property was once more settled, a bone was thrown to the Dissenters, by the Act of Toleration in 1689. This was much against the desire of the High Church party, whose affection for their “brethren that differed from them in some things” was now over. But De Foe could hardly attend to these things at that time, having met that fate, as he says, which imprudence is sure to bring, even if unattended with negligence, such as we fear must be charged to him. His brokerage business appears to have answered well, but he was not content with it. He traded on his own account, and, indeed, overtraded; and although many do this and succeed, our great merchants often making their chief money, that is, the first of it, at risk of the insolvent court, yet the system of false capital is utterly rotten, and those who pursue it deserve to fall.

There were other causes, however. He was a hosier; but, although the “*bluestocking*” has long been the sign of feminine litterateurs, we do not find that authorship was happily blended in the case of De Foe with trading in the article itself. In fact, his soul was not in what he did in Cornhill; and some heavy losses in 1692 forced him to a deception which he abhorred, and he absconded from his creditors.

He who has nothing, can pay nothing; and, to keep a man in perpetual prison for debt, De Foe argued, was murdering him by law. To avoid this, he escaped in time; but we record it to his honor, that he eventually paid every one nearly twenty shillings in the pound.

After a short absence from his country, which he dearly loved, and was always loath to quit, the temper of his creditors proved friendly, and he returned. He was solicited by some merchants to settle at Cadiz, as a broker once more, put Providence, he says, who had other work for him to do, placed a secret aversion in his mind to quitting Eng-

land, and made him refuse the best offers of that kind, to be concerned with some eminent persons at home in proposing ways and means to the Government. Some time after this he was made accountant to the commissioners of the stamp duty, in which service he continued till the termination of their commission in 1699.

After this he formed a company for making pantiles, which, till then, had been wholly imported from Holland; the works were at Tilbury, on the Thames. De Foe was made secretary; but the scheme had not much success, and at last, owing to the barbarity of his enemies, it was ruined.

Meanwhile he did not cease writing. It will be impossible for us in this sketch to refer to all his labors, for he was a far greater literary phenomenon for productiveness than even Sir W. Scott or Southey. We shall, however, omit none of the most important.

The high Tory party had soon tired of the Revolution, and William found both plentiful and malignant assailants. Among their most current nicknames for him was foreigner and alien; and, as De Foe narrates, a vile abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verse, came from one Mr. Tutchin, called the "Foreigners," in which the author fell personally upon the King himself, and then on the Dutch nation; reproaching his Majesty with crimes that his worst enemy could not think of without horror, and summing all up in the odious name of FOREIGNER. Such conduct filled De Foe, as he says, with rage, and he wrote the "True-Born Englishman."

This was his first truly popular work. Hitherto he had plied in the shoals and narrows, but now he put boldly out to sea. His cause was good, and he sincerely loved it; he set himself to defend a great and noble man, and he succeeded. He covered the opposite party with ridicule; he showed how foolish it was to suppose such a person as a true-born Englishman could exist, seeing that every nation under heaven had intermixed with us, and he concluded with some strong and hearty lines, which, being the best, as well as the essence of the whole, we will quote:—

"Then let us boast of ancestors no more,  
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore;  
For if our virtues must in lines descend,  
The merit with the families would end,  
And intermixtures would most fatal grow,  
For vice would be hereditary too.

"Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,  
And see their offspring thus degenerate;

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How we contend for birth and names unknown,  
And build on their great actions, not our own;  
They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,  
And openly disown the vile degenerate race;  
For fame of families is all a cheat—  
'Tis personal virtue only makes us great."

The poem had numerous faults, as had all his poetical works; so many and so apparent, as he says, that even his enemies could not avoid blundering on them. But it contained so much sense, and did so much good to the liberal cause, that the King himself noticed him, made a friend of him, and employed him on several services. What these were we can never know, but that they were important he himself informs us. He seems to have honored, and even loved, the so-called stern William, and never suffered the royal memory to be abused. We do not at all doubt that he told the truth when he said that the King would never have suffered him to be so persecuted and ill-treated as he afterwards was, if he had been spared. He adds, with true sorrow, "Heaven for our sins removed him in judgment." He wrote many political pamphlets at this time, but we hasten on to a more stormy period of his life.

On Queen Anne's accession, she having been brought up in the High Church sect, the zealous of that party—as the hot men of all sides do—thinking the game in their own hands, and all other people to be under their feet, began to run into mad extremes. The Nonconformists immediately saw that they had acted foolishly in leaving the whip in their enemies' hands. They were as completely shut out of all places and chance of rising in the State now, as they had been in the worst days of Papal tyranny. Their hard-gained Act of Toleration was nullified as much as possible; and De Foe raised a cry of warning.

But the Dissenters were like a rope of sand, and would nowise hold together. Some among them, esteeming their views so far as not to conform to the Church, but not esteeming them so far as to forego worldly distinctions for the sake of them, allowed occasional conformity, as it was called, by which, for the sake of office, they attended church, took the sacrament kneeling, and otherwise conformed to the Establishment, though at heart Dissenters.

Now De Foe hated half-men, as all sincere men do. He had—(and we take this opportunity to say, that in speaking of his opinions we use his own language as much as possible, though without the confusing inverted commas)—he had written a pamphlet on

this subject in 1697, when Sir Humphrey Edwin, the Lord Mayor, took the sword and traps of office to church in the morning, and to the chapel at Pinner's Hall, Broad street, in the afternoon, of the same Sunday. But the question dropped at that time, and there was no particular occasion to revive it till 1701, when Queen Anne having ascended the throne, and Church pretensions having grown higher, it was necessary to stand more sternly than ever to principle.

In this year Sir Thomas Abney was Lord Mayor, and followed Edwin's example; he both conformed to the Establishment and dissented from it, which De Foe took to be cause for scandal. It does not appear that he found any other fault with Abney. We all know something of him from his munificent and Christian treatment of Dr. Watts, whom he invited into his family after a violent fever, and kept in his house till he recovered, and for many years after. But in this occasional conformity he was wrong, and De Foe acted the part of a faithful monitor in reproving him for it. It was an ill example for the chief magistrate of the chiefest city in Christendom to dodge religions in this way; to communicate in private with the Church of England to save a penalty, and then to go back to Dissenters from that Church. De Foe, feeling strongly on the subject, addressed a new edition of his "Enquiry" to Sir Thomas Abney's minister, at Pinner's Hall, the Rev. John Howe, who had been a Churchman, but was afterwards a persecuted Nonconformist. De Foe's object was to draw from Howe some defence, if he approved, of the practice, or to give him an opportunity to declare against it if he did not, without the offence of a voluntary announcement.

But he got no satisfaction: he ought to have chosen a younger man; for John Howe was gone on too far in his way to heaven to be dragged back to the controversies of this troublesome world. Doubtless the eminent piety of the author of "The Tears of the Redeemer over Lost Souls" caused De Foe to address his preface to him, and he not unnaturally expected to be answered when Howe published a tract on the subject. However, the great theologian merely said that he would not enter into controversy on the circumstantial of religion, believing that every man must answer to God, who would not be severe on a wrong judgment.

De Foe returned to the charge. To Howe's somewhat strong expressions concerning him personally, as also to his argu-

ments on what did not touch the question, he was brief, his object being the question itself. And he maintained, as we think, with great clearness and truth, that he who dissents from an established church, except from a true principle of conscience, is guilty of sin in making a wilful schism; that he who conforms to an established church against his conscience is guilty of a great sin; that he who dissents and conforms at one and the same time must be guilty of one of these sins; and that he who has committed either of these sins ought not to be received again on either side, except as a penitent.

And whereas, in his tract, Mr. Howe had spoken of the differences between the Church and Dissenters, as though the points at issue were but trifles, De Foe said, that if they differed only about trifles, the Dissenters would have much to answer for in making so large a chasm in the Church. But he denied that they were such, and stated that he dissented because of the episcopal hierarchy, political ordination, and royal supremacy—because of the imposition of things owned to be indifferent, as terms of communion, and the like; adding, that no one pretends to dissent in everything, but that the above were not, in his opinion, trifles: if they were, he would conform. To all this, however, Mr. Howe made no further reply, and the Government soon took up the matter, nearly passing a bill to prevent occasional conformity in future.

But this was not De Foe's aim. He saw the scandal of occasional conformity as regarded the Dissenters themselves, but he also felt bitterly the crying shame of excluding the most liberal body of Protestants in the country from all place and power in the Government. For surely the nation cannot be said to be represented in Parliament, while one sect holds the keys of the great gates of the State, and lets none in but through their baptisms, confirmations, and other formalities of religion.

The part which De Foe took in this question, however, was badly received by some of the best men among the Nonconformists of that day, and made them less willing to assist him when he fell into trouble for their sake, which happened soon afterwards. For, finding that their enemies grew fiercer every day, and that the Act of Toleration was being continually narrowed, he fell, he says, into a sort of fury, and produced one of the most extraordinary pamphlets that ever issued from the press.

He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the High Flyers, or, as we should say, High Churchmen, and collecting all their venom, put it into form. And when Sacheverell preached a sermon called the "Political Union," in which he urged all true sons of the Church to raise the banner of defiance against the Dissenters, De Foe sallied out with his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," and made some jump on their seats. He pretended to be a High Flyer himself, and began by rejoicing that the Dissenters had, on Anne's accession, lost the power they had enjoyed nearly fourteen years, to eclipse, buffet, and disturb the poorest of all churches. But now, he said, seeing their day was over, they were all for peace and mutual forbearance, wishing, like *Æsop's* cock after he was unperched, to preach up union. "But no, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "your day of grace is over: you should have practised moderation and charity, if you expected any yourselves—it is now our turn." He then went on to speak of the fatal lenity (?) which had been shown them by James I. and Charles I., in their being suffered to colonize New England, instead of being sent to the West Indies, (the transportation of those times,) or by some other method cleared out of the nation! "If this had been done," he said, "the anointed of God would never have been murdered (Charles); we should have had no sordid impostor set up (Cromwell);" and more to that effect.

After this he turned to the reasons offered why the Dissenters should be tolerated, answering them plainly. To the reason that they were very numerous, and made a great part of the nation, he said that the Protestants in France had been more so, but the French king had effectually cleared the nation of them on St. Bartholomew's day, and did not seem to miss them; and the more numerous they were, the more dangerous, and therefore the more need to suppress them: adding, that if they were to be allowed only because their number was an obstacle to their suppression, then it ought to be tried whether they could be suppressed or not. To the reason that it would be inconvenient to have internal strife in war time, he adduced the success of suppressing the old coinage during the late war, and said that the nation could never enjoy peace till the spirit of Whiggism and schism was melted down like the old money.

He then undertook, in his character of Churchman, to show the Queen what she ought to do as a member of that Church,

whose doctrines he took care to show were charity and love. This was, in short, to renew fire and fagot; and he excused it by showing how toads and snakes, being viperous, are destroyed out of charity to our neighbors, and whereas these are noxious to the body and poison life only, the others poison the soul. It is in vain, he pursued, to trifle in this matter. If the gallows, instead of fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be many sufferers: the spirit of martyrdom is over; they that go to church to be chosen sheriffs or mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. He then turned with his satire on the system of fines. "We hang men," he said, "for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming, but an offence against God and the Church shall be bought off for five shillings! this is such a shame to a Christian government, that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity." He then reprovved such Dissenters as said with Mr. Howe that the differences between the sects were on trifles—making use of it as an argument why they should be compelled to give up such whimsies. So he closed his case, with a few sentences calling on all good Churchmen to uproot the schismatics and shut the door of mercy.

The effects of this pamphlet were extraordinary. Every one was deceived. The Low Church party were terrified at this bold proposition of red-hot persecution, fearing to be forced into it, or compelled to join the Dissenters. The Dissenters fell into a kind of stupor at so positive a threat of war to their barren liberties. And the High Church people were delighted to have their secret wishes so thoroughly set forth; Sacheverell himself not having dared hitherto to name the stake and gallows.

It is to us, we confess, a perfect mystery how any one could have been deceived. Party spirit is the most dull and earthy of all spirits. The banter is so evident on the very face of the thing, that none but religious disputants could have doubted it. De Foe often boasted of having a letter by him from a Churchman in the country to his bookseller, which was as follows: "Sir, I received yours, and with it that pamphlet which makes so much noise in the world, called 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' for which I thank you. I join with that author in all he says, and have such a value for the book that, next to the Holy Bible and sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have. I pray God put



it into her Majesty's heart to put what is there proposed in execution." Truly if his belief came from no more deep study of his Bible and Comments than he could have given this tract, it was of small value.

No sooner, however, was the authorship of the satire traced to De Foe than a storm burst on his head. The High Flyers were ashamed at having been so thoroughly deceived, and vexed at having their designs so discovered and given to the world by an Independent; and they blushed when they reflected how they had applauded the book, and as they were now obliged to condemn it, so they were hampered betwixt doing so and pursuing their rage at the Dissenters. The greater part of them, in order to condemn the author, condemned the principles, for it was impossible to do one without the other, and they labored in print and in the pulpit to clear their Church of the slander. But this still answered the writer's end; for, the more they censured the practices he recommended, the more they condemned such wretches as their pet Sacheverell. But he had wounded the tenderest part of these men's human nature; and few men can pardon a wound in their self-esteem. They might have overlooked, or answered, an insult, but he had made them laughing-stocks to themselves, and their very discovery of this made them laughing-stocks to the world. So they resolved to punish him. A reward of fifty pounds was offered for his apprehension; and his pamphlet was burnt by the hangman. He wrote a defence, but it availed nothing. His printers were arrested, and he, to save them, gave himself up to the law, which treated him with the utmost cruelty. He was tried at the Old Bailey in June, 1703, having lain in prison six months. He was advised to plead guilty, with many half promises that if he abstained from defending himself he would find mercy. In this his own lawyers concurred, and he accordingly did so. But it was a snare. He was found guilty; there was no recommendation to mercy; and his sentence was—a fine of 200 marks; to stand thrice in the pillory; to be imprisoned during pleasure; and to find sureties for good behavior for seven years.

This infamous sentence was sufficiently severe in itself. But its consequences were severer still; from being in respectable circumstances, he was reduced to ruin. His Pantile Company was completely broken up; and he had no other means of supporting his wife and children, while in prison, than by

his pen. Besides which, he lost the countenance of many of his friends, who could not believe an innocent man would be so severely punished.

The brave man was not to be subdued by means like these. He was put up in the pillory at Temple-bar, in Cheapside, and at the Royal Exchange, where every second man knew him; but, by a poem which he circulated among the people, he turned the disgrace of the punishment upon those who inflicted it. "Hail! hieroglyphic state machine," he exclaimed, addressing the pillory,

"Contrived to punish Fancy in."

"Tell all people that De Foe stands upon it:—

"Because he was too bold,  
And told those truths which he should not have told,  
That thus he is an example made  
To make men of their honesty afraid!  
Tell them the men that placed him here  
Are scandals to the times,  
Are at a loss to find his guilt,  
And can't commit his crimes!"

For this publication, however, the Government did not care to prosecute him, having already gone too far that way.

And now he turned with stern determination to provide bread for his family. We cannot give an abstract of all he wrote in his imprisonment; we shall only refer to some of the chief topics. In his "Reformation of Manners," he says of the slave traders, respecting their infamous traffic, which had never before been censured:

"The harmless natives basely they trepan,  
And barter baubles for the souls of man:  
The wretches they to Christian climes bring o'er,  
To serve worse heathens than they did before."

Thus stepping far in advance of his age in this as in so many other things. He wrote several pamphlets in defence of the Dissenters from various enemies, as well as against the High Church party. He entered into the question of "The Liberty of Episcopal Dissenters in Scotland," in which he adverted (as afterwards at greater length in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland") to the miseries and brutalities to which they had been subjected by the High Flyers in past and present times. We wish that poor Aytoun had read some of his statements before he put out his absurd prose prefaces to the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." De

Foe now turned his pen to the defence of suffering Nonconformity in Ireland, where the Episcopalians, under pretence of preventing the growth of Popery, had got the Dissenters shut out of all place and power in government.

His most extraordinary work, which he commenced and carried on in prison, was the "Review," a periodical which he at first issued once, then twice, and ultimately thrice a week, writing the whole of it himself, and continuing it for nine years. This, independently of his other elaborate works, written at the same time, is a feat unparalleled in the history of letters; and considering the variety, pathos, wit, and satire contained in it, would have served, if he had left no other works, as an imperishable monument of his genius.

In 1704 his enemies' administration ended, and Harley entered office. De Foe's almost boundless talents and invention, although employed under all the disadvantages of personal captivity, had naturally drawn much attention to him. Many attempts had been made to win him, but in vain—he was not in the market; they could not buy the indomitable Dissenter. But Harley was almost one of his own school, and though he could not buy his services, he got him set free from prison, and afterwards made a useful public servant of him. He left Newgate in August of that year.

He retired with his family to the country, where he continued his literary labors. But malignity followed him there. He was said to have stolen from custody; this he answered by offering himself to the officer who said he had a warrant against him. His works were reprinted in a garbled form. His Reviews were stolen from the coffee-houses to prevent their being read. His debts were brought up that he might be prosecuted. He was summoned before magistrates on frivolous pretences. He was harassed in every conceivable way. At one time, he says, he had fifteen letters threatening to kill him, some naming the very day and manner of the murder.

Still he held on his way; steadfastly walking by that inner light of truth which was his constant guide. Not too peacefully, however, for he took every occasion to show his scorn of his opponents. He was several times waylaid, but came to no harm; and he told his enemies that he put such trust in God and his own rectitude, that he should adopt no other caution against them than to stay at home at night, because he was per-

sued they would not do their murderous work by day; or by day, he would wear armor on his *back*, because he was sure they would not attack him face to face.

So time passed. Space fails us to speak of his controversies and tracts much further. We had purposed to enter on his belief in apparitions, and his ludicrous imposition on the credulity of the public, in order to sell Drelincourt's terrible book of divinity on the "Fear of Death." We must pass these by, however, to speak very briefly of one or two more of his greatest works.

In 1706, he went to Scotland in a diplomatic character. The object of his mission was the union of that country with England. There he was, at first, very unpopular, but he conducted himself so well that at last he became somewhat of a favorite. His services were repaid with a pension on his return to England in 1708. He wrote several very popular works at this time, but the best is the "History of the Union," a huge quarto, now seldom to be met with, but which we should much like to see reprinted. It contains some of the most vigorous passages that ever came from his pen. When in the commencement of this year Harley left office, De Foe prepared to fall with his semi-patron; but Harley would not have it so, and passages to the honor of all parties occurred, by which his pension was continued by Harley's successors.

We can but allude to his writings against the Pretender—against theatrical performances, which he condemned, as men of experience in them usually do; and upon the subject of literary copyright. Far-seeing, and gifted with the courage necessary to propound the almost innumerable schemes that crossed his mind—schemes which were then ridiculed, but are now adopted—he was, of course, subject to the most virulent attacks. His old enemies were ever persecuting him, and in business, and in letters alike, he met with care and misfortune sufficient to have crushed a less resolute man.

When George I. came to the throne, and the Whigs, on whose behalf De Foe had written and suffered so much, regained power, the ungrateful treatment he received from them seems to have saddened and subdued the spirit of the great man. Old age was stealing rapidly upon him, and disappointment, and poverty, and persecution, were doing their swift work. It seemed as though the stern conqueror of the strongholds of tyranny and priestcraft was about

to fall into the back ground, and his sun was to go down in darkness. Yet he made one great effort to defend his career, and in his "Appeal to Honor and Justice," he has left a piece of pathetic self-defence, which few we think who know his life can read unmoved. "By the hint of mortality," he says, "and by the infirmities of a life of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a very great way off from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity; and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage. Wherefore I think I should even accounts with this world before I go. I am unconcerned at the rage and clamor of party-men; but I cannot be unconcerned to hear good men and good Christians prepossessed and mistaken about me. However, I cannot doubt but it will please God at some time or other to open such men's eyes. A constant steady adhering to personal virtue, and to public peace, which, I thank God, I can appeal to him, has always been my practice, will at last restore me to the opinion of sober and impartial men, and that is all I desire." But this self-defence was not completed ere a stroke of apoplexy laid him low.

And now comes the most wonderful part of our tale. He languished for six months, (Mr. Chalmers says six weeks,) between life and death, at the end of which time his constitution suddenly threw off his disease, and he returned once more to the world. But he was no longer a dispirited and broken man. Like a phoenix new rising from the ashes, he came from the bed of sickness as with new youth, with fresh energies and renovated powers.

He devoted them almost entirely to fresh pursuits. Thirty years of political struggling was enough even for him. His first work was "The Family Instructor," written in dialogue. Its object was the revival of family religion, which had visibly decayed; and the piety, as well as the nature and good sense pervading it, have kept it popular till the present day.

His chief labors were, however, in fiction; and the series of imaginative works which he now poured forth, will, as Mr. Wilson says, entail honor on his name, as long as true genius, consecrated by moral worth, shall be esteemed. His stores of reading, and his intimate knowledge of mankind, were now turned to account. His fancy and judgment had been ripened, and, at the same time, *chastened*, by his many sufferings. The first

and greatest of these works was "Robinson Crusoe."

The number of genuine good works that have been refused by "the trade," is extraordinary. "The Fathers," as Southey calls them, are a timid race. Novelty is the worst characteristic of a book with them; good common-place matter is the safer card. It has ever been so. Not to speak of "Paradise Lost," and works of olden times—in our days "Pelham" was refused, and "Vestiges of Creation" was refused; and "Mary Barton" went round the trade. "Vanity Fair" was rejected by a magazine. We need not wonder, therefore, that no one would undertake "Robinson Crusoe." It was at last bought for a mere trifle by an obscure bookseller; while, if De Foe could have published it at his own risk, it would have made his fortune.

Who does not wish that he still had to read this extraordinary work for the first time? It is one of the eras in a boy's life when he gets this book. Full of life and incident, it enchains the attention from first to last, while the wisdom contained in it, and the depth of religious coloring with which it is pervaded, endear it to the heart, as long as truth and beauty have a place there. The style is plain and matter of fact, but no one notices the style while reading it. All is so natural, and unaffected, and real, that its truth seems beyond question, and on putting it down, the universal wish is, with Dr. Johnson, that it was longer.

His subsequent fictions, if not equal to Robinson Crusoe, are extraordinary in their degree, from the same causes. We can only name them: "The Dumb Philosopher," "Captain Singleton," "Duncan Campbell," "Colonel Jacque," "Memoirs of a Cavalier." The last named is, perhaps, superior in genius to all the rest. Then came the "Memoirs of the Plague," which is full of pathos and exciting interest and truthfulness. Its reality is in fact intense; we become spectators of the scenes in the grass-grown streets; we hear the bellmen cry, "Bring out your dead," and see the dead-carts wending to the pits and emptying their fearful burdens. The subject is, indeed, revolting; yet the treatment of it is so impressive, as well as interesting, that the reader is compelled to finish the book when he has once begun it.

Besides all these, our wonderfully fecund author—who we think must have exceeded Voltaire, or even Lope de Vega, in quantity as much as he did in quality—wrote three

long works (two of them novels) on subjects which we shall not further name, not being in accordance with the better morality of our time. Our knowledge of them is from secondhand, but we believe they did not at all derogate from his own character.

Then followed "Religious Courtship," "A Tour through Great Britain," "New Voyage round the World," "Essay on Apparitions," "System of Magic," "Political History of the Devil," "Complete Tradesman," "Captain Carleton," with numerous tracts, chiefly on social subjects. Amongst these was one "Augusta Triumphans," which contained a project for a London University and for a Foundling Hospital, both of which we have seen carried out in our days. These, as well as his poetical works "Caledonia" and "Jure Divino," deserve elaborate criticism, but we must be content with naming them.

He was now (1780) an old man of seventy, afflicted with both gout and stone. He seems to have borne these sufferings with equanimity, looking forward in religious confidence, as he had done from his youth, to that time when he should drop his pains for ever in the grave. His circumstances appear to have become once more somewhat easy, and he might fairly have expected to close his eyes in peace. But the world he had done so much to improve, harassed him to the last.

Some creditor came on him this year, as it seems from sheer malice. He was imprisoned for a short time, and then released. To save what money he had for his children, from an enemy whom he describes as perjured, he made it over to one of his sons, in trust for two unmarried daughters and his aged wife. But his son proved worthless. "I depended upon him; I trusted him," he writes to his son-in-law; "I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands. But he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound, under hand and seal, beside the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me." Yes, the brave heart that had showed an undaunted front to all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," could not bear up under

this dreadful treachery. Committing the desolate ones to this son-in-law's protection when he should be gone away, "I would say," he added of himself, "and I hope with comfort, that 'tis yet well. I am near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases, *Te Deum laudamus*. It adds to my grief," he concluded, "that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts to his last breath." His last breath was not far off; in a few weeks the hand of death came mercifully upon him, and his toils, and sufferings, and sorrows, were for ever over.

In summing up his character we must notice the two great features of it: his intense *sincerity*, and his no less intense determination that, as far as possible, it should be sincerity about *the truth*. Always looking to another tribunal than that of man, he passed unwavering on his wonderful career. Living in a troubled time, he took his side, and having taken it, stood fast. He dared to be moral in an age of vice, and to be personally pious in an age of formalism. We have abundance of sentimentalists about us in the matters of religion, and so had he. But he dared to speak openly about Him in whom he trusted; in his tracts, and histories, and novels—in the greater part of these two hundred works which have come down to us, we find him, whenever there is a suitable occasion, speaking of the great truths of revelation. And though many of his faults, and they are all on the surface, are such as we cannot now palliate, they were mostly those of a heated and controversial age, and never those of an evil heart; in Mr. Wilson's words, "Religion was uppermost in his mind; and he reaped its consolations"—may we not hopefully add, "its exceeding great reward also."



From the Quarterly Review.

## KEW GARDENS.

IN one respect there is little difference of opinion about a garden—that it is a good thing to have and a pleasant thing to use and enjoy, even temporarily and briefly. But if we go a step further, and look at the various modes of use and enjoyment—the forms, purposes, projects, reflections, and speculations of which gardens have been made the subject—we find a wondrous amount of diversity. Gardens, in the first place, ought to furnish only pure delights. “God Almighty,” says Lord Bacon, “first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works.” And yet gardens of old were systematically made scenes of voluptuousness and indecency under the sanction of religious rites. Their tutelary deity was in outward form the most disgusting of the heathen Pantheon. The emblems then used to typify the reproductive powers of nature were indeed gross and sensual. We may not uncharitably believe their alleged hidden meaning to have been the shallowest of excuses for the raising of vile ideas. Gardens, again, should be gay—and Watteau has appropriately pictured them as saloons and ball-rooms—thus carrying out the idea of a full-dress promenade, in which the French of the old *régime* delighted. But Hervey’s “Reflections on a Flower Garden,” though well-meant, are so dull and doleful that the reader suspects he has taken up the “Meditations among the Tombs.” What would become of the earth—he asks, as a cheering topic—if the sun were gone? “Were that radiant orb extinguished, a tremendous gloom would ensue, and horror insupportable.” Ordinary ladies and gentlemen would not see much analogy between an avaricious curmudgeon and an unopened blossom. Hervey, however, is more perspicacious:—

“On every side I espy budding flowers. As yet they are like bales of superfine cloth from the

packer’s warehouse. Each is wrapt within a strong inclosure, and its contents are tied together by the firmest bandages; so that all their beauties lie concealed, and their sweets are locked up. Just such is the niggardly wretch whose aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminate upon himself.”

To the laborious Nehemiah Grew, M.D. and F.R.S., his garden was a school of anatomy and a dissecting room, wherein he endeavored to trace the secret processes of vegetation; while the respectable Gerard took a wider as well as a more prepossessing view:—

“For if delight may provoke men’s labor, what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered worke, set with orient pearles and garnished with great diuersitie of rare and costly jewels? . . . Giue me leaue onely to tell you that God of his infinite goodnesse and bounty hath, by the *medium* of Plants, bestowed almost all food, clothing, and medicine vpon man.”

With such recorded examples (which we could multiply *ad libitum*) people will plead for the indulgence of their respective horticultural whimsies; nor would we deny the claim;—but if the right of private judgment is allowed to others, we hope it will be tolerantly extended to ourselves. Now the leading idea at the present moment is, that there must be made, somehow and somewhere—and there soon will be made, else the public will fret itself to death—a vast covered garden, in which we are to have we know not what, in we know not what way exactly. Something of the kind is inevitable. Smithfield is to be a Ward’s Case of several acres, where cryptogamic students will be able to extend their knowledge of moulds and mycelium; the Crystal Palace—whether kept where it is or re-erected elsewhere—is to be a conservatory containing ponds blooming with *Victoria regina*, (the singular number would be unseen in such a space,) and yet remain cool and dry; or Battersea fields, when not under water, are to bear the

honors of a winter garden; or the whole of London is to be put under a glass roof. No project, based on this principle, is too wild to be entertained with attention and discussed seriously. But there may be lookers-on who believe that the people are seized with a remittent covered-garden fever—an infatuation from which they will recover by-and-by, though perhaps after much outlay and disappointment, and after two or three fortunes have been made by those who minister to the mania. But what can a cool and disinterested dissentient do, except treat Master John Bull as a spoiled child clamoring for an expensive toy, which, when he gets it, may do him more harm than good? A good-natured friend will endeavor to soothe and comfort the capricious young giant. He cannot immediately have his glass-roofed garden—still the dear infant shall be shown what pretty gardens he nevertheless has to play in. He shall not be too much contradicted for fear of spoiling his temper, which must not be with a young gentleman come of such a good family and with such large expectations. He shall be shown where to pop his head and shoulders into Naples or Madeira any day of the year (except Sunday) that he chooses; and if that will not do, he shall have a little Calcutta to call his own; but his guardians and tutors cannot quite yet consent to a Sierra Leone.

Let us, in short, respectfully suggest that it would be prudent and wise to know and enjoy the good things we do possess, before running headlong after new inventions, and craving for acquisitions of uncertain usefulness. "The slothful man," we have been of old admonished, "roasteth not that which he took in hunting." Englishmen in general are not justly chargeable with slothfulness, but if the power of accumulation be indulged to a degree greatly disproportionate to the faculty of concocting and digesting, the folly of the sluggard is in reality committed. And is not *Kew* one remarkable enough instance of an accumulated hunting, as yet but half or a quarter roasted and digested? It is only just beginning to be known throughout the country as a *public* treasury of a certain class of facts. A principal bookseller in an important provincial town, of whom we ordered the "Guide" a few months ago, was unacquainted with it, and thankful to become cognizant of the existence of so useful a little book, "*for the sake of chance purchasers and general readers.*" The number of visitors to the Gardens has of late increased greatly, and may be expected to do so still

more, now that, by the liberality of her Majesty, and the judicious arrangements of the director, the *pleasure-grounds* are thrown open *daily*—Sundays not excluded—during the summer months.

Everything relating to Kew indicates what a vast quantity of vegetable prey we are constantly taking, by the industrious hunting of our *employés* all over the world. In George III.'s time, the Old Arboretum—five acres—was considered sufficient to contain all the hardy trees; now, two hundred acres are not thought too much. Our venerable Pinnock, of course on the authority of Linnæus, states that "it is supposed there are upwards of *twenty thousand species* of plants, which compose what naturalists have termed the *Vegetable Kingdom*; nor will this number appear so very surprising when we consider that the whole surface of the earth is covered with them." In 1851, the private herbarium of the director of Kew Gardens contains 150,000 species, which number, however astounding, falls far short of those yet to be discovered and collected.

The plants here have attached to them, with but few exceptions, their scientific name, and, when it can be given, a plain English one, with the native habitat. But we are not here, as in St. James's Park, mystified and confounded with the information that willows are *Salicineous* trees, and walnuts *Juglandeous* trees; that *Berberis vulgaris*, the common barbery, a native of Britain, is a *Berberideous* shrub—and that *Corylus arborescens*, the arborescent hazel, a native of Siberia introduced in 1829, is a *cupuliferous* shrub. The same school of science would perhaps add the information that Mr. Flam-borough, who is staring at the black swans, and who cannot make head or tail of *cupuliferous*, is a bimanous mammal from the coast of Yorkshire, and that his little friend Pincher, who has been refused admission by the gentleman in bottle-green, is a canine quadruped from the Hebridean Archipelago.\*

There is hardly a variety of horticultural appetite, unconnected with the orchard and the kitchen-garden, which may not be reasonably gratified at Kew. It is the *Encyclopædia* of such matters, presented to the

\* The date of the introduction of plants is valuable—but the majority of such dates can only vouch that the plant was settled here *before* a given year. Aiton, in the preface to his *Hortus Kewensis*, says:—"Some plants are by tradition known to have been introduced by Robert James, Lord Petre, but the times when are utterly forgot. To remedy as much as possible this inconvenience, they are always stated as having been introduced before 1742, the

eye in the shape of facts instead of printed words. Thus, when the Pino-maniac enters the beautiful iron gates—almost worthy, as was said of those for the Baptistery at Florence, to be the gates of Paradise—instead of proceeding to the attractive architectural conservatory before him, he is arrested, in summer, by two large specimens, in tubs, of the *Araucaria Cunninghami*, or Moreton Bay Pine, on either side of the principal walk. These are to him the pillars of Hercules, which he courageously passes; and turning sharp to the left, is at once in the Mediterranean expanse of the Old Arboretum. Still on his left is a noble specimen of the *Pinus Laricio*, or Corsican Pine, something in the way of the Scotch fir, but with a more airy and upright carriage. By this handsome tree he is reminded of the very circumscribed native home of several of his favorites, and resolves to cultivate them with the greater diligence, from the consciousness that if their tribe is by accident brought low in its original habitat, it will utterly perish, unless he aids in disseminating it. Cephalonia, like Corsica, claims a pine to herself—and it bears her name. Another, *P. occidentalis*, not yet in the gardens, is supposed to be confined, or nearly so, to Cuba. The true pines have another limit; *they* are restricted to the northern hemisphere, though *coniferous* trees are brought from the southern. A fine ruin of a Cedar of Lebanon illustrates the former contingency. There are now in England more individuals of this species, first brought home by Dr. Pococke, than in all the range of Lebanon put together. Next to the *P. Laricio* is the ever scrubby *P. Pumilio* of Carniola; the *P. Pinaster* looking not at all at home—(the sea-side might suit it better: ) —succeeded by a true Scrub Pine, *P. inops*, from North America, presenting the curiosity of a weeping fir. A Deodara Pine, and a species called *P. macrocarpa*, from California, on either side of the path, are rivals in beauty. Immediately to the right is an unknown tree from Japan, called *Taxodium distichum*, var. *nutans*, with a straight taper stem and bark spirally twisted like the horn

year of his lordship's death. Mr. Miller, in his Dictionary, often mentions plants as having been communicated to him by Dr. Houstoun; but he frequently omits the time when he received them; these, therefore, are stated as having been introduced before the Doctor's decease—in 1788 "

Mr. Aiton, and after him his son and editor, did their best to arrive at more precision in these matters;—but we cannot say much for their success.

of the Narwhal. Its neighbor is the true Deciduous Cypress, the *Taxodium distichum* from North America—a very elegant and feathery tree. These are only the most obvious members of the coniferous party at hand. Proceeding, the visitor leaves on the right the Temple of the Sun and a grand Cedar of Lebanon;—the Palm House, like a gigantic bubble, is just visible in the distance, and draws him on, in spite of the temptation to linger. Soon, an avenue of standard roses receives his footsteps; but to continue even in that flowery path is impossible, for to the left appears what might be a tree of the very olden time, out of the German coal-mines or the quarries of Craig-leith—the *Araucaria imbricata*, the oldest specimen in Europe, brought home by Vancouver after his voyage round the world. Larger individuals exist in the far eastern (or western) banishments of the Old World, but *seniores priores*. On one of the topmost branches appears something like a bird's nest:—it is a cone or globe. Such have been put forth for several years past, but all in vain. The tree is a solitary female. The hapless *Araucaria* mourns her absent lord; and, unlike that wonderful instance in the Great Palm House, to be noticed presently, attests the sincerity of her sorrow by producing only imperfect nuts.

These dicecious plants are sad puzzles to the popular mind. But the enthusiast in pines, when he enters the Museum, will there find, contrasted with the abortive English fruit, native specimens from the mountains of Chile. The cone of the *Araucaria imbricata* grown in the garden, and with imperfect seeds, is nearly globular, and has an equatorial circumference of  $16\frac{1}{2}$  inches; another, from South America, similar in form, measures in the same way 20 inches; another  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The nuts are 2 inches long, plump and smooth; and knowing that they are eaten for dessert, like the kernels of the stone pine in Italy, one longs to taste of the forbidden fruit. In a neighboring compartment of the case are other monstrous cones—e. g. that of *Pinus Coulteri*, (not unanimously allowed to be a synonym of *P. macrocarpa*,) measuring 10 inches from apex to base; of *P. Lambertiana*, 13 inches: but the top of the tree are the cones of Bidwill's *Araucaria*, the Bunyah Bunyah, from Moreton Bay, North-East Australia, as big as a child's head, and shaped like a pine-apple, only without the crown. The nuts are even larger than those of *A. imbricata*, and resemble a chestnut in flavor. The aborigi-

nes of Australia at the proper season migrate to the pine-woods for the sole purpose of collecting them as an article of food: so that unless we, civilized, cool philosophers, as is probable, exterminate the natives, they may in their barbarous ardor exterminate the tree. It is, no doubt, well worth the saving, being indeed one of the highest aristocracy of the vegetable kingdom; but, unfortunately, it is tender here. Attempts are made to keep it protected and trained against a wall like a peach tree—a curious situation for any Conifer to find itself in. The beautiful *Cryptomeria Japonica*, not hardy in Scotland, is hardy at Kew. Several other noble trees, however, as the *Sophora Japonica*, make this distinction between the north and south sides of the Border.

But instead of the coniferous amateur, we will suppose a small mixed party started in quest of any botanical or horticultural marvels that may seem worth staring at. Such visitors will probably, on first entering, follow the crowd, and make for the Architectural Conservatory. It will gratify the curiosity of many to know that three greenhouses, exactly alike, were erected at Buckingham Palace, from designs by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville; and that in 1836 William IV. had one of the three removed bodily to this place. The second has been converted into a Chapel Royal—and the third is still a conservatory at the Palace; so that her Majesty's subjects here behold the exact counterpart of the building which fulfils the same office in the private grounds of royalty. In this they will find an extremely rich collection of bottle-brush-flowered, zigzag-leaved, gray-tinted, odd-looking things, to most eyes rather strange than beautiful, notwithstanding that one of them is named *Banksia speciosa*. They are the "Botany Bays" of old-fashioned gardeners, but are more in the shrub and tree line than that of flowering pot-plants. *Banksia Solandri* will remind them to turn to their Cook's Voyages when they get home, to read how poor Dr. Solander got up a mountain and was heartily glad to get down again. Else there is little to fix the attention of our party. Whether *Dryandra*, *Grevillea*, *Hakea*, or the other Proteaceæ, all may take part in the same glee—

"It was a shrub of orders gray  
Stretched forth to show his leaves."

Thence, the main path will be followed to the cloak-room, where the ladies may leave their shawls or other cumbrous what-nots.

In descending the steps, notice the two *hardy* palms, *Chamærops excelsa*, on each side, in large china vases. The mass of ivy at the back of the cloak-room is worth looking at; which reminds us to note here the pretty and uncommon cut-leaved ivy in front of the Museum.

Reascending the steps, a noble walk is before us, terminated by the smoke-shaft of the great Palm House, in the guise of an Italian Campanile. It stands nearly five hundred feet from the structure to which it is accessory. The smoke from the furnaces is conveyed by flues to a shaft within the tower, and by the use of coke for fuel little is perceptible. Hidden by shrubs, not far from the base of the tower, is a coal-yard, and also the entrance of the tunnel, which, by means of a tram-way, conveys fuel, and brings back ashes, &c., from the furnaces. The tunnel is about eight feet high, convenient to walk in, and lighted and ventilated by shafts from above, many of whose grated openings are concealed in flower-beds. Of course, the public are not indiscriminately admitted to these subterranean wonders. An understanding must first be had with the well-behaved gnomes who

"Here, in a grotto shelter'd close from air,  
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,"

give the first impulse to the machinery which elaborates the beautiful vegetation overhead.

Water is the vehicle to the grand Palm-stove of whatever philosophers may decide heat to be, whether substance or accident, essence or effect. Twelve mighty boilers, six belonging to one half, six to another, are the hearts propelling the "thermidor" fluid through pipes, which, by the circulation, passing within them, represent rudely a venous and arterial system. This battery has been wisely calculated with a prospect to extreme cases. During the three years the Palm-house has been in action it has never been found necessary to light more than eleven furnaces. In July and August four fires are sufficient to keep things going. There always ought to be a reserved power in establishments whose very existence depends on the maintenance of a given temperature; otherwise, a frost might occur to destroy the whole invaluable contents of this Palm-house in a single night. We shall never forget the story told us by a light-house-keeper, on a coast much exposed to north winds, of the awful anxiety lest the



oil should congeal, and the lamps go out, at a time when a gale, we know not how many degrees below freezing point, *must* drive every unwarned vessel on a lee shore.

But we caught sight of the smoke-tower on leaving the cloak-room, and have not yet advanced far along the vista. On our right are some beautiful large Conifers in tubs, out for their summer airing. They are tender; the more's the pity—for the *Dacrydium cupressinum*, from New Zealand, is perhaps the most unmistakably weeping and disconsolately mournful tree in the world; and no one can look at the Norfolk Island Pine without being angry with it, that so much beauty should be combined with so much effeminacy. Perhaps we blame *and* punish other weaknesses and unrobust idiosyncrasies, with the same degree of reason and justice as we should exercise in scolding the delicate *Araucaria excelsa* because it is not gifted with the obstinate temper of a Norway fir. On the left is the Great Orangery, one of Sir William Chambers's solid magnificences, now empty of its inmates, but soon to become the winter garden of those High Tenderesses for whose infirmities we have been offering a sentence in apology. As we proceed, Mr. Nesfield spreads on each side of us bright pieces of carpet, each tinted with one color. The materials of which this living tapestry is woven are, Calceolarias—*C. amplexicaulis*, a clear canary yellow; Pelargoniums—pink-flowered, ivy-leaved, and "Frogmore," of a scarlet bright enough to blind weak-eyed mortals; blue *Campanula Carpathica*; gray (when considered *in toto*) *Alyssum variegatum*; *Ageratum Mexicanum*, of clear lavender; the dingy blue (as seen in mass) *Lobelia Erinus*, var. *compacta*; fringed with black and yellow, the *Sanvitalia procumbens*; and Verbenas that bid defiance to the tinctorial art. There stands the Palm House—certainly the most elegant if not the most bulky glass structure in the world; but we will leave it for the present, and turn to the left, for the sake of the Victoria and other houses. Here, on the grass, grows a puzzle for Hybridists—a laburnum between *Cytisus nigricans* and *C. Laburnum*. The plant has put forth one branch of *nigricans* and one of *Laburnum*; the rest is hybrid. Further on we pass between two paper-mulberry trees—*Broussonetia papyrifera*—from the Society Islands, which have stood the last seven winters without any protection. We are inclined to discard the word *acclimatize*, for denoting the supposed process of making a

plant capable of living with us the year round in the open air, and to adopt *conclimated*, to express the innate power of doing so, originally given to it. On the rockery there, on the other side of the non-perplexing labyrinth of British plants, are a few spare Cactuses and Euphorbias, inserted to give a little style to the group. They are scarcely expected to conclimate, though some of the Opuntias do set up a sort of pretence to half-hardihood, which is no hardihood at all. But till plants, in a new home, are thus tested one by one, the most skilful vegetable anatomist and the most learned physiologist cannot say decidedly, on mere inspection, what lowest degree of temperature any novel species may be exposed to and survive.

We are now approaching an assemblage of glass houses conveniently near to each other, and of most varied contents. Their very outside shell is made to protect and support plants that would by themselves give interest to an ordinary garden. Here, in a narrow bed in front of the house No. 13, are growing in the open air both the Black and the Green Tea shrubs, from either of which the Chinese appear to make any sample at pleasure. (See Fortune's "Wanderings.") The Museum has shown us the powdered Prussian blue which confers the bloom, and other matters employed in the first adulteration in the East, before tea becomes acquainted with the strange company introduced to it in England. In No. 16 is the Assam tea, by means of which we hope to keep these amusing processes entirely to ourselves. Side by side with the Black and the Green grows the Sasanqua Tea, whose blossoms are used to give the *bouquet* to the two former. At the end of another house grows a Chinese tree pæony, the showy and delicate Moutan;—not apparently a very remarkable specimen—but it is the original plant introduced by Sir Joseph Banks, and the grandmother or great-grandmother of most of the Moutans that have settled in European gardens. Take off your hats to it, ye Nurserymen—that plant has been the means of putting something like 100,000*l.* into your pockets!

There are one or two low small houses that everybody is anxious to peep into. Prying curiosity examines what can be discovered through the keyhole and some supposed chink in the door. Many are the noses flattened against the glass; little regard is paid even to the damaging of a bonnet; a crushed trimming would be a cheap price for a glance into the interior. Why is

this!—On the door stares the word **PRIVATE**. “The Director may be a sort of Blue Board, and these are his secret dens. Oh, if I could but rummage in *these* for one five minutes! And they call this throwing open the collection to the public! It is pretty cool of the Guide-book to tell us that ‘No. 21 is a substantial new Propagation-house, kept private:—at this time chiefly occupied by the numerous young plants reared from Dr. Hooker’s seeds of Sikkim-Himalayan *Rhododendrons*,’ and that ‘No. 4 is another Double Propagation-house on an admirable construction; that it is used as a hospital for valetudinarian vegetables, and rickety or sea-sick plants which require peculiar care and attention, and, therefore, *this house is most frequently kept locked, because what is in it is of little or no interest to the public generally*!’ Very provoking. I do not believe it.”—Do not, quite; for we contrived to insinuate ourselves into one of the tyrant’s hiding-places, having caught him in one of his *mollia tempora fandī*, and detected there in the very fact—“of what?”—of growing—a double cocoa-nut, all the way from the Seychelles. There!—that *was* a secret. While double cocoa-nuts were believed to grow in sub-marine palm forests, one of them would purchase a ship’s cargo; but now times are sadly altered, and their price has dropped thousands per cent.

Into this small and recently erected low stove we may enter, on the disobliging condition of shutting the door after us; for a little cool breath would be agreeable—and see what grimaces those persons are making before they dare venture to plunge into the heated air, though it is not worse than the gallery-stalls at the Opera. Really the public are very amusing; they have an idea that this, on a large scale, will exactly suit their taste. But wonders and beauties crowd upon us. The plant there should have been dedicated to St. Vitus. It has got the fidgets incurably. Night and day, from its seed-bed to its repose in the compost heap, it twitches and twists the two little leaflets that grow on each side the larger oval leaf. Without perceptible cause or motive—except the indulgence of its own caprice—the Moving-plant, *Desmodium* (once *Hedysyrum gyrans*, goes on with its antics. But other beauties in this nice boudoir have taken lessons of the posture-master. A tall gentleman, who is followed by a string of listeners eager to catch every word he drops, takes from his waistcoat pocket a pair of scissors; with these he snips the tip of a pretty leaf, whose

divisions seem made up of scores of little leaflets;—and, mark!—each leaflet folds itself close to the midrib, like the sticks of a shut fan, and the footstalk itself of the leaf has a joint at the axilla, by which it drops and stands at ease. This is the Humble Plant, *Mimosa pudica*, very different from the Sensitive Plant, *M. sensitive*, which you will see in the great Palm Stove. Though both are so curious, and one so pretty here at home, in Brazil and the West Indies they are nuisances to be exterminated by fire. Their prickly stems choke the growth of sweeter herbage;—neither is it clear that the cattle like to have their noses tickled by the motions of living plants that writhe when they begin to be eaten. And now a small bell-glass is lifted; the scissors touch a pair of scaly leaves fringed with green bristles; they close: it is the American Fly-trap, (*Dionaea muscipula*,) which has, as its name implies, a veritable living trap at the end of its leaves. Listen to what is said:—

“The moment an insect (or any extraneous body) touches the hairs on the disc, the two lobes close firmly and press the luckless intruder to death; the struggles of the victim indeed, occasioning the lobes to shut more firmly, hasten its own destruction. As soon as the insect ceases to struggle, and dies, the trap opens, ready to continue the work of destruction; but there is no reason whatever to suppose that the dead insects in any way nourish the plant.”

What, then, can be the object of the contrivance, unless the checking a superabundance of insect life? The facts are not novel, but are too wonderful ever to become stale. Gigantic plants existed in præadamite times. If there were then a Fly-trap large enough to catch a man! You have rightly guessed that our conductor, so full of information and so kind in imparting it, is Sir W. H. himself. He crushes an evergreen leaf, and gives it to a friend to enjoy the perfume, perceptibly that of the clove; to another he offers a bruised morsel of the lemon-grass, having a delicate odor like the three-leaved Verbena. Tea from this fragrant herb was a favorite beverage with the good Queen Charlotte; and the rumor is that it is not unpalatable to the most illustrious of her Majesty’s descendants. Observe the Caricature Plant, with bright green leaves something like those of the Bay-tree, but marked down the middle with yellow blotches, the outline of many of which bears a very accurate resemblance to the human face, more or less divine. Here is the Duke, and here Lord Brougham.

*dos à dos*, on the same leaf; there is Pitt; Punch and Judy seem the principal characters on the next. You may remember that, on the first restoration of Louis XVIII., a colored print of a bunch of *violettes* was contrived to show profiles of Napoleon, his Empress, and the King of Rome;—a leaf turned back did the office of the immortal cocked-hat. That little pot-plant, labelled *Dorstenia*, shows a curious fructification. It is something like a flat piece of green leather growing at the end of a flower-stalk, and is, in fact, a flat, *open* receptacle of minute flowers visible with a magnifier. It is a strange intermediate form; for roll it up with the flowers outside, and it is a bread-fruit; with them inside, and it is a fig. Were the ripened receptacle large and juicy enough to be eaten, it would be literally a *fruit-cake*. In that corner stands a pot of ginger, *not* preserved, except from unnecessary handling. It would take a long day to pay due attention to everything in this one small hot-house. We will visit it again.

A moderate-sized apartment not far distant must be entered with courage, and yet with reverence. Therein swims in state the Queen of Plants. She would be confessedly a Cleopatra, were she not something better, a *Victoria*. It is stifling hot; and pray mind the descent. Warm work for the young man who remains here on duty, even though her Majesty consents to admit him to her presence in uncoated full dress! It feels the closer for the roof being so low; but most plants thrive the better for being brought near the glass, or for the glass being brought near to them. The cultivation of long-growing plants and shrubs would not be easy in a crystal cathedral. A forest of palms or a wilderness of bamboos would be more thrifty there than a series of flower-beds, to be sauntered amongst and gazed upon by promenaders of ordinary stature. But that is not our affair. Pictorial arguments are the order of the day. Mr. Leech's most alluring sketch of "John Bull in his Winter Garden" gives the blooming *Victoria* as a detail. But the plant is dormant in winter, unless it is to be forced; and the forcing *that* will make it a nice task for the gardener to avoid boiling it. By such shows as this—as *Punch*, smiling in his sleeve, well knows—the multitude are led. Another dioramic feeler of what may be *tried on* was explained by a lecturer, who, while modestly abstaining from discussing the feasibility of the project, still informed the admiring spectators of the *Winter Garden* by gas-light, that it was proposed

to cultivate in a large canal, crossed at intervals by tasty bridges, the *Victoria regia* and other *marine* plants! The *lapsus lingua* dispelled the whole charm of the scene. A new aquarium at Kew will by-and-by receive the *Victoria*; but even in its humble tank it is a vegetable wonder, putting forth alternately a blossom and a leaf, the latter not the less curious of the two, and looking, as it begins to emerge, very like a hedgehog swimming on its back. The little wheel, used at Chatsworth, at Syon,\* and in the Regent's Park Botanical Gardens, to keep the surface water in agitation, is here found unnecessary for the health of the plant. The leaf attains its curious rim, and also perfects the honey-combed air-chambers in the under surface, by which its buoyancy is increased, enabling it, with management—that is, by equalizing the pressure—to support as much as ten stone weight. Another floating contrivance is seen in a corner of the same tank, in *Pontederia crassipes*, the footstalks of whose leaves are swollen into bladders. At the foot of the *Victoria* reposes the pretty *Nymphæa pygmæa*, a dwarf water-lily, with white flowers the size of a shilling; and on one side the *Nelumbium speciosum*, which furnished the bouquet to the ladies whose mummies adorn the British Museum, still offers to us its blossoms, though of paler coloring.

Let us pass the handsome symmetrical lake, thread the parterre of gaudy flowers, mount the steps conducting to the terrace, and enter the Palm-stove. We can now form some idea of a tropical forest; a tiger might start out from among these tree-ferns, a boa-constrictor might be climbing the trunk of that cocoa-nut palm, humming-birds might be darting amidst the leaves of those Bananas. Every plant has its own interesting history, but we can only glance at a few of the most remarkable. The tall shrub with crimson hollyhock-like flowers is the *Hibiscus—rosa Sinensis*; its blossoms are used in China *to black shoes with!* A plant inconspicuous in such a place as the great Palm-

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\* The plant was first introduced at Kew—from which the rest are offsets. It first *flowered* at Chatsworth, next at Kew, then at Kew's charming neighbor, Syon—where this summer both the leaves, like enormous green card-tables, and the unrivalled splendor of the flower, were admired by so many visitors, through the princely generosity of the Duke of Northumberland, who may be said to have for the season of the Great National Exhibition surrendered to the public both his London palace—the only real one of our old nobility now remaining—and this equally unrivalled *suburbanum*.

stove, but of considerable botanical importance as an exaggerated instance of what might be called vegetable malformation, which yet works well in the long run, is the *Xylophylla falcata*, i. e., the scythe-shaped wooden-leaf, from the Bahamas. It has phylloid branches, or green branches flattened and resembling leaves, even more deceptive than those of the New Holland Acacias, being inserted horizontally, in the usual position of leaves on the stem, instead of vertically. The flowers, and occasionally, though rarely, true leaves, appear in what would be the serratures in a true leaf, but what in the metamorphosed branch must be considered as *axillæ*. A vegetable of some notoriety is the *Cibotium Barometz*, or *Scythian lamb*—the vegetable lamb of Tartary, which, according to the writers of olden time, ate up all the herbage within its reach, but, being itself rooted to the ground, eventually perished of hunger. The proof of the story was the presence of this lamb in the cabinets of the curious. Seeing, it was thought, must be believing. Our plant reveals the mystery. The woolly rhizoma (of which the hare's-foot fern is an analogous example) is of considerable substance, and grows into curious contortions and nodosities. Four shortened frond-stalks, left for the dried specimen to stand on when turned upside down, completed the verity of a vegetable lamb. There grow here, however, things useful as well as things passing strange. Observe the chocolate-nut tree, *Theobroma Cacao*, "food for the gods," putting forth flowers from the thickest part of its woody trunk, to be succeeded by nuts in the same situation, instead of on the twiggy branches. Here is the mango tree, *Mangifera Indica*, with its fruit pendulous at the end of a long stalk, playing the most tempting bob-cherry; for though bad varieties are no better than tow and turpentine, first-rate numbers leave a delicious taste in the mouth, which is remembered for years and years, like the cream-tarts by which the widow of Noureddin Ali recognized the neighborhood of her cruelly mystified Bedreddin. Each fruit here is secured in a little bag-net, to prevent accidents, and to make hereafter a dainty dish to set before a Queen.

From pleasant fruits and "Herbes of Vertue," turn we now to the "banes and poysons of pernicious and malignant temperature." The *Caladium seguinum*, or dumb-cane, had better not be bitten, or it will bite in return, depriving lips and tongue of all power of speech. Instances of its virulence have

occurred here. The gardeners are now, however, pretty well aware where such mischievous powers lie dormant, and strangers have no business to volunteer dubious experiments. The horticultural official, who serves a friend of ours, places a stinging plant, the *Loasa urens*, with its pretty yellow flowers and dangerous leaves, in a conspicuous part of his greenhouse, to teach meddling children—and ladies—by the blisters on their poor hands, that it is safer to admire than to touch. Public and private establishments are quite different affairs, and such tricks at home look much like inexcusable treachery, but the instance will show what caution ought to be exercised in a national botanic garden.

The most deadly plant ever possessed by Kew, the *Jatropha urens*, is no longer to be found there; it has either been killed off like a mad dog, or starved to death in isolation like a leper. Its possession nearly cost one valuable life, that of Mr. Smith, the present respected curator. Some five and twenty years ago he was reaching over the *Jatropha*, when its fine bristly stings touched his wrist. The first sensation was a numbness and swelling of the lips; the action of the poison was on the heart, circulation was stopped, and Mr. Smith soon fell unconscious, the last thing he remembered being cries of "Run for the doctor." Either the doctor was skilful, or the dose of poison injected not quite, though nearly, enough; but afterwards the man in whose house it was, got it shoved up in a corner, and would not come within arm's length of it. He watered the diabolical plant with a pot having an indefinitely long spout. If the vase itself contained a *quid pro quo*, he is not to be greatly blamed. Another not much less fearful species of *jatropha* has appeared at Kew—and *disappeared*.

We must ascend the spiral staircase, and run round the gallery—for the sake of looking down on the luxuriant tree-ferns and palms, admiring the charming effect of the symmetrical flower-beds, and gazing along the vista of infant Deodaras at the noble *Pagoda*—only wanting the Dragons and Bells at the angles of the *stratum super stratum* to present a complete fac-simile of the far-famed one at Nankin. At this height the creepers admit of close inspection:—Note the flowers of the *Aristolochia gigas*, shaped like a helmet, and so huge that the children in South America, according to Humboldt, wear them as hats. *Aristolochia* is Englished Birth-wort, for reasons which the scholar will understand.



It is "curious, if true," that a not indigenous species should "frequently be found wild in the neighborhood of nunneries." We certainly have stumbled on another detestable plant, the savin, in suspicious localities, and fancied it looked much ashamed of itself when detected. Before quitting the Palm-stove, which we must with reluctance, we should remark the delicate green with which the glass has been tinted at the suggestion of Mr. R. Hunt, of the Geological Survey, in order to temper the too powerful rays of the sun—a purpose which the experiment has successfully answered. The sea-green hue is most visible outside towards sunset, or in winter when the sun is low. The last look here shall be given to a subject unique in natural history, Mr. Smith's *own* plant, which he has recorded in the Linnæan Transactions, June, 1839. Its nature will be indicated by translating the name he gives it—*Cælebogyne ilicifolia*—as the holly-leaved bachelor-female; suggesting at the same time that it would have been better if Latin and Greek had not been united in the first word. Mr. Smith tells us:—

"Shortly after their introduction the plants produced female flowers; but, although I have watched them carefully from year to year, I have been unsuccessful in detecting anything like male flowers or pollen-bearing organs; and I should naturally have passed them over as dioecious, and considered the three introduced individuals as females, had not my attention been particularly directed to them in consequence of each of them producing fruit and perfect seeds, from which I succeeded in raising young plants. This, too, was not the result of one year, but of several successive years' sowing. On considering the circumstances above noticed—in particular the absence of male flowers of the plant itself or of others related to it, with the fact of the stigma remaining so long unchanged, and not exhibiting the symptoms usually seen in stigmas after having been acted upon by pollen—I can arrive at no other conclusion than that it is not essential to the perfecting its seeds; but if an external agent be necessary, and really act upon the stigma, I am unable to say what that agent is, or how it acts."

The real wonder is, that in Australia, though not in Europe, there are plants of the bachelor-female which bear not inconspicuous male flowers, and that there is nothing at Kew likely to hybridize the imported and *native-born* individuals. It seems a true case of parthenogenesis. Skeptics who reason from analogy, never received a greater check.

Let us now visit the *Museum*, of three years' standing only, and entirely originated

by the present Director—but already a most instructive as well as interesting portion of the establishment. The "Guide" endeavors to serve as a sort of Concordance between this and the Gardens, but the collection at present is merely the nucleus of what it will become a few years hence. The building was formerly a fruit-house to the kitchen-garden, but being rendered unnecessary by the improvements at Frogmore, has been liberally relinquished by her Majesty. The two wings are in the course of addition as receptacles of the accumulating treasures, and the Director's *sancta sanctorum* will soon have to follow, by opening their doors to objects of public curiosity and study. The destination of these apartments is "to receive all kinds of *fruits and seeds, gums, resins, dye-stuffs, sections of woods, and all curious vegetable products*, especially those that are useful in the *arts, in medicine, and in domestic economy*; such interesting vegetable substances, in short, as the living plants cannot exhibit. This collection will, when more complete, require a separate catalogue:"—which is in preparation. It will be a treasury of facts to be perused with eagerness by hundreds who have no opportunity of inspecting the specimens themselves. We only hope that Sir William will not defer the publication till he thinks it will afford a *complete* history of the contents of the Museum; for in that case, the answer to many an inquirer will be deferred till the Greek calends.\*

Great monopolies in certain materials and drugs have long been sustained by the concealment of the plants from which they are drawn. Instances will occur to every one connected with arts and manufactures. It is desirable for the public good that such selfish mystifications should be cleared away; and here we often have the product in the Museum labelled with a reference to its living secretor in the Garden or the Houses: *e. g.* Burgundy pitch from the *Abies excelsa*; American turpentine, from *Pinus palustris*; Gutta Percha, in all its stages, from the inspissated juice to the decorative casting (*Isonandra Gutta*); India rubber as it flows from the tree, to the railway buffer ring, the drinking cup and bottle (*Ficus elastica*); cakes of maple sugar, looking like bad brown soap (*Acer saccharinum*); beet sugar, in

\* While we are correcting our proof sheets, the daily papers announce numerous additions made to this Museum from the breaking up of the Great Exhibition: among others, the noble collection of Scottish agricultural products formed at a vast expense by Messrs. Peter Lawson & Co. of Edinburgh.

loaves of the purest white, of French manufacture—and indeed the common sugar of France—from the *Beta vulgaris*, a native not of this country but of the south of Europe; gamboge, of which there are various species, the best being the *Hebradendron pictorum*, although the gardens possess but one sort alive—viz. “the *Xanthochymus pictorius* of Roxburgh, of which the fruits, which ripen with us, yield, on being punctured, the juice which concretes into one kind of *gumboge*, the most powerful of drastic medicines, and affording the brightest and best known of yellow colors.” The ivory-nut palm, (*Phytelapha macrocarpa*), from New Grenada, is fully illustrated. Here is the stem of the plant, a portion of the wood—if such it can be called—the spathes—the flowers—the aggregate fruit, like a Negro’s head—the nuts—a nut with the radicle and plumule just germinating—besides various articles manufactured of this vegetable ivory.

The temples of Pan and Confucius, which once ornamented the gardens, have alike passed away, but the Museum more than supplies their place as an admirable Temple of Science. Strange uses of vegetables are disclosed to whosoever shall seek for initiation into the mysteries of this unsuperstitious fane. It is true the Cannon-ball Tree of Guiana, *Couroupita Guianensis*, though it does put forth odd-looking globes, does not actually furnish ammunition to the South Americans. Its shells are not dangerously explosive, but are used, like the calabash, for domestic purposes. Its fruit is said to be vinous and pleasant when fresh, and the only mischief it does is to emit when decayed an insupportably offensive odor. But the Towel Gourd, *Luffa Ægyptiaca*, a native of the tropics, is used both as wadding for guns and as a sponge. The Bottle-gourds are well known—and the epidermis of the *Andromachia igniaria*, (Quito,) used as tinder, is only one of a numerous list of similar substances; but many of our readers will be surprised to hear of the Caripe or *Pottery-tree* of Para. The bark is burnt and ground, and the ashes are mixed with clay to make vessels. It enables them to stand the fire without breaking, and in the vast alluvial plains of the Amazon is doubtless a valuable succedaneum. In one single compartment of a case are shown leaves, wood, bark, ashes, and earthen vessels, all the produce of this pottery-tree. Then we have a small collection of *dairy plants*—a bottle of milk from the Cow-tree, *Galactodendron utile*, and a portion of its stem; leaves of the

*Masseranduba*, or Milk-tree of Para, a little loaf of the milk in a concrete state, and a portion of the stem with the milk exuding; Shea butter from the Niger, made from the kernels of *Bassia Parkii*, with the kernels themselves and leaves of the tree. The spathe which protects the flowers of *Maximiliana regia* is used as a canoe; the natives paddle themselves across a stream in one, and then throw it aside as soon as done with. A spathe in the gallery measures 7 ft. 6 inches in length and 19 inches in breadth. Other unexpected uses of vegetables are disclosed. Dr. Hooker has sent home a pair of vegetable bellows made of the leaves of a tree, and used for *smelling iron* by the natives south of the Sone River, India.

Many of the fruits in the Museum differ much from what we expect to find them. The *Nux romica*, *Strychnos nux vomica*, is a capsule like a large discolored dried orange, containing a number of flat seeds which furnish the poison. The Sacred Bean of the Egyptians, so often seen in their monumental decorations, *Nelumbium speciosum*, looks in its dried state like a circular piece of over-baked pudding stuck full of hazel-nuts. The *Banksias* from New South Wales give the idea of shell-fish rather than of fruit. They resemble a number of little oysters naturally adhering around a cylindrical stick and imbedded in mossy sea-weed, the kernel representing the contained mollusk. There are pods of the *Cassia Fistula*, used in medicine as a cathartic, 2 feet 1 inch in length, like long thin sausages; pods of an unknown species of greater diameter are 2 feet 6 inches long; those of the *Entada Purusaetha*, another leguminous plant, may be seen 2½ inches across. A natural alarum is afforded by the *Hura crepitans* or Sand-box of Jamaica, a plant belonging to the Euphorbias, whose large circular seed-vessel, unless confined by a string or wire, splits into a number of pieces, and scatters its contents with a sound loud enough to wake a sleeping botanist.

We usually think we know all about tea by our acquaintance with its vulgar shapes of Hyson, Souchong, &c. &c.; but there is such a thing as *brick tea*, which Dr. Hooker has brought from Thibet, looking in its paper package something like a mis-shapen cheese—another sort compressed like scrap-cake for dogs: small *ball tea*, answering to bull’s eyes for children, and large ball tea inclosed in the husks of Indian corn. The climax of all, as fancy articles in this line, are *wheat-sheaf tea*, in bundles just large enough to

make a good cup or two—and *twisted tea* or *old-man's eyebrows*.

As a pendant to the dairy-plants the light-giving ones may be adduced. In the first place we have candle-wicks from China, made of the pith of a plant, as well as our own rushlight wicks, the pith of *Juncus effusus*, of which a curious twisted variety is to be seen in the little *Frogger* in the centre of the hardy Fernery between the Temple of Æolus and the Museum. Then there are seeds of the *Croton sebifera* or Chinese tallow-plant, with candles manufactured therefrom; candles made from the *acorns of an oak* of New Grenada, from the *Myrica segregata* of New Grenada, from the wax of *Myrica parvifolia*, and of *Myrica macrocarpa*.

Those who are fond of observing *extreme plants* will find plenty in some shape. The Museum has in a dried state the *Rhododendron nivale*—the most alpine *shrub* in the world—brought by Dr. Hooker from an elevation upon Kinchin Jonga, equal to 17,500 feet above the ocean level. And the Garden has the most southern tree, the evergreen beech, *Fagus betuloides*, from Tierra del Fuego. That it is a real tree is evidenced by the fact that Captain King made large boats that would hold several men from one trunk, which happened to grow in a sheltered valley; while on the exposed heights of Hermit Island the same species is so dwarfish and stunted, and the branches so densely compacted, like other plants in similar situations—(see the undetermined alsinaceous plant from Thibet in the Museum)—that the traveller is able literally to walk upon the tops of them! For such plants in the south of England the summer's heat is more to be feared than the winter's wet or cold. They droop and are overpowered, like the white bears in the Regent's Park, under the rays of our oppressive sun.

Herbivorous animals are well known, and are supposed to fall in conveniently with the natural order of things; but we are here informed that there exist—in revenge—carnivorous vegetables. On the mantel-shelf stood, and may still stand, a glass case containing the perfect insect and larva of the creature, a Hawk moth, *Hepialus virescens*, which is preyed on by the Caterpillar Fungus, *Sphæria Robertsii*. The caterpillar buries itself in the earth to undergo transformation into the perfect insect; while it is lying dormant there, the fungus inserts a root into the nape of its neck, feeds and *flourishes on the animal matter*, and, without

destroying the form of the victim, at last converts it into a mummy. A similar slaughter of larvæ is performed in Van Diemen's land by a representative fungus, the *Sphæria Gunnii*; and another carries on the same work in China, *Sphæria Sinensis*—while the *S. entomorhiza* tries it even in these parts, so far removed from cannibalism. Living wasps have been taken in the West Indies with a fungus growing from their bodies. Still animal-feeders are not common among plants—unless we include those orchids which a cockney visitor to the Gardens asserted to live entirely on *hair*.

The Museum not only communicates positive truth, but aids in the dissipation of vulgar error. Thus, it clears the poor darnel, *Lolium arvense*, from an unjust imputation. "Darnel," says the Museum through Professor Henslow, "is generally reputed to be noxious, and is added to beer (*or something else under that name*) to increase its intoxicating properties. But De Candolle considers its ill report to be a popular fallacy, and says it is used by the French peasantry for bread in times of scarcity." Grains of the calumniated grass are shown, looking not unlike grains of rye, whence its name of rye-grass; and Edward Salmon, laborer, of Hitcham, Suffolk, sends half a loaf (proverbially better than none) of Darnel bread, exhibited at his Horticultural Show—(we suppose the bold fellow dared to eat the other half)—in appearance better than many a loaf of rye-bread which we have *seen* used as the common food of man and beast, but never had the heroism to taste. It is true, however, that the darnel, like rye, is apt to be attacked by the *ergot*; and persons eating rye-bread made from flour mixed with ergot are sometimes paralyzed. The ergot itself affords a useful but dangerous drug, and of uncertain efficacy. Some able practitioners have no faith in it *for good*.

Some light is also thrown on certain little quackeries, of not profound ingenuity. If dyspeptic patients were told that their sufferings would be relieved by a simple farinaceous diet, they might choose to be skeptically scornful; but if they are recommended, by advertisement, to breakfast on something with a sonorous Latin name, who can resist the recipe? "There is," says the Museum, "a plant called *Ervum Lens*—in plain vernacular, lentil—the meal or flour of the seeds was first recommended for use as *Ervalenta*, in conjunction with *Mélasse de la Cochinchina*, or common treacle! It met with a great sale at three times its value, until ex-



plained by Dr. Pereira. This led to another name being given to it, *Revalenta Arabica*, from the *Revalenta Estates*!!!—the seeds being much used in Egypt and Arabia. That again was explained by the same pharmacist, and it now meets with a ready sale, by vendors whose powers of face are not equal to their predecessors, as *lentil meal*, or *flour of lentils*." The same shelf displays bottles of lentils of various growth, and also bottles of *Revalenta Arabica*, *Ervalenta*, lentil powder, and patent flour of lentils, for comparison with the purchased packets at hand as witnesses. The permission of this disclosure is rather a cruel piece of demonstration on the part of the Director. If a man has genius enough to make his fortune by a rebus or an anagram, it is unkind not to let him do so. We should take it unfriendly to be in any way hindered in the accumulation of a plum from the rapid sale of muffins and crumpets at a high premium, after we had given them a run by the application of grandiose titles.

The cases containing specimens of injury to timber by insects, and from bad pruning, must be inspected to have their importance appreciated; while the cases of flax and its products are equally interesting to the ladies, who, while they are familiar with the "Irish," will be pleased and surprised by the colored velvets manufactured from the same fibre. There are many beautiful models in wax in various parts of this room—but fruits, flowers, gourds, &c., in spirits show us the real thing. There is the Jack, or *Jaca*, the largest known edible fruit—and a portion of the wonderful *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, the largest known flower.

The series of *Papers*, from the untaught productions of the hornet and the wasp, followed by those prepared from various barks, will be completed by our highly-finished stationery of the present day, as soon as arrangements for its reception can be made. But as to barks, there is no knowing to what purposes they may not be turned. In the gallery are natural sacks, formed of the bark of the Sack-tree, *Lepurandra saccidora*, with a section of the tree left at one end to form the bottom. Another bark, that of *Bertholletia excelsa*, serves at Pará for caulking ships. Several barks are employed as cigar-tubes, or as envelopes for cigars—layers of that of one tree, called in Brazil *Cascarilla*, are cut into lengths of five or six inches, folded up the thickness of a tobacco-pipe, and are then ready for use in that capacity. A late importation is a rude sort of guitar from Paraná. It consists of a single joint of

bamboo; the bark on one side is raised in four strips, answering to strings—a bridge at each end gives the requisite tension—a sounding hole is cut in the middle—and the thing is done. A native performer might produce effects that would charm native ears; but we may believe it was not this instrument with which Orpheus led the brutes.

It is here too we may behold *what* our daily food consists of. Pause over these three potatoes modelled faithfully in wax. How Cobbett would have gloried had he lived to see it *demonstrated* that a pound of this vegetable contains nearly 12 ounces of water, and only 6 pennyweights, 9 grains, and 6 tenths of a grain, of nutritive matter! To him Professor Henslow would have been a second Daniel. We should like to see the chemist put them together again, and make three honest potatoes of these ingredients.

The Reverend Professor's various services to the Museum are warmly eulogized in the "Guide" (p. 49). He has, however, lately received a more flattering tribute than even this. A party of his parishioners, up for their Exhibition treat, were brought to Kew, and in conducting them through the houses a sort of clinical lecture on the contents was given. A gentleman, who caught a few sentences, begged permission to join the visitors, and listen to the delightful explanations. All concluded, he advanced to the showman, and in token of his great satisfaction offered him a shilling. Modest refusals, and hints that it was as much as his place was worth, were answered by an off-hand, "Oh, take it! take it!" We beg to charge Mr. Henslow with want of presence of mind in not taking it. Had such a chance been ours, we would have received it thankfully, got it double-gilt in the best style, and then displayed it as our professorial medal—a sincere *testimonial*.

The national value at this time attained by Kew must be at once admitted by whoever peruses the Director's last Report. The document is so full of matter that we have a difficulty in abridging it. The principal points, at least, shall be selected—though for our own reasons not exactly in the order in which Sir William Hooker, for his, found it expedient to arrange them.

"The Garden is especially intended to be the means of introducing new, rare, and useful plants, and dispersing them through our own and other countries, and to give an impulse to nurseries and persons trading in exotic plants. Perhaps at no period has there been so great a stimulus given to this introduction of new, rare, but more expe-



cially useful plants, as during the last ten years; and the Royal Gardens of Kew have contributed largely on this head, partly by means of collectors sent out from thence, but still more by the extensive correspondence of the Director with intelligent persons in all parts of the globe, aided, as such communication has been, by the public and private services of individuals and companies, more than can be enumerated, in conveying our collections to and from the East and to and from the West free of expense.

"It were impossible here to notice a tithe of the rare, or useful, or ornamental plants which these Gardens have imported and distributed. A few of those quite recently received may be mentioned—such as the Tussack grass from the Falkland Islands, proved to be already of the highest consequence to the West of England, Scotland, and Ireland, particularly to the Orkneys and Hebrides, and analogous climates; the Pará grass, (introduced by Earl Grey,) now transmitted to various tropical and sub-tropical colonies; the deciduous and evergreen beeches of Tierra del Fuego; the lace bark-tree of Jamaica; the jute of India; the Chinese grass, as it is called, which affords the best material for calico, and which has latterly been cultivated in the British territories abroad; the African teak, long celebrated in ship-building, yet till now unknown to science; the best caoutchouc (*Siphonia elastica*); the cow-tree of South America; the double cocoa-nut, (*Lodoicea Sechellarum*.) that rarest of all palms; the *Huon* pine, from *Van Diemen's Land*—which proves hardy—[and is among the most beautiful of conifers]; the *Cinchona* bark (through Mr. Pentland); a hardy palm from China, &c. &c. The *Victoria regia*, introduced through our means, is perhaps one of the most remarkable plants ever reared in Europe; and the number of new and extraordinarily beautiful *Rhododendrons* sent to us by Dr. Hooker from India, has excited the astonishment of botanists both at home and abroad. In the eastern extremity of the Himalaya—at elevations varying from 6,000 to 18,000 feet above the level of the sea—this traveller has detected, and in most cases drawn and described on the spot, no less than thirty-seven kinds, the majority of which are quite new. *Twenty-two of these have already been reared at the Royal Gardens.*

"We are sure that there is not a respectable nurseryman in the kingdom who has not profited by the riches of Kew, and is not willing to make presents to us in return. In such hands, the plants become commercial objects, multiplied, sold, and dispersed with a rapidity that few are aware of. It was not long after the introduction of the beautiful *Clarkia pulchella* from North-west America into England, that a naturalist found it cultivated in the windows of the rooms at Hammerfest, (the open air being too cold for it.) in 73° north. The seeds had passed from England to Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. It graced, says the traveller, the residence of our host, and I observed this delicate and singularly shaped flower in many cottages of very inferior description near the North Cape."—*Report for 1850.*

Here is matter for reflection and congratulation

among people capable of forethought and common sense! The reign of Victoria will be chronicled as the era of a mutual distribution of the vegetable productions of the whole world, through the agency of Kew. It is in consequence of her Majesty's considerate liberality in ceding such a large additional extent of ground, that the establishment has been able to raise itself into this influential position—to be a metropolis of plants. But we must quote further. Sir William Hooker gives *particulars* of what has been done.

"Our books of the Garden show that we have sent abroad, mainly to our own territories, between January, 1847, and December, 1850, living rooted plants, in glazed Wardian cases, as follows:—To Ascension Island, 330 plants (*mostly trees and shrubs calculated to bear exposure to the sea-breezes and the most powerful winds, and the success of these has been beyond all expectation, affording shelter and protection where none could be obtained before*); Bombay, 160; Borneo, 16; Calcutta, 211; Cape of Good Hope, 60; Cape De Verdes, 20; Ceylon, 136; Constantinople, 90; Demerara, 57; Falkland Islands, 118; Florence, 28; Grey Town, Mosquito, 30; Hong Kong, 108; Jamaica, 124; Lima, 33; Mauritius, 36; Port Natal, 29; New Zealand, 57; Pará, 33; Port Philip, 33; St. Domingo, 34; Sierra Leone, 71; Sydney, 392; South Australia, 76; Trinidad, 215; North-West Africa, 65; West Australia, 46; Van Diemen's Land, 60; Valparaiso 34: total 2722, dispatched in 64 glazed cases, besides four cases of Pará grass. *N. B.—From nearly all the above-mentioned colonies or countries, very rich and valuable returns have been sent either to the Garden or the Museum, or both.*"

The agency of Kew in interchanging the plants of tropical climates is not the less important because the process is little perceived at home; but that much good still remains to be performed by this agency may be understood from the fact that till 1784 the mango had not been introduced to Jamaica, and the acquisition then happened more by accident than by design. The fruit is now largely cultivated there in upwards of forty varieties, which are known not by names, but by numbers, as in Haller's nomenclature, or rather lists, the finest fruit being No. 11. And even after various introductions have taken place, a central half-way house for tropical plants still continues necessary. The Jamaica ginger-plant, originally a native of the East, is found so superior to others, that Oriental cultivators are anxious to be re-stocked from the improved offspring of their own grounds. The value of colonial botanic gardens here becomes ap-

parent ; but they are the provincials, and Kew the head-quarters. Dr. Lindley had wisely directed attention to the importance of this point :—

“ There are (said he) many gardens in the British colonies and dependencies, as Calcutta, Bombay, Saharanpore [in the Mauritius], at Sydney and Trinidad, costing many thousands a year. Their utility is much diminished by the want of some system under which they can all be regulated and controlled. There is no unity of purpose among them ; their objects are unsettled, their powers wasted, from not receiving a proper direction ; they afford no aid to each other, and it is to be feared but little to the countries where they are established ; and yet they are capable of conferring very important benefits upon commerce and of conducing essentially to colonial prosperity.

“ A national botanic garden would be the centre around which all these lesser establishments should be arranged ; they should all be placed under the control of the chief of that garden, acting with him and through him with each other, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving supplies, and aiding the mother country in everything useful in the vegetable kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture, would derive considerable advantage from the establishment of such a system.”

We will revert to what has been done under the present directorship. Within the four years, 1847–1850, there were sent—

|                                                                      |                      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. To botanical gardens on the Continent,                            | 1,132 living plants. |
| 2. To botanical gardens in Great Britain,                            | 1,155 “              |
| 3. To nurserymen and private gardens,                                | 17,616 “             |
| Total of living plants,                                              | 29,903               |
| 4. Seeds collected in the garden and distributed abroad and at home, | 4,819 papers.        |

The number of packets of seeds received at the Gardens it would be difficult to state. From Dr. Hooker alone, chiefly from Himalaya and North-Eastern Bengal, we have had 1532 packets within the last two years.

“ A part of the Royal Gardens, comprising about 200 acres, consisting of wood and extensive lawns and walks, usually known as Pleasure-Ground, and till lately occupied as game-cover by the King of Hanover, has been planted systematically and ornamentally with a great variety of such trees and shrubs as will bear the open air. *Already in the short space of two years, it is, perhaps, the most complete collection contained in any single arboretum.* The fullest catalogue of hardy trees and shrubs was published by Loudon in 1842. It included of presumed

|            |      |
|------------|------|
| Species,   | 2170 |
| Varieties, | 1072 |

The Kew Arboretum already contains of presumed

|                        |       |
|------------------------|-------|
| Species,               | 2325  |
| Varieties, or hybrids, | 1156” |

It is now ten years since these Gardens were first opened to the public ; and the following is not the least interesting passage of this report :—

|                             |         |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| “ In 1841 the visitors were | 9,174   |
| 1842 “                      | 11,400  |
| 1843 “                      | 13,492  |
| 1844 “                      | 15,114  |
| 1845 “                      | 28,139  |
| 1846 “                      | 46,573  |
| 1847 “                      | 64,282  |
| 1848 “                      | 91,708  |
| 1849 “                      | 137,865 |
| 1850 “                      | 179,627 |

“ The mass of this great accession of visitors comes, no doubt, for pleasure, or health and relaxation ; but many come for the avowed purpose of horticultural or botanical study ; many for drawing botanical subjects, for sketching trees to be introduced into landscapes, and copying novel or striking vegetable productions ; others for modelling flowers and making designs for manufactured goods. The several schools of *drawing* and of *design* in London derive great advantage from this collection, and on making application they are supplied with such specimens as can be spared at their own rooms. Various objects in the New Palm House, the Orchidaceous House, the Fernery, and, above all, that noble aquatic plant, the *Victoria regia*, have been eminently attractive to artists ; and the number of engravings, and drawings, and models of them has been very great.\* Every facility is given by the director and curator, and it has been suggested that one or two rooms might be advantageously appropriated to those who come for the express purpose of copying plants. Numerous schools, especially charity-schools, are in the habit of frequenting these gardens, and they can hardly fail to gain some instruction from their visits.”

By the close of September, 1851, the number of visitors had reached the sum total of 308,000 ! On the whole, then—looking at the data before us, and making every allowance for the influx of strangers in consequence of the Hyde Park Exhibition—we cannot take the *present* certain aggregate at less than 200,000 annually ;—nor have we the least doubt that a large increase is to be calculated upon. The annual grant to Kew is 7000*l.*, out of which are paid many humble but necessary expenses, such as taking down trees, &c. &c. Now 200,000 visitors, at *ninepence* a head, would produce 7500*l.* per annum. Therefore—throwing aside all that may truly be called ignorant clamor and delusive hope about the chance of making such

\* Let us call attention particularly to the splendidly illustrated work on the *Victoria Regia*, dedicated to the Duchess of Northumberland, by Sir W. Hooker himself.

institutions self-supporting\*—if the nation presents every individual who visits the Gardens with a ticket costing somewhat less than ninepence, it gets into the bargain gratuitously all the honorable advantage and horticultural precedence which the afore-quoted passages demonstrate to be its right.

A curiosity arises to know *how* these students in the garden comport themselves. The regulations are given in Sir W. Hooker's "Guide:"—

"1. Smoking, or eating and drinking, or the carrying of provisions of any kind into the Gardens, is strictly forbidden.

"2. No packages or parcels can be admitted. Ladies, who may feel incommoded by their cloaks, umbrellas, &c., can deposit them in the cloak-room, near the head of the first walk."

John Bull and his family, absent from home, require a constant supply of little "snacks," however hearty and recent the last meal may have been. We once saw an old lady in a stage-coach pull out her pocket-pistol, and her cake-basket, exclaiming, with a triumphant flourish, "I've travelled *twenty miles* without tasting!" And so at Kew, the hungry tourists, just landed from the Boat or discharged from the Bus, buy as many pottles of strawberries or gooseberries as they can carry in addition to their other provender, which is confidently brought for the purpose of being devoured under the first spreading tree in the Royal Gardens which has smooth turf and a seat beneath it. But—the janitors are as iron as the gates, and as stony as the gate posts, and the fruit-venders never drop a hint of the fact. Just outside the paradise grows a very unpleasant tree, and "beneath fit umbrage" sits a faithful guardian, who, for the small fee of two-pence, "takes charge" of any parcel that may inconvenience its owner till his final exit. A curious little pile of votive offerings to the Dryads is sometimes to be seen at the foot of this envious horse-chestnut, from the neat basket which *might* convey flowers and cuttings out, as well as comestibles in, to the paper bag of oranges, the pottles of fruit, and large uncouth packages of what the

natural philosopher, on strict analysis, must pronounce to be hunches of bread and cheese. It might be said, in apology for this tyranny, that the gardeners have plenty to do, without the daily sweeping up of orange-peel, plum-stones, nut-shells, pieces of paper, gooseberry-husks, and ginger-beer corks; and that if people are famished and fainting, there are plenty of taverns and tea-gardens within a bow-shot of the gates. But the plea will not avail. The ruling powers are exceedingly unfeeling thus to stop the supplies. As housemaids would say, "*Missis is very particular.*"

"3. No person attired otherwise than respectably can be admitted, nor children too young to take care of themselves, unless a parent or suitable guardian be with them; the police have strict orders to remove such, as also persons guilty of any kind of impropriety.

"4. It is by no means forbidden to walk upon the lawns; still it is requested that preference be given to the gravel-paths, and especially that the lawn edges parallel to the walks be not made a kind of footway, for nothing renders them more unsightly.

"5. It is requested that visitors will abstain from touching the plants and flowers: a contrary practice can only lead to the suspicion, perhaps unfounded, that their object is to abstract a flower or a cutting, which, when detected, must be followed by disgraceful expulsion."

We have been anxious to learn for what set of people these restrictions are absolutely required; and it turns out to be *for those who ought to know better*. The "lower classes" are not the people who pick and pilfer here. We have seen a group of dirty children, who would not have been admitted at all had Rule 3 been strictly enforced, dancing round the vases of flowers near the Palm-stove in an ecstasy of delight, and all but worshipping them, but never daring to touch them. If, near the same date, a member of a liberal profession pockets part of a fern, denies it, is searched, and has to yield the chattel;—if women, in elegant attire, can pluck flowers which *they know* they ought to respect sacredly; a low opinion must be formed of the moral sense of such amateurs. It is clear that total abstinence is the only rule compatible with the very existence of the gardens. A luxuriant plant, as the Coral Tree, *Erythrina laurifolia*, may have on it two or three hundred tempting blossoms at once. "If I take only one, it cannot be missed." But you are one of a party of four or five thousand; and if others are as anxious for a specimen of the

\* "It is to be lamented that the gardens of the great towns, such as Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, Manchester, Birmingham, &c. &c., reared by voluntary subscriptions, are many of them nearly in a state of bankruptcy for want of the continued encouragement of the inhabitants: Belfast, however, standing out in striking contrast, from the spirited character of its population, and the peculiar tact and talent of the present curator."—*Report*.

leaf as you are of the flower, where will the plant be when the gardens close in the evening?

Before taking leave of this Report, another point must be mentioned—one in which the whole civilized world are the gainers by such an establishment as Kew.

"Gardeners consider it a great privilege to pass two years in completing their education here, where they have, moreover, been recently provided with a small library and reading rooms. Those

who have been most assiduous in improving themselves receive a superior testimonial. The number of applications for admission from foreign gardeners is so great, chiefly at the recommendation of the representatives of their sovereigns, that we have not vacancies enough for them. Applications are likewise frequent for good gardeners, both for public and private situations. The Government gardens of Ceylon, Trinidad, Jamaica, Ottacamund, (Neelgherries,) the Cape, Hobart Town, and others, have been recently supplied by us."

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago—when children's books were rare presents, and so were prized, and read, and read again, until the very position of the paragraphs was known by heart—I had a little volume given to me at the Soho bazaar, called *The Peasants of Chamouni*, which told, in a very truthful manner, the sad story of Dr. Hamel's fatal attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc in 1820. I dare say that it has long been out of print; but I have still my own old copy by me, and I find it was published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, in 1823.

My notions of the Alps at that time were very limited. We had a rise near our village called St. Anne's Hill, from which it was fabled that the dome of St. Paul's had once been seen with a telescope, at a distance of some sixteen or seventeen miles, as the crow flew; and its summit was the only high ground I had ever stood upon. Knowing no more than this, the little book, which I have said had a great air of truth about it, made a deep impression on me; I do not think that *The Pilgrim's Progress* stood in higher favor. And this impression lasted from year to year. Always devouring the details of any work that touched upon the subject, I at length got a very fair idea, topographical and general, of the Alps. A kind friend gave me an old four-volume edition of *de*

*Saussure*; and my earliest efforts in French were endeavors to translate this work. I read the adventures of Captain Sherwill and Dr. Clarke in the magazines of our local institution; and finally I got up a small moving panorama of the horrors pertaining to Mont Blanc from Mr. Auldjo's narrative—the best of all that I have read; and this I so painted up and exaggerated in my enthusiasm, that my little sister—who was my only audience, but a most admirable one, for she cared not how often I exhibited—would become quite pale with fright.

Time went on, and in 1838 I was entered as a pupil to the Hôtel Dieu, at Paris. My first love of the Alps had not faded; and when the *vacancies* came in September, with twelve pounds in my pocket, and an old soldier's knapsack on my back, (bought in a dirty street of the Quartier Latin for two or three francs,) I started from Paris for Chamouni, with another equally humbly-appointed fellow student, now assistant-surgeon in the —th Hussars.

It was very late one evening when I arrived at the little village of Sallenches, in Savoy—then a cluster of the humblest *chalets*, and not as now, since the conflagration, a promising town—very footsore and dusty. At the door of the inn I met old Victor Tairraz, who then kept the Hôtel de Londres at



Chamouni, and was the father of the three brothers who now conduct it—one as *maitre*, the second as cook, and the third as head waiter. He hoped when I arrived at Chamouni that I would come to his house; and he gave me a printed card of his prices, with a view of the establishment at the top of it, in which every possible peak of the Mont Blanc chain that could be selected from all points of the compass was collected into one aspect, supposed to be the view from all the bed-room windows of the establishment, in front, at the back, and on either side. I was annoyed at this card; for I could not reconcile, at that golden time, my early dreams of the valley of Chamouni, with the ordinary business of a Star-and-Garter-like hotel.

I well remember what a night of expectation I passed, reflecting that on the early morrow I should see Mont Blanc with my own practical eyes. When I got out of my bed the next morning—I cannot say “awoke,” for I do not think I slept more than I should have done in the third class of a long night train—I went to the window, and the first view I had of the Mont Blanc range burst on me suddenly, through the mist—that wondrous breath-checking *coup d'œil*, which we all must rave about when we have seen it for the first time—which we so sneer at others for doing when it has become familiar to us. Every step I took that day on the road was as on a journey to fairy-land. Places which I afterwards looked upon as mere common halts for travellers—Servoz, with its little inn, and *Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle*, where I bought my baton; the *montets* above Pont Pelissier; the huts at Des Ouches, where I got some milk—were all enchanted localities. And when, passing the last steep, as the valley of Chamouni opens far away to the left, the glittering rocky advanced post of the Glacier des Bossons came sparkling from the curve, I scarcely dared to look at it. Conscious that it was before me, some strange impulse turned my eyes towards any other objects—unimportant rocks and trees or cattle on the high pasturages—as though I feared to look at it. I never could understand this coquetting with excitement until years afterwards, when a young author told me a variety of the same feeling had seized him as he first saw a notice of his first book in a newspaper. He read the paragraphs above and below and about it; but only glanced at the important one, as though striving constantly to renew the vivid pleasure he had felt upon first seeing it. The whole of that week at Chamouni

passed like a dream. I started off every morning at daybreak with my *alpenstock*, and found my own way to the different “lions” of the valley—to Montanvert, the Flegère, the Pelerins, and the other points of resort; for the guide's six francs a day would have made a great void in my student's purse. With the first light I used to watch the summit of Mont Blanc from my room; and at sunset I always went into the fields behind the church, to see the rosy light creep up it, higher and higher, until it stood once more—cold, clear, mocking the darkening peaks below it—against the sky. From long study of plans, and models, and narratives, I could trace every step of the route: and I do believe, if any stalwart companion had proposed it, with the recollection of what Jacques Balmat and Dr. Paccard had done alone, I should have been mad enough to have started on their traces. I was in hopes, from the settled weather, that some one would attempt the ascent whilst I was at Chamouni; when I should immediately have offered myself as a volunteer or porter to accompany him. But no one came forward until the day after my departure; and then a lady, Mademoiselle Henriette d'Angeville, succeeded in reaching the top, together with the landlord of the Hôtel Royal, and a Polish gentleman, who was stopping in the house.

When I came home to England I had many other things to think about. With the very hard work which the medical practice attached to a large country union required, I had little time for other employment. One dull evening, however, I routed out my old panorama, and as our little village was entirely occupied at the time with the formation of a literary and scientific institution, I thought I could make a grand lecture about the Alps. Availing myself of every half-hour I could spare, I copied all my pictures on a comparatively large scale—about three feet high—with such daring lights, and shadows, and streaks of sunset, that I have since trembled at my temerity as I looked at them; and then contriving some simple mechanism with a carpenter, to make them roll on, I selected the most interesting parts of Mr. Auldjo's narrative, and with a few interpolations of my own produced a lecture which, in the village, was considered quite a “hit,” for the people had seen incandescent charcoal burnt in bottles of oxygen, and heard the physiology of the eye explained by diagrams, until any novelty was sure to succeed. For two or three years, with my Alps in a box, I went round to

various literary institutions. The inhabitants of Richmond, Brentford, Guildford, Staines, Hammersmith, Southwark, and other places, were respectively enlightened upon the theory of glaciers, and the dangers of the Grand Plateau. I recall these first efforts of a showman—for such they really were—with great pleasure. I recollect how my brother and I used to drive our four-wheeled chaise across the country, with Mont Blanc on the back seat, and how we were received, usually with the mistrust attached to wandering professors generally, by the man who swept out the Town Hall, or the Athenæum, or wherever the institution might be located. As a rule, the Athenæums did not remind one of the Acropolis: they were situated up dirty lanes, and sometimes attached to public-houses, and were used in the intervals of oxygen and the physiology of the eye, for tea festivals and infant schools. I remember well the “committee-room,” and a sort of condemned cell in which the final ten minutes before appearing on the platform were spent, with its melancholy decanter of water and tumbler before the lecture, and plate of mixed biscuits and bottle of Marsala afterwards. I recollect, too, how the heat of my lamps would unsolder those above them, producing twilight and oil-avalanches at the wrong time; and how my brother held a piece of wax-candle end behind the moon on the Grands Mulets, (which always got applauded;) and how the diligence, which went across a bridge, would sometimes tumble over. There are *souvenirs* of far greater import that I would throw over before those old Alpine memories.

No matter why, in the following years I changed my lancet into a steel pen, and took up the trade of authorship. My love of the Alps still remained the same; and from association alone, I translated the French drama *La Grace de Dieu*, under the name of *The Pearl of Chamouni*, for one of the London minor theatres. I brought forward all my old views, and made the directors get up the scenery as true to nature as could be expected in an English playhouse, where a belief in the unreal is the great creed; and then I was in the habit of sitting in a dark corner of the boxes, night after night, and wondering what the audience thought of “The valley and village of Chamouni, as seen from the Col de Balme pass, with Mont Blanc in the distance:” so ran the bill. I believe, as far as they were concerned, I might have called it Snowdon or

Ben Nevis with equal force; but I knew it was correct, and was satisfied.

In the ensuing seven or eight years, I always went over to Chamouni whenever I had three weeks to spare in the autumn. Gradually the guides came to look upon me as an *habitué* of the village; and in our rambles I always found them clear-headed, intelligent, and even well-read companions. But whatever subject was started, we always got back to Mont Blanc in our conversation; and when I left Chamouni last year, Jean Tairraz made me half promise that I would come back again the following August, and try the ascent with him. All the winter through the intention haunted me. I knew, from my engagements in periodical literature, that the effort must be a mere scamper—a spasm almost when it was made; but at length a free fortnight presented itself. I found my old knapsack in a store-room, and I beat out the moths and spiders, and filled it as of old; and on the first of August last I left London Bridge in the mail-train of the South-Eastern Railway, with my Lord Mayor and other distinguished members of the corporation who were going to the *fêtes* at Paris, in honor of the Exhibition, and who, not having a knapsack under their seat, lost all their luggage, as is no doubt chronicled in the city archives.

I had not undergone the least training for my work. I came from my desk to the railway, from the railway to the diligence, and from that to the *char-à-banc*; and on the night of my arrival at Chamouni I sent for Tairraz, and we sat upon a bit of timber on the edge of the Arve, consulting upon the practicability of the ascent. He feared the weather was going to change, and that I was scarcely in condition to attempt it; but he would call a meeting of the chief guides at his little curiosity shop next morning, and let me know the result. I made up my mind, at the same time, to walk as much as I could; and, on the second day of my arrival, I went twice to the Mer de Glace, and, indeed, crossed to the other side by myself. In the court-yard of the Hôtel de Londres, on the Friday afternoon, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of three young gentlemen, who had come from Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva, with the intention also of trying the ascent. It was immediately settled that we should unite our caravans; and that same evening, Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz the elder, Jean Carrier, and Gedeon Balmat, met us to settle our plans. The

weather had unfortunately changed. It rained constantly: the wind came up the valley—always a bad sign—and the clouds were so low that we could not even see the Aiguilles, nor the top of the Brevent. But so determined were we to go, that, at all risks, we should have ventured. Every arrangement of food, covering, &c., was left to M. Edouard Tairraz, the landlord of the excellent Hôtel de Londres; and it was understood that we were all to keep in readiness to start at half an hour's notice. My young friends, who had been in regular training for some time, continued to perform prodigies of pedestrianism. I did as much as I could; but, unfortunately, was taken so poorly on my return from Montanvert on the Monday—I suspect from sudden overwork, and sitting about in the wet—that I was obliged to lie down on my bed for four or five hours on my return to the hotel, and, in very low spirits, I began to despair of success.

All this time the weather never improved: it rained unceasingly. We almost rattled the barometer to pieces in our anxiety to detect a change; and Jean made an excursion with me to the cottage of one of the Balmats—the very same house spoken of in my old book, *The Peasants of Chamouni*—who was reported to have a wonderful and valuable weather-guide, the like of which had never been seen before in the valley, called *Le Menteur* by the neighbors, because it always foretold the reverse of what would happen. This turned out to be one of the little Dutch houses, with the meteorological lady and gentleman occupiers. The lady, in her summer costume, was most provokingly abroad, and the worst fears were entertained. Whilst, however, we were at dinner that day, all the fog rolled away clean out of the valley, as if by magic. The mists rose up the *aiguilles* like the flocks of steam from a valley railway; the sun broke out, and M. Tairraz cried out from the top of the table—“*Voilà le beau temps qui vient; vous ferez une belle ascension, Messieurs: et demain.*”

We thought no more of dinner that day; all was now hurry and preparation. At every stove in the kitchen, fowls, and legs and shoulders of mutton were turning. The guides were beating up the porters, who were to carry up the heavier baggage as far as the edge of the glacier; the peasants were soliciting us to be allowed to join the

party as volunteers; and the inhabitants of the village, generally, had collected in the small open space between the church and the Hôtel de l'Union, and were talking over the chances of the excursion—for the mere report of an attempt puts them all in a bustle. We walked about Chamouni that night with heads erect, and an imposing step. People pointed at us, and came from the hotels to see what we were like. For that evening, at least, we were evidently great persons.

The sun went down magnificently, and everything promised a glorious day on the morrow. I collected all my requisites. Our host lent me a pair of high gaiters, and Madame Tairraz gave me a fine pair of scarlet garters to tie them up with. I also bought a green veil, and Jean brought me a pair of blue spectacles. In my knapsack I put other shoes, socks, and trousers, and an extra shirt; and I got a new spike driven into my baton, for the glacier. I was still far from well, but the excitement pulled me through all discomfort. I did not sleep at all that night, from anxiety as to the success of the undertaking: I knew all the danger; and when I made a little parcel of my money, and the few things I had in my “kit,” and told the friend who had come with me from London to take them home if I did not return, I am afraid my attempt to be careless about the matter was a failure. I had set a small infernal machine, that made a hideous noise at appointed hours, to go off at six; but I believe I heard every click it gave all through the night; and I forestalled its office in the morning by getting out of bed myself at sunrise and stopping it. We met at seven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 12th, to breakfast. All our guides and porters had a feast in the garden, and were in high spirits—for the glass had gone up half an inch, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. Nothing could exceed the bustle of the inn-yard; everybody had collected to see the start: the men were dividing and portioning the fowls, and bottles of wine, and rugs, and wrappers; something was constantly being forgotten, and nobody could find whatever was of most importance to them; and the good-tempered cook—another Tairraz—kept coming forth from the kitchen with so many additional viands that I began to wonder when our stores would be completed. The list of articles of food which we took up with us was as follows:—

## NOTE No. I.

## PROVISIONS FOR THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Hotel de Londres, Chamouni,  
August 12, 1851.

|                                    | Fra. acc. |
|------------------------------------|-----------|
| 60 bottles of Vin Ordinaire, . . . | 60        |
| 6 do. Bordeaux, . . .              | 36        |
| 10 do. St. George, . . .           | 30        |
| 15 do. St. Jean, . . .             | 30        |
| 3 do. Cognac, . . .                | 15        |
| 1 do. Syrup of Raspberries, . . .  | 3         |
| 6 do. Lemonade, . . .              | 6         |
| 2 do. Champagne, . . .             | 14        |
| 20 Loaves, . . .                   | 30        |
| 10 small cheeses, . . .            | 8         |
| 6 Packets of Chocolate, . . .      | 9         |
| 6 do. Sugar, . . .                 | 6         |
| 4 do. Prunes, . . .                | 6         |
| 4 do. Raisins, . . .               | 6         |
| 2 do. Salt, . . .                  | 1         |
| 4 Wax candles, . . .               | 4         |
| 6 Lemons, . . .                    | 1         |
| 4 Legs of mutton, . . .            | 24        |
| 4 Shoulders do., . . .             | 12        |
| 6 Pieces of veal, . . .            | 30        |
| 1 Piece of beef, . . .             | 5         |
| 11 Large fowls, . . .              | 30        |
| 25 Small do., . . .                | 87        |
| Total, . . .                       | 456       |

About half-past seven we started; and as we left the inn, and traversed the narrow ill-paved streets of Chamouni towards the bridge, I believe we formed the largest caravan that had ever gone off together. Each of us had four guides, making twenty in all;\* and the porters and volunteers I may reckon at another score; besides which, there was a rabble rout of friends, and relations, and sweethearts, and boys, some of whom came a considerable distance with us. I had a mule waiting for me at the bridle-road that runs through the fields towards the dirty little village of Les Pelerins—for I wished to keep myself as fresh as I could for the real work. I do not think I gained anything by this, for the brute was exceedingly troublesome to manage up the rude steep path and amongst the trees. I expect my active young companions had the best of it on their own good legs. Dressed, at present, in light boating attire, they were

types of fellows in first-rate fibrous muscular condition; and their sunny good-temper, never once clouded during the journey, made everything bright and cheering.

The first two hours of the ascent presented no remarkable features, either of difficulty or prospect. The path was very steep and rugged, through a stunted copse of pines and shrubs, between which we saw on our right the glistening ice-towers of the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons. On our left was the ravine, along which the torrent courses to form the Cascade des Pelerins. The two nice girls who keep the little refreshment *chalet* at the waterfall came across the wood to wish us God speed. Julie Favret, the prettier of the two, was said to be engaged to our guide Jean Carrier—a splendid young fellow—so they lingered behind our caravan some little time; and when Jean rejoined us, an unmerciful shower of *badinage* awaited him. We kept on in single file, winding backwards and forwards amongst the trees, until we came to the last habitation up the mountain, which is called the Chalet de la Para; and here I was glad to quit my mule, and proceed with the rest on foot. From this point the vegetation gradually became more scanty; and, at last, even the fir-trees no longer grew about us. The hill-side was bare and arid, covered with the *débris* of the spring avalanches—amongst which tufts of alpine rhododendron were blowing—and some goats were trying very hard to pick up a living. Our caravan was now spread about far and wide; but at half-past nine we came to an enormous block of granite called the Pierre Pointue, and here we reunited our forces and rested awhile. During our halt the porters readjusted their packs; and some who had carried or dragged up billets of wood with them, which they found on the way, chopped them into lengths and tied them on to their knapsacks. The weight some of these men marched under was surprising. Hitherto we had been on the ridge of one of the mighty buttresses of Mont Blanc, which hem in the glaciers between them: we had now to cling along its side to gain the ice. This part of the journey requires a strong head: here, and towards the termination of the ascent, dizziness would be fatal. Along the side of the mountain, which is all but perpendicular, the goats have worn a rude track, scarcely a foot broad. On your left your shoulder rubs the rock; and on your right there is a frightful precipice, at the bottom of which, hundreds of feet below you, is that confusion of ice, granite

\* The following were the names of our guides, copied from my certificate of the ascent:—Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz, Jean Carrier, Gedeon Balmat, Michel Couttet, Frederic Tairraz, Pierre Cachat, Michel Couttet, François Cachat, Joseph Tairraz, Joseph Tisay, Edouard Carrier, Michel Devouassoud, Auguste Devouassoud, François Favret. One guide—I forget his name—was poorly, and could not sign, the next morning.



blocks, stones, and dirty roaring water, which forms in its *ensemble* the boundary of a glacier. The view is superb, but you dare not look at it. It is only when the loose ground crumbles away beneath your right foot, and you nearly slide away over the precipice—you would do so if the guide did not seize you by the arm with the sudden grip of a vice—that you give up staring about you, and do nothing but carefully watch the footsteps of the man who is going on before. The path goes up and down—its gradual tendency, however, is to descend; and in about twenty minutes we had arrived at the bottom of the ravine. Here we had another half-hour's troublesome scramble over loose boulders, which threw and twisted our ankles about in every direction, until at last we gained the second station, if it may so be called, of our journey—another huge rock called the *Pierre à l'Echelle*, under shelter of which a ladder is left from one year to the other, and is carried on by the guides, to assist them in passing the crevices on the glacier. The remains of an old one was likewise lying here, and the rungs of it were immediately seized for firewood.

We were now four thousand feet above Chamouni, and the wonders of the glacier world were breaking upon us. The edge of the ice was still half an hour's walk beyond this rock, but it appeared close at hand—literally within a stone's-throw. So vast is everything that surrounds the traveller—there is such an utter absence of any comprehensible standard of comparison—his actual presence is so insignificant—a mere unheeded, all but invisible speck on this mountain world—that every idea of proportionate size or distance is lost. And this impossibility of calculation is still further aided by the bright clear air, seen through which the granite outlines miles away are as sharply defined as those of the rocks you have quitted but half an hour ago.

Far below us, long after the torrents had lost themselves in little gray threads amongst the pine-woods, we saw the valley of Chamouni, with its fields and pastures parcelled out into particolored districts, like the map of an estate sale; and we found the peaks of other mountains beginning to show above and beyond the lofty Brevent. Above us, mighty plains of snow stretched far and away in all directions; and through them the ice-crag and pinnacles of the two glaciers, Bossons and Tacconay, were everywhere visible. On either side of us, at the *distance perhaps of a couple of miles from*

each other, were the two huge buttresses of Mont Blanc which form the channel of the glacier before alluded to. Along one of these we had come up from the valley: de Saussure chose the other when he made his ascent in 1787. High up the sides of these mountains were wondrous cornices of ice of incalculable weight, threatening to fall every instant. Pieces now and then tumbled down with a noise like distant thunder; but they were not large enough to be dangerous. Had a block of several tons descended at once, its momentum would have carried it along the glacier, sweeping everything before it; and of this occurrence the guides are constantly in dread.

We rested here nearly half an hour; and it was not until we unpacked some of our cold fowls from the *Galignan* in which they were rolled that we found our knives and forks had been left behind. Tairraz thought Balmat had them—and Balmat had told Carrier to look after them—and Carrier had seen them on the bench outside the hotel just as we started, and expected young Devouassoud had put them in his knapsack—and so it went on. But nobody in the end had brought them. Most of us, however, had pocket-knives; and what we could not carve we pulled to pieces with our fingers, and made a famous meal. The morning was so bright, and the air so pure, and the view so grand, and we were already so fatigued—or fancied we were—that I believe, if the guides had not beaten us up again into marching order, we should have dawdled about this *Pierre à l'Echelle* for half the day. So we took our batons and started off again; and after a troublesome scuffle over the grimy border of the glacier we reached its clean edge, and bade good-bye to firm footing and visible safety for the rest of the excursion.

The first portion of the journey across the Glacier des Bossons is easy enough, provided always that the outer crust of the snow lying upon it is tolerably hard. We marched on in single file, (the guides taking it by turns to lead, as the first man had of course the heaviest work,) amidst cliffs and hillocks, and across sloping fields and uplands, all of dazzling whiteness. I here observed, for the first time, the intense dark-blue color which the sky apparently assumes. This is only by comparison with the unsubdued glare from the snow on all sides—since, on making a kind of *lorgnette* with my two hands, and looking up, as I might have done at a picture, there was nothing unusual in the tint. Our veils and glasses now proved

great comforts, for the sun was scorching, and the blinding light from the glaciers actually distressing. By degrees our road became less practicably easy. We had to make zig-zag paths up very steep pitches, and to go out of our line to circumvent threatening ice-blocks or suspected crevices. The porters, too, began to grumble, and there was a perpetual wrangling going on between them and the guides as to the extent of their auxiliary march; and another bottle of wine had constantly to be added to the promised reward when they returned to Chamouni. All this time we had been steadily ascending; and at last the glacier was so broken, and the crevices so frequently and hugely gaping, that the guides tied us and themselves together with cords, leaving a space of about eight feet between each two men, and prepared for serious work.

The traveller who has only seen the Mer de Glace can form no idea of the terrific beauty of the upper part of the Glacier des Bossons. He remembers the lower portions of the latter, which appears to rise from the very corn-fields and orchards of Chamouni, with its towers and ruins of the purest ice, like a long fragment of quartz inconceivably magnified; and a few steps from the edge of Montanvert will show him the icy chasms of the Mer. But they have little in common with the wild and awful tract we were now preparing to traverse. The Glacier des Bossons, splitting away from that of Tacconay, is rent and torn and tossed about by convulsions scarcely to be comprehended; and the alternate action of the nightly frost and the afternoon sun on this scene of splendid desolation and horror, produces the most extraordinary effects. Huge bergs rise up of a lovely pale sea-green color, perforated by arches decorated every day with fresh icicles many feet in length; and through these arches one sees other fantastic masses, some thrown like bridges across yawning gulfs, and others planted like old castles on jutting rocks commanding valleys and gorges, all of ice. There is here no plain surface to walk upon; your only standing-room is the top of the barrier that divides two crevices; and as this is broad or narrow, terminating in another frightful gulf, or continuous with another treacherous ice-wall, so can you be slow or rapid. The breadth of the crevice varies with each one you arrive at, and these individually vary constantly, so that the most experienced guide can have no fixed plan of route. The fissure you can leap across to-day, becomes by to-morrow a yawning gulf.

Young Devouassoud now took the lead, with a light axe to cut out footsteps and hand-holds with when necessary, and we all followed, very cautiously placing our feet in the prints already made. "*Choisissez vos pas!*" was a phrase we heard every minute. Our progress was necessarily very slow; and sometimes we were brought up altogether for a quarter of an hour, whilst a council was held as to the best way of surmounting a difficulty. Once only the neck of ice along which we had to pass was so narrow that I preferred crossing it saddle-fashion, and so working myself on with my hands. It was at points similar to this that I was most astonished at the daring and sure-footedness of the guides. They took the most extraordinary jumps, alighting upon banks of ice that shelved at once clean down to the edges of frightful crevices, to which their feet appeared to cling like those of flies. And yet we were all shod alike—in good stout "shooting shoes," with a double row of hob-nails; but, where I was sliding and tumbling about, they stood like rocks. In all this there was, however, little physical exertion for us—it was simply a matter of nerve and steady head. Where the crevice was small, we contrived to jump over it with tolerable coolness; and where it was over three or four feet in breadth, we made a bridge of the ladder, and walked over on the rounds. There is no great difficulty, to be sure, in doing this, when a ladder lies upon the ground; but with a chasm of unknown depth below it, it is satisfactory to get to the other side as quickly as possible.

At a great many points the snow made bridges, which we crossed easily enough. Only one was permitted to go over at a time; so that, if it gave way, he might remain suspended by the rope attached to the main body. Sometimes we had to make long detours to get to the end of a crevice, too wide to cross any way; at others, we would find ourselves all wedged together, not daring to move, on a neck of ice that at first I could scarcely have thought adequate to have afforded footing to a goat. When we were thus fixed, somebody cut notches in the ice, and climbed up or down as the case required; then the knapsacks were pulled up or lowered; then we followed, and, finally, the rest got up as they could. One scramble we had to make was rather frightful. The reader must imagine a valley of ice, very narrow, but of unknown depth. Along the middle of this there ran a cliff, also of ice, very narrow at the top, and end-

ing suddenly, the surface of which might have been fifteen feet lower than the top of this valley on either side, and on it we could not stand two abreast. A rough notion of a section of this position may be gained from the letter W, depressing the centre angle, and imagining that the cliff on which we were standing. The feet of our ladders were set firm on the neck of the cliff, and then it was allowed to lean over the crevice until its other end touched the wall, so to speak, of the valley. Its top round was, even then, seven or eight feet below where we wanted to get. One of the young guides went first with his axe, and contrived, by some extraordinary succession of gymnastic feats, to get safely to the top, although we all trembled for him—and, indeed, for ourselves; for, tied as we all were, and on such a treacherous standing, had he tumbled he would have pulled the next after him, and so on, one following the other, until we should all have gone hopelessly to perdition. Once safe, he soon helped his fellows, and, one after the other, we were drawn up, holding to the cord for our lives. The only accident that befell me on the journey here happened. Being pulled quickly up, my ungloved hand encountered a sharp bit of granite frozen in the ice, and this cut through the veins on my wrist. The wound bled furiously for a few minutes; but the excitement of the scramble had been so great that I actually did not know I was hurt until I saw the blood on the snow. I tied my handkerchief round the cut, and it troubled me no more; but, from such hurried surgery, it has left a pretty palpable scar.

Our porters would go no farther—promises and bribes were now in vain—and they gave up their luggage, and set off on their way back to Chamouni. We now felt, indeed, a forlorn hope; but fortunately we did not encounter anything worse than we had already surmounted; and about four o'clock in the afternoon we got to the station at which we were to remain until midnight.

The Grands Mulets are two or three conical rocks which rise like island peaks from the snow and ice at the head of the Glacier des Bossons, and, were they loftier, would probably be termed *aiguilles*. They are visible with the naked eye from Chamouni, appearing like little cones on the mountain side. Looking up to them, their left hand face, or outer side, as I shall call it, goes down straight at once, some hundred feet, to the glacier. On the right hand, and in front, *you can scramble up to them pretty well, and gain your resting-place, which is about thirty*

feet from the summit, either by climbing the rock from the base, which is very steep and fatiguing, or by proceeding farther up along the snow, and then returning a little way, when you find yourself nearly on a level with your shelf—for such it is. A familiar example of what I mean is given in a house built on a steep hill, where the back-door may be on the third story.

The ascent of this rock was the hardest work we had yet experienced; it was like climbing up an immense number of flag-stones, of different heights, set on their edges. Before we got half-way, we heard them firing guns at Chamouni, which showed us that we were being watched from the village; and this gave us fresh energy. At last we reached something like a platform, ten or twelve feet long, and three or four broad and below this was another tolerably level space, with a low parapet of loose stones built round it, whilst here and there were several nooks and corners which might shelter people on emergency. We acknowledged the salute at Chamouni, by sticking one of our batons into a crevice, and tying a handkerchief to the top of it; and then set to work to clear away the snow from our resting-place. Contrary to all my expectation, the heat we here experienced was most sultry, and even distressing. Those who have noted how long the granite posts and walls of the Italian cities retain the heat after the sun has gone down, will understand that this rock upon which we were was quite warm wherever the rays fell upon it, although in every nook of shade the snow still remained unthawed.

As soon as we had arranged our packs and bundles, we began to change our clothes, which were tolerably well wet through with trudging and tumbling about among the snow; and cutting a number of pegs, we strewed our garments about the crannies of the rocks to dry. I put on two shirts, two pairs of lamb's-wool socks, a thick pair of Scotch plaid trousers, a "Templar" worsted head-piece, and a common blouse; and my companions were attired in a similar manner. There was now great activity in the camp. Some of the guides ranged the wine bottles side by side in the snow; others unpacked the refreshment knapsacks; others, again, made a rude fireplace, and filled a stew-pan with snow to melt. All this time it was so hot, and the sun was so bright, that I began to think the guide who told de Saussure he should take a parasol up with him did not deserve to have been laughed at.

As soon as our wild bivouac assumed a



little appearance of order, two of the guides were sent up the glacier to go a great way ahead, and then return and report upon the state of the snow on the *plateaux*. When they had started, we perched ourselves about, on the comparatively level spaces of the rocks, and with knife and fingers began our dinner.

We had scarcely commenced when our party was joined by a young Irishman and a guide, who had taken advantage of the beaten track left behind us, and marched up on our traces with tolerable ease, leaving to us the honor (and the expense) of cutting out the path. My younger friends, with a little ebullition of university feeling, proposed, under such circumstances, that we should give him a reception in keeping with the glacier; but I thought it would be so hyper-punctilious to show temper here, on the Grands Mulets rocks, up and away in the regions of eternal snow, some thousand feet from the level world, that I ventured on a very mild hint to this effect, which was received with all the acquiescence and good temper imaginable. So we asked him to contribute his stores to our table, and, I dare say, should have got on very well together; but the guides began to squabble about what they considered a breach of etiquette, and presently, with his attendant, he moved away to the next rock. Afterwards another "follower" arrived, with two guides, and he subsequently reached the summit.

We kept high festival that afternoon on the Grands Mulets. One stage of our journey—and that one by no means the easiest—had been achieved without the slightest hurt or harm. The consciousness of success thus far, the pure transparent air, the excitement attached to the very position in which we found ourselves, and the strange bewildering novelty of the surrounding scenery, produced a flowing exhilaration of spirits that I had never before experienced. The feeling was shared by all; and we laughed and sang, and made the guides contribute whatever they could to the general amusement, and told them such stories as would translate well in return; until, I believe, that dinner will never be forgotten by them. A fine diversion was afforded by racing the empty bottles down the glacier. We flung them off from the rock as far as we were able, and then watched their course. Whenever they chanced to point neck first down the slope, they started off with inconceivable velocity, leaping the crevices by their own impetus, until they were lost in the distance. The excitement of the

guides during this amusement was very remarkable: a stand of betting men could not have betrayed more at the Derby. Their anxiety when one of the bottles approached a crevice was intense; and if the gulf was cleared, they perfectly screamed with delight, "*Voici un bon coureur!*" or "*Tiens! comme il saut bien!*" burst from them; and "*Le grand s'arrête!*" "*Il est perdu—quel dommage!*" "*Non—il marche encore!*" could not have been uttered with more earnestness had they been watching a herd of chamois.

It got somewhat chilly as the sun left the Mulets, but never so cold as to be uncomfortable. With my back against the rock, and a common railway rug over my feet and legs, I needed nothing else. My knapsack was handy at my elbow to lean upon—the same old companion that had often served for my pillow on the Mediterranean and the Nile: and so I had altogether the finest couch upon which a weary traveller ever rested.

I have, as yet, purposely abstained from describing the glorious view above, around, and beneath us, for the details of our bivouac would have interrupted me as much as the arrangements actually did, until we got completely settled for the night—at least so much of it as we were to pass there. The Grands Mulets rocks are evidently the highest spines, so to speak, of a ridge of the mountain dividing the origin of the two glaciers of Bossons and Tacconay. They are chosen for a halting-place, not less from their convenient station on the route than from their situation out of the way of the avalanches. From the western face of the peak on which we were situated we could not see Chamouni, except by climbing up to the top of the rock—rather a hazardous thing to do—and peeping over it, when the whole extent of the valley could be very well made out; the villages looking like atoms of white grit upon the chequered ground. Below us, and rising against our position, was the mighty field of the glacier—a huge prairie, if I may term it so, of snow and ice, with vast irregular undulations, which gradually merged into an apparently smooth unbroken tract, as their distance increased. Towering in front of us, several thousand feet higher, and two or three miles away, yet still having the strange appearance of proximity that I have before alluded to, was the huge Dôme du Gouté—the mighty cupola usually mistaken by the valley travellers for the summit of Mont Blanc. Up the glacier, on my left, was an enormous and ascending valley of ice, which might have been a couple of miles



across; and in its course were two or three steep banks of snow, hundreds of feet in height, giant steps by which the level landing-place of the Grand Plateau was to be reached. On the first and lowest of these, we could make out two dots slowly toiling up the slope. They were the pioneers we had started from the Mulets on arriving, and their progress thus far was considered a proof that the snow was in good order. Still farther up, above the level which marked the Grand Plateau, was the actual summit of Mont Blanc. As I looked at it, I thought that in two hours' good walking, along a route apparently as smooth as a race-course after a moderate fall of snow, it might be easily reached; but immediately my eye returned to the two specks who had already taken up that time in painfully toiling to their present position. The next instant the attempt seemed hopeless, even in a day. As it was now, with the last five hours' unceasing labor and continuous ascent, the lower parts of the glacier that we had traversed appeared close at hand; but when I looked down to my right, across the valley, and saw the Brevent—to get to the summit of which, from Chamouni, requires hours of toil; when I saw this lofty wall of the valley gradually assuming the appearance of a mere ploughed ridge, I was again struck with the bewildering impossibility of bringing down anything in this "world of wonders"\* to the ordinary rules or experiences of proportion and distance.

The sun at length went down behind the Aiguille du Gouté, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendor—burst upon me, that, spell-bound and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realization of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling, that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendor. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid, and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops

of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its color from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still, it drove the lovely glory of the sunlight before it, until at last the vast Dôme du Gouté and the summit itself stood out, icelike and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light.

Although this superb spectacle had faded away, the scene was still even more than striking. The fire which the guides had made, and which was now burning and crackling on a ledge of rock a little below us, threw its flickering light, with admirable effect, upon our band. The men had collected round the blaze, and were making some chocolate, as they sang *patois* ballads and choruses: they were all evidently as completely at home as they would have been in their own *chalets*. We had arranged ourselves as conveniently as we could, so as not to inconvenience one another, and had still nothing more than an ordinary wrapper over us: there had been no attempt to build the tent with batons and canvas, as I had read in some of the Mont Blanc narratives—the starry heaven was our only roofing. F. and P. were already fast asleep. W. was still awake, and I was too excited even to close my eyes in the attempt to get a little repose. We talked for a while, and then he also was silent.

The stars had come out, and, looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four

\* "A world of wonders, where creation seems  
No more the works of Nature, but her Dreams."  
MONTGOMERY.

remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its icebound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold, and silence, and death, stretched out, far and away from us, on every side; but above, heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!

It was twenty minutes to twelve when the note of preparation for our second start was sounded. Tairraz shook up the more drowsy of the guides, and they were soon bustling about, and making their arrangements for the work before us. They had not much to carry now. Everything, with the exception of a few bottles of wine, some small loaves, and two or three cold fowls, was to be left on the Grands Mulets: there was no danger of theft from passers-by, as Carrier observed. This quarter of an hour before midnight was, I think, the heaviest during the journey. Now that we were going to leave our lodging, I did feel uncommonly tired; and wild and rugged as it was, I began to think the blankets and wrappers looked very comfortable in the ruddy firelight, compared to the glooming desert of ice before us. The moon was still low—that is to say, the light on the mountain had not come farther down than the top of the Aiguille du Gouté, so that we were in comparative darkness. Three or four lanterns were fitted up with candles; and Jean Tairraz had a fine affair, like a Chinese balloon, or more truly the round *lampions* used in French illuminations, only larger; and this he tied behind him to light me as I followed. Michel Devouassoud took the lead; we came after him with regular numbers of guides, each traveller having a lantern carried before him, and then another guide or two, lightly laden. In this order, in single file, we left the Grands Mulets—not by the scrambling route of our arrival, but

by the upper portion of the rocks, where we descended at once, in a few feet, to the snow. As we passed the upper Mulets, we heard our Irish follower “keeping it up” by himself in most convivial fashion, and singing “God save the Queen” to his guide. Soon afterwards we saw his lantern glimmering on our traces; and the light of the second aspirant was also visible, moving about before his start.

The snowy side of Mont Blanc, between the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges near the summit, is formed by three gigantic steps, if they may so be called, one above the other, each of which is many hundred feet high. Between each is a comparatively level platform of glacier; and the topmost of these, which is two or three miles across, is called the Grand Plateau. Its position can be made out very well from Chamouni with the naked eye. Up these slopes our road now lay; and for more than two hours we followed one another in silence—now trudging over the level places, and now slowly climbing, in zigzag, up the steeps. Very little talking went on, for we knew that we should soon need all our breath. The walking here, however, was by no means difficult: for the snow was hard and crisp, and we made very good progress, although, for a long time, we saw the red speck of fire, far below us, gleaming on the Grands Mulets. The stars were out, and the air was sharp and cold, but only disagreeably biting when the lightest puff of wind came. This was not very often, for we were sheltered on all sides by the heights and *aiguilles* around us.

The march from the Mulets to the foot of the Grand Plateau was the most unexciting part of the journey. It was one continuous, steadily ascending tramp of three hours and a half—now and then retracing our footmarks with a little grumbling, when it was found, on gaining the neck of a ridge of snow, that there was an impracticable crevice on the other side; but the general work was not much more than that of ascending the Mer de Glace, on your route to the Jardin. Whenever we came to a stand-still, our feet directly got very cold; and the remedy for this was to drive them well into the snow. The guides were anxious that we should constantly keep in motion; and, indeed, they were never still themselves during these halts.

We had nearly gained the edge of the Grand Plateau when our caravan was suddenly brought to a stop by the announcement from our leading guide of a huge

vice ahead, to which he could not see any termination; and it was far too wide to cross by any means. It appeared that the guides had looked forward, all along, to some difficulty here—and they were now really anxious; for Tairraz said, that if we could not reach the other side our game was up, and we must return. Auguste Devouassoud went ahead and called for a lantern. We had now only one left alight; two had burnt out, and the other had been lost, shooting away like a meteor down the glacier until it disappeared in a gulf. The remaining light was handed forward, and we watched its course with extreme anxiety, hovering along the edge of the abyss—anon disappearing and then showing again farther off—until at last Auguste shouted out that he had found a pass, and that we could proceed again. We toiled up a very steep cliff of ice, and then edged the crevice which yawned upon our left in a frightful manner,—more terrible in its semi-obscurity than it is possible to convey any impression of—until the danger was over, and we all stood safely upon the Grand Plateau about half-past three in the morning.

We had now two or three miles of level walking before us; indeed our road, from one end of the plateau to the other, was on a slight descent. Before we started we took some wine: our appetites were not very remarkable in spite of all our work; but a leathern cup of St. George put a little life and warmth into us, for we were chilled with the delay, and it was now intensely cold. We also saw the other lanterns approaching, and we now formed, as it were, one long caravan. Still in single file we set off again, and the effect of our silent march was now unearthly and solemn, to a degree that was almost painfully impressive. Mere atoms in this wilderness of perpetual frost, we were slowly advancing over the vast plain—slowly following each other on the track which the leading glimmering dot of light aided the guide to select. The reflected moonlight, from the Dôme du Gouté, which looked like a huge mountain of frosted silver, threw a cold gleam over the plateau, sufficient to show its immense and ghastly space. High up on our right was the summit of Mont Blanc, apparently as close and as inaccessible as ever; and immediately on our left was the appalling gulf, yawning in the ice of unknown depth, into which the avalanche swept Dr. Hamel's guides; and in whose depths, ice-bound and unchanged, they are yet *locked*. Tairraz crept close to me, and said,

through his teeth, almost in a whisper—  
 “C'est ici, Monsieur, que mon frère Auguste est péri en 1820, avec Balmaç et Carrier: les pauvres corps sont encore là bas!—ça me donne de peine, toujours, en traversant la Plateau; et la route est encore périlleuse.” “Et les avalanches?” I asked—  
 “tombent elles toujours?” “Oui, Monsieur, toujours—nuit et jour. Le plutôt passé, mieux pour nous!”

In fact, although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the entire ascent. A flake of snow or a chip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice. Everybody was aware of this; and for three quarters of an hour we kept trudging hurriedly forward, scarcely daring to speak, and every now and then looking up with mistrust at the *calotte*, as the summit is termed, that rose above us in such cold and deceitful tranquillity. Once or twice in my life I have been placed in circumstances of the greatest peril, and I now experienced the same dead calm in which my feelings always were sunk on these occasions. I knew that every step we took was gained from the chance of a horrible death; and yet the only thing that actually distressed me was, that the two front lanterns would not keep the same distance from one another—a matter of the most utter unimportance to everybody.

At last we got under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and then we were in comparative safety; since, were an avalanche to fall, they would turn its course on to the plateau we had just quitted. A small council was assembled there. The Irishman, who had got a little ahead of us, was compelled to give in—he was done up and could go no farther. Indeed, it would have been madness to have attempted it, for we found him lying on the snow, vomiting frightfully, with considerable hemorrhage from the nose. I think this must have been about the same elevation at which young Mr. Talfourd was compelled to give in, in 18—. I told our poor companion that he must not think the worse of us for leaving him there, with his guide, as unfortunately we could do nothing for him; but I recommended him to go back as speedily as he could to the Grands Mulets, where he would find everything that he might require. He took this advice, and, indeed, we found him still at the rock, on our return.



As we reached the almost perpendicular wall of ice below the Rochers Rouges we came into the full moonlight; and, at the same time, far away on the horizon the red glow of daybreak was gradually tinging the sky, and bringing the higher and more distant mountains into relief. The union of these two effects of light was very strange. At first, simply cold and bewildering, it had nothing of the sunset glories of the Grands Mulets; but after a time, when peak after peak rose out from the gloomy world below, the spectacle was magnificent. In the dark boundless space a small speck of light would suddenly appear, growing larger and larger, until it took the palpable form of a mountain-top. Whilst this was going on, other points would brighten, here and there, and increase in the same manner; then a silvery gleam would mark the position of a lake reflecting the sky—it was that of Geneva—until the gray hazy ocean lighted up into hills and valleys and irregularities, and the entire world below warmed into the glow of sunrise. We were yet in gloom, shadowed by the Aiguille Sans Nom, with the summit of Mont Blanc shut out from us by the Rochers Rouges; but, of course, it must have been the earliest to catch the rays.

It was now fearfully cold; and every now and then a sharp north-east wind nearly cut us into pieces, bringing with it a storm of spiculæ of ice, which were really very painful, as they blew against and past our faces and ears: so we took to our veils again, which all night long had been twisted round our hats. I felt very chilled and dispirited. I had now passed two nights without sleep; and I had really eaten nothing since the yesterday's morning but part of an egg, a piece of fowl, and a little bit of bread—for my illness had taken away all my appetite; and on this small diet I had been undergoing the greatest work. But none of us were complaining of nausea, or difficulty of breathing, or blood to the head, or any of the other symptoms which appear to have attacked most persons even on the Grand Plateau; so I plucked up fresh courage, and prepared for our next achievement.

This was no light affair. From the foot of the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which we had to climb from the N. E. to the E. Its surface was at an angle of about sixty degrees. Above us it terminated in a mighty cliff, entirely covered with icicles of marvellous length and beauty; below, it was impossible to see where it went, for it finished suddenly in an

edge, which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Along this we now had to go; and the journey was as hazardous a one as a man might make along a steeply-pitched roof with snow on it. Jean Carrier went first with his axe, and very cautiously cut every step in which we were to place our feet in the ice. It is difficult at times to walk along ice on a level: but when that ice is tilted up more than half-way towards the perpendicular, with a fathomless termination below, and no more foot and hand hold afforded than can be chipped out, it becomes a nervous affair enough. The cords came into requisition again; and we went along, leaning very much over to our right, and, I must say, paying little attention to our guides who were continually pointing out spots for us to admire—the Jardin, Monte Rosa, and the Col du Géant—as they became visible. It took us nearly half an hour to creep round this hazardous slope, and then we came once more upon a vast undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul, towards the upper part of the Mer de Glace—the reverse of the view the visitor enjoys from the Jardin.

My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point, on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word “bewitched” is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a Mayday festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be: but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the



same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Perviz in the *Arabian Nights*. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice four or five hundred feet high—the terrible Mur de la Côte—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any farther, but that they might leave me there if they pleased.

The Mont Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon "pluck," I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below, in the horrible depths of the glacier. Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier *moraine*, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating

in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed, in a highly rarefied atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and want of rest—with bloodshot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful Mur de la Côte calls for no ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course, every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. I scarcely know what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree, that, clinging to the hand-holes made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing, very slowly indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path, that I had to wait until the guide before me removed his foot, before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in a blue haze.

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte* as it is called—the "cap" of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so "blown," in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my "team," because they did not go quicker; and I was exceedingly indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa.

At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!

The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted, that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose, which ancient people term "forty winks." Six or seven minutes of dead slumber was enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself. And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point; for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me; and turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered away to the Oberland, with its hundred peaks glittering in the bright morning sun. There was too much to see, and yet not enough: I mean, the view was so vast that, whilst every point and valley was a matter of interest, and eagerly scanned, yet the elevation was so great that all detail was lost. What I did observe I will endeavor to render account of—not as a tourist might do, who, planting himself in imagination on the Mont Blanc of Keller's map or Auldjo's plan, puts down all the points that he considers might be visible, but just as they struck me with an average traveller's notion of Switzerland.

In the first place, it must be understood, as I have just intimated, that the height greatly takes away from the interest of the view, which its expanse scarcely makes amends for. As a splendid panorama, the sight from the Rigi Kulm is more attractive. The chequered fields, the little steamer plying from Lucerne to Fluelyn, the tiny omnibuses on the lake-side road to Art, the desolation of Goldau, and the section of the fatal Rossberg, are all subjects of interest and much admiration. But the Rigi is six thousand feet above the sea level, and Mont Blanc is over fifteen thousand. The little clustered village, seen from the Kulm, becomes a mere white speck from the crown of the monarch.

The morning was most lovely; there was

not even a wreath of mist coming up from the valley. One of our guides had been up nine times, and he said he had never seen such weather. But with this extreme clearness of atmosphere there was a filmy look about the peaks, merging into a perfect haze of distance in the valleys. All the great points in the neighborhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Bernese Alps—were standing forth clear enough; but the other second-class mountains were mere ridges. It was some time before I could find out the Brevent at all, and many of the Aiguilles were sunk and merged into the landscape. There was a strange feeling in looking down upon the summits of these mountains, which I had been accustomed to know only as so many giants of the horizon. The other hills had sunk into perfect insignificance, or rather looked pretty much the same as they do in the relief models at the map shops. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, was very clearly defined; and beyond these again were the faint blue hills of Burgundy. Turning round to the south-east, I looked down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvercle lets his eye travel to the summit of Mont Blanc. Right away over the Col du Géant we saw the plains of Lombardy very clearly, and one of the guides insisted upon pointing out Milan; but I could not acknowledge it. I was altogether more interested in finding out the peaks and gorges comparatively near the mountain, than straining my eyes after remote matters of doubt. Of the entire *coup d'œil* no descriptive power can convey the slightest notion. Both Mont Blanc and the Pyramids, viewed from below, have never been clearly pictured, from the utter absence of anything by which proportion could be fixed. From the same cause, it is next to impossible to describe the apparently boundless undulating expanse of jagged snow-topped peaks, that stretched away as far as the horizon on all sides beneath us. Where everything is so almost incomprehensible in its magnitude, no sufficiently graphic comparison can be instituted.

The first curiosity satisfied, we produced our stores, and collected together on the hard snow to discuss them. We had some wine, and a cold fowl or two, a small quantity of bread and cheese, some chocolate in *batons*, and a bag of prunes, which latter proved of great service in the ascent. One of these, rolled about in the mouth, without being eaten, served to dispel the dryness of the throat and palate, otherwise so distressing.

The rarefaction of the air was nothing to what I had anticipated. We had heard legends, down at Chamouni, of the impossibility of lighting pipes at this height; but now all the guides were smoking most comfortably. Our faces had an odd dark appearance, the result of congestion, and almost approaching the tint I had noticed in persons attacked by Asiatic cholera; but this was not accompanied by any sensation of fulness, or even inconvenience. The only thing that distressed me was the entire loss of feeling in my right hand, on which I had not been able to wear one of the fur gloves, from the bad grasp it allowed to my pole. Accordingly it was frost-bitten. The guides evidently looked upon this as a more serious matter than I did myself, and for five minutes I underwent a series of rather severe operations of very violent friction. After a while the numbness partially went away; but even as I now write, my little finger is without sensation, and on the approach of cold it becomes very painful. However, all this was nothing: we had succeeded, and were sitting all together, without hurt or harm, on the summit of Mont Blanc. We did not feel much inclined to eat, but our *vin ordinaire* was perfect nectar; and the bottle of champagne brought up on purpose to be drunk on the summit, was considered a finer wine than had ever been met with. We all shook each other by the hand, and laughed at such small pleasantries so heartily that it was quite diverting; and a rapid programme of toasts went round, of which the most warmly drunk was "Her," according to each of our separate opinions on that point. We made no "scientific observations,"—the acute and honest de Saussure had done everything that was wanted by the world of that kind; and those who have since worried themselves during the ascent about "elevations" and temperatures, have added nothing to what he told us sixty years ago. But we had beheld all the wonders and horrors of the glacier world in their wildest features; we had gazed on scenery of such fantastic yet magnificent nature as we might not hope to see again; we had labored with all the nerve and energy we could command to achieve a work of downright unceasing danger and difficulty, which not more than one half of those who try are able to accomplish, and the triumph of which is even now shared but by a comparative handful of travellers: and we had succeeded!

Although the cold was by no means severe when the air was still, yet, as I have before

stated, the lightest puff of wind appeared to freeze us; and we saw the guides getting their packs ready—they were very light now—and preparing to descend. Accordingly, we left the summit at half-past nine, having been there exactly half an hour. We learned afterwards that we had been seen from Chamouni by telescopes, and that the people there had fired cannon when they perceived us on the summit: but these we did not hear. We were about three hours and a half getting back to the Grands Mulets; and, with the exception of the Mur de la Côte, (which required the same caution as in coming up,) the descent was a matter of great amusement. Sliding, tumbling, and staggering about, setting all the zigzags at defiance, and making direct short cuts from one to the other—sitting down at the top of the snow slopes, and launching ourselves off, feet first, until, not very clever at self-guidance, we turned right round and were stopped by our own heads; all this was capital fun. The guides managed to slide down very cleverly, keeping their feet. They leant rather back, steadying themselves with their poles, which also acted as a drag, by being pressed deeply into the snow when they wished to stop, and so scudded down like the bottles from the Grands Mulets. I tried this plan once; but, before I had gone a dozen yards, I went head-over-heels, and nearly lost my baton; so that I preferred the more ignoble but equally exciting mode of transit first alluded to.

Although our return to the Mulets was accomplished in about half the time of the ascent, yet I was astonished at the distance we had traversed, now that my attention was not so much taken away by the novelty of the scenery and situations. There appeared to be no end to the *montets* which divide the *plateaux*; and after a time, as we descended, the progress became very troublesome, for the snow was beginning to thaw in the sun, and we went up to our knees at every step. We were now not together, little parties of three or four dotting the glacier above and in front of us. Everybody chose his own route, and glissaded, or skated, or rolled down according to his fancy. The sun was very bright and warm—we were all very cheerful and merry; and, although I had not had any sleep for two nights, I contrived to keep up tolerably well with the foremost.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was



so stifling that we could scarcely support it ; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stew-pan, by the way, for we had lost our leathern cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-bye to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever.

In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge ; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knaresborough ; every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in ; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to with their poles, and a shake of the head was always the signal for a *detour*. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted on a mere bracket of snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like rapid activity of the Chamouni guides he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.

At length, after much anxiety, we came to the *moraine* of the glacier, and I was not sorry to find myself standing upon a block of hard granite, for I honestly believe that our lives had not been worth a penny's purchase ever since we left the Grands Mulets. We had a long rest at the Pierre à l'Echelle,

where we deposited our ladder for the next aspirants, and, in the absence of everything else, were content with a little water for refreshment. The cords were now untied, and we went on as we pleased ; but I ordered Jean Carrier to go ahead, and tell his pretty sweetheart at the Pavilion des Pelerins that we should make all the party drink her health there—a promise I had given a day or two previously—and he started off like a chamois. Jean Tairraz was sent forward to bespeak some milk for us at the Chalet de la Para, and then we took our time ; and, once more upon solid trustworthy ground, began the last descent. Some mules were waiting at the Chalet, but the road was so exceedingly steep and tortuous that I preferred my own legs ; and by five o'clock we had come down the pine wood, and found ourselves at the little cabin with Julie, all brightness and blushes, busying about to receive us.

Several ladies and gentlemen had come thus far to meet us ; and, what with the friends and families of the guides, we now formed a very large party indeed. It was here humbly suggested that we should mount our mules, to render our entry into Chamouni as imposing as possible ; so after the men had drunk with their friends and with one another, and indeed with everybody, we formed into our order of march across the fields between the two villages. First went the two Tairraz, Balmat, and Carrier, with their ice-axes, as the chiefs of the party, and specially attached to us ; then we came on our mules ; after us walked the body of the guides, with such of their families as had come to meet them, and little boys and girls, so proud to carry their batons and appear to belong to the procession ; and, finally, the porters and volunteers with the knapsacks brought up the rear. And so we went merrily through the fields that border the Arve, in the bright afternoon sunlight, receiving little bouquets from the girls on the way, and meeting fresh visitors from Chamouni every minute.

We had heard the guns firing at Chamouni ever since we left the Pelerins ; but as we entered the village we were greeted with a tremendous round of Alpine artillery from the roof of the new Hôtel Royal, and the garden and courtyard of the Hôtel de Londres. The whole population was in the streets, and on the bridge ; the ladies at the hotels waving their handkerchiefs, and the men cheering ; and a harpist and a violin player now joined the *cortège*. When we got into the court of our hotel, M. Edouard Tairraz had dressed a little table with



some beautiful bouquets and wax candles, until it looked uncommonly like an altar, but for the half-dozen of champagne that formed a portion of its ornaments; and here we were invited to drink with him, and be gazed at, and have our hands shaken by everybody. One or two enthusiastic tourists expected me there and then to tell them all about it; but the crowd was now so great, and the guns so noisy, and the heat and dust so oppressive, coupled with the state of excitement in which we all were, that I was not sorry to get away and hide in a comfortable warm bath which our worthy host had prepared already. This, with an entire change of clothes, and a quiet comfortable dinner, put me all right again; and at night, when I was standing in the balcony of my chamber window, looking at the twinkling pine illuminations on the bridge, and watching the last glow of sunset once more disappear from the summit of the grand old mountain king, I could hardly persuade myself that the whole affair had not been a wonderful dream.

I did not sleep very well when I went to bed. I was tumbling down precipices all night long, and so feverish that I drank off the entire contents of a large water jug before morning. My face, in addition, gave me some pain where the sun had caught it, otherwise I was perfectly well—sufficiently so, indeed, to get up tolerably early next day, and accompany a friend on foot to Montanvert. In the evening we gave the guides a supper in the hotel garden. I had the honor of presiding; and what with toasts, and speeches, and songs, excellent fare and a warm-hearted company, the moon was once more on the summit of Mont Blanc before we parted. I know it will be some time before the remembrance of that happy evening passes away from those, between whom and ourselves such an honest friendship had grown up as only fellow-laboring in difficulty and danger can establish.

The undertaking so long anticipated is all over, and I am sitting in a little top bed-room of the Courronne at Geneva, and settling the expenses with Jean Tairraz. The sunset, the glaciers, and the Mur de la Côte have come down to a matter of "little bills." He first gives me the hotel account after the ascent. It is as follows:—

## NOTE No. 2.

|                                    | Francs.    | Cents.    |
|------------------------------------|------------|-----------|
| 103 Bottles lost, . . . . .        | 50         |           |
| 18 Breakfasts to Guides, . . . . . | 22         | 50        |
| 18 Suppers to do., . . . . .       | 36         |           |
| 6 Bottles London Porter, . . . . . | 18         |           |
|                                    | <u>126</u> | <u>50</u> |

So it will be seen our racing with the bottles was not without some of the expense attached to that sport in general. But it was better to throw them away than to fatigue the men with the thankless task of carrying them down again. They were charged at a high rate, as everything else is at Chamouni; because, it must be remembered, in such a wild secluded place the transport becomes very expensive.

I next receive his own account:—

## NOTE No. 3.

|                                                               | Francs.     | Cents.    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|-----------|
| 16 Guides, . . . . .                                          | 1600        |           |
| 18 Porters, . . . . .                                         | 108         |           |
| 3 Mules, . . . . .                                            | 18          |           |
| The Boy, . . . . .                                            | 4           |           |
| 1 Lantern broken, . . . . .                                   | 1           | 75        |
| Milk at the Chalet, . . . . .                                 | 1           | 50        |
| Extra pay to porters, . . . . .                               | 5           |           |
| Expenses due to Julie at the Pavillon des Pelerins, . . . . . | 16          |           |
| Nails for shoes, . . . . .                                    | 2           |           |
|                                                               | <u>1755</u> | <u>25</u> |

Adding these together, we make—

|                                     | Francs.     | Cents.    |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|-----------|
| Provisions for ascent, . . . . .    | 456         |           |
| Subsequent expenses, . . . . .      | 126         | 50        |
| Tairraz' guides' account, . . . . . | 1755        | 25        |
| Total, . . . . .                    | <u>2337</u> | <u>25</u> |

This divided by four—the number of tourists—gives about 584 francs each. Had I gone up alone, of course the expense would have been greater.

Not without vivid recollections of a delightful and wondrous journey, thus safely and happily accomplished, and of the excellent humor and courteous attention of my companions—with a recommendation, to all whose time and constitution will permit, to make the same excursion, is this plain narrative concluded.

From the Quarterly Review.

## WHO WAS JUNIUS?\*

[The *Quarterly Review* contains a very elaborate article on the authorship of the celebrated Junius Letters, proposing an entirely new candidate for the apocryphal honors of the *nomi-  
nis umbra*. The discussion is so thorough and proceeds from so distinguished a source—Mr. Wilson Croker being probably the author—that it has elicited considerable interest in literary circles. The *Athenæum*, which has long kept a kind of literary custody of Junius' reputation, attacks the new theory with considerable success. We give the substance of both articles. The author first disposes, very conclusively, of the claims of Col. Barre and of Sir Philip Francis; then assuming that Junius must have been a young man—a man of dissolute manners and companionship—the author proceeds with his theory as follows: ED.]

Just eighty years have elapsed since Junius in the most emphatic of his writings, his *Dedication to the English Nation*, asserted that he was the sole depository of his own secret, and that it should perish with him. During that period the question of his identity has engaged the attention, and frequently occupied the pens, of our most experienced politicians and subtle critics. Perhaps the confidence with which he defied detection may have had its share in stimulating inquiry. Sir Roger de Coverley gratified his friend the Spectator with a sight of the nose of a fox which had cost him not only fifteen hours' hard riding, but the loss of a brace of geldings and half his dogs. The nose itself, though carefully preserved and distinguished by a mark of honor, appeared, we dare say, to the silent man not one whit worthier than other noses gained with half the fatigue and hazard. In all such cases, whether the exercise be mental or bodily, it is the toil which dignifies the trophy.

This question, however, is of a nature peculiarly calculated to engage the English mind. If ever solved, it must be solved, not by mere effort of intellect, like a mathematical problem, but by the evidence of facts, in much the same manner as questions of guilt or innocence, of right or wrong, are deter-

mined in our courts of law; and as we may justly boast that we have attained a higher position as to all matters depending upon the clearness and certainty of evidence than any other people, it cannot be thought surprising that this point of disputed identity should have been minutely examined by so many able minds.

And the author of these "Letters" must, as it has been well observed, be sought for in narrow limits. He could not have been one of those obscure professors of literature who are to be found by thousands in our own day. He must have moved in the highest rank of political life; he must have been contemptuous of the emoluments of authorship. That these compositions, spreading over a period of about five years from first to last, should have been the only effort of the alert and energetic intellect which produced them, is most unlikely. When Junius is really discovered, we shall probably see him disappearing, like a storm-cloud, from one part of the political horizon to burst with thunder and lightning in another. The great difficulty has always been to find among the public men of his time one who united his restless and vigorous capacity with his peculiar partialities, his violent resentments, his amazing command of information, his general opinions, and, we must add, his total want of principle. Of all those persons yet named—some on mere conjecture—not one displays the elemental qualities of that character which Junius, however unconsciously, has drawn of himself.

That Junius was closely attached to the Grenville connection is so obvious as to have struck every inquirer. The head of that party in the Commons is never mentioned by him, in any one of his numerous disguises, but with honor and eulogy. He is described not only as "an able financier," but as "great and good"—"invulnerable to censure." His judgment is characterized as "shrewd and inflexible;" his credit with the public as "equally extensive and secure." His "weight and authority in Parliament" are

\* 1. *The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated.* By John Britton, F.S.A. 8vo. 1848.

2 *Junius, including Letters by the same Writer, under other Signatures. With new Evidence as to the Authorship.* By John Wade. 2 vols. 8vo. 1850.

said to be acknowledged by his opponents, and above all, he is extolled for his consistency:—

“You have universally adhered to one cause, one language—and when your friends deserted that cause they deserted you. They who dispute the rectitude of your opinions admit that your conduct has been uniform, manly, and consistent. . . . While Parliament preserves its constitutional authority, you will preserve yours. As long as there is a real representation of the people, you will be heard in that great assembly with attention, deference, and respect.”—iii. 195.

Inconstant as Junius was in his political attachments and enmities, he never varied in his admiration for Mr. Grenville, and he stood by his principles—even at the hazard of sharing in the unpopularity which the first successes of the American insurgents brought on them.

Of other distinguished members of the Grenville connection Junius rarely speaks. We cannot recollect that he once mentions the name of Lord Temple, though he reproaches Chatham with sacrificing “his brother.” Nor is there more than one allusion to Lord Lyttelton—but that one shows a perfect knowledge of his lordship’s sentiments, and is artfully designed to shake the cordial friendship which Junius well knew subsisted between that amiable peer and Lord Mansfield:—

“Lord Lyttelton’s integrity and judgment are unquestionable, yet he is known to admire that cunning Scotchman, and verily believes him an honest man.”—ii. 305.

The Grenville party is constantly assumed by Junius to be the only one worthy the confidence of the country. When Chatham stands apart from it, Junius thinks “a gibbet not too honorable for the carcass of a traitor.” When united again to Temple and Lyttelton, the pen of Junius contributes to reward “the great leader of opposition,” and “to gather recorded honors round his monument.” Camden, when the Chancellor of the Chatham ministry, is denounced as an “apostate lawyer, weak enough to sacrifice his own character, and base enough to betray the laws of his country.” As “Judge Jefferies,” he is made to say that he is “all for liberty or all for anarchy;” and he is described as having “the laws of England under his feet, and before his distorted vision a dagger, which he calls the law of nature, and which marshals him the way to the

murder of the constitution.” But when he resigns office and joins Chatham in opposition, Junius turns to him as “a character fertile in every great and good qualification.” Wilkes, when in opposition to the Grenvilles, is mentioned as “a man of no sort of consequence in his own person,” and as “a most infamous character in private life;” but as he becomes serviceable to the Grenville party by embarrassing the Government on the Middlesex election, Junius condescends to be his apologist, and graciously tells him that the wound he once gave him is healed, and that “the scar shall be no disgrace.” Even the rancor of Junius towards the King may almost certainly be referred to his Majesty’s dislike of Grenville and Temple, and his fixed resolution to exclude the former from his councils.

The date when Junius began his labors indicates his prime motive:—

“It was on the 28th of April in the year 1767 that the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall received, amidst other letters from a great number of correspondents, for the use of the Public Advertiser, of which he was the proprietor, the first public address of this celebrated writer.”

So writes the Woodfall editor. This was about nine months after Lord Chatham had formed that “chequered and speckled administration” which is remembered to this day as an example of the folly of attempting to unite in one government men of the most opposite principles and dispositions. But to achieve this chimera Chatham sacrificed not only the political connections but the private attachments of his life. It was this conduct which drew on Chatham the not undeserved reproach of Junius, and, so far as we can gather from a fair consideration of his earlier efforts, which prompted Junius to appeal to the public in the columns of Woodfall’s newspaper.

Of all the friends of Chatham, George Lord Lyttelton was the one who had most reason to feel aggrieved by his desertion. Their connection had been formed very early in life, and together they had fought the “great Walpolean battles.” Their “historic friendship,” as Horace Walpole styles it, had indeed been interrupted on the death of Mr. Pelham in 1754; and the offence of Lyttelton in presuming to act for himself was so far resented by Pitt and Temple in the day of their power that he was excluded from their ministry; but when on the accession of George III. a new actor appeared on

the political stage in the person of Lord Bute, and Pitt with Temple resigned, they composed their quarrel with Lyttelton, and "the brothers" were to all appearance as cordially united as ever.

When, then, on the dismissal of the Rockingham ministry, exactly one year later, Pitt was sent for by the King, and re-opened his negotiations with Temple, great must have been the indignation of Lyttelton to find that Pitt intended to overlook him. Pitt and Temple had both interviews with the King, and subsequently held a conference on the arrangements to be adopted. The Earl seems to have expected that he was to come in on equal terms with Mr. Pitt—more especially as he found he was destined for the head of the Treasury, while Pitt took the side office of Privy Seal. He was undeceived when Pitt produced a list of persons with whom he proposed to fill up the cabinet. Temple on this protested that, though for the sake of union he was willing to sacrifice his brother, George Grenville—(who would nevertheless give all the support in his power to the new ministry)—he could never consent to enter the cabinet as its head without having an equal share in the nomination to offices—or, in his own words, that he would not "go in like a child to come out like a fool."

In excuse of Pitt, it has been said that he was not himself at the time. It would be nearer the truth to say that he was himself exaggerated. At that critical period, as at some others, the irritability of disease placed in bolder relief the despotic and contemptuous character of his mind. Though he was certainly superior to any sordid views, we cannot be surprised that the injured parties should have conceived he had sacrificed his friends and his principles to the place, the pension, and the peerage which he obtained by his union with the Duke of Grafton. Lord Lyttelton, in particular, must have felt Pitt's conduct as not only injurious, but insulting. He might have endured exclusion from office, but he could scarcely be expected to forgive the scornful style of the rejection, coupled with the offer of a pension. Certainly no personage of the time had such strong ground for resentment against the new Privy Seal as Lord Lyttelton, nor *primâ facie* could the early letters of Junius be attributed to any one with more probability than to some immediate connection of his Lordship's.

Lord Lyttelton at this time had a son, who, to all his father's motives for resent-

ment, added an active spirit, ambitious desires, an impetuous, ungovernable temper, and very great abilities. At the period when Junius began his correspondence with the Public Advertiser, Thomas Lyttelton was in his 24th year; and though it was not until his father's death, seven years subsequently, that he appeared to the world as a political character, and dazzled and amazed the House of Lords by his brilliant oratory, yet those who knew him intimately discerned very early the superiority of his genius, and gave him credit, even while plunged in profligacy, for qualities which would conduct him to eminence should he ever resolve on doing justice to himself. Unfortunately few materials exist for an authentic sketch, however brief, of his life. For several years previous to his accession to his father's honors, he studiously shrouded his movements in obscurity—frequently concealing his residence from his friends. That his time—notwithstanding his dissolute reputation—must have been largely spent in intellectual exercises, is certain from the profound knowledge and matured political sentiment he displayed on his first appearance in public life. But how he acquired that supreme and undoubting confidence in his powers, which distinguished his very earliest speeches in the Lords, and raised, even more than their splendid and lofty style, the astonishment of his contemporaries, has never, that we recollect, been touched on. His course was as rapid and eccentric as it was ardent and dazzling; and when he suddenly disappeared in the zenith of his energy—leaving behind him strange rumors of supernatural agency—men marvelled as at some strange thing which passed their comprehension, and left his life, his fame, his character, and his death, a riddle for some future age to solve.

Shortly after his decease a collection of letters was published with his name. The authenticity of these compositions was impugned by his executors, but without any reason assigned; and as it was impossible that they could be cognizant of all the letters he had ever written, we may suppose that their assertion was rather designed to prevent unpleasant discussion than founded on any certain knowledge. The publication was generally received as genuine at the time, and rapidly ran through a number of editions—a second volume being soon added to the first. These letters have since been attributed to the pen of William Combe, the well-known author of *Dr. Syntax*. That he gave them to the press—as he was, we believe, at one time known to



Thomas Lyttelton—is likely enough; and it is probable also that he tampered with them in a very unwarrantable manner. Indeed we do not think it would be difficult to distinguish his buffoonish interpolations. But that the letters are substantially genuine we make no manner of doubt. It would lead us too far out of our way to establish at this point our assertion by particular proofs. Suffice it for the present to say that the general style and matter of the letters are far above any powers Combe ever possessed. Genius of the highest order frequently shines forth in them, and yet more they are marked by the struggles of a nature disturbed by its own evil passions—by a conflict between the elements of good and evil, raging in a mind of singular force and capacity, which an imitative or fictitious pen could hardly have portrayed. We pray therefore that we may be allowed to proceed on the supposition that these letters are genuine—as evidence that they are so will arise naturally as we go on.

Thomas Lyttelton, only son of George, the first lord, was born on the 30th of January, 1744. He was educated at Eton—and in the Supplement to Nash's History of Worcestershire we find it stated:—

“Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton, had *great parts and great ambition*. Dr. Barnard, the schoolmaster of Eton, told me that when they were both under his care he often compared the abilities of Charles Fox with those of Mr. Lyttelton, and thought the latter *greatly superior*.”

If we are to take this passage in its literal sense, the comparison could hardly have been a fair one, as Lyttelton was by five years the senior of Fox. But the remark was probably made by Dr. Barnard after both had attained public eminence; and then, looking back at their scholastic career, he would only recollect which had distinguished himself most highly, and had given him the impression of superior parts. Dr. Barnard was not singular in his opinion. Earl Temple, in an affectionate letter to Thomas Lyttelton on the death of his father, says, “I have in *very early days* acknowledged and done justice to your talents.” (*Chat. Cor.* iv. 222.) It was natural that his father should watch his juvenile progress with the fondest hope. “Little Tom is at Eton, and very happy there,” he writes under date of May 5, 1758 (*Mem. Lyt.* 611); a year later we find him expressing *delight* “in the promise afforded by the

opening talents of his son,” (614.) In the summer of 1759 he made a tour through Scotland as far as Inverary, accompanied by Thomas, then in his sixteenth year. Writing to his brother William, he says:—

“Much the greatest pleasure I had in my tour was from the company of my son, and from the approbation (I might say admiration) which his figure, behavior, and parts drew from all sorts of people wherever we went. Indeed, his mother has given him her *don de plaire*, and he joins to an excellent understanding the best of hearts, and more discretion and judgment than ever I observed in any young man except you.”—*Mem. Lyt.* 623.

To this tour we find occasional references in Mrs. Montagu's letters to Lord Lyttelton. Under date of August, 1759, she writes:—

“Your lordship's commendations of Mr. Lyttelton not only make me happy, but make me vain. He is every day going on to complete all I have wished and *predicted* on his subject.”—*Mon. Let.* iv. 231.

By this time, indeed, the youth seems to have been one of her most esteemed correspondents, for in another letter to his father she says:—

“Mr. Lyttelton is a charming painter; his views of Scotland appear as the scenes of *Salvator Rosa* would do were they copied by Claude, whose sweet and lovely imagination would throw fine colors over the darkest parts, and give grace to the rudest objects. I design at some time to visit Scotland, but I do not expect more pleasure from Nature's pencil than I have had from his pen. I can trust with equal confidence and delight to all you say of him. Pray God preserve you to guide him, and preserve him to make you happy.”—*Ib.* iv. 248.

At nineteen we find Thomas Lyttelton dining with the Duke of Newcastle, the Rockinghams, and a distinguished political circle at Claremont; and about the same time a suitable marriage was arranged for him with Miss Warburton, a young lady of good family, of great personal attractions, and of considerable fortune. As, however, it was found impossible to make the necessary settlements until he came of age, it was resolved, in compliance with the wish of his uncle, Sir Richard Lyttelton, that he should travel on the Continent for a twelvemonth—Sir Richard agreeing to bear the whole charges of his tour. In the letters of Thomas Lyttelton it is said: “To give me every means of gratification, the *family purse* was lavishly held forth; I was left almost with-

out control in point of expense." (xi.) This is in substance the account given by Lord Lyttelton in a letter to his brother, (*Mem. Lyt.* 642,) and the agreement is remarkable, as it is very unlikely that any one out of the immediate circle of the family could have known that the expenses of the tour came from the "family purse," instead of being borne by Lord Lyttelton himself. Thomas must have left home in the summer of 1763, being then little more than nineteen, as his father writes under the date of Sept. 27 of that year:—

"He is just setting out from France to go to Italy, and I hope next summer to come to him at Florence, and make with him the tour of the Milanese, part of Germany, and all Switzerland, by the end of October."—*Mem. Lyt.* 642.

Freed from parental control, the traveller plunged into the excesses of Continental life with all the natural ardor of his character. His projected marriage was broken off, probably from some reports of his dissipation reaching the ears of the young lady's friends. His father simply observes:—

"My son is in France, where I believe he will stay till about the beginning of April. His match is off. If you will ask the reason, I can give it you in no better words than those of Rochefoucault, who says that *une femme est un bénéfice qui oblige à la résidence*."—*Ib.* 663.

As this letter was written 1st of January, 1765, Thomas must already have exceeded his leave of absence. In a later letter the old lord laments his dissipation, extravagance, and gaming in Italy, but consoles himself with the reflection that—

"By his letters it appears that there is a *great energy and force in his understanding*; and as his faults are only those of most of our young travellers, I hope his return into England, and cool reflection on the mischief of his past follies, will enable his reason to get the better of any recent ill habits contracted by him abroad, and that the natural goodness of his heart will give a right turn to the *vivacity of his passions*."—664.

By the summer of this year (1765) young Lyttelton had returned to England, as we find that he took part in a juvenile masque at Stowe, and wrote some graceful and fanciful lines for the occasion. They were spoken by a little girl in the character of Queen Mab, and pay a very elegant compliment to the political abilities of the host, Earl Temple. In conclusion they exhort his lordship to

"Haste, be great,  
Rule and uphold our sinking state."

From this date we catch only occasional glimpses of Mr. Lyttelton. However much he might have hurt his father by his conduct, he appears *always to have regarded him with sincere respect and affection*. His imprudence sometimes involved him in difficulty; he frequently shifted his residence, and occasionally lived in complete seclusion. But when he chose to appear in the world, his talents made him welcome in the most distinguished circles of the day. Mr. Pennington, in his *Memoirs of Mrs. Carter*, (i. 430,) speaks of him as possessing "*great abilities generally very ill applied*," and as being, "when he pleased, the delight of the first and most select societies"—among others that at Mrs. Vesey's, in which, "with his usual inconsistency," he seemed to find special pleasure. To Mrs. Carter, we are told, he paid a great deal of attention, and she in return "admired his talents and elegant manners, as much as she detested his vices."

His relations, anxious no doubt that he should have some legitimate employment for the talents thus acknowledged, made great exertions to return him for the borough of Bewdley at the election of 1768. To secure his election several "occasional burghesses" were made, contrary to the statute, and a petition was presented against his return. It appears from the journals of the House that he was unseated on the 28th of January, 1769. Lord Barrington and Mr. Rigby were in the House during the trial of his election, but there is nothing to show what part they took on the occasion.

The short time he was allowed to retain his seat was not unimproved by him. On the eighth day after the meeting of Parliament, (May 18, 1768,) he delivered his maiden speech, which was so generally applauded, and had so good an effect, that it immediately restored him to the arms of his father. The question before the house was the outlawry of Mr. Wilkes, and from the meagre outline of Mr. Lyttelton's address, given in the Cavendish Debates, we find he argued that the case of Mr. Wilkes was too insignificant in itself to engage so much of the attention of the House, as accounts had been received of redoubled violences in America, and the safety of the country required a strong government. This was exactly the tone of Junius at that time:—

Mr. LYTTLTON, May 18, 1766.

"Unequal as I am, Sir, to the task of suggesting anything to the House that may be deserving of its attention, I cannot help saying, if we are to enter upon any business at all, that there are matters more deserving of our attention than this affair of Mr. Wilkes."—*Cavendish Debates*, p. 27.

JUNIUS, 5th April, 1768.

"I think there is reason enough to apprehend that Mr. Wilkes would never have been permitted to go such lengths, if all were well between the ministry and the Earl of Bute. Mr. Wilkes, being a man of no sort of consequence in his own person, can never be supported but by keeping up the cry."—*Junius*, iii. 33.

Lyttelton's speech, it is evident, was wholly in the Grenville interest, and we have Walpole's testimony to the favorable effect it produced on the House:—

"Young Mr. Lyttelton, only son of Lord Lyttelton, urging with decency that the time was not proper, while the case was depending in the courts below, the previous question was put and carried; yet not a word was uttered in Wilkes's favor. Mr. Lyttelton, who soon after lost his seat, his election being contested, had *parts and knowledge*, and conciliated much favor by that first essay; but his character was uncommonly odious and profligate, and his life a grievous source of mortification to his father."—*Geo. III.* iii. 216.

For a period of three years after Mr. Lyttelton lost his seat—that period during which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions—we hardly find a trace of him in any of the contemporary letters or memoirs that have fallen under our observation. That he was ambitious of distinction in political life; that, like his father, then in opposition to the Grafton Cabinet, he was closely attached to the Grenville connection; and that he was eager to see the ministry expelled from office, we may safely affirm; nor is it unreasonable to suppose, that with his ardent temper and active intellect he should have appealed to the public in the only way open to him, and have expressed his indignation at that conduct of Lord Chatham which had prevented his father from filling an honorable and influential post in the ministry, and which had shut himself out from political life. As Lord Chatham secluded himself from the ministry the resentment of Junius softened; when he withdrew from the government it ceased; and when he was cordially reconciled to Lords Temple and Lyttelton, it was converted into admiration. The change is not surprising when we consider the uncompromising terms in which Lord Chatham, in a letter addressed to Lord Lyttelton towards the close of 1770, expressed his hostility to the government:—

"The country is on the brink of a precipice, and my ideas may go beyond the notions of some

in point of prudence, but if I err it is upon cool reflection. The veil must be stripped which covers the supine neglect or wicked treachery of the Court, and government be awakened and stimulated to our defence."—*Mem. Lyt.* 761.

We do not know on what terms Thomas Lyttelton stood with his family, while Junius was most actively engaged in correspondence with the Public Advertiser; but just as Junius concluded his "great work," Thomas Lyttelton returned to his father's house, and Chatham was one of the first to congratulate Lord Lyttelton on the event:—

"Burton Pynsent, Feb. 16, 1772.

"MY DEAR LORD,—The sincere satisfaction I feel, on what I hear of Mr. Lyttelton's return, with all the dispositions you could wish, will not allow me to be silent on so interesting an event. Accept, my dear Lord, my felicitations upon these happy beginnings, together with every wish that this opening of light may ripen unto the perfect day. . . . May you never again know anguish from such a wound to your comfort, but the remaining period of your days derive as much felicity from the return as you suffered pain from the deviation."

It is worth notice that Lord Chatham wrote this letter within one month of the private communication addressed to him by Junius, referring to his attack on Lord Mansfield. In the Chatham Correspondence (iv. 194, 195) the signature of Junius appears on one page, and the next is occupied with the answer of Lord Lyttelton to Chatham's congratulations:—

"I give you a thousand thanks for your very kind felicitations on the return of my son, who appears to be returned not only to me, but to a rational way of thinking, and a dutiful conduct, in which, if he perseveres, it will gild with some joy the evening of my life."

The contiguity of these letters is not, we admit, very material, but it shows that Mr. Lyttelton was in London, and in close communication with his family, at the time that Junius was most actively engaged in closing his anonymous career, and expressing to Chatham his sentiments of respect and esteem.

We see no reason to doubt that Thomas Lyttelton, when he returned to his father, was perfectly sincere in his resolution to renounce those connections and habits which had so deeply stained his character; but he seemed destined to be an example of that proverb of Zoroaster, quoted in his letters, which says that "there are a hundred opportunities of

doing ill every day, but that the opportunity of doing well comes only once a year." While he remained single, there appeared some excuse for his excesses, and some hope that marriage would reform them; for "marriage is a point," says Junius to the Duke of Grafton, "where every rake is stationary at last." This seems to have been Lord Lyttelton's idea, as very soon after the reconciliation an alliance was arranged between Mr. Lyttelton and Mrs. Peach, a lady who stood very high in the peer's good graces. She was the daughter of Mr. Broome Witts, a gentleman, according to one account, engaged in trade in the city; and as she married Colonel Peach, Governor of Bombay, on the eve of his departure for India, there can be little doubt that considerations of interest had induced her to enter into that ill-assorted union. On the death of Colonel Peach, in India, she returned to England, and took up her abode at Leasowes, lately the residence of the poet Shenstone, where most likely, from near vicinage to Hagley, she became acquainted with Lord Lyttelton. We know not what credit is to be given to a collection of letters issued under the title of "The Correspondents," and purporting to contain the epistles which passed between his lordship and his fair neighbor. They are full of the high-flown sentiment in fashion at that day; but are otherwise quite harmless. Mrs. Peach was still young, handsome, had a good jointure, and seems to have been very amiable. Lord Lyttelton was probably happy in securing so agreeable a partner for his son; but he could scarcely have chosen worse, as there was nothing in her character to secure the respect of so high a mind as Thomas Lyttelton's. Her station, besides, was very inferior to his own. To impartial observers, the marriage must have looked singularly unpromising; but whether from reckless indifference or from a disposition to oblige his father, the young man made no objection to it, and it was celebrated on the 26th of June, 1772. For some months afterwards Mr. Lyttelton took up his residence with his bride at the town-house of his father in Hill Street.

Junius addressed his last letter to the Public Advertiser on the 12th May, 1772, six weeks previous to Mr. Lyttelton's marriage. In that letter Junius says, "I am just returned from a visit in a certain part of Berkshire, near which I found Lord Barrington had spent his Easter holidays." The family of Mrs. Peach was settled at Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, the county adjoining Berks;

and nothing could be more likely than that Mr. Lyttelton should have paid a visit to her relatives, while the arrangements for their marriage were in progress.

We cannot find exactly how long Mr. Lyttelton continued to reside with his wife, but certainly not more than a few months. When he left her, we conjecture that he went to the Continent, as he was abroad on the death of his father, in August, 1773. It was on the latter event that Earl Temple addressed to the young peer that affectionate letter from which we have already extracted a few words. It shows that however heavy might be the faults of Thomas Lyttelton, he had never been alienated from his father's friends, nor lost their hopeful opinion:—

"You have an hereditary right, not only to my affection but to every real service it could be in my power to show you; *THE GREAT FIGURE you may yet make depends upon yourself.* Harry the Fifth had been Prince of Wales; he knew how, with change of situation, to shake off the Falstaffs of his age, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had so long stifled and depressed his abilities. Forgive an old man, and, *by affection, a kind of parent,* the hint he takes the liberty of giving, and be assured he ardently wishes to see what your lordship calls his partiality justified by a conduct which will make him happy in calling himself, my dear Lord, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

TEMPLE."

At the commencement of the next session (opened on 13th January, 1774) the young peer took his seat in the Lords, and at once distinguished himself as a powerful and accomplished speaker. The first question in which he took a prominent part was an appeal case on the right of authors by common law to a perpetual property in their works. At that day it was considered that the last appeal from the refinements and subtleties of the law should be to the plain common sense of the peers; and Lyttelton, who, like Junius, entertained the strongest jealousy of what in one of his speeches he termed the "professional subtlety and low cunning of lawyers," signalized his first address in the Lords by an argument, affirming the right of authors, in opposition to Lord Camden and Chancellor Apsley. The question was carried against him; but some months later he warmly supported a bill, affirming the common-law right of authors; and his speech on that occasion is a strong proof of the zeal he felt for the interests of literature, and of the pains he took to strengthen his case. We also find him early in the session strenuously supporting a bill to make perpetual George



Grenville's Act for settling Controverted Elections; that Act which Junius, in a letter to Wilkes, expressed his approval of, and which he considered was, or might be made, "a sufficient guard against any gross or flagrant offences" in the way of bribery. (*Jun.* i. 286.)

The first act of Lord Lyttelton, in the more stirring politics of the period, was an attempt to induce the members of opposition to concur in an absolute submission to Lord Chatham's authority. He considered union to be of such paramount importance to the very safety of the country, that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk to obtain it. Under the date of May 17, 1774, he addressed a letter to Earl Temple, which we place by the side of the last letter Junius wrote to Woodfall, that our readers may judge whether they cannot recognize the same tones in Junius, who makes his exit at one wing of the political stage, and in Lyttelton, who enters upon it at another:—

JUNIUS TO WOODFALL.

"*Jan 19, 1773.*

"I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured I have good reason for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as easily as any of the horned cattle that run through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the names and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honor of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all *vide vile and contemptible*.

"You have never finished, that I heard of, and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.

"If you have any thing to communicate (of moment to yourself) you may use the last address, and give me a hint."—*Jun.* i. 286.

THOMAS LYTTELTON TO EARL TEMPLE.

"*May 17, 1774.*

"MY DEAR LORD,—I catch this minute to tell your Lordship that the ministry seem desirous that Lord Chatham should again rise, though, as they hope, not in his fury, for if he does, they are annihilated. It will not be possible to delay these bills that are now before the House, but there is another American bill which will serve Lord Chatham's purpose, and that they will put off on his account till Wednesday. It is of no great consequence, indeed, but as a part of the great whole it will be sufficient to warrant his Lordship's appearance. It is a bill for the quartering and regulating the troops in the colonies.

"I have the pleasure to assure your Lordship that all the comments upon that part of my speech which regarded that great statesman convince me that at present all parties feel the necessity of his interference. Some great little people opened themselves very freely upon that head. The politics of France are changed, and consequently the politics of England. The commonwealth calls loudly for a dictator, and you cannot be mistaken in the man. I will wait upon your Lordship to-morrow at half an hour after two, and communicate my thoughts *vice versa*. In the mean time give me leave to rejoice with your Lordship at the French king's death, as perhaps it will be the means of awakening, and therefore of saving, this miserable country."—*Chas. Ger.* iv. 246-249.

that union among public men, the want of which was so bitterly lamented by Junius in the last lines he ever wrote to Woodfall. The "vile and contemptible" state of political affairs makes Junius, in January, 1773, feel for the honor of his country. Lord Lyttelton, in May, 1774, rejoices at the French King's death, as it may be "the means of awakening and saving this miserable country." This last expression, and the contemptuous allusion to "great little people," seem much in the style of Junius.

There is one other sentiment in Lyttelton's letter too remarkable and peculiar to be overlooked—we mean the opinion advanced, that the "Commonwealth calls loudly for a dictator;" that is, that the circumstances of the country were in so critical a condition, that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk out of regard to the public safety, and that one man should, by general consent, be intrusted with absolute power. Referring to the first letter Junius addressed to the Public Advertiser, we find that the idea of a dictator was familiar to his mind, and that he applauded the wisdom of the Roman practice. (ii. 451.) Sir Philip Francis held a directly opposite opinion; or rather, not having a clear conception of what the idea of a dictator implied in a constitutional monarchy, he opposed it as a novelty unknown to our government. The soundest politicians will, we believe, incline to the opinion of Junius and Lord Lyttelton, and acknowledge the wisdom, in every form of free government, of intrusting one man with absolute power in times of great public peril. Practically, this principle has often been acted on in England; and could Lord Lyttelton have succeeded in his scheme of giving a dictator-like power to Chatham in 1774, the humiliating misfortunes of England for the six years following would almost certainly have been averted.

Finding there was little probability of effecting such a change in the administration as he desired, Lord Lyttelton gave a qualified support to its measures for suppressing American revolt. This question, daily increasing in magnitude, threw all others into the shade; and he perceived that he must either side with the opposition in denying the right of the supreme legislature to tax the colonies, and in applauding their resistance, or approve the general policy of the government in employing coercive measures to reduce the insurgents to submission. Junius himself tells us what his choice would have been in Lord Lyttelton's position:—

From this letter of Lord Lyttelton it is unquestionable that one of the first acts of his public life was to endeavor to promote

"We find ourselves at last reduced to the dreadful alternative of either making war upon our colonies or of suffering them to erect themselves into independent states. *It is not that I hesitate now upon the choice we are to make. Everything must be hazarded.*"—*Jun.* iii. 73.

As a necessary consequence of acting on this opinion, Lyttelton found himself in alliance with Lord North and Lord Mansfield, and in opposition to Lords Chatham and Camden. It is observable that this was the policy adopted by nearly every member of that Grenville connection to which Junius was attached. In Mr. Macaulay's Essay on Chatham there is a passage indicating the line which George Grenville himself would have taken had he lived:—

"Before this subject [the Middlesex election] had ceased to occupy the public mind, George Grenville died. His party rapidly melted away, and in a short time most of his adherents appeared on the ministerial benches. Had George Grenville lived many months longer, the friendly ties which, after years of estrangement and hostility, had been renewed between him and his brother-in-law, would, in all probability, have been a second time violently dissolved. For now the quarrel between England and the North American colonies took a gloomy and terrible aspect."

Were we then to construct a life of Junius, and to place him in the House of Peers, we should be compelled to seat him, as an adherent of George Grenville, on the ministerial benches with the other remnants of the party.

To Chatham Lyttelton opposed himself with deference but firmness, always speaking of him as deservedly crowned with immortal laurels, as having rescued the country, when nearly reduced to desperation, from impending ruin, and as distinguished for the extent of his knowledge, no less than for the greatness and goodness of his intentions. But to Camden and the other leaders of opposition he showed neither respect nor mercy. He assailed them, as Junius had assailed them previously, in tones of the bitterest invective and fiercest indignation, accusing them of being actuated by the most factious and even the most traitorous motives, and threatening them with the vengeance of the House for the support they gave to the rebellious Americans. The Opposition frequently rose against his taunts and reproaches, but, with the exception of Lord Chatham, they had no speaker they could set against him; and in eloquence, in power, and even in knowledge, he invariably

came off victorious in these animated contests.

In the debate on the Address, February 7, 1775, Lord Camden asserted that the Americans were not in revolt, and argued that their acts were not open to the charge of constructive treason. Lord Lyttelton, in an indignant reply, made some sarcastic allusions to the professional arts of his opponent. The Parliamentary Report states:—

"He was severe on the noble and learned lord who spoke so fully on the dangerous consequences of constructive treason. He asserted that those little evasions and distinctions were the effects of *professional subtlety and low cunning*; it was absurd to the last degree to enter into such flimsy observations on this or that particular phrase or word, and thence draw deductions equally puerile and inconclusive that the colonies were not in rebellion. For his part, he should not abide by such far-fetched interpretations; *he would be guided by common sense*, and only consult the papers on the table to prove beyond question that America was in rebellion."—*Parl. Deb.*, Feb. 7, 1775.

It is added that the Duke of Richmond "animadverted in severe terms on Lord Lyttelton for his attack on Lord Camden," and that the Duke of Manchester "spoke with great energy on the indecent and unprecedented attack made by Lord Lyttelton on all those who happened to differ with him." In a subsequent debate, on the motion of Camden to repeal the Quebec Government Bill, Lyttelton attacked him yet more vehemently:—

"The noble and learned lord has not confined his opposition to the general principles and policy of this Act. He has, *with the designing subtlety of a lawyer*, attacked the law part of this Bill. . . . My Lords, he would do anything to answer his purpose—to increase the storm—to perplex, to distress Administration. Animated by those views, I am not surprised that he hates the nobility of every country; they stand in his way. He would rub them out of his system of government. He has told you that it is the *noblesse* and the priests of Canada only that are benefited by this Bill; that it would be better for the province if both prelates and nobility were whipped out of it. These are his Lordship's sentiments—republican sentiments, my Lords, which might have come from the mouth of a factious burgher of Geneva, but which are foreign from the genius of the British constitution."—*Parl. Deb.*, May 17, 1775.

The Duke of Manchester again protested against the violence of Lyttelton's language. "Until that day," he said, "he had never

heard difference of opinion imputed as a crime, or branded with an indecent and ill-founded epithet." But while uniformly asserting the supremacy of the British Legislature over the colonies, and denouncing the Americans for their daring resistance, Lord Lyttelton strongly censured the ministry for the inefficiency of their measures to suppress the revolt, and condemned them for "the miserably disgraceful state of General Gage's army." In the debate on the Address, October 26, 1775, he gave stronger evidence of his distrust of the Government. Grafton, dissatisfied with his colleagues for not adopting more conciliatory measures towards America, had just resigned his office of Privy Seal, and on this, the first day of the session, proposed that all measures relating to America, which had been passed since 1763, should be repealed as a groundwork of reconciliation. Chatham was absent through illness, and Sandwich, in his absence, had the bad taste to ridicule the unpopularity of his person and principles. Lyttelton, with "generous rage," repelled this attack:—

"That great man was the ornament of his country, and the delight and admiration of every man of every party who wished well to it. Though a young man, he remembered when his country was pretty much in such a predicament as at present; he remembered, too, that that steady and able politician rescued it from the brink of destruction; and he was now fully convinced its salvation, nay, indeed its existence, was only to be obtained and preserved by the same means."

In this passage, can we not recognize the same mind which declared its conviction "that if this country can be saved, it must be saved by Lord Chatham's spirit, by Lord Chatham's abilities?"—*Junius in Chat. Cor.* iii. 305.

From the defence of Chatham, Lyttelton turned fiercely on the ministry, declaring that "they had totally failed in their promises and information, and that they were no longer to be trusted or supported with safety." He said he would no longer be a party to their misconduct, and that he must concur with the noble Duke that all the acts passed since the year 1763 should be repealed.

The Opposition must have been delighted at the prospect of such a powerful ally;—for Lyttelton at this time had not only talents but reputation. Hitherto his political career had been untarnished; he had held but one language, and the very vehemence with which he expressed himself was

an evidence of his sincerity. His tone in the senate had been pure, moral, and high-principled. Even his opponents acknowledged the harmony of his periods, the force of his declamations, and the ingenuity of his arguments. The ministers who had felt the benefit of his advocacy justly dreaded his attack. Tempting overtures were made to him; and early in November, 1775—but a few days after his assault on the Government—he was called to the Privy Council, and appointed Chief Justice in Eyre beyond Trent, an honorable and lucrative but sinecure office. It is impossible to conjecture the motives which led him to join the ministers on these terms. His own explanation, delivered with his usual elegance, was, that while he remained in ignorance of their designs, and supposed them to be without any settled scheme of policy and plan of action, it was no wonder that he opposed them; but that his Majesty's servants having been pleased to repose confidence in him, and to give him the information he required for the direction of his future conduct, he had become convinced of the wisdom which dictated their measures, and of the resources which had been prepared to firmly carry them out. This explanation served as an answer for the nonce to the charge of inconsistency—but it deceived no one. The patriot in general estimation sank into a pensioned placeman, and though, after the change, his eloquence assumed a yet haughtier and more commanding cast, it lost nearly all its effect from the bench whence it was delivered.

We have seen that Junius did not disclaim "views to future honors and advantage," both which the new Privy Councillor and Chief Justice in Eyre might boast that he had attained. Patriotism, unless in the very highest and purest minds—minds which abhor the idea of trading in politics—is a volatile and evanescent passion, which commonly evaporates in the rays of Government sunshine. Not the love of country, but feelings of personal resentment and mortified ambition, first brought Junius before the public; and we certainly ought not to feel more surprise should we find him settling into a "golden sinecurist," than at seeing John Wilkes complacently terminate his bustling career as the complimentary chamberlain of the city of London, or on discovering that Mirabeau died a pensionary of the throne he had so largely contributed to overthrow.

The first debate after Lyttelton's accept-

ance of office turned on the evidence given by Mr. Penn, in support of a petition—"the Olive-branch"—from the American Congress. The Duke of Richmond moved that the petition afforded grounds for conciliation, and made an ironical allusion to the "noble Lord in red," as being now probably in the secrets of the Cabinet. Lyttelton in reply haughtily maintained the perfect consistency of his conduct. "He was always of opinion, and should ever continue so, that it was rebellion in any part of the British empire to resist the supreme legislative authority of this country;" and in supporting that principle, "the ministers had acted with perfect wisdom, and on the soundest principles of the constitution." Then from defence, which he seemed to disdain, he hastened to attack his opponents with his usual fervor:—"He could not attribute the opposition given to the supreme power of the State by several noble lords, to anything but a professed design to surrender the rights of the British Parliament and transfer them to America." He questioned the evidence given by Penn, on the authority of reports transmitted to him by a most respectable and extensive landowner in that country, and, with passionate energy, related some instances of the violence and animosity of the insurgents:—

"What," he asked, "was the purport of this day's motion, but that the acts of the Parliament of Great Britain, its repeated addresses to the throne, his Majesty's own most solemn declarations, were to be superseded in order to make way to the commands, not addresses, of the rebellious Americans? Those audacious rebels who came and endeavored to impose on his Majesty with insidious, traitorous, false expressions of loyalty to him, and of obedience to the British Parliament, while they in the same breath appeal to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, abuse the Parliament, invite their fellow-subjects to make a common cause of it, and thus at once endeavor to involve every part of this great empire in one general scene of rebellion and bloodshed, in order to resist that very Parliament for which they pretend to profess such perfect obedience and submission. Are these the men you would treat with? Is this the cause the pretended friends of this country would endeavor to defend, or would you, by agreeing with this motion, relinquish your dominion over those worst of rebels, and tamely submit to transfer the seat of empire from Great Britain to America?"—*Parl. Deb.*, Nov. 10, 1775.

When Lyttelton sat down, the Duke of Manchester warmly remonstrated against "the indecent and unparliamentary liberties" he had taken with the peers who

differed from him, and maintained that they deserved the marked displeasure of the House. "He would venture to assert that his conduct on the first day of the session would not shortly be forgotten." Sandwich (severely censured by Lyttelton in the previous session, and subsequently arraigned by him for his mal-administration of the Admiralty) on this occasion supported him. He said that he was the peer who had sat longest in that House, and that he could affirm that Lord Lyttelton had been perfectly in order. He added:—

"I think that so far from reprehension, the noble Lord deserves commendation and thanks for so ably defending and asserting the rights of the British Parliament and the supreme legislative authority of the mother country. I think I never before heard such a speech delivered by anybody, and I am proud to testify my perfect approbation, by affirming it was the finest ever delivered within these walls."—*Ibid.*

This praise might be exaggerated, but considering the tribute paid to Lord Lyttelton, both by friends and foes, it is not permitted us to doubt that he was one of the most commanding orators of his day.

As an ally of Administration he kept its opponents in check by his vigorous defence of its measures; but at the same time he seems to have lamented that it had not greater decision in its counsels, and did not pursue a more energetic course of action. He warned the House of the hostile preparations of France, before that country ventured to announce its alliance with America—for no movement either at home or abroad escaped his vigilance. Up to the death of Chatham, he constantly looked towards him as the only man capable of preserving the empire from its dangers, and of bringing the war to a glorious conclusion. No one more deplored the loss of that great man. When the bill for securing an annuity to his heirs came before the House, Lord Lyttelton was one of its warmest and most eloquent advocates. In answer to the objections urged to it by some lords on the ministerial bench, (every one must regret that Lord Mansfield was amongst the number,) he exclaimed in a burst of indignation:—

"Good God! was this country so desperately reduced, so totally lost to its ancient spirit, that it was no longer capable of rewarding the services of its best subjects? Were the minds of lords so depraved, that they were ready to confess they trembled at granting an annuity of 4000*l.* to a



family, the father of which had restored the empire from the most abject and wretched condition to the most exalted honor and glory? Let noble Lords turn to the history of Greece—let them recollect the conduct of the Athenians respecting Aristides. Was the British empire less grateful than Athens? or was she less capable of doing justice to merit than that petty state?"—*Parl. Deb.*, May 13, 1778.

In the year 1779 the situation of England was critical in the extreme. Disaster had almost uniformly followed our arms in America. Government had abandoned all hope of conquering that country; and the only consideration was, how to escape from the contest with least loss of honor. France, after long cheating our ministers with protestations of friendship, had at last, and in insulting terms, proclaimed her hostility. Sagacious men predicted that Spain would soon follow her example, and in a few months their augury was justified. The navy was unequal to the emergency. Keppel sought shelter at Portsmouth; and later, when the French and Spanish fleets were united, they triumphantly occupied the Channel, appeared in strength before Plymouth, and captured a line of battle ship in view of our shore. In the West Indies the French took St. Vincent and Granada, and in the East possessed themselves of Senegal, thus threatening our dominion and commerce in both hemispheres. Ireland, hoping to find her "opportunity in England's distress," assumed a threatening attitude. Associations of armed volunteers spread themselves over her provinces; and her popular leaders, when they alluded to England, spoke menace and defiance.

Lyttelton's dissatisfaction with the ministry deepened as the political horizon grew darker. When Lord Bristol moved for the dismissal of Sandwich, on the ground of his neglect of the fleet, Lyttelton, in a speech of great length and extraordinary power, supported the charge so far as to suggest that a committee of inquiry should be appointed. He accused Sandwich of having amused the country with false statements of the strength of the navy. "Mutilated accounts from office," he said, "were always dangerous. In the case alluded to, the deception was a two-edged sword; it cut both ways; it wounded both friends and foes; but the point of it was turned against the breasts of the people." The whole period of the American war had been "one black era, pregnant with the most dire mischief, the most cruel fortune, the bitterest calamities, the most inexpiable evils as this country ever endured—and so it

would be marked by the latest posterity." Worst of all—

"A general lethargy prevailed; the people came down to the bar of their lordships' house gaping for intelligence, listening with a greedy ear to their debates, each day hearing, with unmoved muscles, a recapitulation of their own wretchedness; and went away with perfect composure, like men who left the theatre, after seeing a tragedy in the incidents of which they had not the smallest concern. If the people of England did not soon rouse themselves, they would be put to death in their sleep."—*April 23, 1779.*

On the first day of the next session, (Nov. 25, 1779,) Lyttelton went openly into opposition. His speech on this occasion was the finest and loftiest of his efforts. He began by denouncing the weakness and indecision of the Cabinet:—

"Their conduct was so chameleon-like that no man could fix upon its colors. Fatal experience had shown the futility of their late policy. America stared them in the face; it showed the folly of ministers in a rash, a ridiculous, an extravagant, a mad war, in which it was evident success was unattainable, and which, instead of being governed by a wise, regular, and well-digested plan, was merely a chain of expedients, a repetition of instances of governing by dividing—of that wretched, that abominable policy, the *divide et impera*."

He next entered at length on the condition of Ireland, describing the rapid increase of the armed volunteers, and their determination to obtain justice from England, or to throw off her yoke. In allusion to what had been said of the necessity of fresh efforts, he drew a picture in the darkest shades of Junius:—

"Necessity had pervaded the whole kingdom; from a rich, a flourishing, a commercial people, we were of a sudden changed to a disgraced, a ruined, a bankrupt nation; a circumstance which he imputed solely to the irresolute, the weak and the pusillanimous conduct of administration. In times like the present, wisdom and vigor ought to be the leading characteristics of government; not the word vigor, but the reality. Temporizing would do no longer. The people in general, as well those of England as of Ireland, expected a decisive administration, not an administration of jobs and jugglers. They would not be satisfied with changing the balls, and putting out this man merely to take in that."

Protesting his sincerity, in the gravest language, he repeated that his sole object was to preserve his country. "It was true he held a place, but, *perhaps, he should not hold it long.*" Observing how this declaration was received by some on the ministerial

benches, he turned towards them with fury, and exclaimed :—

"The noble lords smile at what I say; let them turn their eyes on their own pusillanimity, their own weak, ill-judged, and wretched measures, and then let them declare in their consciences which is most fitly the object of contempt, my thus openly and unreservedly speaking my real sentiments in Parliament, without regard to any personal considerations whatever, excepting only my situation as an Englishman; my duty as a lord of Parliament; my duty to my King, and my duty to my country—which are, indeed, with me, and which ought to be with your lordships, above all considerations; or their consenting, in a moment of difficulty and danger like the present, to pocket the wages of prostitution, and either to sit in sullen silence, or, what in my idea is still more criminal, to rise and palliate the disgraceful and calamitous state of the British Empire; endeavoring, with art and collusion, to avert the eyes of the nation from the threatening cloud now hanging over our heads, and so near to bursting that it behooves us to prepare how to meet the coming storm."

The report extends to great length in the Parliamentary Debates, and yet it is evident that only an abridgment had been attempted, as towards the conclusion we read, that "his lordship adverted to every topic that had the least reference to the present situation of affairs." This effort seems to have made a profound impression on the house. Lord Shelburne complimented the speaker on his distinguished abilities, and declared that his exposition of the state of Ireland had done him great honor. The Annual Register, some time afterwards, recalled "*the exceeding severity of censure and bitterness of language which marked Lord Lyttelton's exposure and condemnation of the conduct of the ministers.*" The compositions of Junius certainly present no finer examples of ardent invective than are to be found in this philippic.

It is remarkable besides as the last speech Lord Lyttelton ever delivered; and those words, that "perhaps he might not keep his place long," which provoked a jeer from the ministerial benches, assume a lowering and sinister significance when read by the light of subsequent events. It is certain that, on the morning of that very day, Lord Lyttelton had related, not to one person only, but to several, and all of them people of credit, the particulars of a strange vision which he said had appeared to him the preceding night. The various accounts transmitted to us of this ominous visitation all concur in stating that, in the night of Wednesday, November 24, 1779, Lord Lyttelton was distinctly warned that his death would take

place within three days from that date. He mentioned the prediction—somewhat ostentatiously as we think—to his friends, but did not suffer it in the slightest degree to influence his conduct. His speech of the 25th shows that his commanding intellect was unclouded—never had it shone in fuller splendor. On the 26th he repaired to Pitt Place, his villa at Epsom, and there he remained the day after with a party of friends, consisting of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Fortescue, Admiral Wolseley, Mrs. Flood, (wife of the celebrated Irish orator,) and the Misses Amphlett. Throughout Saturday evening he appeared in high spirits, but he took especial care to keep the ghostly warning in the mind of his guests, and to prepare them for the possibility of its fulfilment. At ten o'clock, taking out his watch, he named the hour, and added, "Should I live two hours longer, I shall jockey the ghost." With this impression on his mind, it would have seemed more natural for him to have waited the event with his gay company. He retired, however, to his bed-chamber shortly before midnight, attended by his valet, who, according to the most credible report, handed him a preparation of rhubarb he was in the habit of taking. He sent the man away to bring him a spoon: on his return, Lord Lyttelton was on the point of dissolution. His death was almost instantaneous; and it is not surprising that, in popular opinion, it became connected with the warning he had himself taken so much pains to publish. We do not find that there was any examination of the body: according to one of the papers, it was conjectured that the cause of death was disease of the heart. But when death results from any such affection, it is, we believe, so instantaneous, peaceful, and even imperceptible, that the patient seems only to fall into a quiet slumber, while in Lyttelton's case a brief "convulsion" is distinctly mentioned. His family maintained a guarded and, perhaps, judicious silence on the subject; the warning and its accomplishment were received as one of the best authenticated ghost-stories on record; and as years rolled on, Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, was chiefly remembered for the profligacy of his life, and for the supernatural summons which had called him to an untimely tomb.\*

\* After his death the newspapers teemed with anecdotes concerning him, some of them of a very scandalous character; but others, of a different kind, gave a favorable impression of his good nature. When his sister, Lady Valentia, asked him to stand sponsor for her little girl, he complied on condition that he might give the infant the name. He said it

Sir Walter Scott, however, in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, states that—

"Of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was, no doubt, singular, that a man who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire."

We do not know what authority Scott had for this statement, but we confess we think that it discloses the truth. With his great abilities, Thomas Lyttelton had a turn for singularity of conduct, which excited the amazement of his friends. If he had determined on suicide, we can conceive, from what we know of his character, that he might have invented some artifice to conceal his design, and might feel a kind of scornful joy in anticipating the success of the cheat he meditated. "That weariness of life" which springs from a consciousness of talents abused and opportunities lost, and from the mental prostration consequent on vicious indulgence, was much more common in that day than our own. A long list might be made out of men of rank and fortune, gifted with every endowment to render life desirable, who committed suicide merely to shake off the burden of existence, or, more probably, to escape from the reproaches of that inward monitor, whose voice they might neglect but could not stifle. The death of Mr. Damer, eldest son of Lord Milton, who shot himself at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in 1776, called forth some sombre reflections from Thomas Lyttelton's pen:—

christened "Honeysuckle," and then presented the mother with 1000*l.*, to be applied to its use. In some of the biographical notices which appeared, he is described as a kind and generous landlord, as a punctual paymaster, and as greatly beloved by those who knew him most intimately. By his will he left 1000*l.* and 800*l.* per annum to Mrs. Dawson, the lady with whom he had been longest connected, and who had, it is asserted, sacrificed her fortune as well as her honor to her affection for him. To Clara Haywood he bequeathed 2000*l.* and 100*l.* per annum. The bequests to various members of his family were extremely munificent. His executors were Lord Westcote, Lord Valentia, and Mr. Roberts. To the latter, who seems to have been most in his confidence, he left all his "speeches, letters, verses, and writings," with directions that, if published, it should be for his sole use and benefit,—a proof that his Lordship considered his compositions of some importance.

"Poor John Damer has made a strange exit in a strange manner. We were at Eton and in Ital together, and at subsequent periods in habits of friendly connection. Few of those who knew him have been more gloomily affected by the melancholy event than myself. . . . I have sometimes taken up the argument in favor of self-murder, by way of supporting an opinion, exercising a talent, or convincing a fool; but I will honestly confess that the weakest of my antagonists have ever got the better of me on this subject, though I might not publish my conviction. . . . Despair, as it arises from very different and opposite causes, has various and distinct appearances. It has its rage, its gloom, and its indifference; and while under the former its operations acquire the name of madness, under the latter it bears the title of philosophy. Poor John Damer was no philosopher, and yet he seems to have taken his leap in the dark with the marks both of an epicurean and a stoic. He acted his part with coolness, and sought his preparation in the mirth of a brothel."—*Lgt. Let.* xlvii.

We may hence conclude that the idea of suicide had often obtruded itself on Lyttelton's mind, and though it is true he might have fortified himself by reason against it, yet we know how little the conclusions of reason are to be relied on, particularly in a character so open to temptation as that of Lyttelton, when despair, "in its mood of either rage, gloom, or indifference," seizes on a sick and depraved imagination. His constitution had been seriously impaired by his excesses. In his *Letters* he speaks frequently of the gloomy thoughts and fearful forebodings which made him shudder as they came over him, (xlviii., lii.,) and he also alludes to the harassing influence of physical pain:—

"After all," he writes, "this tenancy of life is but a bad one, with its waste and ingress of torturing diseases; which, not content with destroying the building, maliciously torture the possessor with such pains and penalties as to make him oftentimes curse the possession."—xxx.

It is said that shortly before his decease he was tormented with dreams of a most distressing character. The *Public Advertiser* states that on one occasion when he came down to breakfast he was observed to be unusually depressed. When bantered by the company who were staying with him on his sadness, he related a dream he had had the night before. "I dreamt," said he, "that I was dead, and was hurried away into the infernal regions, which appeared as a large dark room, at the end of which was seated Mrs. Brownrigg, who told me it was appointed for her to pour red-hot bullets

down my throat for a thousand years. The resistance I endeavored to make to her awakened me; but the agitation of my mind when I awoke is not to be described, nor can I get the better of it." These "thick-coming fancies" are the more remarkable, as they have been observed to be, in very numerous cases, the prelude to self-destruction, most likely from the indication they give of a disordered state of the nervous system.

A few weeks previous to his death, he had, as if in anticipation of that event, made a final settlement of his worldly affairs. He added four codicils to his will, all written with his own hand. The style of the first is remarkable:—

"I, Thomas Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley in the county of Worcester, considering the uncertainty of human life, which even in the strongest hangs but by a slender thread, and wishing to make ample provision for Margaret Amphlett, daughter of my dear friend and relative, Mrs. Mary Amphlett, of Clent," &c.

He proceeds to bequeath 5000*l.* to Margaret Amphlett, and 2500*l.* to her sister Christian, in addition to former legacies; and he directs that his diamond bow, for which he had given "thirteen hundred and seventy guineas," should be sold by auction, and the proceeds be divided between the sisters. The codicils are most clear and precise in all their provisions; and from the number of these "last words," and the liberal bequests to several different persons—the little "Honeysuckle" gets a legacy of 2000*l.*—it would seem that Lord Lyttelton must have seriously revolved in his mind the probability of his decease, and have considerably mentioned every name which had any claim on his remembrance.\*

It is noticeable, too, that those persons were with him on the night of his death for whom he had manifested the warmest regard—the Misses Amphlett—and Mr. Fortescue, to whom also he left a considerable

\* These codicils are written in a large, careless, and irregular hand. At first sight it does not appear like the hand of Junius; but on a careful inspection many points of resemblance are discerned, and of exactly such a nature as we might expect to find between the natural and the disguised hand of the same person.

legacy. Their presence might have been accidental; but, on the supposition of premeditated suicide, he might naturally have wished to spend his last evening on earth in the society of those young relations whom he regarded with the kindest feelings.

Young as Lord Lyttelton died, he had outlived every object which could render life desirable. Though married, he was separated from his wife, and was without hope of offspring. He had drank so deeply of the cup of pleasure that only its dregs remained to him; his profligacy had rendered his name infamous; and that last hope with which he at one time consoled himself under censure, of "making the world smile on his political career," faded with the disasters of the ministry to whom he had attached himself. Great as his abilities confessedly were, he had secured no following. Distrusted by all parties, his genius seemed to shine with a baleful lustre, and to keep those most in fear who were nearest its influence. "The loss of Lord Lyttelton is not much to be regretted," wrote the Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn—and the sentiment was probably shared by the whole ministerial party. When he separated himself from the Government, he stood alone; and though the thought may be fanciful, we cannot help viewing that magnificent effort in which he took a survey of the whole state of the empire, and delivered his sentiments on every great question of his time, as his deliberate bequest to the country he was resolved to quit for ever. The shadow of Fate was upon him, and gave to his parting accents a tone of severe and solemn sincerity.

Between this character of Thomas Lyttelton, as drawn from his own declarations and the events of his life, and that of the mysterious, impenetrable Junius, we believe our readers will readily recognize some broad traits of likeness. Their sentiments on all great public questions were certainly the same; their genius was remarkably similar in the direction it took and in the vivacity and ardor with which it was manifested; the disappearance of the one is closely connected with the appearance of the other, and there is a striking and characteristic resemblance in the manner in which both made their exit from the public stage, each carrying his secret with him to the grave.



## THE ATHENAEUM'S REPLY.

THE Junius of our contemporary, as we announced a fortnight since, is Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton. We doubt not our readers shared in the surprise with which we heard of such a man being put forward on such a claim. Apart from all the logical or historical evidence in the case, the moral conditions out of which to make a Junius had here been selected on a principle so outrageous as to introduce something like a novelty into the discussion.

There is not much, it must be admitted, in his life and character, to suggest that Thomas Lyttelton was the laborious and indefatigable Junius. But the less we know the more room for speculation and conjecture,—and if nothing were known, there is no possibility of contradicting anything that is said.

The edition of the Letters of Junius to which the writer in the *Quarterly* refers and on which he founds his argument, is that of 1814, now commonly known as the edition of Dr. Good and Mr. George Woodfall; and, on a rough estimate, about one half of his authorities of facts, or coincidences, or parallel passages, or whatever they ought to be called, are taken from the Miscellaneous Letters, therein first published. We long since showed on what insufficient authority many of those letters had been attributed to Junius,—that they could not *all* have been written by the same person,—that many of them rest their *sole* claim on a coincidence between the dates of publication and the dates affixed to one or other of the private letters to Sampson Woodfall,—that the dates to fifty-nine or sixty out of the sixty-three private letters were affixed conjecturally by the editors of the edition of 1814,—and, therefore, that the letters avowedly inserted on the authority of that coincidence had lost all claim whatever to be considered as letters by Junius. We have stated, we believe,—if not, we do now state,—that we *know* that in some instances the errors in the conjectural dates were discovered and admitted to be errors by the editors themselves. We know, indeed, a great many more curious facts relating to the selection of the Miscellaneous Letters,—how some got admission and why *others* were excluded;—but an incidental discussion was not, and is not, the proper

place to enter into a full consideration of the subject.

We are not quite satisfied to see the hundred questions that puzzle and perplex us about the Miscellaneous Letters disposed of in a brief paragraph, in a note! wherein, after informing us that some persons object to the Letters of Atticus,—others to other letters,—the writer observes:—

“In opposition to all such purely fanciful conjectures, we have the express declaration of [George] Woodfall's editor, that in the collected letters are included only those unacknowledged compositions of Junius ‘which are *indisputably genuine*.’ We have so much confidence in this declaration that we are disposed to maintain the perfect integrity of the text of the three-volume edition, and are unwilling to allow the alteration or omission of a single sentence there attributed to Junius.”

The writer's “confidence,” it is easily and jauntily assumed, is to be admitted conclusive as to the authenticity of the letters!—yet such is our impenetrable dullness, that what was before impossible remains impossible still.

That these Lyttelton letters were forgeries was never, we repeat, so far as we know, doubted until now. Their authenticity was publicly denied by Lord Lyttelton's executors as soon as they appeared. Years since it was positively and publicly stated that they were written by Combe—best known in his old age as the author of Dr. Syntax's “Tour”—and said to have been an acquaintance and associate of Lyttelton, which is probable, as both were educated at Eton, and both were dissolute and improvident. Combe, however, who soon dissipated his small fortune—but not till he had won for himself the *sobriquet* of “Duke Combe”—lived for the remainder of his life as a bookseller's hack, and for twenty or more years in prison, where he died. Chalmers, in his “Biographical Dictionary,” speaking of these letters, in 1815, says:—“Two volumes of Letters published in 1780 and 1782, though attributed to him [Lyttelton], are known to have been the production of an ingenious writer yet living.” Watts, in the “Bibliotheca Britannica,” re-echoes this. Lowndes, in his “Bibliographer's Manual,” dismisses

them thus briefly—"These letters are spurious." They are referred to as amongst Combe's writings, in the memoirs of him which appeared at his death. Thomas Campbell, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," says incidentally, but unhesitatingly, that they were written by Combe. Sir G. Lefevre, in his "Life of a Travelling Physician," gives a clever sketch of Combe—whom he knew personally; and states positively, on the authority of Combe himself, that he was the writer:—"He was the author of Lord Lyttelton's Letters and the famous ghost story which once produced a sensation in the moral world. He considered it the best of his productions."

But whether the Letters were written by Combe—of which there would seem to be no doubt—or by Lyttelton himself—or by some person unknown—there is internal evidence that the vast majority, if not all, were written after Junius had concluded his "great labors"—and when it is scarcely possible to find a young writer without traces of his manner. Nothing therefore could fairly be inferred from occasional similitude of phrase or expression. But no matter; these are minor questions. The authenticity of the Letters is the one important subject of inquiry; and certainly it was high time to correct the public judgment if, to this hour, everybody has been in error—the executors of Lyttelton, Chalmers, Watts, Lowndes, the Biographers, Thomas Campbell, Sir G. Lefevre, and Combe himself.

Still, if all these assumptions were allowed, the reader would yet desire to see brought a little nearer and made a little clearer the connection between Thomas Lyttelton and Junius,—to know something of the "whereabouts" of Lyttelton from April, 1767, to 1772; for, be it remembered, as the *Quarterly* assumes the authenticity of the Miscellaneous Letters, the first letter by their Junius appeared in April, 1767, and when the young profligate Thomas Lyttelton was just turned three and twenty. This "whereabouts" is a difficulty that we cannot very well help to solve,—nor do we get much light from the *Quarterly*;—but we have little doubt it could be settled by the Lyttelton family after half an hour's search. Meanwhile, we may observe that, after the fashion of his day, Thomas Lyttelton was sent to finish his education on the Continent; and from his father's letters we find that he had not returned in March, 1765. From one letter written by the father to Governor Lyttelton we learn something of the preparatory training and disciplining of the young

gentleman who was so soon to startle and astonish the world as Junius. In Mr. Philimore's life of the father, George, Lord Lyttelton, we read as follows:—

"In his next letter [11th of March, 1765] to his brother, [George, Lord] Lyttelton wishes him joy of the birth of a son, *laments the dissipation, extravagance, and gaming of his son in Italy.*" (II. 664.)

We are told that he returned in the summer of that year (1765) and took part in a juvenile masque at Stowe. Here, however, we are again cast adrift:—"From this date," says the writer in the *Quarterly*, "we catch only occasional glimpses of Mr. Lyttelton." Very occasional, we may add; and other people, then as now,—creditors and bailiffs amongst them,—were not more successful. It was, indeed, generally supposed that he was driven, not only and frequently, as admitted, to change his residence, but to change his country,—and was to be found, if found at all, in the lowest haunts of dissipation. It is admitted by the writer in the *Quarterly*, that—

"For a period of three years after Mr. Lyttelton lost his seat—that period during which Junius wrote his acknowledged compositions—we hardly find a trace of him in any of the contemporary letters or memoirs that have fallen under our observation. \* \* We do not know on what terms Thomas Lyttelton stood with his family, while Junius was most actively engaged in correspondence with the *Public Advertiser*; but just as Junius concluded his 'great work,' Thomas Lyttelton returned to his father's house."

It appears, then, that from the summer of 1765 to February, 1772, we know scarcely anything about Thomas Lyttelton. It is, therefore, a fair and legitimate inference, according to the logic of this *Quarterly* critic, that while his father and family believed him to be hunted by creditors and duns, and lost in the vilest haunts of dissipation,—sometimes in London, sometimes in Paris,—associated in either, as the Rev. Mr. Pennington tells us, "with the most profligate and abandoned of both sexes,"—he was laboring with zeal and diligence in the cause of his country, devoting nights and days, and for five years together, to exhausting labors and studies—and writing the Letters of Junius!

What incredible dullness in the father—in Chatham and Temple and Grenville, and all the rest of the kith and kin—not to have discovered it—never for a moment to have

suspected it. For ourselves, indeed, we rather incline to believe, from the total silence of Lyttelton himself and of all his relations and correspondents, that the young man's conduct was so bad, that in charity to his father they never mentioned him; and this opinion seems confirmed by their rejoicings on his return home in 1772.

The father, in the hope that marriage might reclaim his son, looked out for a proper match,—and a lady was selected. But the scapegrace, who even in 1772 could do nothing like a rational being, though all parties were agreed, must needs, as the father says, “steal a march on the family,”—and get married. As might have been expected, within a few months he stole another “march on the family,”—deserted his wife, and bolted to the Continent;—whence he returned only on his father's death, in August, 1773. What influence, if any, the profligate folly of this profligate man had on that father may never be known; but we believe there is reference to it in the account of the father's death written by the physician who attended him:—“His Lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, *which is more probable, of causes of a different kind*, accounts for his loss of strength and for his death very sufficiently.” On this melancholy occasion, Temple, the old friend and relation of the family, who would have hugged Junius to his heart and gloried in him,—thus wrote to the Junius of the *Quarterly*:—“You have an hereditary right not only to my affection, but to every real service it could be in my power to show you; the great figure you may *yet* make depends on yourself. *Henry the Fifth had been Prince of Wales*; he knew how, *with change of*

*situation*, to shake off the Falstaffs of the age, and all those forlorn accomplishments which had *so long stifled and depressed his abilities*. Forgive an old man *the hint* he takes the liberty of giving, and be assured he ardently *wishes to see* what your Lordship calls *his partiality justified by a conduct* which will make him happy in calling himself, my dear Lord, your most affectionate and obedient servant.”

The reader has now seen something—all that is known—of the training of this Junius of the *Quarterly* up to the summer of 1765,—and heard his father's report of it. He has read, also, the character given of him in, or to be inferred from, the letters of his father, of Chatham, and of Temple, at the close of the “great labors” of Junius in 1772. Let us again remind him that to complete the argument of the *Quarterly*, he is required to believe that all the Miscellaneous Letters in the edition of 1814 were written by Junius, contrary to known and notorious facts; and that the “Letters of Thomas, Lord Lyttelton” are genuine, contrary to the declarations of all who have referred to them, from the executors of Lord Lyttelton down to Mr. Combe, who acknowledged himself to be the writer. This premised, he will proceed “with what appetite he may” to the old, endless, profitless talk about style, coincidences, analogies, and so forth; and to arguments deduced from the somewhat notorious fact, that passages may be found in speeches made between 1773 and 1779, reported by Mr. [Memory] Woodfall and others, after the free fashion of the day,—and in Letters written after 1773, no matter by whom,—which will remind him that Junius's Letters were published before either the letters were written or the speeches were spoken.

Mr. Catlin, the well-known collector of Red Indian relics, has brought before the public his scheme—long talked of in private—for establishing what he calls a “Museum of Mankind.” There is a bold and alliterative grandeur in the sound. But when Mr. Catlin comes to explain his idea, it turns out that he defines the word “mankind,” for his purpose, as meaning no more than the expiring members of the great human family—the Red Indian, the native Australian, the Greenlander, the Peruvian—and so forth. Measures, no doubt, might be *taken for obtaining and preserving such memorials*

as exist of these and similar races; and it is a reflection on the Governments of England and of the United States that they have hitherto remained so indifferent in the matter,—that being severally custodians of certain interesting and rapidly obliterating pages of the book of human history, they should suffer the final extinction of the record to take place before their eyes without any attempt to preserve its lessons for futurity. Mr. Catlin has done work which will entitle him to the lasting gratitude of ethnographical inquirers.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE principal works published and reviewed in the critical journals of Great Britain during the last month, are mentioned in the following lists:—

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELS, &amp;c.

The Life and Letters of Niebuhr, though embracing essays by Chevalier Bunsen and Professor Brandis, appears to disappoint the learned world. It is a very good book intrinsically, but does not satisfy the expectations excited by its title. Nearly all the letters in the massive volumes are translated from Madame Hensler's *Lebensnachrichten über B. G. Niebuhr*, and but very few are original. The essays of Bunsen and Prof. Brandis are also reprints from previously published works; so that, so far from being a new work, it is a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of Madame Hensler's work. The journals find considerable fault with the deception. The *Athenæum* gives the following interesting view of Niebuhr's epistolary habits and relations:—

"From early youth, Niebuhr was a constant and an attractive letter writer. As yet there was no cheap and uniform postage system—no express trains and electric telegraphs to supersede the old habits of epistolary correspondence between parted friends. In his time, men yet wrote their histories in their private letters. Niebuhr had numerous correspondents; among the chief of whom were—the Crown Prince of Prussia, the ministers Stein and Hardenberg, Goethe, Jacobi, Savigny, De Serre, Valckenaer, Carsten Niebuhr, (his father,) Count Adam Moltke, and Madame Hensler. Only a few of his many letters to these eminent persons have as yet been published; those addressed by him to Madame Hensler herself—excised and reduced at the suggestion of her fancy—formed the chief basis of the '*Lebensnachrichten*.' Many of his most important letters—such as those written to Valckenaer and De Serre—remain inedited; and until we obtain public possession of these, and of some others written to his English friends, it will not be easy to draw the historian's figure with true fullness and vivacity.

"Madame Hensler's relations to Niebuhr were very curious and very German. During his residence as a student at Kiel, she became a young and beautiful widow. He was an extremely shy and nervous boy—though a man already in ripeness of character and in grasp of intellect; and in reference to his first interview with Dora Hensler, he wrote to his father:—'I felt to a painful degree my timidity and bashfulness before ladies; however much I improve in other society, I am sure I must get worse and worse every day in their eyes.' Dora's father-in-law, Dr. Hensler, was a profoundly learned man: but he was even then astonished at the bashful boy's extraordinary knowledge of the ancient world and at his faculty of historical divination. In his family circle Niebuhr was soon at home. The ladies were very kind to him,—and he made the young Madame Hensler an offer of his hand.

She—a pietist in religion—had made a vow at her husband's grave never to marry again,—and she was disposed to keep her vow. As she could not marry Niebuhr herself, he asked her to choose a wife for him:—and, after some thought, she selected her own sister Amelia. In his union with this lady Niebuhr was happy for some years. He succeeded in the world,—served the State in various high offices,—acquired the friendship of the first men in Germany,—and through the delivery of his lectures on Roman History at Berlin raised himself to a high place in the intellectual hierarchy of Europe. His wife died—and he again solicited Dora Hensler to accept his hand. But she adhered to her vow;—and again failing in his suit, he again requested her to provide a substitute. It would seem that the vow only stood between her and himself,—for she still retained him in the family. This time, she selected her cousin Gretchen, and—strange as all this seems to us—he married her. Dora's refusals do not appear, therefore, to have caused any, even momentary, suspension of the friendship between Niebuhr and herself. His letters to her—ever kind, serene, affectionate—present an unbroken series. The moment he parted from her, he began to write to her regularly. In the most trying situations of his life—during the fierce bombardment of Copenhagen—amid the terrors of the flight to Riga before the victorious French—in the sickness of his first months in Italy—amid the excitement of his opening lecture session in Berlin—his letters never failed. He wrote a long epistle to her only a few days before he died. Dora Hensler must have been an extraordinary woman. Out of the highest region of men—the Goethes, the Savignys, and the Schleiermachers—Niebuhr could hardly find a man with whom he deemed frequent intercourse either profitable or endurable. The learned men of Italy, of France, and of England—with the exception of our scientific professors—were so far below his level of acquirements as to fail altogether in the interest of their conversation and correspondence; yet he wrote to Dora Hensler on nearly every subject in which his eager and wide-ranging intellect found employment. He related to her many of his thoughts on politics, finance, and diplomacy,—kept her familiar with the nature of his most recondite researches into Greek and Italian antiquities,—and made her the depositary of his doubts and speculations in the highest regions of faith, morals, and philosophy. His letters to her are therefore a mine of wealth for the admirers of his genius."

Mr. Alison has expanded his Life of Marlborough into two volumes, by incorporating more of the history of the War of the Succession into his biography: he has accompanied the text with maps, and with plans of battles after Kausler's great work.

Anderson's *Reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers*, though conceded to contain many interesting notices of the



great orator, is not regarded with much favor. The opinion of the *Literary Gazette* is a specimen of the treatment it receives:—

"From the 'Reminiscences' of one who professes to have long been intimate with Dr. Chalmers, and to have kept memoranda of his public discourses and private conversations, we expected to derive many new materials for knowing a character so worthy of study. But we are sadly disappointed. Mr. Anderson had neither the opportunity nor the capacity to Boswellize Chalmers. The bulk of the book consists of unconnected scraps of sermons and speeches, transferred from the compiler's note-book, while the personal recollections are few and trivial. Some letters from Dr. Chalmers are scattered through the volume, such as one in which he declines an invitation to dinner, and another in which he asks Mr. Anderson, who it seems was a publisher, some questions about his manuscripts. The whole contents of the four hundred pages could easily have been compressed into forty. The few grains of worth in the mass of useless matter might have formed a good article for a magazine, or might have been put at the disposal of the biographer of Dr. Chalmers; but to have made a large volume of such materials is the outrageous excess of a fault which Dr. Hanna, in his 'Life and Memoir,' has also to some extent committed."

Mrs. Bray's *Life of Stothard*, the painter, is well spoken of. The *Literary Gazette* opens its highly eulogistic notice by the following anecdote, which serves to show what estimate the artist was held in by Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

"Canova was once asked to execute a statue for the University of Cambridge. He was busy at the time, and declined to undertake it, adding, that he was, moreover, not the proper person to apply to, since England could give the very sculptor fit for the work. The Cambridge 'Committee of Taste' wrote again to ask the name of this native artist. 'I am sorry,' was Canova's reply, 'that in England you possess a Flaxman, and do not know it.' Not long before this, Sir John Hawkins applied to Sir Joshua Reynolds to design the frontispiece for a work. 'Go to young Stothard,' was Sir Joshua's reply, 'he will design it much better than I can.' Walking one day in the streets of London, Flaxman was struck with some prints in a shop-window. They were illustrations of the 'Novelist's Library,' by Stothard. The sculptor determined to make the acquaintance of an artist whose taste seemed congenial with his own. The sympathy of which this passing incident was the germ grew into a friendship deep and enduring. Not in genius and taste alone, but in their whole nature, Stothard and Flaxman were kindred spirits. Both were distinguished, not more by their excellence as artists than by their worth as men. Great was their mutual regard and affection, and as they were loved and revered by all who knew them, so will their memory be dear to every admirer of the good and the beautiful."

The Grenville Papers, advertised by Mr. Murray, have appeared, and meet with a cordial welcome. The *Athenæum* says:—

"These volumes are of a class and character always welcome; no matter whether lively or dull, of greater or of less value,—they contain facts. It is quite true that the facts to be found in contemporary letters and memoirs are often distorted by prejudice or colored by passion; but this is a known con-

dition, and we are therefore prepared to make those reasonable allowances in each case which must be made in all, and to submit questionable points to the test of like authorities. The volumes contain the letters from and to Lord Temple and his brother George Grenville—with the private diaries of the latter—and extend from 1742 to the close of 1764. They are to be followed, as we understand the preface, by other volumes—the whole extending over a period of thirty or more years. Such a work must be acceptable. It must throw light, more or less, on a hundred obscure points of interest; and especially on the last few glorious years of George the Second and the first ten inglorious years of George the Third,—with which, whether in the ministry or in the opposition, the names of Pitt, Temple, and Grenville are for ever associated.

"The Grenvilles, as our readers will remember, were the children of Mr. Richard Grenville, of Wotton, by Heeter Temple, sister and co-heir of Sir Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham of Stowe. Their mother succeeded to the peerage by special remainder, and was soon after advanced to the dignity of Countess Temple. Mr. Pitt married their only sister. Besides Lord Temple and Mr. George Grenville, there were three other brothers—James, Henry, and Thomas—and if we mistake not they were all in Parliament. This was a formidable phalanx—in number, character, and ability—while in alliance; but, as with other and less holy alliances, self-interest and ambition often separated its members, and they were at times opposed—brothers and brothers-in-law—with all the bitterness of disappointed affection."

Lord Mahon's continuation of his *History of England*, from the Peace of Utrecht, elicits from the *Athenæum* a most elaborate and able defence of the character and life of the celebrated John Wilkes. His Lordship, together with almost every historian of those times, had classed Wilkes with the profligates of that era, and imputed to his private life immorality and personal worthlessness. The *Athenæum* reviews the prominent events of Wilkes's life, and finds in them not only no proof of profligate habits, but the reverse. The long defence, which is very conclusive, is thus summed up at the conclusion:—

"All, then, that we dare now say of him is, that with all his faults he was a true-born Englishman, with the marking characteristics of one, good and bad; who, having once taken up a position, even though driven to do so by his adversary, would maintain and defend it with bull-dog pertinacity, and at all costs, personal, political and social. His courage amounted almost to reckless daring; and he would resent an insult, whether it came from a Chatham, a Grafton, an Onslow, a Martin, or even a Grenville, though it should cost him the friendship of a Temple. He was a good, kind, and dutiful son,—a gentle, tender, and affectionate father. There is something morally beautiful in the fact that when challenged by Lord Talbot, his last act before the mad moonlight devilry began was, to write to Lord Temple thanking him for the friendship which he had ever shown to him, and entreating as a last and crowning favor, that if he fell his Lordship and Lady Temple would superintend the education of his daughter. Though drinking and gaming were amongst the vices of his age, he was no gambler,—and his abstinence was remarkable and a subject of remark. He rose early and

read diligently. Indeed, his reading was extensive and varied beyond that of most men of his age not being professed scholars; not merely in the Classics, which he especially loved, but in most of the modern languages that had a literature—French, Spanish, and Italian. As the amusement of his leisure hours, and of that quiet domestic life which in truth he loved, he published editions of Catullus and Theophrastus, said to be almost unrivalled for accuracy,—and translated Anacreon so well, that Dr. Joseph Warton, no bad judge, pressed him to publish it. Of society, when he entered it, he was the delighted and delighting spirit,—always welcome, always cheerful. He knew nothing there of politics or political differences. In brief, and in conclusion, Wilkes was a highly educated and accomplished gentleman, who, once admitted into their presence, ‘won golden opinions’ from all sorts of men,—from Johnson, as is known, and from a hundred others of fame and reputation. Even Gibbon, who met him at the regimental mess—then a young man whose conversation had too much of the flavor of his associates, ‘my lords’ and the Medmenham brotherhood, to suit the better taste of the future philosopher and historian—even Gibbon has recorded that he ‘scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humor, and a great deal of knowledge.’ Later in life his old political opponent, that accomplished ‘Scot,’ Lord Mansfield, said of him to Mr. Strachan, ‘Mr. Wilkes was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever knew.’ With the testimony of such men in his favor, we are content to leave him.”

Another invaluable contribution to the History of the reign of George III. has been made in the publication (by BENTLEY) of the “Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his contemporaries with original letters &c., by the Earl of Albemarle.” The *Athenæum* announces the first volume with this suggestive survey of the period, and the literature now extant respecting it:—

“Eighteen hundred and fifty-one will, it is generally believed, be the marking year of the nineteenth century; yet we must admit that, in our own narrow circle, eighteen hundred and fifty-two opens with extraordinary promise. The unlocking of the muniment chests at Wotton and at Stowe was, in a literary and historical point of view, an important event; yet, before January has closed, we have ‘Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham,’ illustrated with original letters and papers, not only from the archives of the Fitzwilliam family, but from those of the Albemarle, Hardwicke, Richmond, and of Mr. Lee, attorney-general to the Rockingham administration. Here are treasures,—long-buried secrets, out of which history may be written. Heretofore we have all been, more or less, groping in the dark, or led by blind guides, and often astray by false lights. Now, we have such a mass of authentic information that no careful writer can wander very far from the truth. We have not only Walpole’s contemporary histories, but his voluminous letters,—the Waldegrave, Dodington, Barrington, Lyttelton and other memoirs,—the letters and correspondence of Chesterfield, Chatham, Bedford, Rockingham, Temple, Grenville, Mitchell, Burke,—minor contributions from Hume, Cumberland, Glover, Gibbon, Wraxall, and numbers numberless,—the historians Mohun, Adolphus, Belsham,—to say nothing of endless papers and volumes which touch only incidentally on political subjects, but often serve as guides

to help us through obscurities and doubts,—and we may add Memoirs like those before us, which—without reference to the important documents that they contain—are written with an earnest endeavor to discover and develop the truth. We often differ from Lord Albemarle in his estimate both of men and of events, but never without the respect which is due to conscientious opinion. He appears to us at times as if his mind were preoccupied with family traditions and his heart too full of traditional sympathies and feelings;—he looks on the men of the age with the eyes of the conqueror of the Havana, the petted and patronized of the Whig hero of Culloden,—and sometimes, from his position, overlooks men who were not without influence though their names may not be recorded in the court register. Occasionally, too, he takes the character of these on trust and from the popular reports of the day. To others, however, the marking men of the age, he has done justice; and his short memoirs are often vigorous, clear and truthful.”

#### LITERATURE.

Dr. Smith’s Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography is greeted as “a most acceptable offering to students in ancient literature” by the *Literary Gazette*:—

“Dr. Smith’s excellent Dictionary of Antiquities, Biography, and Mythology left nothing to be desired so far as the subjects of which they treated were concerned:—and what was wanted to make up a complete cyclopædia of antiquity, was, an equally good Dictionary of Geography. This we may now confidently expect to have ere long. The first part justifies that expectation taken as at once an earnest and a specimen of what is to come. So far as we have examined it, it seems worthy to take rank with its predecessors in all essential points. The editor is the same accomplished scholar who by the classical learning, able management, and faithful care displayed in the former Dictionaries has won for himself so high a position among men of letters. The peculiarity in this Dictionary as regards Dr. Smith is, that hitherto it contains a greater number of articles than usual from his own pen:—all those on Greek geography having been, we believe, written by himself. The rest of the number is furnished by the principal contributors to the previous Dictionaries,—and is distinguished by the same enterprising spirit of scholarship as characterized those standard works. Both editor and contributors are determined not to be behind the times. No important addition to our knowledge of antiquity escapes their observation, whether it be due to our own or to foreign scholars. All the latest and best works have been assiduously studied,—and the results are briefly stated with great perspicuity.”

Selections from the Dramatic Works of William T. Moncrieff, is thus noticed by the *Spectator*:—

“The name of Moncrieff conjures up memories of the melodrama (if not of the drama) in its palmy days; carrying remembrance back to the dead, and even beyond some of them. ‘Tom and Jerry’ was the rage at the Adelphi ere Terry, Yates, and Mathews set up their standard there. Elliston figured in ‘Rochester, or Charles the Second’s Merry Days,’ before that piece was transferred to Covent Garden, with Charles Kemble for its hero. ‘Giovanni in London’ run ere Vestris brought it to its culminating point at Drury. Old habitués of the theatre may remember how Gattie burst upon them,

in the Frenchman in 'Monsieur Tonson,' and younger playgoers must recollect Mathews in 'Monsieur Mallet.' These and many more than these pieces are collected, with prefaces and occasionally appendices, apropos to something connected with the particular drama, or anecdotes relating to its representation."

The Poems of John Edmund Reade are spoken of with great respect by the *Athenæum* :—

"In these days when, with few exceptions, brevity and finish are the characteristics of our poets, the large and various designs of the present author are a novelty and in themselves a merit. In many instances, too, Mr. Reade has dared themes which task to the utmost 'the vision and the faculty divine'; and his volumes contain examples of almost every form that poetry can take—lyrical drama, tragedy, the simple lyric, the philosophical poem, the narrative poem, and the ballad. We take our leave of these volumes with a full sense of the accomplished mind and various powers of the writer,—with respect for a tone of thought habitually pure and just, and even for the patience which by its slow processes has sometimes taxed our own."

Note-Book of a Naturalist, by Professor Broderip, first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, is warmly praised. The *Examiner* thus sums up the merits of the work :—

"Mr Broderip prays well, we are certain, if the Ancient Mariner spoke truth in his farewell moral to the wedding guest. This book is full of genial character, and its good humor visibly embraces man, and bird, and beast. It is in fact written in the true spirit of a naturalist, with an abundance of pleasant knowledge about, and consequently loving pleasure in, every animated thing. From the pet beaver, who comes first in the procession, through the entire march of animals across the pages of the book, not one comes about whom the friend of all has not his good word and his pleasant memories. Familiarly acquainted with his subject, brimful of information, a ripe scholar in all the best senses of the word, and a man of the largest humanity, Mr. Broderip pours out with an easy manner and a cheerful face large stores of that delightful talk which makes no mortal talker more agreeable than the genuine and unaffected naturalist, who loves the beasts, and birds, and reptiles, for themselves, and not for the hard names they bear."

Guisot's Treatise on Shakspeare and his Times, is a reproduction of an old work with a new treatise on Hamlet. This latter performance is thus spoken of by the *Literary Gazette* :—

"We have but one word to say on it—it has disappointed us. When such a man as M. Guisot proceeds to speak of one of the most sublime and one of the most bizarre creations of poetical genius, we not unnaturally expect him to present it altogether in a new light; to strip it of all the doubts and the darkness which the poet has cast around it; or, at the very least, to say something new and piquant respecting it. Thus he has not done. On leaving his hands, Hamlet is what he has always been, and what probably he will ever be—a grand and rather fearful mystery, which no two men see in the same light or interpret in the same way."

Miss Mitford's Recollections of a Literary Life is well received. The *Spectator's* notice is a type of the general expressions of the press :—

"These Recollections of Miss Mitford are not a regular autobiography; but something more varied, probably more attractive. Books and authors are the real subjects of the writer, around which she weaves a variety of personal reminiscences, sketches of characters, and pictures of landscapes or in-door scenes, interspersed here and there with direct family or biographical information. It is the matter and manner of 'Our Village,' chastened, matured, varied, extended, and made more real by the restraint which actual persons and facts impose upon the most exuberant imagination. Sixty-five years have passed over the writer without dimming her eye, depressing or scouring her spirits, lessening her vivacity of mind or geniality of feeling. She has still as keen a relish for the simple or cultivated beauties of English scenery as when she first looked upon village nature and village life with a view to describe them. Her zest for them is still as keen, her power of painting as firm and distinct, but richer, and more mellowed by time. The widespread sympathy with all that lives, and all that is looked upon, from the peer to the peasant, from the stately park to the retired lane or the cottager's homely garden, is as warm and fresh as in 'Lily's morning march.' Time may have touched her hair; rheumatism—as she hints, and the grand climacteric, may have taken some of her litheness of limb; but her heart is an evergreen, her smiles flourishing in perpetual youth."

"The range of Miss Mitford is wide, and often takes in authors who are half forgotten—overlooked in the modern whirl of new inventions, endless publications, and rapid movement. Such are Anstey of the 'Pleaser's Guide,' Holcroft, Herrick, Withers, Lovelace, and the better-known names of Cowley and Ben Jonson—though the writings of these two may not be more read by the public at large. Sometimes the reader is introduced to contemporaries, whose merits in Miss Mitford's judgment have not met with their deserved fame, or authors of whose life she has something to tell. Then we are carried across the waters and presented to our Transatlantic cousins and their poets, with occasionally a prose writer; the introduction being accompanied by anecdotes connected with the author through Miss Mitford's acquaintance with him or with some common friends. Scenes where the writers have been read, and sometimes occurrences which prevented their reading on that occasion, are described with the minuteness, the brightness, the charm, that distinguished similar things in 'Our Village,' though, as we have already observed, more sobered and chastened in style."

Arvine's Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes, is characterized by the *Athenæum* as an *olla podrida* consisting of a collection—in which the agency of paste and scissors is more conspicuous than that of taste and judgment—of incidents, narratives, examples, and testimonies, arranged on what is called "a new plan, with copious topical and scriptural indexes."

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

The recently published posthumous work of President Edwards, on Christian Charity, issued from the press of the CARENS in this city, is warmly received abroad. The *Literary Gazette* has the following eulogistic notice of the great author of the work :—

"President Edwards is recognized in this country

as the profoundest thinker, and one of the ablest writers of America, 'the metaphysician of the New World,' as Dugald Stewart called him. His name stands high both in the literary and the theological world. His treatises on the 'Freedom of the Will,' and 'On the Affections,' will ever remain standard works in metaphysical and ethical philosophy. He was not less distinguished as a faithful and pious Christian minister. His pulpit discourses, while pastor of a church at Northampton, were always carefully prepared, and all his manuscripts have been preserved. He appears to have been a most voluminous writer, probably more so than any known divine except Richard Baxter. The works of John Owen amount to nearly thirty volumes octavo. Baxter's works, if collected, would, it is said, extend to some sixty volumes, or from thirty to forty thousand closely-printed octavo pages. The editor of this work of Edwards says that he has in his possession manuscripts as numerous as those of Baxter. These manuscripts have been kept together since the President's death, about a century ago, and have now been committed to the present editor, as sole permanent trustee, by the surviving grandchildren of the author. The discourses now published were prepared for the pulpit in 1738. They consist of a series of practical sermons on 'Charity and its Fruits, or Christian Love as manifested in the Heart and Life,' being lectures on the 18th chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. They are marked by all the depth of thought and acuteness of analysis for which Jonathan Edwards as a metaphysician was remarkable, while they also display a fullness of scriptural truth, and an aptness of practical application, which give a high idea of the author as a faithful and useful Christian pastor. The grand bulk of published sermons in the present day are so weak and unsubstantial, that we hail such a contribution as this to theological literature, intellectually solid and massive, and at the same time addressed to the heart with the simplicity and earnestness of scriptural exposition."

Mr. RUSSELL, of this city, has reprinted in an elegant form Prof. Aytoun's celebrated work, *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, the brilliancy and spirit of which have elicited praise from quarters not at all pleased with the political tone of the work. Its fervor and animated verse, not less than its tenderness and pathos, are remarkable among the poetic effusions of the day, and have placed the young author in the very front rank of ballad-writers. We are very glad to obtain in so elegant a form this valuable work.

Layard's abridged history of the excavations at Nineveh, a work of great interest, has been handsomely reprinted by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS.

Kittó's History of Palestine has been republished in a fine 12mo, plentifully illustrated, by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston.

Kittó's continuation of the admirable Daily Scripture Illustrations, beginning a new series, has been reprinted by Messrs. CARTER & BROTHERS. The new series is to embrace the poetical and prophetic works of the Old Testament, the history of Christ and the Epistles of the New. They are among the best works of their class.

Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, from authentic sources—a work of great interest and of historical value—by Thomas Wright, has been republished by BARNES.

Isaac Taylor's Wesley and Methodism, which is regarded as among the greatest works of this incomparable thinker, has been reproduced by the HARPER.

The Women of Christianity exemplary for acts of Piety and Charity, by Julia Kavanagh, has been reprinted in elegant form by D. APPLETON & Co. It is a work of rare erudition, as well as sound judgment and excellent spirit. It supplies a much needed contribution to a branch of ecclesiastical history but little cultivated.

The delightful work of Miss Mitford, noticed so favorably by the British journals, and one of the most agreeable books of the season, has been republished by the Messrs. HARPER. Those who have wandered in delighted mood through "Our Village," with this most genial and agreeable author, will know what to expect in this series of gossip critical and personal sketches.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The following statistics of the productions of the French Printing Houses during the last ten years are interesting. There have been 7,350 works, in living and dead languages, published during 1851; and during the last ten years 64,568, making an average per year of 6,456 works. The same presses printed in 1851, 486 musical works, and in the ten years, 3,336, or an annual average of 333. There have also been published 1,014 engravings and lithographs, and during the ten years, 13,095, or an average of 1,309. 123 maps and typographical plans have also been published during the year; during the ten years, 1,005, or a mean of 100 a year. Thus it appears that nearly in every department of presswork, the year 1851 is in advance of the average of the last ten years. The grand total of works published in France during these ten years, engravings, musical works, maps, and plans, is 51,924.

—The Duke of Wellington's reply to Mr. Huskisson, "There is no mistake," has become familiar in the mouths of both those who remember the political circumstances that gave rise to it, and those who have received it traditionally, without inquiring into the origin of it. This was not the first occasion on which the Duke used those celebrated words. The Duke, (then Earl of Wellington,) in a private letter to Lord Bathurst, dated Flores de Avila, 24th July, 1812, writes in the following easy style: "I hope that you will be pleased with our battle, of which the dispatch contains as accurate an account as I can give you. There is no mistake, everything went on as it ought; and there never was an army so beaten in so short a time."

—Letters from Stockholm announce the death, at seventy-two years of age, of Baron d'Olinson, the learned Orientalist, an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Honorary President of the Royal Society of Belles Lettres in that capital. The works by which M. d'Olinson was best known are, that "On the Tribes of the Caucasus," which he published at Paris, and in the French tongue, in 1828, under the pseudonym of Abdel Cassim;—and his "History of Mongolia," from Jenghis Khan to Timour, written also in French, and published at the Hague in 1835.

—Frederic Ricci, the composer, lately died in the prime of life and talent. Ricci was the author of many operas, more successful in Italy than elsewhere.



where, but whose names are well known to the musical public everywhere. The *Prigioni d'Edimburgo* is the most famous of his operas, among which *Rolla*, *Estella*, and *Griselda* are not unknown.

— The *Literary Gazette* thus notices the arrival and mission of our countryman, Dr. Robinson:—

"Professor Robinson is now at Berlin, and expects to be at Beyrout on the 1st of March. He intends to occupy most of his time in visiting the more remote districts of the country, and those villages off the usual routes, which are least known to travellers. Towards the completion of the topography and geography of Palestine, we may expect many new facts to be thus obtained. One of the American missionaries in Syria, the Rev. Eli Smith, and Mr. William Dickson, of Edinburgh, are to join Professor Robinson at Beyrout, and accompany him in the journey. The identification of the site of the Holy Sepulchre, about which there has been much dispute lately, is one object to which special attention will be given. Dr. Robinson was in London, on his route to the continent, and attended the meetings of the Geographical and other societies. We wish that the learned Professor could ascertain the genuineness of the Sinitic inscriptions, of which, in reviewing Forster's 'One Primeval Language,' we gave an account. Dr. Robinson has expressed great doubts on the subject, but if at all practicable during his journey, he would do good service both to science and religion by either verifying or disproving the conjectures raised by the hitherto imperfect examination of these remains."

— It is stated in the last English journals that the Emperor of Russia is not opposed to Lieut. Pim's proposed overland expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, upon any grounds of political feeling toward Great Britain. Lieut. Pim has had an audience of the Czar, who desired him to reduce his proposition to writing. There is no difficulty about the transit across Siberia, but it is thought impracticable to penetrate the countries of the Tchutaki and Esquimaux.

— The Parisian painter Chavenard has already completed twenty of the fifty great pictures, illustrative of the progress and development of the race, which he was commissioned by Ledru Rollin, when Secretary of the Interior, to paint for the Pantheon. They are fifteen by eleven feet, and are highly praised.

— Mr. Elliot Warburton, prior to the loss of the *Amazon*, published a new novel called "Darion; or, the Merchant Prince," in which are related the incidents connected with two shipwrecks, and also the awful occurrence of a ship on fire.

— Among the Louis Philippe tapestries are several executed from Cartoons of Rubens, with hunts in the great Flemish forests, several subjects from Watteau, and five pieces of the time of Louis XIII., representing the months of the year by small figures.

— Macaulay's third and fourth volumes of English History are delayed, it is stated, in consequence of new information he has recently obtained in relation to King William the Third, who is the hero of the narrative.

— Robert Burns, grandson of the poet, was recently murdered by pirates, on the coast of Borneo.

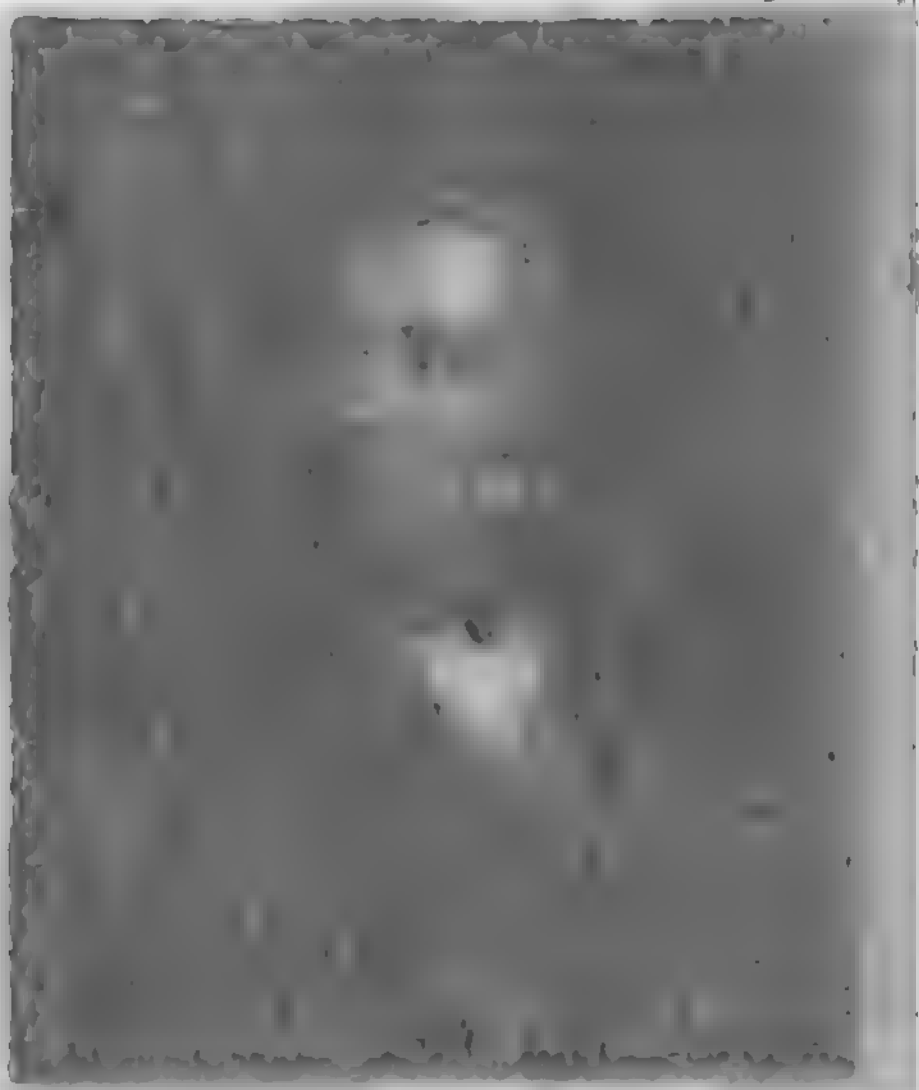
— A monument has been erected in the churchyard of South Leith church, Scotland, to the memory of Robert Gilfillan. The pillar bears a profile of the poet, with national and masonic ornaments, he having been at his death grand bard of the Scottish lodges. The inscription bears the date of his birth, 4th July, 1798; of his death, 4th Dec., 1830, and that the monument is erected in testimony "of his worth as a man, and his genius as a writer of Scottish song."

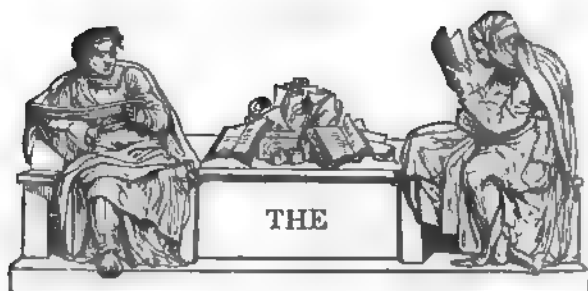
— Lord Mahon, the Historian of Condé and of England, will assist in the Editorship of the *Pool papers*. It is said, on good authority, that the Duke of Wellington has confided his papers to the same hand.

**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.**—Our present number contains an article from the January number of the *Westminster Review* on American Literature, which, having been copyrighted by its author, we are enabled to copy by permission of the publisher in London. Its friendly and candid tone, as well as the intimate knowledge of the literary men and labors of this country it displays, will strike our readers as a pleasant novelty in English journalism, and as an agreeable prelude of the opening of this highly influential Review under its new auspices. It may not be known that with the January number, the work went into new hands—the proprietorship vesting in Mr. John Chapman, long known as an extensive importer and republisher of American works, and a man of letters as well as of business; and the editorial care being intrusted to the competent hands of John Stuart Mill, the celebrated writer on Logic, and for many years one of the principal contributors to the pages of this Review. With the brilliant and fearless staff of writers which the editor relies upon, and the liberal views and purposes of the present publisher, there is reason to expect some decided advance in the literary ability and influence of the *Westminster*, and perhaps the opening of a new era in the annals of journalism. The Review has become a great social and political power, and none appreciate more truly, or know how to wield more successfully, the influence which the emanations of genius and learning gathered in the Review exert, than those who have now the charge of the *Westminster*. That a genial tone is to be observed on subjects relating to America, is evident; and that an enlargement of scope and purpose is also to be aimed at, is not less so. We expect to derive much benefit from its pages in future numbers of our magazine, and feel assured that those who, desiring more of its contents than it will be practicable for us to extract, shall subscribe for it, will find it a suggestive and attractive work, finely accordant with the best spirit of the age, and replete with the highest results of scientific and literary culture.

The January number of this Review has not yet appeared in America; the publication of two copyright articles in its pages having prevented Messrs. Scott & Co. from issuing it, unless in a mutilated form. Friendly negotiations, we understand, are now pending between those gentlemen and Mr. Jay, of this city, the legal counsel of Mr. Chapman, which will result either in the issue by Mr. Chapman of an English edition for the States, or an arrangement with Messrs. Scott for the continuance of their reprints, on terms beneficial to both parties, and simultaneously with the London copy.







# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1852.

From the North British Review.

## MILTON.\*

We do not know how far our readers may share the feeling, but we confess to an occasional sense of irritation at that necessity which we seem to be under, in these latter times, of perpetually naming and referring to some five or six dead men, the acknowledged glories of the literature of the past. Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Burns, Goethe—shall we never be able to pass an agreeable intellectual evening without calling one or another of these names to our aid, never be able to indite a paper of thirty pages without requiring the printer to put one or another of these names more than once into type? Are subjects for thought and talk so scarce round about us that we must for ever weave our best conversations out of the matter of these suggestive memories; or are we such timid sailors on the great sea of innumerable things as not to know how to quit the neighborhood of these familiar bays and shores? The evil, if it be such, daily increases. Not only do we never have done with naming and alluding to those well-remembered few; but we shall never have done, it would appear, with

writing and reading express commentations on their lives and works. Perpetually, on opening a new number of a Review, we find a new essay on Goethe or on Byron; perpetually, on glancing at a new sheet of advertisements, we see announced some new volume of literary portraits, done by a cisatlantic or a transatlantic pen. Is this but a passing phase of our literary activity, a fashion recommended by the example of one or two eminent contemporary writers that one could name, and destined to run its course and cease? We do not know; we only note the fact, and confess again that the observation of it sometimes tempts us to the wish that there could be a decree of society forbidding, for some time, all reference to Shakspeare and his companions, and compelling us, both in our conversation and in our authorship, back to that miscellaneous world of substances, passions, and events, whence Shakspeare himself, the greatest niggard known of allusions to preceding writers, drew the materials for a not deficient literature.

That we do not exaggerate this view of the case, ought to be evident from the fact that, in the present paper, we deliberately perpe-

\* *The Works of John Milton. A New Edition.* London, Pickering, 1851.



trate an offence against it. Milton is one of the writers that have been most frequently, most variously, and, we may add, most splendidly written about; and yet here we venture upon a new essay on Milton. It is needless, therefore, to say that we have sympathies also with the other view of the case, and that we hold that there is something right, beautiful, and full of use in this practice of visiting again and again the same ancestral tombs, this tendency of writer after writer to scan for himself those characters which tradition has bound him to revere, and to attempt such new portraitures of them as may present, if not the whole men, at least some of their lineaments, more vividly to the world. How we can reconcile this belief with the sentiment before expressed, we shall not stop to inquire. The Duke of Wellington's mode of proceeding in such cases is as good as any that we know. When he wishes to reconcile two apparently contradictory propositions, he simply asserts them both as strongly as he can. Content to adopt this plan, we shall leave the matter in question to the consideration of our readers, and go on, without farther preface, to the task which we have appointed to ourselves, of saying something about Milton and his writings which, whether new or not, may be appropriate to the temper and circumstances of these grave times.

Never surely did a youth leave the academic halls of England more full of fair promise than Milton, when, at the age of twenty-three, he quitted Cambridge to reside at his father's house amid the quiet beauties of a rural neighborhood some twenty miles distant from London. Fair in person, with a clear fresh complexion, light brown hair which parted in the middle and fell in curls to his shoulders, clear gray eyes, and a well-knit frame of moderate proportions—there could not have been found a finer picture of pure and ingenuous English youth. And that health and beauty which distinguished his outward appearance, and the effect of which was increased by a voice surpassingly sweet and musical, indicated with perfect truth the qualities of the mind within. Seriousness, studiousness, fondness for flowers and music, fondness also for manly exercises in the open air, courage and resolution of character, combined with the most maiden purity and innocence of life—these were the traits conspicuous in Milton in his early years. Of his accomplishments it is hardly necessary to take particular note. Whatever of learning, of science, or of discipline in logic or philosophy the University at that time could give, he had

duly and in the largest measure acquired. No better Greek or Latin scholar probably had the University in that age sent forth; he was proficient in the Hebrew tongue, and in all the other customary aids to a biblical theology; and he could speak and write well in French, Italian, and Spanish. His acquaintance, obtained by independent reading, with the history and with the whole body of the literature of ancient and modern nations, was extensive and various. And, as nature had endowed him in no ordinary degree with that most exquisite of her gifts, the ear and the passion for harmony, he had studied music as an art, and had taught himself not only to sing in the society of others, but also to touch the keys for his solitary pleasure.

The instruments which Milton preferred as a musician were, his biographers tell us, the organ and the bass-viol. This fact seems to us to be not without its significance. Were we to define in one word our impression of the prevailing tone, the characteristic mood and disposition of Milton's mind, even in his early youth, we should say that it consisted in a deep and habitual *seriousness*. We use the word in none of those special and restricted senses that are sometimes given to it. We do not mean that Milton, at the period of his early youth with which we are now concerned, was, or accounted himself as being, a confessed member of that noble party of English Puritans with which he afterwards became allied, and to which he rendered such vast services. True, he himself tells us, in his account of his education, that "care had ever been had of him, with his earliest capacity, not to be negligently trained in the precepts of the Christian religion;" and in the fact that his first tutor, selected for him by his father, was one "Thomas Young, a Puritan of Essex who cut his hair short," there is enough to prove that the formation of his character in youth was aided expressly and purposely by Puritanical influences. But Milton, if ever, in a denominational sense, he could be called a Puritan, (he always wore his hair long, and in other respects did not conform to the usages of the Puritan party,) could hardly, with any propriety, be designated as a Puritan in this sense, at the time when he left college. There is evidence that at this time he had not given so much attention, on his own personal account, to matters of religious doctrine, as he afterwards bestowed. That seriousness of which we speak was, therefore, rather a constitutional seriousness, ratified and nourished by rational reflection,

than the assumed temper of a sect. "A certain reservedness of natural disposition, and a moral discipline learnt out of the noblest philosophy"—such, in Milton's own words, were the causes which, apart from his Christian training, would have always kept him, as he believed, above the vices that debase youth. And herein the example of Milton contradicts much that is commonly advanced by way of a theory of the poetical character. Poets and artists generally, it is held, are and ought to be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nerve languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now to remorse—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist. Against the truth of this, however, as a maxim of universal application, the character of Milton, as well as that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorists all the materials which exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusion, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his nature was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing too fixed and firm, to permit that he should have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, shall come to the investigation of his writings, armed with that preconception of the poetical character which is sure to be derived from an intimacy with the character of Shakspeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat, a solemn and even austere demeanor of mind, was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth. And the outward manifestation of this was a life of pure and devout observance. This is a point that ought not to be avoided or dismissed in mere general language; for he who does not lay stress on this, knows not and loves not Milton. Ac-

cept, then, by way of more particular statement, his own remarkable words in justifying himself against an inuendo of one of his adversaries in later life, reflecting on the tenor of his juvenile pursuits and behavior. "A certain niceness of nature," he says, "an honest haughtiness and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be, (which let envy call pride,) and lastly that modesty whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some be-seeming profession; all these, uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions." Fancy, ye to whom the moral frailty of genius is a consolation, or to whom the association of virtue with youth and Cambridge is a jest—fancy Milton, as this passage from his own pen describes him at the age of twenty-three, returning to his father's house from the University, full of its accomplishments and its honors, an auburn-haired youth beautiful as the Apollo of a northern clime, and that beautiful body the temple of a soul pure and unsoiled! Truly, a son for a mother to take to her arms with joy and pride!

Connected with this austerity of character, discernible in Milton even in his youth, may be noted also, as indeed it is noted in the passage just cited, a haughty yet modest self-esteem, and consciousness of his own powers. Throughout all Milton's works there may be discerned a vein of this noble egotism, this unbashful self-assertion. Frequently, in arguing with an opponent, or in setting forth his own views on any subject of discussion, he passes, by a very slight topical connection, into an account of himself, his education, his designs, and his relations to the matter in question; and this sometimes so elaborately and at such length, that the impression is as if he said to his readers,—Besides all my other arguments, take this also as the chief and conclusive argument, that it is *I*, a man of such and such antecedents, and with such and such powers to perform far higher work than you see me now engaged in, who affirm and maintain this. In his later years Milton evidently believed himself to be, if not the greatest man in England, at least the greatest writer, and one whose *egomet dixi* was entitled to as much force in the intellectual Commonwealth as the decree of a civil magistrate is invested with in the order of civil life. All that he said or wrote was backed in his own con-

sciousness by a sense of the independent importance of the fact, that it was he, Milton, who said or wrote it; and often, after arguing a point for some time on a footing of ostensible equality with his readers, he seems suddenly to stop, retire to the vantage-ground of his own thoughts, and bid his readers follow him thither, if they would see the whole of that authority which his words had failed to express. Such, we say, is Milton's habit in his later writings; in his early life, of course, the feeling which it shows existed rather as an undefined consciousness of superior power, a tendency silently and with satisfaction to compare his own intellectual measure with that of others, a resolute ambition to be and to do something great.

And what was that special mode of activity to which Milton, still in the bloom and seed-time of his years, had chosen to dedicate the powers of which he was so conscious? He had been destined by his parents for the Church; but this opening into life he had definitively and deliberately abandoned. With equal decision he renounced the profession of the law; and it does not seem to have been long after the conclusion of his career at the University, when he renounced the prospects of professional life altogether. His reasons for this, which are to be gathered from various passages of his writings, seem to have all resolved themselves into a jealous concern for his own absolute intellectual freedom. He had determined, as he says, "to lay up, as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, the honest liberty of free speech from his youth;" and neither the Church nor the Bar of England, at the time when he formed that resolution, was a place where he could hope to keep it. For a man so situated, the alternative, then as now, was the practice or profession of literature. To this, therefore, as soon as he was able to come to a decision on the subject, Milton had implicitly, if not avowedly, dedicated himself. To become a great writer, and, above all, a great poet; to teach the English language a new strain and modulation; to elaborate and surrender over to the English nation works that would make it more potent and wise in the age that was passing, and more memorable and lordly in the ages to come—such was the form which Milton's ambition had assumed when, laying aside his student's garb, he went to reside under his father's roof. Nor was this merely a choice of necessity, the reluctant determination of a young soul, "Churchouted by

the prelates," and disgusted with the chances of the law. Milton, in the Church, would certainly have been such an archbishop, mitred or unmitred, as England has never seen; and the very passage of such a man across the sacred floor would have trampled into timely extinction all that has since sprung up among us as Puseyism and what not, and would have modelled the ecclesiasticism of England into a shape that the world might have gazed at, with no truant glance backward to the splendors of the Seven Hills. And, doubtless, even amid the traditions of the law, such a man would have performed the feats of a Samson, albeit of a Samson in chains. An inward prompting, therefore, a love secretly plighted to the Muse, and a sweet comfort and delight in her sole society, which no other allurements, whether of profit or pastime, could equal or diminish,—this, less formally perhaps, but as really as care for his intellectual liberty, or distaste for the established professions of his time, determined Milton's early resolution as to his future way of life. On this point it will be best to quote his own words. "After I had," he says, "for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and at the schools, it was found that, whether aught was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." The meaning of which sentence, to a biographer of Milton, is, that Milton, before his three-and-twentieth year, knew himself to be a poet.

He knew this, he says, by "certain vital signs," discernible in what he had already written. What were these "vital signs," these proofs indubitable to Milton that he had the art and faculty of a poet? We need but refer the reader for the answer to those smaller poetical compositions of Milton, both in English and in Latin, which survive as specimens of his earliest muse. Of these, some three or four which happen to be specially dated—such as the *Elegy on the Death of a Fair Infant*, written in 1624, or in the author's seventeenth year; the well-known *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, written in 1629, when the author was just twenty-one; and the often quoted *Sonnet on Shakspeare*, written not much later—may be cited as convenient materials from which,

whoever would convince himself minutely of Milton's youthful vocation to poetry rather than to anything else, may derive proofs on that head. Here will be found power of the most rare and beautiful conception, choice of words the most exact and exquisite, the most perfect music and charm of verse. Above all, here will be found that ineffable something—call it imagination or what we will—wherein lies the intimate and ineradicable peculiarity of the poet; the art to work on and on for ever in a purely ideal element, to chase and marshal airy nothings according to a law totally unlike that of rational association, never hastening to a logical end like the schoolboy when on errand, but still lingering within the wood like the schoolboy during holiday. This peculiar mental habit, nowhere better described than by Milton himself when he speaks of verse—

"Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,"

is so characteristic of the poetical disposition, that, though in most of the greatest poets, as, for example, Dante, Goethe, Shakspeare in his dramas, Chaucer, and almost all the ancient Greek poets, it is not observable in any extraordinary degree, chiefly because in them the element of direct reference to human life and its interests had fitting preponderance, yet it may be affirmed that he who, tolerating or admiring these poets, does not relish also such poetry as that of Spenser, Keats, and Shakspeare in his minor pieces, but complains of it as wearisome and sensuous, is wanting in a portion of the genuine poetic taste.

Milton, his academic studies being over, and his resolution against entering the Church already taken, remained an inmate of his father's house at Horton, Buckinghamshire, for a period of six years,—that is, from 1632 to 1638, or from his twenty-fourth to his thirtieth year. Walks amid the rich English scenery of the neighborhood, sometimes for the mere pleasure of exercise and meditation, sometimes in his special character as a student of botany; more lengthened excursions to Oxford and other places in or out of Buckinghamshire, particularly the pretty village of Forest Hill, some three miles from Oxford, where resided a Squire Powell, an acquaintance of his father's; occasional visits to London for books, lessons in mathematics, and the like;

in-door conversations and musical concertos with such friends or relatives as might from time to time join the family circle, including a married sister older than himself, and a younger brother engaged in the study of the law—such was the quiet nature of the poet's life, at a time when most men are plunged in the cares of worldly business. His father, himself a scholarly old gentleman, and a musical composer, "equal in science, if not in genius, to the first musicians of the age," was probably glad that his own position as a retired attorney, living on a small estate, enabled him to afford his son the means of such manly leisure. Nor was Milton idle. Devoting the main part of his time to a course of new reading, which embraced all the most celebrated classical writers, and had special reference to those Greek philosophers whose works he felt himself more capable of appreciating now than in his college days, he produced at intervals during these years those exquisite minor poems—*Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and others, which the reader, when not disposed for the severer grandeurs of his later muse, turns to with delight. The style of those poems, blending so beautifully the grace of the classic model, and the spirit of classic thought, with the rich beauty of the English pastoral, indicates clearly enough that his early taste for the sweet and sensuous compositions of the elegiac and descriptive school of poets had not as yet declined. As clearly, however, does the loyal and strict tone of these poems, the chivalrous and sustained purity of purpose which appear in them, and most observably of all in the *Comus*, indicate the perfect truth of his assertion that he had early come to the resolve that in all his own attempts in the art he admired, the fair should serve only the good and honorable. In these poems, too, sensuous in conception and full of fantastic imagery as they are, there are genuine individual flashes of the sterner Miltonic spirit. Such, for example, is the invective in *Lycidas* against the hiring shepherds of the Christian fold. Such also is this, among other passages that might be quoted from *Comus* :—

"Against the threats  
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm—  
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,  
Surprised by unjust force, but not intralld;  
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,



And mix no more with goodness, when, at last,  
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed and self-consumed : If this fail  
The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble."

And thus, we see, underneath the flowers and the beauty, there ever lay in Milton all manly strength. If his art by preference still worked most in the sensuous and the idyllic, it was but as a young athlete, his symmetry not yet injured by much experience in the gymnasium, might be the gentlest of all the guests at a classic entertainment, might recline most gracefully on the embroidered couch, and wear most fitly the garland of festive roses.

Milton's poems, composed during his residence in his father's house, were not written for publication. The *Comus* was a gift to the ladies and younger branches of the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, meant as a kind of innocent play or mask to be performed in the family-circle of Ludlow Castle; and though Lawes, who composed the airs for the mask, published it in 1637, three years after it was performed, he speaks of the authorship as not openly acknowledged. In the following year *Lycidas* appeared in a collection of Cambridge verses. Milton's reputation as a poet can, therefore, have been but of a very private character when, in the year 1638, his mother being then just dead, he left England for a tour on the Continent. From Paris, where he became acquainted with Grotius, he went to Italy. He resided there about a year, visiting all the chief towns, and seeing many of the eminent Italian men of the time—among others, Galileo, then in his old age, and a prisoner to the Inquisition on account of his astronomical heresies. From Italy he meant to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece; but the gathering political tempest at home brought him back to England in the summer of 1639.

In consequence either of some change in the circumstances of his father, or of some change in his own views as to his way of life, Milton now took up household in London. "He took him a lodging," says his earliest biographer, "in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russell, a tailor." Probably one of the reasons that led to this arrangement is indicated in the fact that he took to board with him, as pupils, two nephews, sons of his sister Mrs. Philips, the one about ten, the other about eight years of age. "He made no long

stay," however, in St. Bride's Churchyard, "necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly, a pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that." Here he took a few more boys as boarders, all the sons of intimate friends.

It was not destined, however, that Milton should then, or for many years to come, carry his great schemes into execution. Work of a very different, and far less congenial kind, was for the present required of him. That great era in English history, which nothing in English history has paralleled since, was then opening. Vanquished by the spirit of his subjects, Charles I. had been compelled, in 1640, to summon his fifth Parliament, the famous "Long Parliament" of England, and to commit himself reluctantly to the tide of reform in Church and State which flowed out of its deliberations. Never was there such a time of hope and promise in the political world. Gathering round the new Parliament, and looking to it as the instrument by which, with the blessing of God, such changes would be wrought in the entire system of the country as would make England, though still under a regal head, the pattern of free and well-governed Commonwealths, all men of mark for their liberal opinions were eager to contribute their quota to the new movement.

Abandoning, then, for the time, all his great schemes of literary preparation and performance, Milton, in the year 1641, plunged into the tumult of political controversy. The controversy, however, to which Milton so courageously lent himself, was soon snatched away from the hands of writers and clergymen, and appealed, with many other, and even graver questions, to the decision of a ruder reasoning. The final rupture between Charles and the Parliament had at length taken place, and all England was a scene of military strife. The fate, not only of Episcopacy, but of Royalty itself, depended on the issue of an uncertain war. Surrendering over, then, to the sword and the battle-field the continuation of his favorite argument, and taking no more active part in the politics of the time than that of praying for the success of the party which represented his hopes, Milton would now probably have returned to his private pro-

jects had not Providence prepared for him a new and far more miserable controversy in the state of his own household. His father, driven from his own residence by the disturbed condition of the country, had just come to live with him and his pupils at the house in Aldersgate Street, when, about Whitsuntide, 1643, Milton, to use the words of his nephew Philips, "took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation, till, after a month's stay, home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor." The wife thus unexpectedly brought home by Milton, then in his thirty-fifth year, was Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Powell, the Oxfordshire squire formerly mentioned.

Never was a worse match made. The young wife had hardly been a month in town with her husband, when, in a fit of longing to see her parents and friends, she asked and obtained leave to go and spend part of the summer with them, promising to return at Michaelmas. When that time came, however, she positively refused to go back; and, her mother abetting her, she left Milton's repeated letters unanswered, and, when a messenger came with a peremptory message, had him turned out of the house. The reasons for this extraordinary occurrence, as given by Philips, are, that "her relations being generally addicted to the Cavalier party, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, (who by this time had his headquarters at Oxford, and was in some prospect of success,) they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot in their escutcheon whenever that court should come to flourish again." There may be something in this; but the account given by the old gossip Aubrey, confirmed, too, by what Philips himself says, is far more to the point. The bride, according to Aubrey, had been "brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c.; and when she came to live with her husband, she found it solitary, no company came to her, and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents." There are hints also that, during her month in town, she had shown some stubbornness—accepting invitations from her relations against her husband's will, and going about with them to theatres and the like. In short, one sees the whole case but

too easily. Here was a gay, self-willed country girl, whose highest happiness it had been to dance with a King's officer at Oxford or elsewhere, married to a man whom she did not love, whom she could not understand, and whose books and austere ways were a terror to her. How Milton had been led to commit such a blunder as to marry a girl so totally unsuited to be his wife, can only be explained by the reasons he himself hints at—the inexperience of even the soberest man in these affairs, the very haste of men who have lived strictly in youth "to light the nuptial torch," the "persuasion of friends," the want of sufficient opportunities "for a perfect discerning" till too late, and the known fact that "the bashful muteness of a virgin," so romantically interpreted by the lover, may often "hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth" which constitutes sheer stupidity. *Stupidity*, if we may judge from Milton's allusions, was the quality which, after his eyes were opened to the real character of his wife, he found most unendurable in her. "A mute and spiritless mate," "a mind to all due conversation inaccessible," such are the phrases in which he seems evidently to refer to his own case; and "what a solace," he adds, "what a fit help such a consort would be through the whole life of a man, is less pain to conjecture than to have experience." No sensible man, he even says in another place, but would rather forgive actual unfaithfulness in a woman than this sullen incompatibility of tastes and temper.

At first, Milton's rage at the insult and scandal of his wife's desertion of him seems to have been something tremendous. Afterwards, bitterly making up his mind to the worst, and having determined that in no circumstances could he honorably take her back, he directed all his thoughts to the single purpose of getting rid of her. And, as it was not in his nature to put a fair face on the matter to the world, and secretly compensate himself by being other than he seemed, he pursued his object in the most open and public manner. In the course of the years 1644 and 1645, he put forth a series of four treatises on divorce—the first entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce restored from the bondage of the Canon Law*; the second, *The Judgment of Martin Bucer touching Divorce*, being extracts in point from that Reformer's writings; the third *Tetrachordon*; or *Expositions of the four chief passages of Scripture which treat of Marriage*; and the fourth, *Colasterion*,

being a reply to an anonymous answer to the first treatise. The doctrine which pervades all these treatises and which they try to enforce, partly by reason, but chiefly by the authority of Scripture, is that the guardianship of marriage ought to belong solely to the civil magistrate, and that divorce ought to be allowed not only in the cases recognized by the canon law, but also in any case of moral incompatibility between the parties immediately interested. Without entering into a consideration of Milton's views on this important subject—views which really signified "divorce at pleasure," though Milton repudiated that phrase—we may observe that hardly in the whole history of human speculation will there be found a more remarkable instance than these treatises furnish, of how a man of the most sober and austere life may be led, by the felt misery of a personal experience, to investigate and tear up the settled maxims on which society has based itself, and to trouble a deaf world with importunate theorizings. That Milton, when the circumstances of his wife's family and the report of his intended marriage with a Miss Davis induced them after about two years to attempt a reconciliation, did then take back his wife, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, is well known. But, though this put an end to his open warfare on the subject, it would be a mistake to suppose that so sad a passage of his life left no permanent effects. Externally, it made a decided breach between him and the Presbyterians who had been the most resolute opponents of his theory of divorce, and had even caused the House of Lords to take the matter up as an offence against sound morals; inclining him at the same time more and more to those extremest sects whose increasing numbers had perhaps given him hope that his views might obtain legislative sanction, and among whom he actually did gain over not a few to avow his doctrine under the name of Miltonists. But the secret effects on his mind and character were far more momentous. He had already described by anticipation that "drooping and disconsolate household captivity" which results from an ill-assorted marriage, and had spoken of that "continual sight of one's deluded thoughts" which the forced association with an unloved partner supposes, as a thing "to drive a man to atheism," or at least "to abase the mettle of a generous spirit, and sink him to a low and vulgar pitch of endeavor in all his actions." And if the effects upon himself of his seven years of legal union with his wife after their reconciliation fell

short of this, their detrimental nature may at least be traced in a tone of increased harshness and bad temper discernible in most of his subsequent writings. And the poor wife all this time! One cannot help remembering that, though Milton could *speak* his wrongs in the case, she may have *felt* hers; and none the less keenly that people told her that her austere husband was a great scholar. Indeed, what was that act of hers which so offended Milton, but a practical assertion on the woman's side of that liberty which he claimed for the man?

On his appointment to the Secretaryship, Milton, who seems now to have given up his pupils, had removed from Holborn to apartments in Scotland Yard. It was while residing here, in the year 1652, that he was visited by the crowning calamity of his life, his blindness. His sight had been gradually failing for ten years; and at last it completely gave way under the serious labors in which he involved himself when preparing his great work against Salmasius. His own description of the manner in which the blindness came on is worth quoting:—

"On the left side of my left eye (which began to fail some years before the other) a darkness arose that hid from me all things on that side: if I chanced to close my right eye, whatever was before me seemed diminished. In the last three years, as my remaining eye failed gradually some months before my sight was utterly gone, all things that I could discern, though I moved not myself, appeared to fluctuate, now to the right, now to the left. Obstinate vapors seemed to have settled all over my forehead and temples, overwhelming my eyes with a sort of sleepy heaviness, especially after food, till the evening; so that I frequently recollect the condition of the prophet Phineus in the *Argonautics*:—

'Him vapors dark  
Enveloped, and the earth appeared to roll  
Beneath him, sinking in a lifeless trance.'

"But I should not omit to say that, while I had some little sight remaining, as soon as I went to bed or reclined on either side, a copious light used to dart out from my closed eyes;—then, as my sight grew daily less, darker colors seemed to burst forth with vehemence and a kind of internal noise; but now, as if everything lucid were extinguished, blackness, either absolute, or chequered and interwoven as it were with ash-color, is accustomed to pour itself on my eyes; yet the darkness perpetually before them, as well during the night as in the day, seems always approaching rather to white than to black, admitting, as the eye rolls, a minute portion of light, as through a crevice."—*Letter to Philaras of Athens, Sept. 28, 1654.*

Even when totally blind, Milton continued



to hold his office as Latin Secretary; latterly, however, a colleague was appointed, who did most of the work, and received about half of the salary. For the sake of his health Milton, one of whose peculiarities it seems to have been never to be satisfied with the house he lived in, removed to a house in Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park. Here he remained for about eight years, or till the Restoration of Charles II. compelled him to seek a less public place of residence. These eight years produced not a few changes in his household. In 1652 his wife died, leaving him, a widower and blind at the age of forty-four, with three infant daughters, the oldest of whom was not more than six years old. In 1656 he married a second wife, who did not survive the marriage, however, more than a year. Her death was probably a misfortune to the poor children of the former wife, who, left thereafter to the care of their blind and austere father, seem to have grown up in a kind of horror of him, increased rather than diminished by the efforts he appears to have made from time to time to impart to them some portions of his linguistic learning. As they were not old enough yet to act as his amanuenses, the various works written by him at this period must have been dictated either to his nephew Philips, or to some other of his grown-up pupils. Among these works were several in continuation of his answer to Salmasius—such as the *Defensio secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, published in 1654, as a reply to a work written by Peter du Moulin, but advertised under the name of Alexander More; and the *Defensio pro se* called forth by More's rejoinder. These, however, were but incidental exercises of his pen; and the greater part of his time after the year 1654 appears to have been devoted to several great literary projects which he had resolved upon as appropriate work for his now advancing years and disabled condition—such as the composition of a large History of England, the compilation of an elaborate Thesaurus or Dictionary of the Latin Language, and the preparation of a Body of Systematic Divinity out of the Bible.

Milton survived the Restoration fourteen years, residing first in a house he had taken in Holborn; next in Jewin Street, Aldersgate; then as a lodger in the house of Millington, a well-known auctioneer of books; and last of all in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields. During four years of this period he remained unmarried; but in 1664, or when he was in his fifty-sixth year, he

married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, daughter of a Cheshire baronet. She appears to have been a rather elderly person, who had been recommended by one of his friends as a fit housekeeper for him in his old age; and the evidence seems to say that he would not have married again at all but for the undutiful conduct of his daughters. The three girls—the eldest of whom, Anne, was now about eighteen years of age, the second, Mary, about sixteen, and the youngest, Deborah, about fourteen—used “to combine together,” it is said, “and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in his marketings;” they used also to pawn and sell his books; and on one occasion, shortly before his third marriage, when the maid-servant told the second daughter, Mary, that she heard her father was to take another wife, “the said Mary replied to the said maid-servant, that it was no news to hear of his wedding, but if she could hear of his death, that would be something.” With the exception of the youngest, Deborah, the daughters appear scarcely to have lived with their father after his third marriage. The eldest, Anne, who was somewhat deformed, set up in business as a gold and silver lace maker, and afterwards married a master-builder; and her sister Mary seems to have gone with her. So long as they lived with him, all the three daughters appear to have acted as his amanuenses; after his marriage, however, this species of work devolved sometimes on the wife, sometimes on the daughter Deborah, until she also escaped by marriage with a weaver in Spitalfields, and sometimes on any stray boy that could be induced by love or money to lend his services to the imperious old man. It was in this way that he composed and made ready for publication the numerous writings which formed his sole occupation and delight during the fourteen years that intervened between his retirement into private life in 1660, and his death in 1674. Laborious as these latest prose writings of Milton were, however, they were but the severer amusements of a mind which had at last, after so many years, returned to its first and most enduring love. Never, amid all the turmoil and harsh controversial warfare of his middle life, had Milton forgotten his early promise, from the performance of which he had but requested the indulgence of a few years less congenially spent; and when at last, after not a few but many years so spent, time and sore chance threw him aside from worldly ties, and assigned to him a career of aged loneliness, with death as its welcome close, then the old



aspiration came back, and with it the ease of a readier choice and the faculty of a more seer-like song. The *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* were given in succession to the world. And so, if when the time came for him to die, and to exchange the earthly vacancy in which his eyes had so long rolled, for the visible splendors and illuminations of the world he had preconceived, he then left not behind him a heritage of that kind in which most men place their boast—weeping friends, dutiful and well circumstanced children, and the fructifying deeds of a prosperous civil life; if, instead of all this, he saw from his dying pillow children scattered, rebellious, and mechanically matched, (doubtless in part his own blame,) a wife greedy for his remnant of household goods, and a State which had rejected and cast out all his counsels; yet this he could even at that last moment be sure of, that his life had not been spent in vain, and that whenever the men of future ages should look back to the times foregone, they would pronounce, and pronounce truly, that the soul then ebbing away had been the soul of one of the noblest of God's Englishmen.

Some particulars of interest are recorded of Milton, as he was seen and conversed with in his later years. Even in old age he preserved his comeliness, so as to seem much younger than he was. His eyes never betrayed their loss of sight by any outward speck or blemish, but remained clear and perfect, so that it was only by observing them closely that one could perceive that he was blind. "An aged clergyman of Dorsetshire," says the novelist Richardson, "found John Milton (in his house in Artillery Walk) in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields in warm weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." He had some intimate friends who came to see him almost daily, chiefly bookish men of the graver sects, whose opinions agreed with his own. After his blindness and other infirmities prevented him from walking much about, he had a machine made to swing in for the sake of exercise. He used to rise about four or five o'clock; dictate or have books read to him all morning; spend part of the afternoon in playing on the organ or bass-viol, sometimes

singing, and sometimes making his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice but no ear; then study again for an hour or two; then have a few friends about him till supper time, when, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, he went to bed. One curious little glimpse of his household habits is obtained from the deposition of the witnesses who were examined before the Prerogative Court after his death, on the matter of a nuncupative or unwritten will, which he was alleged to have made. By this will, his widow maintained he had left all his property to her, with the exception of the £1000 still due to him out of the estate of his first wife's father—which £1000, and nothing more, he left to his three daughters by that wife, "they having been very undutiful to him," and he "having already spent the greater part of his estate in providing for them." The daughters, however, contested the will, and gained the suit. One of the witnesses was a maid-servant, Elizabeth Fisher, who deposed thus:—

"That, on a day happening in the month of July last, (1674,) the time more certainly she remembereth not, this deponent being then in the deceased's lodging-chamber, he, the said deceased, and the party producent in this cause, his wife, being then also in the said chamber at dinner together, and the said Elizabeth Milton, the party producent, having provided something for the deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he, the said deceased, then spoke to his said wife these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember,—'God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all;' there being nobody present in the said chamber with the said deceased and his wife but this deponent: And the said testator at that time was of perfect mind and memory, and talked and discoursed sensibly and well, but was then indisposed in his body by reason of the distemper of the gout which he had upon him."

The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connection;—that from his 17th to his 33d or 34th year, his chief literary exercises were in poetry; that from his 34th year, however, on to his 52d, he labored almost exclusively as a controversialist and prose-writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets; and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the composition of those greater poems,

the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England.

Of the style and texture of Milton's earlier poems we have already spoken. They are characterized, in a remarkable degree, we have said, by those peculiar qualities which distinguish, in an intimate and essential manner, the compositions of the poet, as such, from the compositions of the man of thought or the man of mere persuasive utterance—extreme sweetness and musical charm of expression; delight in sensuous imagery; absolute or almost absolute indifference to what is known, usual, rational, or real; and a kind of holiday leisureliness of motion through and amid the labyrinths of occult and luxuriant allusion. These poems are like the precious gum of certain forest trees, small and exquisite in production rather than impressive by reason of intellectual quantity; and yet they are the gum precisely of one of these great forest trees, elaborated out of its whole substance, leaf, trunk, bark, and root. There are millions of conceivable pieces of writing, for example, any one of which would, as an effort of general intellectual power, be more notable and difficult than the following passage from the *Penseroso*; and yet the most intellectual man in the world, not being a poet, or not being exactly such a poet as Milton, would have toiled in vain to write it:—

“But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears from Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek:  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar King did ride;  
And if aught else great bards beside  
To sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited morn appear,  
Not tricked and frownc'd as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchieft in a comely cloud  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or ushered with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,

Ending on the rustling leaves  
With minute drops from off the eaves!”

Such was the earlier Miltonic muse; the muse of rich and sensuous fancy, shunning the human world, placid even in its melancholy, and rarely or never perturbed by the intrusion of the social passions.

The first and most important exercise of an artist's invention, Goethe has well said, is in his choice of a subject. Very much of all that the artist is or can do is involved and indicated in this. Sometimes the choice of a subject is apparently a simple act of the judgment, first looking deliberately about for a variety of subjects, and then, after balancing their respective merits, deciding upon one. By some such process Wordsworth, as he himself informs us, decided at last on that meditative and philosophical poem of which the *Excursion* was an instalment; rejecting in its favor various schemes of a British or Scandinavian epic. Even in such a case, however, both the prior and more extensive search, and the subsequent selection, are determined by a kind of instinct compounded out of all that is peculiar in the poet's character and past experience. And more particularly still is this connection between the actual life of a poet and the nature of his poetical productions made evident in those cases where the poet either, like Goethe, habitually converts striking scenes and incidents in his own biography into subjects and suggestions for his art, or, like Dante, carries about with him for years and years the burthen of one weighty and laborious conception. How Milton chose the subjects of his later poems it is not easy to say with certainty. In the prime of his early manhood, as we have seen, he was in a state of perplexity, similar to that of Wordsworth, as to what species of composition would best suit his genius and best answer his preconceived scheme of an immortal English work. Wavering between the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric, his thoughts on the whole seemed to tend towards an epic to be derived from British history. The subsequent events of his life probably assisted to conclude his doubts and point him decisively to one or two themes. *Samson Agonistes*, for example, was clearly a direct inspiration of his experience of blindness, aided and confirmed by his fondness for Scriptural subjects in general, and his bitter relish for the opportunity of handling such a secondary character as Delilah. *Paradise*

*Regained* was but a natural and obvious sequel to *Paradise Lost*. The great question is, therefore, how the conception of this last originated? Dismissing the impertinent myth of the fair unknown lady who admired Milton in his youth as he lay on a summer's day asleep under a tree, and whom he followed all over the world as his lost paradise, we can imagine but one probable explanation suiting the case. Milton, we imagine, retaining his desire to bequeath to the literature of England some one immortal work, and continuing from time to time his search through history for a proper subject, gradually went back through the ages, weighing the claims of one heroic epoch after another, and in turn rejecting all, till at length he found himself at that primeval point of time where human history was but at its commencement, and all the fate of nations, heroic or unheroic, lay concentrated in two sole beings moving over the face of the new-made globe. As the capabilities of this subject flashed upon his view, his soul, we will suppose, exulted, and there was no need for farther search. In the conception and completion of such a theme as that presented in the creation and the fall of man, there was not one of his manifold faculties and tendencies, small or great, but might be fully satisfied—his bent towards theology; his familiarity, traceable even in his prose-writings, with the idea of supernatural agency; his delight in imaginations of the physically vast and spacious; his exquisite sense of minute beauty; his stern moral temper; his lofty ideal of free manhood; and even his cherished belief in woman's weakness. In one negative respect also, his instinct guided him aright in leading him to such a theme. The dramatic faculty, the faculty of depicting men and women individually peculiar and distinct, was not Milton's. In those cases, indeed, where the impression of individuality could be conveyed in the one circumstance of sheer vastness, or by the representation, on a colossal scale, of Miltonic qualities of soul, no poet could delineate better. His Satan and his Samson are creations as clear and definite as any ever imagined by ancient or modern poet. In the old Greek or Æschylean drama, therefore, Milton would probably have been a master. But a dramatist in the modern or Shakspearian sense, peopling ideal worlds with men and women as distinct as those of real life—Hotspurs, Hamlets, scholars, courtiers, clowns; this he could never have been. There was in this respect, also, then, a deep

reason in Milton's choice of a subject for his great work. In selecting a period of the world's history where there were but two human beings that could be objects of description, he avoided the necessity of any recondite delineation of character. An Adam with any marked peculiarity of character, or an Eve featured like one of her cultured daughters of the nineteenth century, would have been an absurdity. The great primitive father of our race did not walk in the garden of Eden inculcating on himself, as we moderns do, the duty of being earnest, firm, or specially true to this or that ideal; nor was his spouse a woman of highly intellectual tendencies. That the first man and woman should be delineated simply as man and woman, fully proportioned in all human qualities, but not unusually featured in any, was a necessity of the subject chosen. And this Milton could do. Whether, indeed, his Adam and his Eve are such splendid creatures as they might have been, even under the conditions of the case, is an open question.

As the matured condition of Milton's mind, at the time when he resumed his poetical activity, was revealed in the nature of the subjects which he then chose, so it was revealed in his mere style and manner of writing. Far less than formerly does he indulge, in his later poems, in those occult and labyrinthine windings, those delays of sensuous imagery, those bouts of linked sweetness, which were the early proofs of his poetical genius. Occasionally, indeed, there still occurs a passage conceived according to this mysterious law of the purely poetic intellect. For example, in the description of Sin and her brood at the gate of hell—

“Far less abhorred than these  
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon  
Eclipses at their charms.”

But for the most part the style is direct and obvious; each sentence marching on with a steady progressive motion towards the complete evolution of what is necessary in meaning, and nothing more. The opening of *Paradise Regained*, for instance, is as bald and terse as a piece of prose narrative; and had a prose writer undertaken to convey precisely the same sense, he could not have



conveyed it in less space. And this, in so genuine a poet as Milton, is felt to be a positive merit. To begin telling a story simply, baldly, and weightily; and to let the wealth and profusion of words, and the full organ-blow of sound come as the story enlarges and the imagination of the speaker works more vehemently with the contending element—this is what is best in the poet of an epic theme. And this is what we find in Milton. Grand, gorgeous, and sonorous as he is throughout his *Paradise Lost*, it will be found that all his grandeur, all his gorgeousness, all his majesty of sound, are expended strictly and judiciously in the evolution of the transcendent tale he had undertaken to narrate in English verse.

No reader of the *Paradise Lost* by parts and sections, no mere admirer of its select passages, can appreciate at half its value the greatness of this sublime poem. That which is most marvellous in it, and which gives significance and proportionate excellence to all its parts, is the clear and consistent conception of scene and of plot which pervades the whole. As in the case of Dante, whose physical conception of the three regions of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, is felt to constitute so large a portion of the merits of his poem, that diagrams and pictures have been made to illustrate and explain it; so, in the case of Milton, fully to understand and admire the *Paradise Lost*, it is necessary that the reader should represent to himself, as distinctly as in a diagram or drawing, the physical universe, infinitely more vast than that of Dante, in which the story is made to enact itself. There is this difference, too, between the poem of Dante and the poem of Milton, that whereas in the one there is no plot properly so called, no progressive march of story, other than what is involved in the poet's own experience of the successive visions; in the other there is a true epic narration, a series of connected incidents, a story conducted through a tract of time.

Chronologically the poem begins within the bounds of the great universe antecedent to our system. In that measureless primeval space there were, as the poet maps it out, two huge regions or hemispheres, an upper and a lower, the one all light, the other all darkness. The upper or luminous half was Heaven, the variously-prolonged abode of the angelic hierarchies, then the sole creatures that had been called into existence. The under half was Night or Chaos, a thick, black, turbid abysm, a limitless sea or marsh of elemental pulp. No beings resided in it.

But a strange event befell which changed, in an unimaginable manner, the aspect and destiny of this part of space. There arose a rebellion among the celestial hierarchies; Lucifer and his proud companions, listless of their monotonous service through the ages, dared to dispute the Almighty supremacy. Hurlled out of Heaven, and pursued by hissing fire which burnt after them like a resistless pressure, the rebel angels were driven down through the blackness and marsh of Chaos to its uttermost pits and depths. Here, under the name of Hell, was allotted them a special region for their new abode. And now the Deity, according to his eternal counsels with his only-begotten Son, resolved to create that new system of which Man is chief. By a motion of the golden compasses there were marked out in the upper part of Chaos, where it adjoined Heaven, the limits and range of the new experiment. A huge cavity was scooped out into which the Light rushed down, contending with the Darkness. Into this cavity the creating word implanted a new principle, the principle of gravitation; and straightway all the matter within the swoop of this principle forsook the vague chaotic form, and sprang together into balls and planets. Thus arose the human universe with its stars, its galaxies, and its firmament of azure; within which universe, one central star, begirt with its related luminaries, was chosen for the particular home of Man and his lineage. Meanwhile the rebel angels in their Hell of torment underneath Chaos were scheming their revenge. Satan, their chief and leader, proposed his elaborate device. It was that, abandoning for the time all efforts to regain their lost place in Heaven, they should turn their attention to that one point of space where God had planted his new and favored creation. To impregnate this new universe with the venom of their rebellious spirit, to vitiate the Maker's purpose with regard to it, and thus to work out a compensation of their own fall by at least dragging down the new race to their fellowship, if indeed something more splendid might not occur in consequence—such was the Satanic plan. Charged with the task of its execution, Satan passed through Hell-gate; toiled his way upward through the turbid depths of the superincumbent Chaos; and, emerging into the light of day, gazed through the balmy ether towards the sapphire floor of his former home. For a moment he forgot his errand; then, selecting our Sun from amid the myriads of luminaries that glittered in the peaceful concave, winged



his flight towards it to obtain the fell intelligence. Thence, marking for his prey our one unconscious star sleeping in the distance with the small attending moon, he hastened to end his voyage. As he neared it, and neared the planet, its shining mass grew larger to the view; the features of sea and continent came forth to sight; and at last alighting on its rotund surface, he trod the sward of Eden in the neighborhood of the fated pair. Here lying in wait, and weaving his wiles, he consummated his proposed design; the forbidden fruit was eaten; Sin and Death entered the new-made world; and Satan, rejoining his expectant companions, filled Hell with the joyful tidings.

The poem is, in fact, a Sataniad. Five-sixths of it treat of transactions done amid the great infinitudes of space while our earth was either non-existent, or recognized but as a starry point selected for attack. Only in the remaining sixth do we walk amid terrestrial landscapes and vegetation, and see events transpire earthly in kind, and amenable to the laws of human mode and sequence. If we regard Satan as the hero, then the poem is the story of that portion of the existence of this being, when, not yet the devil of our universe, he determined, by free act of will, to become such, renouncing with his dignity of archangel all concern or intercourse with the larger realms of space, and deliberately narrowing the sphere of his activity to our finite and corruptible world. In this point of view the Mephistopheles of Goethe might be considered as a prolongation of the same being, an appended representation of his character when six thousand years of labor in his restricted vocation had despoiled him of his sublimer satanic traits, and reduced him to one unvarying aspect of shrewd and scoffing malevolence. And intermediate between the two, though nearer to Mephistopheles than to Satan, might be placed the Tempter of *Paradise Regained*.

Conceiving, as we do, that all the incidents, whether of internal or of external history, that befell Milton in that middle period of his life which intervened between his earlier and his later poetical labors, formed conjointly but the necessary preparation for the composition of his final masterpiece, we are disposed to assign quite a peculiar importance in this respect to the one incident of his blindness. The blindness of Milton was an actual qualification for the writing of the *Paradise Lost*. We do not allude merely to such general effects of his blindness as consisted in the *habit of serene and daring contemplation to*

which it must have given rise, or in the habit of mental versification and subsequent oral dictation which it imposed. We allude to effects more signal and specific. The fundamental conception of *Paradise Lost*, so far as that conception is physical, is precisely that conception of opposed light and darkness which is easiest and most natural to a blind man. Light against a background of blackness—light in masses; light in belts or zones; light in extended discs or spheres; light in glittering star-points; light in bursts and conflagrations; light in gleams, streaks, waves, or coruscations; light in diffused mist or powder, is the prevailing material image, and necessarily so throughout five-sixths of *Paradise Lost*. When the rebel angels are thrust down into hell, God's wrath pursues them through the darkness like a lurid funnel of descending fire. When Satan alights on the sun he is like a spot on its surface seen through a telescope. When Raphael wings his way from star to star, his path through the interspaces is a track of radiance. When Gabriel and the rest of the angelic host, provoked by Satan's defiance, begin to hem him round, the figure is, that they shape their phalanx like a crescent-moon. When Satan, couched like a toad at the ear of Eve, is touched by the spear of Ithuriel, his rise is like the explosion of a powder-magazine. Had a poet with the full use of his sight undertaken the subject, which Milton sets forth by such recurring images as these, he would have been obliged to have recourse to images of exactly the same kind, just as in our conceptions of heaven light is felt to be the only adequate medium of visual description. We question, however, if the visual contrast between light and darkness could have been so consistently maintained, and so wondrously varied, by any other than a man whose daily thoughts about each and every subject were, and seemed to himself, but as so many lucid phantasms in a chamber of extended gloom.

If, however, Milton's blindness was a positive qualification in these five-sixths of the poem, where the scene lies in the celestial spaces, it was surely a disadvantage, it may be said, in that remaining portion of the poem where the descriptions are of the terrestrial paradise. And this is, to some extent, true. Luscious and rich as are Milton's descriptions of Eden, a comparison of these parts of the *Paradise Lost* with his earlier poems will show that his recollections of the flowers had faded. The hearse of Lycidas is more beautifully garnished with flowers than the nuptial bower of Eve.

Of Milton as a prose-writer we have not room to speak. Suffice it to say, that both as regards style and matter, his prose-writings are among the most magnificent and powerful in the English language, and that if ever there was a time when they should be read and studied, that time is the present. That Milton was both a great poet for all time, and a vehement controversial prose writer among his contemporaries, is a fact in itself worthy of more attention than we have been

able to bestow upon it. It is perhaps the most splendid practical contradiction there can be cited of the theory made current by Goethe, that the poet must hold aloof from the polemics of his generation. And yet, as Milton himself said, it was but his left hand that he gave to this kind of work. Some men or other must do this kind of work, however; and surely better great men than little.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.\*

MR. ALISON'S *Life of the Duke of Marlborough* is an enchanting romance—the romance of a dazzling but stern reality; and Marlborough is its equally stern and dazzling hero. It is, moreover, a romance equally exciting and instructive to both soldier and civilian; told, too, with the scrupulous truthfulness befitting reality, and by one of sagacity sufficient to perceive that, by so doing, he would preserve the ethereal essence of the romance, rendering it intense to the reader for mere excitement, (whose name, alas! is now legion,) while irradiating the path of the plodding inquirer after mere matter of fact. We assert that in these volumes are to be found many essential elements of the most enthralling romance of actual life.† Hairbreadth personal 'scapes

of the hero, from captivity and death; glorious battles, but of long doubtful issue; devouring and undying love; plots and counterplots without end, now on a grand, then on a paltry scale, national and individual; implacable animosities, deadly jealousies; enthusiastic gratitude suddenly converted into execrable ingratitude; court favor now blazing in its zenith, then suddenly and disastrously eclipsed; stern fortitude, magnificent heroism amidst exquisite trials and tremendous dangers; the wasting anxieties of the statesman's cabinet and the warrior's tent; what would one have more? And yet there is more, and much more, to be found in these volumes, as we shall hereafter see.

Mr. Alison's hero is he who was known as "the handsome Englishman;" a title conferred upon him, not by sighing ladies fair, but by a man who saw him in his blooming youth, in his twenty-second year—by no less a personage than the great warrior Turenne, under whose auspices he began playing, very eagerly, the brilliant game of soldiering. This was *in the matter* (as the lawyers say) of the French against the Dutch, wherein he learned the art by which he afterwards gave his teachers fearful evidence of the extent of his obligation to them. And he *was* handsome. Of that fact Mr. Alison has enabled us to judge, by a fine portrait, after Sir Godfrey Kneller, of Marlborough, when in the prime of manhood. We cannot conceive a nobler countenance than here looks on the reader; it is the perfection of manly beauty

\* *The Life of John Duke of Marlborough; with some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession.* By ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.D. Second edition, greatly enlarged, 2 vols. 8vo. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1852.

† "How much do the events of real life outstrip all that romance has figured or would venture to portray!" observes Mr. Alison, (vol. i. p. 408,) in describing the pious and enthusiastic greeting given by Prince Eugene to his aged mother, whom he had not seen since his youth, having been driven into exile by the haughty Louis XIV., on whom he had since inflicted such crushing defeats, and at whose expense he had become so great a hero! This interview took place at Brussels, whither Eugene eagerly repaired, immediately after the bloody victory of Oudenarde. "The fortnight I spent with her was the happiest of my life," said her laurelled son.

There is a certain serene frankness, a dignity, a subdued vivacity and power in those symmetrical features which would have enchanted Phidias. The Englishman thinks, and his pulse quickens the while, of that countenance, now so tranquil, suddenly inflamed at Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, Lille, Malplaquet; then excited by the anxieties of harassing statesmanship, and the indignities inflicted by envy, malevolence, and ingratitude; by and by relaxed with grief, by the loss of an only son; and finally beaming with proud tenderness upon a beautiful, gifted, idolized, and idolizing wife—one who, after his death, loftily spurned a ducal suitor for her widowed hand, saying, "If you were the emperor of the world, I would not permit you to succeed in that heart which has been devoted to John Duke of Marlborough."\* No man or woman can read these words without a swelling heart, and a belief, which he would be loth to have disturbed, that they indicated a noble nature. What must such a man, he will say, have thought of such a woman? what must such a woman have felt for such a man? Each bound to the other, through all the vicissitudes of life, in adamant bonds of love and admiration! each, too, possessing great qualities, materially affecting those of the other, as well for good as for evil. Nor was this remarkable man possessed of a handsome countenance only. His person and gesture were dignified, graceful, and commanding. He had indeed a signal *presence*; he was a perfect master of manner, and his address was so exquisitely fascinating as to dissolve fierce jealousies and animosities, lull suspicion, and beguile the subtlest diplomacy of its arts. His soothing smile and winning tongue, equally with his bright sword, affected the destinies of empires. Before the bland, soft-spoken commander, "grim-visaged war," in the person of Charles XII. of Sweden, "smoothed his wrinkled front," and the rigid warrior-king, at his instance, bade adieu to the grand and importunate suitor for his alliance, Louis XIV., whom it was the great mission of Marlborough to defeat and humble. The consummate diplomatist was never—no, not for an instant—thrown off his guard: his watchfulness knew no relaxation; and his penetration into the designs of the most astute was quick as profound. He was, in fact, equally great in camp and cabinet—born for the conduct of affairs, which he regulated with a sort of frigid masterliness: a condition, however,

which he maintained by rigorous self-command; for, as we shall in due time see, he had powerful feelings and quick sensibilities. Lord Bolingbroke said of him, that "he was the greatest general and greatest minister that this country or any other had produced—the perfection of genius, matured by experience." If we may presume to say it, he appears to have been one of those raised up by Providence as a great instrument, for a great exigency in the affairs of mankind. It is true that Marlborough had his faults, and grave ones; but the genius of history is, in such a case, equally outraged by any attempt at suppression or exaggeration. "In estimating the character of the dead," justly observes Mr. Aytoun, in his able vindication of the memory of Claverhouse against certain incautious allegations of Mr. Macaulay, "some weight ought surely to be given to the opinion of contemporaries;" and one of the Duke of Marlborough's most eminent military rivals and political opponents, the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, said of him, in a noble spirit, "He was so great a man, that I have forgotten his faults."\* But can History? No: she abdicates her functions, unless she records truthfully, for the guidance of mankind, both the faults and the excellences of the great characters whom she has undertaken to delineate. Without scrupulous fidelity here, history may degenerate into a libel, and a lie—a lie of unspeakable baseness, for it is regarding the dead, who cannot burst indignant from the tomb in which they were laid with honor, it may have been amidst the tears and sighs of a proud and bereaved nation;—a lie of unspeakable wickedness, for it is designed to live, and, living, to lie to all future ages, in proportion to the strength of the pen which writes it. These are truths to which the heart of mankind instantly responds; and we enunciate them here, only by way of making *continual claim*, to adopt the now exploded phraseology of English law, upon the attention of all biographers and historians. Not that we think this to have been rendered necessary by any recent and glaring cases—for we know of none whatever among English men of letters, in the departments just referred to, in which we have detected any *intention* to slander the dead, or misrepresent the living. We indignantly repudiate the bare possibility; and only desire to impress the necessity of a caution all but excessive, in making deroga-

\* ALISON, vol. ii. p. 320.

\* Mr. Alison seems to attribute this speech, or a similar one, to Lord Bolingbroke.

tory imputations upon the dead, through placing too great a reliance upon the tittle-tattle of days gone by, written or spoken; upon the means of knowledge possessed by those who gave currency to discreditable rumors; and the trustworthiness of contemporaries, often eager rivals outwitted in the game, and distanced in the race of life and distinction, by him whom they thereupon revengefully resolve to blacken before the eyes of posterity. We concur, in a word, cordially with Lord Mahon in saying that which we are bound to add he has uniformly acted up to, in his candid, luminous, and elegant *History*: "Unjustly to lower the fame of a political adversary, or unjustly to raise the fame of ancestor—to state any fact without sufficient authority, or draw any character without thorough conviction, implies not merely literary failure, but *moral guilt*."\*

That the Duke of Marlborough is one of the foremost figures in the picture of England's glory, in that radiant quarter crowded by her warriors and statesmen, is undeniable; and so is Lord Bacon, who stands forth among her philosophers a very giant. But would any biographer or historian deal justly, who failed to apprise us of the real blot upon the character of each? Surely, however, he would not dwell upon that blot with eagerness or exultation! but point it out in the spirit of a benignant sadness—in the reluctant discharge of a painful duty—and that only after having deliberately weighed everything that a judicial mind would require, before arriving at a conclusion so humiliating to humanity.

The romance of the *Life of Marlborough* begins with the very beginning of that life. He bursts upon us a beautiful boy, fascinating everybody by his charming manners—the little heir to the all but ruined fortunes of an ancient and loyal family, which, on the father's side, had come in with the Conqueror, while in his mother's veins ran the blood of the illustrious Sir Francis Drake. He had an only sister, who, a victim to the licentiousness of the times, became mistress of the future James II., the great patron of her brother, and to whom she bore a son; who, as Duke of Berwick, was destined, almost single-handed, to uphold the tottering throne of Louis XIV. against the terrible sword of her brother! That son, com-

manding the forces of France and Spain during the War of the Succession, almost counterbalanced, by his military genius, his uncle's victories in Germany and Flanders! Lord Bolingbroke said of the nephew, that "he was the *best* great man that ever existed"—and of the uncle, that "he was the perfection of genius, matured by experience—the greatest general and greatest minister that our country, or any other, has produced." These two great personages were signalized by the same grand qualities of military genius, of humanity in war, of virtuous conduct in private life; would, however, we could say that the elder hero had no bar sinister on his moral, as the younger had on his heraldic 'scutcheon! Forgetting, however, for a moment, that solitary blot—would we could forget it for ever!—let us concur with Mr. Alison in noting so singular and interesting a coincidence that "England has equal cause to be proud of her victories, and her defeats, in that warfare; for they both were owing to the military genius of the same family, and that, *one of her own*."\* There was a difference of twenty years between them; and it is again singular, that each, at the same early age, fifteen, showed a sudden irrepressible ardor for arms, impelling them, at the same age, to quit the seductive splendor of the court of Charles II. for foreign service—the uncle, as a volunteer in the expedition to Tangiers, against the Moors; the nephew, twenty years afterwards, against the Turks, under Charles Duke of Lorraine, in Hungary. It is indeed a most extraordinary fact, already adverted to, that, while the uncle all but subverted the throne of France, by his Flemish campaigns, and, but for infamous domestic faction, would have done so, his nephew, single-handed, preserved that of Spain for the house of Bourbon! If this be the first step in this romance of reality, the next is one profoundly suggestive to a contemplative mind. We have spoken of a splendid *Decennium* in the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns—that from 1702 to 1712. But what a preceding *Quinquennium*—that from 1672 to 1677—have we here, for a moment, before us! The "handsome young Englishman"—an idol among the profligate beauties of the court of Charles II.—had made at length a conquest of his celebrated and favorite mistress, the Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duch-

\* *History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to that of Aix-la-Chapelle*, vol. i. p. 8.

\* Vol. ii. p. 298.



ess of Cleveland. To remove so dangerous a rival in her fickle affections,\* Charles gave him a company in the Guards, and then sent him to the Continent—*proh pudor!* to aid Louis XIV. in subduing the United Provinces. There he sedulously learnt the art of war under Louis's consummate generals, Turenne, Condé, and Vauban; thus, acquiring under Louis's own auspices, that masterly knowledge of the science of war, which was destined to be wielded so soon afterwards, with triumphant and destructive energy, against himself. How little was such a contingency dreamed of, when Louis XIV. publicly, at the head of his army, thanked the handsome young hero for his services, and afterwards prevailed on his brother sovereign, Charles, to promote him to high command! And here is suggested the first of several deeply interesting and instructive parallels to be found in this work, between our own incomparable Wellington, and his illustrious predecessor; that Wellington went through the same practical course of study, but in inverse order—his first campaign being *against* the French, in Flanders, and his next against the bastions of Tippoo, and the Mahratta horse, in Hindoostan. Shortly after his return occurred that event which is of great importance in the lives of all men to whom it happens—marriage; but which to the young soldier was pregnant, for both good and evil, with immense influence upon the whole of his future career, and also upon his personal character. He married the beautiful lady in attendance on the Princess Anne—Miss Sarah Jennings, of spotless purity of character, and like himself, of an ancient and ruined Royalist family. He was then in his twenty-eighth, she in her eighteenth year; and, to anticipate for a moment, after a fond union of forty-four years' duration, he died in his seventy-second year; she,

\* It would seem that Charles II. would have surprised him, on one occasion, in the company of the Countess; but to save her credit with the King, he leaped through the window at the risk of his life; in return for which she presented him with £5000. With reference to this latter part of the business may be noted a diversity between two of Marlborough's biographers. Archdeacon Coxe ludicrously attempts to explain this splendid present of £5000, on the ground of Churchill's being in some way *distantly related* to the Duchess! "If the reverend Archdeacon," says Mr. Alison—with a quaint approach to sarcasm, very rare with him—"had been as well acquainted with *women* as he was with *his books*, he would have known that beautiful ladies do not, in general, bestow £5000 on distant cousins, whatever they may do on favorite lovers!"

twenty-two years afterwards, in her eighty-fourth! Want of fortune for some time delayed their union, which, however, an enthusiastic declaration of his passion at length accelerated. She married, in the young and already celebrated general, a man of not only transcendent capacity, but gentle and generous feelings, and a magnanimity which displayed itself on a thousand trying occasions. Their hearts were passionately true to each other, through every moment of their protracted union. Her fair fame was never, even in those days of impurity, tarnished by the momentary breath of slander. She possessed great talents, but was also of a haughty, ambitious temper, bent upon aggrandizement, and grievously avaricious; and to the ascendancy over her husband, which she maintained unabated from first to last, may perhaps be attributed the development of those features in his character which have excited the grief of honorable posterity, and afforded scope for the foulest misrepresentations of his conduct and motives to contemporary and succeeding traducers, rapid with the virus of political hostility. Though impatient to quit the topic, but only for the present, we shall here advert to Marlborough's inexcusable conduct towards James II. for the purpose of citing a passage in the Duchess's own vindication, on which Mr. Macaulay relies, as conclusively demonstrating the mercenary motives influencing Marlborough. That passage, however, does not necessarily sustain the imputation made by Mr. Macaulay, though it may justify a suspicion of the sort of motives which *she* might have been in the habit of urging on her confiding husband:—"It were evident to all the world that, as things were carried on by King James II., everybody, sooner or later, *must be ruined* who would not become a Roman Catholic. *This consideration made me very well pleased at the Prince of Orange's undertaking to rescue me from such slavery.*"\*

That Marlborough should be in high favor with William III. may be easily conceived; for he not only essentially facilitated the enterprise of William, but actively supported him in all those critical measures necessary to consolidate his power, and strengthen his novel and splendid position. He acquitted himself so admirably in the Netherlands in 1689, in Ireland in 1690, and again in Flanders in 1691, where he served under William himself, that he was on the way to almost unbounded power with William. But be-

\* MACAULAY, 256, note.

hold ! to the consternation of the whole country, almost immediately after his return with William, early in 1692, he was suddenly arrested and committed to the Tower, on a charge of *high treason*, in having entered into an association for bringing about the restoration of James II. ! As the charge, however, could not be legally substantiated—and was indeed proved to have been supported by fabricated evidence\*—he was liberated, but not restored for a considerable time to his former position, there being good reason for believing him, at all events, no stranger to a clandestine correspondence with the exiled family. Well, indeed, may Lord Mahon lament his “perseverance in these deplorable intrigues.”† We concur with Mr. Alison in his remark, that, with all the light subsequently thrown on Marlborough’s history, upon this portion of it there still rests a mystery : and moreover, within five years afterwards he was completely reinstated in William’s confidence ; and in June, 1698, the King positively intrusted his recently-discarded servant with the all-important function of tutor to the young Duke of Gloucester, William’s nephew, and heir-presumptive to the throne !—saying, on apprising him of the appointment, “ My lord, *make my nephew to resemble yourself*, and he will be everything which I can desire !” When William’s stern and guarded character is borne in mind, this transaction becomes exceedingly remarkable. Marlborough continued ever after to rise higher and higher in the confidence of his sovereign, who thrice named him one of the Lords Justiciars, to whom the administration of affairs in this country was intrusted, during William’s absence in Holland ; and also appointed him, in 1701, ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, and commander-in-chief of the Allied forces in Flanders. This double appointment, observes Mr. Alison, in effect invested Marlborough with the entire direction of affairs civil and military, so far as England was concerned, on the Continent. And even yet further, previously to his unexpected death shortly afterwards, William enjoined on his successor, the Princess Anne, that she should intrust Marlborough with the supreme direction of the affairs of the kingdom, both civil and military ! Three days after her accession, accordingly, she made him a Knight of the Garter, Captain-general of the English forces at home and abroad, Master-general of the Ordnance, and Plenipotentiary at the Hague ; Lady Marlborough,

Mistress of the Robes and Ranger of Windsor Forrest ; and her two daughters Ladies of the Bedchamber. He instantly went over to the Netherlands to assume the command of the Allied army, sixty thousand strong, then lying before Nimeguen, threatened by a superior French force ; and, after displaying infinite skill, succeeded in constructing that famous Alliance which was soon to work such wonders in Europe. Here commences the lustrous *decennium* of which we have spoken ; and, most fortunately here also, as we have seen, commence the Dispatches so recently recovered. Here he became invested with that unsullied and imperishable glory, which dazzled all eyes but those of his rancorous and inveterate detractors ; who were probably influenced not only by venomous jealousy, the canker of little minds, but also, in no slight degree, by his having extinguished all their fond hopes of his co-operation in restoring the discarded Stuarts.

From this point Mr. Alison starts brilliantly on his course of chequered and exciting narrative, military and political ; revelling amidst marches, counter-marches, feints, surprises, stratagems, sieges, battles ; intercalating vivid glimpses of domestic tenderness, grief, and joy ; then the plots and counter-plots of tortuous faction and intrigue, in the senate, in the cabinet, and even in the palace. And with all this, the interest ever centres in one object—

“ In shape and gesture proudly eminent,”

John Duke of Marlborough, not because the author appears to wish it, but because of his faithfulness ; he has almost unconsciously exhibited his hero, equally whether off his guard or on his guard, manifesting the full power and intensity of a grand character impressing its will upon men and affairs, irresistibly, and in defiance of agencies capable of annihilating one only a single degree inferior to the energy which in Marlborough mastered everything, everybody. “ To write the life of Marlborough,” said the late eloquent Professor Smyth of Cambridge,\* “ is to write the history of the reign of Queen Anne ;” let us add—and also, to write it in light. Mr. Alison makes a similar observation in the preface to his present work. He intimates that Marlborough was so great that his Life runs into general history ; exactly as he who

\* ALISON, i. 22.

† MAHON, 21, 22.

\* Lectures in Modern History, delivered in the University of Cambridge, (Lecture xxiii.)

undertakes to write the history of the French Revolution will soon find his narrative turn into the biographies of Wellington and Napoleon, so he who sets about the Life of Marlborough will ere long find that he has insensibly become engaged in a general history of the War of the Succession. Well, be it so, if only because that war it is of infinite importance to have better known than in fact it is.

If Mr. Alison's object, in the work before us, were to produce a *biography*, to delineate character, and so to group events as to illustrate *individuality*—he has eminently succeeded; but his very success renders it difficult for those in our position to allow him to speak for himself, as copiously as doubtless he, and also our readers, would wish. As he has mastered his subject, so have we mastered his treatment of it, as, at least, we suppose; and as he took his own course, so shall we; wishing that we could give our readers the pleasure which his book has afforded ourselves. In order, however, to attain that object, they must read the book itself; and to induce them to do so, we proceed to indicate its leading characteristics in our own words, using his own as far as is consistent with our space and our object.

To appreciate the mighty doings of Marlborough, let us glance for a moment at the position in which he found, and the position in which he left, the redoubtable Louis XIV.—him whose memory is for ever rendered detestable by his revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and his bloody exterminating persecution of the Protestants. Marlborough found him the centre of a galaxy of glory of almost every description of military, political, and intellectual distinction. He was blazing in the zenith of his power and success; he was making France the world, and installing the Roman Catholic religion in a black and bloody predominance. "Unbroken good fortune," says Mr. Alison, "had attended all his enterprises, since he had launched into the career of foreign aggrandizement." But how did Marlborough leave him? Let the dying monarch speak for himself. When he felt death approaching, he ordered his infant heir, afterwards Louis XV., to be brought to his bedside; and placing his lean and withered hand\* on the head of the child, said with a firm voice,—“My child, you are about to become a great king; but your happiness will depend on your submission to God, and on the care which you take of your subjects.

To attain that, you must avoid as much as you can engaging in wars, which are the ruin of the people; do not follow in that respect the bad example which I have given you. I have often engaged in wars from levity, and continued them from vanity. Do not imitate me, but become a pacific prince.” Thus he had learned, at last, a great lesson through the tremendous teaching of Marlborough!\*

That great man seems to have fathomed the character and the purposes of Louis, in all their depth and comprehensiveness, from the first, with an intuitive sagacity; and the patient determination with which he carried out, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, his own great conceptions, exhibits perhaps the grandest spectacle that history can point to, in the case of a single individual. The reader of these volumes will frequently boil over with indignation at the obstacles which were thrown in the way of Marlborough, by envy, faction, selfishness, and stupidity interposing, with a fell punctuality, at almost every great crisis during his career, and blighting the most splendid prospects of success. One only little inferior in magnanimity to Marlborough would have broken down on many different occasions, and fled from the scene of action in disgust and despair. With him, however, it was not so; and yet he was a man of keen sensibility, and has left on record various traces of heart-wrung anguish. Here are one or two, among many scattered over these volumes:—“The unreasonable opposition I have met with has so heated my blood that I am almost mad.”—“I am, at this moment, *ten years* older than I was four days ago!”—“My spirits are so broke, that whenever I can get from this employment, I must live quietly, or die.”—“My crosses make my life a burthen to me.” All this while, nevertheless, the great warrior statesman was steadily, yet rapidly, demolishing the vast fabric of French power and glory, and building up in massive proportions that of his own country. “More, perhaps, than any other man,” justly observes Mr. Alison at the close of his work, “Marl-

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\* “Even the great William,” says Professor Smyth, “trained up amid a life of difficulties and war with an intrepid heart, and a sound understanding, was able only to stay the enterprises of Louis; successfully to resist, but not to humble him. It was for Marlborough to teach that unprincipled monarch the danger of ambition, and the instability of human grandeur; it was for Marlborough to disturb his dreams of pleasure and of pride, by filling them with spectres of terror and images of desolation.” The lecture from which this is taken is well worthy of a careful perusal.



borough was the architect of England's greatness; for he at once established on a solid basis the Protestant succession, which secured its religious freedom, and vanquished the formidable enemy which threatened its national independence. His mighty arm bequeathed to his country the honor and the happiness of the eighteenth century—the happiest period, by the admission of all historians, which has dawned upon the world since that of the Antonines in ancient story.”\*

Let us now take a very hasty view of his radiant career, remembering the while that he ever bore about with him that which hung like a millstone round his neck—his indefensible conduct towards James II., the recollection of which must have galled and chafed the sensitive spirit of a soldier infinitely more than was known to any human being.

Mr. Alison opens with a very imposing picture of the state of public affairs, both in this country and on the Continent, when Marlborough commenced his campaigns; and also delineates with truth and force the characters of the leading actors, all remarkable personages. Louis XIV. stands foremost, and is sketched with freedom and power.† Then come James II., William III., Queen Anne, Charles XII., Prince Eugene, and last of all, Marlborough, who, at the close of his first campaign, was regarded, both at home and abroad, as “*The man of Destiny*, raised up by Providence to rescue the Protestant religion and the liberties of Europe from the thralldom of France.”‡ It is impossible to conceive any conjuncture of circumstances more critical and perilous than those of this country at the period in question. Not only our religion, but our independence as a nation, and the very existence of social order, were at stake. If one may use such an expression, the odds were immensely against us—against all who were opposed to the giant energy of Louis XIV. The first step to be taken was to form an alliance against him—and it was undertaken by Marlborough with consummate ability; then to induce the British Cabinet to take its right place as “the very soul of the Grand Alliance”—in that,

also, he had at length succeeded; and then came the trumpet-sound of war against France, which was forthwith proclaimed at London, the Hague and Vienna. Yet still a practical difficulty remained—one of peculiar delicacy—for the post of commander-in-chief of the allied forces was greatly coveted by several powerful candidates. Marlborough's own sovereign, Queen Anne, so strongly supported one of them—Prince George of Denmark, her husband—that she even protested she would not declare war unless he was appointed. The Dutch government, however, were resolute on behalf of Marlborough, as the only man equal to sustain the fearful responsibility; and thus Marlborough became invested with the chief direction, both civil and military, of the forces of the coalition. And it was not difficult to foresee the interminable anxieties and vexations which were in store for him, derived from the jealousies and jarring interests of the various states, their ministers and generals, who were under the guidance of Marlborough. The barrier, however, required to be cut through; and Marlborough resolved to commence it with the siege of Kaiserworth, a place of very great importance. He took it—but at a cost of 5000 men; and then took Venloo, and finally Liege—all places of extreme importance, and desperately defended; and with these feats he concluded the brief but brilliant campaign which laid the foundation of all his future victories. It stripped the French of many of the chief advantages with which they had opened the war. He had broken through their line, so formidable for offensive and defensive war; he had “thrust his iron gauntlet,” says Mr. Alison, “into the centre of their resources.” And the entire merit was his own, as Lord Athlone, his rival and second in command, thus nobly testified:—“The success of the campaign is entirely owing to its incomparable commander-in-chief; for I, the second in command, was, on every occasion, of an opposite opinion to that which he adopted!” His success was like a bright burst of sunshine over a long-troubled land. But here an incident occurred which might have ruined all. While dropping down the Meuse, on his return to England at the conclusion of the campaign, he was positively taken prisoner by a small French force,—whose commander, however, ignorant of the prize which was within his reach, and skilfully misled by a sagacious device of Marlborough's servant, suffered him to depart! The peril in which he had been spread consternation everywhere, equalled only by joy at his escape,

\* ALISON, ii. p. 347.

† In Sir James Stephen's *Lectures on the History of France*, just published, there is an admirable and elaborate portraiture of Louis XIV. If the rest of the work is equal to this portion, which is all that we have as yet been able to examine, Cambridge has cause to congratulate herself on the accession of so accomplished and able a professor of modern history.

‡ ALISON, i. p. 108.



which was powerfully expressed to him by the Pensionary Heinsius. "Your captivity was on the point of causing the slavery of these provinces, and restoring to France the power of extending her uncontrollable dominion over all Europe. No hope remained if she had retained in bondage the man whom we revere as the instrument of Providence to restore independence to the greater part of the Christian world!" On what apparently trivial incidents often depend the greatest events that can happen to mankind! Marlborough was received with transports in England, and raised to the dukedom of Marlborough. The difficulties which the Dutch deputies had thrown in his way during the first campaign, owing, says Mr. Alison, to timidity, ignorance of the military art, personal presumption, and the spirit of party, on several great occasions thwarted the most decisive measures of Marlborough,—but proved only a foretaste of what was in store for the harassed commander. Mr. Alison gives an interesting letter which Marlborough wrote to his Countess, immediately on his arrival at the Hague. It is full of the passionate fondness of a lover to his mistress; yet was written by a man of fifty-two to a wife to whom he had been married twenty-three years! There are innumerable other instances, in these volumes of the romantic fervor of their attachment. Such was Marlborough's first campaign, the herald of a long series of resplendent successes, many of them marked by features similar to those of the first. "He never," indeed, "fought a battle which he did not gain, nor sat down before a town which he did not take; and—alone of the great commanders recorded in history—*never sustained a reverse!*" On many occasions throughout the war, he was only prevented, by the timidity of the Dutch deputies, or the feeble co-operation of the Allied powers, from gaining early and decisive success; and as it was, he broke the power of the Grand Monarque, and if his hands had not in the end been tied up by an intrigue at home, he would have planted the British standards on Montmartre, and anticipated the triumphs of Blucher and Wellington." Here is the key to his position, from first to last—an inkling of the tortures which wrung that great soul throughout his career.

In this first campaign, Marlborough had laid the basis of great operations—which, indeed, followed in rapid succession, each eclipsing its predecessor in magnitude of result and splendor of achievement, as to throw its *foregoer* comparatively into the shade. In

order to appreciate the greatness of Marlborough, his position—harassed daily by the jealousies and selfishness of the Allied forces, which he commanded—should be compared with that of Louis XIV., where all was an overwhelming *unity* of will and purpose, perfect subordination, accompanied by immense military resources and consummate generalship. The war had, indeed, become already one of awful magnitude; for Louis XIV. and his advisers could not have failed to observe the settled determination of purpose, and forecasting sagacity, which characterized their great opponent. Louis brought all his power and resources to bear upon the plan of a second and magnificent campaign; showing that he felt the gravity of the situation, and the necessity of making commensurate efforts. "The great genius of Louis XIV., in strategy," says Mr. Alison, "here shone forth in full lustre. Instead of confining the war to one of forts and sieges in Flanders and Italy, he resolved to throw the bulk of his forces at once into Bavaria, and operate against Austria from the heart of Germany, by pouring down the valley of the Danube." . . . "The genius of Louis," he adds, after a lucid explanation of the projected campaign, which was, indeed, grandly conceived, "had outstripped the march of time; and the year 1703 promised the triumphs which were realized on the same ground, and by following the same plan, by Napoleon in 1805."\* It was all, however, in vain, though his plans were carried into execution with infinite skill and energy. Marlborough got intelligence of them; and instantly conceived a masterly counter-plan, which, but for his being thwarted, as usual, by the Dutch deputies, would have been completely successful in the first instance. The resources which Marlborough's genius displayed in this transcendent campaign were prodigious. His rapidity of perception, his far-sighted sagacity, his watchful circumspection, his prompt energy, at length, triumphed over all obstacles, and eventuated in the glorious battle of Blenheim—than which none more splendid stands on record. The fearful consequences of failure were very eagerly pressed upon him by his own officers. "I know the danger," said he calmly, "yet a battle is absolutely necessary; and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages."† Mr. Alison's description of this battle is equally

\* ALISON, i. p. 125.

† *Ibid* i. p. 159.

brilliant and impressive, and we wish we could transfer it entire into our columns. It was a fearful day for Louis XIV. The total loss of the French and Bavarians, including those who deserted during the calamitous retreat through the Black Forest, was 40,000,—“a number greater than any subsequently lost by France till the still more disastrous day of Waterloo.” “The decisive blow struck at Blenheim resounded through every part of Europe. It, at once, destroyed the vast fabric of power which it had taken Louis XIV., aided by the genius of Turenne and Vauban, so long to construct. Instead of proudly descending the valley of the Danube, and threatening Vienna, as did Napoleon in 1805 and 1809, the French were driven in the utmost disorder across the Rhine. Thus, by the operation of one single campaign, was Bavaria crushed, Austria saved, and Germany delivered, . . . and the Empire, delivered from invasion, was preparing to carry its victorious arms into the very heart of France! Such achievements require no comment. They speak for themselves, and deservedly place Marlborough in the very highest rank of military commanders. The campaigns of Napoleon exhibit no more decisive or important results.”\* His reception at the courts of Berlin and Hanover was like that of a sovereign prince; and, on his return home, the nation welcomed him with ecstasy. The Honor and manor of Woodstock were settled upon him; and the erection of the palace of Blenheim was commenced on a magnificent scale. Before the opening of this campaign, he lost his only surviving son, in his seventeenth year—an event which occasioned him a week’s paroxysm of grief. Shortly before, two of his daughters, very beautiful women, were married respectively to the Earl of Bridgewater and Lord Monthermer, whose father was subsequently raised to the rank of Duke of Montague. Another daughter had been married to Lord Sunderland, who occasioned the Duke of Marlborough intense mortification, by suddenly opposing his policy in the House of Lords. And, indeed, he seems to have suffered exquisitely during this period, from the animosities with which he was assailed at home by the Tories. He sought permission from the Queen to resign, and retire into private life; and it was only on her sending him a holograph letter, couched in terms of unusual affection, that he was induced to

abstain from a step which would have been so fatal to the fortunes of his country.\* It was in this campaign that Marlborough and Prince Eugene came together—the latter a man of great military genius, and a chivalrously noble and generous character. The intimacy and co-operation of such a man must have cheered the spirit of Marlborough in many a dark hour of trial, difficulty, and danger. They never had a difference during all the campaigns in which they acted together. “The records of human achievements can present few, if any, greater men; but beyond all question, they can exhibit none in whom so pure and generous a friendship existed, alike unbroken by the selfishness consequent on adverse, and the jealousies springing from prosperous fortune.”

From this period, the affairs of perplexed and convulsed Europe may be said to have rested upon the Atlantean shoulders of this marvellous man. The impression left on one’s mind, after reading these volumes, is that of wonder how human faculties could sustain, and for such a length of time, so vast and constantly increasing a pressure, alike upon his heart and his intellect. Never, perhaps, was greatness so perseveringly harassed by littleness. He may have exclaimed on a thousand occasions—

“The times are out of joint! O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set them right!”

The great event of his third campaign was the battle of Ramilies, where Marlborough was within a hair’s-breadth of being taken prisoner on the field, and had to fight his way out from his throng of assailants, like the knights of old, sword in hand. No sooner had he succeeded in this, than he had another escape—his horse fell in leaping a ditch; and his equerry’s head was carried off by a cannon-ball while holding the Duke’s stirrup as he mounted another.† This was a very great battle, and attended by signal results—the acquisition of *nearly all Austrian Flanders!* What now was the position of Louis XIV.? “After five years of continued effort, he found himself stripped of all his conquests, shorn of his external influence, and compelled to maintain at once on the frontiers of Germany, Flanders, Spain, and Italy, a contest, from his own resources, with the forces of all Europe. . . . His haughty spirit, long accustomed to prosperity, supported with difficulty the weight of ad-

\* ALISON, p. 187.

\* ALISON, p. 141.

† *Ibid.* i. 247.

versity. The war, and all its concerns, was a forbidden subject at court. A melancholy gloom pervaded the halls of Versailles; and frequent bleedings of the monarch himself attested both the violence of his internal agitation and the dread which his physicians entertained of still greater dangers. Overcome by so many calamities, the fierce spirit of Louis was at length shaken, and he was prevailed on to *sue for peace!*\* After the battle of Ramilies, Marlborough was offered the government of the Netherlands, the emoluments of which were no less than £60,000 a year; but he magnanimously refused it, from a regard to the public good, and on every subsequent offer of the same splendid and lucrative post, did the same. On his return to England he met with a rapturous reception—was thanked by Parliament—£5,000 a year was settled on him and his Duchess, and their descendants—and the dukedom extended to *heirs female*, “in order,” as it was finely expressed, “that England might never be without a title which might recall the remembrance of so much glory.”† Equally indefatigable at home as abroad, in peace as in war, he addressed himself at once to his parliamentary duties, and took a leading part in the great and beneficial measure for uniting Scotland with England. His vast influence in the country, and at court, excited intense jealousy among both Whigs and Tories.

The ensuing campaign (A. D. 1707) found Louis XIV. “reduced on all sides to his own resources,” and thoroughly awakened from his dream of foreign conquests—seeking only, and that with anxiety and alarm, to defend his own frontier. Here, however, two new actors appear on the chequered scene—the Duke of Marlborough’s nephew, the Duke of Berwick, who by his great victory of Almanza counteracted in Spain his uncle’s efforts—and Charles XII. of Sweden, a “new and formidable actor on the theatre of affairs in Germany.” Louis XIV. made desperate efforts to win over Charles XII., but the exquisite adroitness of Marlborough frustrated them altogether. But Louis, encouraged by the gleams of success which had been visible in Spain and elsewhere, made immense efforts to recover his lost ground. Marlborough’s energies were equally divided between delicate and perilous negotiations with the various European potentates, and another decisive campaign in the field. Both he and Louis made prodigious ex-

ertions, and at length were on the point of fighting another great battle: “and, by a most extraordinary coincidence, the two armies were of the same strength, and occupied the same ground, as did those of Napoleon and Wellington, a hundred and eight years afterwards!” Marlborough was eager for the fight, confident of a great victory; but, at the eleventh hour, a panic seized his old friends the Dutch deputies, and they compelled him to retire to his former position, and decline the encounter, to his unspeakable mortification. The enemy, showing no disposition to encounter him, at length retreated, Marlborough advancing, but finding it impossible to bring on a general action. Both armies were led into winter quarters, and Marlborough repaired to England, “where his presence had become indispensably necessary for arresting the progress of public discontent, fanned as it was by court and parliamentary intrigues, and threatening to prove immediately fatal to his own influence and ascendancy, as well as to the best interests of England.”\* Here we are plunged into the vortex of political intrigues,—the principal actors being Harley and St. John and Mrs. Masham on the one side, and on the other the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, whose ascendancy over the Queen and the country, and even their own party, the Whigs, is evidently beginning to give way, and rapidly. Mr. Alison here shows his dispassionate character to great advantage, holding the balance evenly between all parties. His candid and luminous statement is equally interesting and instructive; and one thing he brings out in a very striking manner, though not in so many words: we mean the retributive justice with which the Duke’s treachery to James II. was brought home to himself, and also to the Duchess—the latter being utterly incredulous of the ingratitude and treachery of Mrs. Masham towards her, and the former equally so in the case of Harley and St. John. How often and how bitterly may such reflections have occurred to the Duke and Duchess! Their position at court had become exceedingly trying; but their treatment of the Queen was highly imprudent, the Duke being doubtless greatly influenced by his imperious and intractable Duchess. Mr. Alison regards her as the “faithful representative of the whole Whig party,” whose “arrogant domination and grasping disposition were the real causes of their fall from power, and the total change

\* ALISON, i. 277, 278.

† *Ibid.* p. 287.\* *Ibid.* p. 330.



in the foreign policy of England—results not attributable exclusively to female partiality, or a bed-chamber intrigue, which were, nevertheless, the ultimate *agents* in the change, and apparently its immediate precursors. The Whigs were haunted as incessantly by dread of a reaction as the Jacobins of France of a counter-revolution, and apprehended from a change of ministry not merely the usual subversion of their party, but serious personal consequences, in respect of the part which had been played to James II.” Such is the general conclusion arrived at by Mr. Alison—indicative, undoubtedly, of his candor and moderation. Early in 1708, and while Marlborough was placed in these critical circumstances, occurred the attempt of Louis XIV. to imitate, in some respect, the example of his Allied opponents, by invading Great Britain, in order to place the Pretender on the throne. Louis’s terrible antagonist, however, Marlborough, was here again to confront him. As commander-in-chief, the Duke crushed the attempt, and the ambitious Chevalier was forced to creep back to Dunkirk ridiculously—the result serving only suddenly to reinstate Marlborough at the summit of popularity, and to silence all slanderous imputations upon his fidelity to the cause of the Revolution.

The precarious position of political matters in England, at this crisis, was profoundly appreciated by Marlborough, who said that any considerable reverse on the Continent, or even a campaign as nugatory as the last, would, probably, not only dissolve the Grand Alliance, and undo all that had been done, but place a new administration in power, and possibly seat another dynasty on the throne. He also surveyed, with unerring sagacity and accuracy, the whole position of Louis XIV., and saw that he was preparing for yet one more grand demonstration of force. Marlborough took his plans accordingly; and on the 12th April, 1708, in concert with the incomparable Eugene, arranged the plan of operations. Marlborough resolved to use the precious opportunity yet available, before the accession of the Tory ministry, for the purpose of striking a tremendous blow. And he did what he purposed; for this campaign was signalized by most resplendent results, glorious to Marlborough almost beyond parallel, and equally disastrous to Louis XIV. Bring what forces the latter might into the field—array them under what consummate generals he pleased, and let him select his site, and mature his plan of operations as he

chose—all was, as usual, in vain! Vendôme was here the directing military genius of Louis; and he succeeded in surprising Ghent and Bruges into a surrender, greatly to the vexation of Marlborough. But the latter instantly resolved on a scheme as masterly as it proved successful. He resolved to throw himself on his opponent’s communication, and, by interposing between him and the French frontier, compel him to fight with his face towards Paris, and his back to Antwerp. This manœuvre was executed with a rapidity commensurate with its importance, and Vendôme’s skilful plans were entirely disconcerted. He moved off precipitately, followed by Marlborough, who resolved to force him to a decisive action; and succeeded—adding OUDENARDE to his other laurels. This was indeed a fearful affair. Both parties fought with desperation—Vendôme with eighty-five thousand men, Marlborough with eighty thousand. Nothing could resist his generalship and valor; and Vendôme was defeated, with a loss, including deserters, of fully twenty thousand men. “If I had had two hours more of daylight,” said Marlborough, “the French army would have been irretrievably routed, great part of it killed or taken, and the war terminated on that day.” The results of this sanguinary but glorious battle were immense, entirely altering the character and fate of the campaign. By his admirable movement in interposing between Vendôme and France, Marlborough had gained the incalculable advantage of throwing his opponent, in the event of defeat, into a corner of Flanders, and so leaving exposed the French frontier, and all its great fortresses. Marlborough’s eagle eye, perceiving the capabilities of his new position, resolved to discard all minor objects, pass the whole fortified towns on the frontier, and advance direct on the capital. This daring but prudent design, says Mr. Alison, was precisely that of Wellington and Blucher a century afterwards; but Marlborough was overruled—Eugene for once concurring in regarding it as too hazardous; and it was resolved to commence the invasion of the territories of the Grand Monarque, by laying siege to the inestimably-important frontier fortress of LILLE, the strongest place in French Flanders, and which could give the Allies a solid footing, a commanding position, in the territories of Louis. The undertaking, however, was most formidable—“for not only was the place itself the masterpiece of Vauban, of great strength, but the citadel within its walls was still stronger; and, moreover, it was garrisoned by the celebrated Marshal Boufflers, with



fifteen thousand choice troops, and every requisite for a vigorous defence."\* Besides all this, Vendôme and the Duke of Berwick, at the head of more than a hundred thousand men, lay in an impregnable camp, covered by the canal of Bruges, completely fortified, between Ghent and Bruges, ready to interrupt or raise the siege. But of what avail? Marlborough sat down before Lille, and it fell. To avert that event, Vendôme and Berwick led forth their magnificent army, a hundred and ten thousand men, preceded by two hundred pieces of cannon, in the finest order, to within a quarter of a league of Marlborough—"everybody expecting the greatest battle on the morrow, which Europe had ever seen."† Thus grandly they advanced: but as ridiculously retired without firing a shot! Marlborough, however, was of a different humor, and resolved to follow and fight them; and the Duke of Berwick himself has told us what the issue would have been—that Marlborough would have utterly routed his enemy, and probably finished the war that day. But—the Dutch deputies again! They interposed, and Marlborough's heart nearly burst as he beheld the foe retire unmolested. "If Cæsar or Alexander," said Eugene, "had had the Dutch deputies by their side, their conquests would have been less rapid."‡ The siege went on—a ball striking Eugene on the head, and wounding him severely, whereby the whole burthen of directing and sustaining the vast operations fell on Marlborough alone, till Eugene's recovery. After sixty days' siege, Boufflers was compelled to capitulate, being treated very nobly by his captors. Still the citadel remained—but that also fell; and so fell the strongest frontier fortress of France, under the eyes of its best generals and most powerful army! A siege perhaps the most memorable, and also one of the most bloody, in modern Europe, standing forth, as Mr. Alison elsewhere remarks, in solitary and unapproachable grandeur in European warfare. The Allies were now within reach of the very heart of France; and Louis XIV. was trembling in his halls at Versailles.§ Before Marlborough could close his campaign, however, he recovered Ghent and Bruges. Such was the campaign of 1708, one of the most glorious in the military annals of England, and one in which the extraordinary capacity of the English general shone forth with perhaps the brightest lustre. The strife of opinion, the

war of independence, was alike brought to an issue in that memorable contest, and, as far as military success could do it, to a glorious termination. "But at this moment," says Mr. Alison with a sigh, "faction stepped in to thwart the efforts of patriotism; and his subsequent life is but a record of the efforts of selfish ambition to wrest from the hero the laurels, from the nation the fruits, of victory."\*

When the laurelled victor returned to England, he received no favor from the Queen, and was treated with studied coldness at court. Faction and intrigue had been and were then busy at their foul work. This was doubtless hard to bear; but what was the situation of the great Louis? His fortunes were desperate; his Exchequer was beggared; the land was filled with lamentation; and the horrors of famine were superadded. Then Louis supplicated for peace to those whom he had so long striven to crush and annihilate: a bitter humiliation! And in this extremity he bethought himself of bribing his great conqueror; offering him, directly, no less a sum than nearly a quarter of a million sterling, as the price of his influence for the purpose of obtaining terms advantageous to France. It need not be said that the attempt was scornfully repulsed. The triumphant Allies insisted on terms of compromise which Marlborough himself, with noble disinterestedness, condemned, and Louis could do nothing but repudiate. Once again, therefore, he took the field, with an enormous army of 112,000 men, under his renowned marshal, Villars; and all France was animated, at this momentous crisis, by the conviction that then "it behoved every Frenchman to conquer or die." Marlborough commenced the campaign with 110,000 men; and great results were looked for, from "the contest of two armies of such magnitude, headed by such leaders, and when the patriotic ardor of the French nation, now raised to the uttermost, was matched against the military strength of the Confederates, matured by a series of victories so long and brilliant." So confident was Villars in the strength of his army, and his intrenched position, that he sent a trumpeter to the Allies' head-quarters, to announce that "they would find him behind his lines; or, if they were afraid to attack, he would level them, to give entrance!" With consummate prudence Marlborough declined the invitation, and besieged Tournay—which he took, after a siege of almost unequalled horrors; but he

\* ALISON, i. 406.

† *Ibid.* p. 419.‡ *Ibid.* p. 428.§ *Ibid.* p. 448.

\* ALISON, i. p. 448.

gained by it a fertile and valuable province in French Flanders. Then he determined to take Mons, the next great fortress on the direct road to Paris ; but for this it would be necessary to break through Villars's long lines of defence. By a dexterous movement, he succeeded in turning these formidable lines, thirty leagues in length, the results of two months' severe labor, and the subject of such vainglorious boasting by their constructor. They were now rendered utterly useless ; and this great feat had been accomplished easily, and without bloodshed. Then came another terrible battle—that of MALPLAQUET, in which Marlborough, with 93,000 men, after the most bloody and obstinately contested contest that had occurred in the war, defeated an army of 95,000,—the noblest which the French monarchy had ever sent forth—strongly posted between two woods—trebly intrenched ! “It was,” says Mr. Alison, “a desperate duel between France and England, in which the whole strength of each nation was put forth. Nothing like it had occurred since Agincourt, nor afterwards occurred till Waterloo.” Both Villars and Boufflers performed prodigies of strategy and valor ; but of what avail against Marlborough ? Then he laid siege to, and took Mons : after which there remained only two more fortresses between the Allies and Paris ! These prodigious operations, however, formed the subject of vexatious insults, paltry and presumptuous criticism, to his malignant enemies in England, with a view to lower his overwhelming influence at home. He was disgusted and disheartened, and went so far as to say to the Queen, with natural but imprudent indignation—“After all I have done, it has not been able to protect me against the malice of a bed-chamber woman !”

The affairs of the Allies becoming exceedingly critical, Marlborough, after strenuous but futile efforts at negotiation, was forced again to take the field ; and projected operations on a grander scale than ever, with a view to promptly closing the war. Again he succeeded in passing immensely strong lines of defence without shot or bloodshed, and sat down before Douai, another fortress of the utmost importance, in every way, to France. Villars received imperative instructions, from the alarmed court at Versailles, to raise the siege at all hazards ; and, at the head of a splendid army of upwards of 90,000 men, most ably generalled, approached, “with all the pomp and circumstance of war,” to within musket-shot of Marlborough's position—around whose bayonets, however,

played the lustre of Blenheim and Ramilies. Villars advanced—to retire without firing a shot, though his army greatly outnumbered that of Marlborough ! *Of course*, he took Douai, after a bloody siege ; and then Bethune, after thirty days of open trenches ; where, says the *French* annalist, “Vauban beat the *chamade*—the sad signal which terminated all the sieges undertaken by Marlborough !” \* It had to sound twice more in that campaign—on the fall of St. Venant, and of Aire, after severe sieges ; and the trembling Louis, disarrayed of four great frontier fortresses in one campaign, now placed all his hopes on the result of base intrigues in England against Marlborough and the war ministry. “What we lose in Flanders,” said his triumphant minister, Torcy, “we shall gain in England !” And there, indeed, his enemies were doing their work with the utmost skill and determination, in order to secure his speedy downfall, and the advent of a ministry which should surrender all that had been gained in the war, humble England before France, and seal the fate of Protestantism and the Succession which upheld it. Their scandalous doings almost wore out Marlborough, making him, as he said, “every minute wish to be a hermit.” He nobly resolved, however, harassed and thwarted as he was, to retain his command, as “affording the only security for a good power, and the Protestant succession to the throne.” His enemies in England were this time successful—the Whig ministry fell ; and thus ended Marlborough's career as a statesman. And to such a deplorable depth could national meanness sink, that attempts were made to inveigle him into *personal* liability for the expense of prosecuting the works at Blenheim, till then carried on by the Treasury ! He was received enthusiastically by the people ; but neither the Queen nor the Parliament thanked him for his services and sacrifices. Mr. Alison at this point presents us with a dazzling summary of these services :—

“This, therefore, is a convenient period for casting the eyes back on what he had done during the ten years that he had been the real head of the Alliance ; and marvellous beyond all example is the retrospect ! He began the war on the Waal and the Meuse, with the French standards waving in sight of the Dutch frontier, and the government of the Hague trembling for the fate of their frontier fortress, Nimeguen. He had now brought the Allied ensigns to the Scarpe, conquered Flanders, subdued all its fortresses, and nearly worked through the iron frontier of France

\* ALISON, ii. 125.

itself. Nothing was wanting but the subjugation of its last fortress, Arras, to enable the Allies to march to Paris, and dictate a glorious peace in the halls of Versailles. He had defeated the French in four pitched battles and as many combats; he had taken every town to which he had laid siege; he had held together, when often about to separate, the discordant elements of the Grand Alliance. By his daring march to Bavaria, and victory of Blenheim, he had delivered Germany when in the utmost danger; by the succors he sent to Eugene, he had conquered Italy at Turin; by his prudent dispositions he had saved Spain, after the battle of Almanza. He had broken the power of Louis XIV., when at the zenith of his fame; he had been only prevented by faction at home from completing his overthrow by the capture of his capital. He had never suffered a reverse; he had never alienated a friend; he had conquered by his mildness many enemies. Such deeds require no comment; they are without a parallel in European history, and justly place Marlborough in the place assigned him by Napoleon—at the head of European captains."

The overthrow of Marlborough effected an object quite unlooked for by his eager and short-sighted enemies. The efforts of faction, aided by a palace intrigue, showed what had been due to the greatness of one man. Instantly, as if by enchantment, the fabric of victory raised by his all-potent arm was dissolved. Spain was lost, Flanders reconquered, Germany threatened. The arch of the Grand Alliance fell to pieces. These show in brighter colors than ever the greatness and patriotism of Marlborough. Again he took the command of the Hague, though no longer possessing the confidence of the government, and intrusted with no control over diplomatic measures; and again dazzled Europe and petrified his enemies by the splendor of his first achievement. Louis, in order to prevent the irruption of his foes into France, now that almost all his fortresses had been broken through, resolved on the construction of a line of defence on a scale so stupendous as to attract universal wonder—lines subsequently paralleled only by the prodigious lines of Torres Vedras. They were supplied with abundance of cannon, and manned by ninety thousand choice troops of infantry and cavalry under the command of Villars, who at length seemed both impregnable and unconquerable. Marlborough was then in his sixty-second year, and almost worn out by long service, and intense anxieties, and incessant mortifications. "I find myself decay so very fast," he wrote to his Duchess, "that from my heart and soul I wish the Queen and my country a peace, by which I might have the advantage of having a little

quiet, which is my greatest ambition."<sup>\*</sup> But his mighty powers addressed themselves once more to a commensurate object—the devising an enterprise which should at a stroke deprive his enemy of all his huge defences, and drive him to fight a decisive battle or lose his last frontier fortress. Shortly afterwards, he was confounded by Prince Eugene being withdrawn from him, together with a large section of the army, to repair disasters in a distant part of the Continent. This rendered Villars suddenly anxious for an encounter; but Louis, his eyes intently fixed on the progress of intrigues in London, had peremptorily prohibited him from fighting. Villars vaingloriously styled his lines "Marlborough's *ne plus ultra*," a subject on which he was abundantly jocular. But Marlborough, having carefully studied them, devised a plan which very soon banished his boasts, and plunged him into consternation. We must refer our readers to Mr. Alison's exciting description of this feat of strategy, by which Marlborough passed the imaginary "*ne plus ultra*" without having fired a shot, without having lost one man—frustrating by a sudden march nine months' labor, and suddenly exhibiting to Marshal Villars the palying spectacle of Marlborough's whole army drawn up in battle array on the *inner* side of the impregnable lines! All this was the work of Marlborough alone. The military critics of the Continent were at a loss for words adequately expressing their admiration of this great exploit.

"Marlborough's manœuvre," says Rousset, "covered him with glory: it was a duel in which the English beat the French general; the armies on either side were present only to render the spectacle more magnificent. In battles and sieges, fortune and the valor of soldiers have often a great share in success; but here everything was the work of the Duke of Marlborough. To gain the lines, they would willingly have compounded for the loss of several thousand lives; thanks to the Duke, they were won without the loss of one; that bloodless victory was entirely owing to his wisdom. †

Marlborough instantly besieged Bouchain, another great fortress, having prevented Villars, by brilliant manœuvring, from coming to its assistance. "The works affecting that purpose," said a Hanoverian officer engaged on the occasion, "were worthy of Julius Cæsar or Alexander Farnese, and the siege one of the prodigies of war. You could not fire

\* ALMON, vol. ii. p. 185, note.

† *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 194.

a cannon-shot from the trenches without Villars seeing its smoke. He omitted nothing which could suspend or interrupt the works. Vain hope! Our general, invincible on all sides, has foreseen and frustrated all his enterprises."\* Marlborough was then pressing on the siege of Quesnoy, the capture of which would have completely broken through the French barrier, when he suddenly found himself undermined by the intrigues secretly carrying on between the Tories and Louis XIV.; preliminaries of peace were signed between them, afterwards embodied in the execrable Treaty of Utrecht—abandoning the main object of the long, glorious, and successful war—the exclusion of the Bourbon family from the throne of Spain. And what, thinks the reader, was done by Marlborough's enemies, in order to anticipate and frustrate his opposition to these base proceedings? He was ridiculed and libelled everywhere in the bitterest terms; accused of avarice, fraud, extortion; of indolence, cruelty, ambition, and misconduct: even his courage was questioned; and he was denounced as the lowest of mankind! His magnificent passage of the French lines was ridiculed as the "crossing of the kennel;" and the siege of Bouchain stigmatized as an inexorable sacrifice of sixteen thousand men for "the capture of a dovecot!"† He was charged with having embezzled £63,319 of the public money during the war in Flanders, and Parliamentary commissioners were employed to investigate the charge, which the indignant warrior in one moment blew into the air. Then he was charged with having prolonged the war for his own pecuniary interests; and finally he was charged with other pecuniary peculations to an immense amount; and the Queen, on the advice of her infamous ministers, dismissed her illustrious servant from all his employments, in order that the atrocious calumnies might be investigated. The intelligence was received with transport by the enemies of England abroad; and Louis XIV. exclaimed, rapturously, "*The dismissal of Marlborough will do all we can desire.*"‡ At that moment the fallen warrior-statesman's resplendent services had reduced Louis to a state of desperation, and he, with his whole kingdom, lay at the mercy of Marlborough. Louis had announced his resolve to lead the last army he could muster in person, and conquer or die; but the measures of the ministry averted the alternative,

and saved his throne at the instant of its having become defenceless. The perfidious desertion of England from the Grand Alliance paralyzed it. England consummated her treachery and dishonor by the peace of Utrecht, which Mr. Pitt justly stigmatized as "the indelible reproach of the age," and which has entailed on her long-continuing disaster. As for Marlborough, almost every conceivable kind of insult and provocation was heaped upon him; scurrilous mercenaries haunted him with libel and ridicule; and to complete the climax of national meanness, the treasury payments for the works at Blenheim were discontinued, and the contractors and workmen stimulated to sue the Duke for the arrears due to them, to the extent of £30,000; while a peer, in his place in Parliament, actually charged the veteran hero—John Duke of Marlborough—in his presence, with "having led his troops to certain destruction, in order to profit by the sale of the officers' commissions!"\* The Duke deigned no reply, but on leaving the house sent his slanderer a challenge, which the terrified peer communicated to the proper quarter, and the Queen's interference saved him from standing at twelve paces' distance from John Duke of Marlborough. To escape the torturing indignities and outrages to which he was exposed, Marlborough obtained passports and went abroad.

The Duke of Marlborough was received on the Continent with almost the honors due to a crowned head. At Antwerp his arrival and departure were signalized by triple discharges of artillery; the governor received him outside the walls with obsequious respect; deafening acclamations resounded from the multitude as he passed through the streets, every one struggling to catch a glimpse of dishonored greatness. "All," says Mr. Alison, "were struck with his noble air and demeanor, softened, though not weakened, by the approach of age. They declared that his appearance was not less overpowering than his sword. Many burst into tears when they recollected what he had been and what he was, and how unaccountably the great nation to which he belonged had fallen from the height of glory to such degradation." What pangs must have wrung the heart of the illustrious veteran at such a moment! "Yet was his manner so courteous, and yet animated, his conversation so simple, and yet cheerful, that it was commonly said at the time, 'that the only things

\* ALISON, ii. p. 199, 200.

† *Ibid.* p. 203.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 213.

\* *Parl. Hist.* vi. p. 1137.



he had forgotten were his own deeds, and the only things he remembered were the misfortunes of others!"

During his absence, his shameless traducers redoubled their efforts to secure his ruin. The terror of his name, the shadow of his distant greatness, must, however, frequently have made themselves felt, if only with the effect of blinding them to the folly of their own machinations. Their calumnious charges were annihilated by him from abroad the moment they reached him; and those who had prepared such charges, ignominiously silenced by his clear and decisive representations. But Blenheim was within the power of a magnanimous people, and they caused the erection of it at the public cost to be suspended! The principal creditors sued the Duke personally for what was due to them; and ultimately Blenheim, "this noble pile, this proud monument of a nation's gratitude," would have remained a debt to this day, but for the Duke's own private contribution of no less a sum than £60,000! One's cheek tingles with shame at the recital; but there is the humiliating fact—

"Pudet hæc opprobria nobis.

Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse repelli."

The Duke of Marlborough spent nearly two years on the Continent. Having quitted England on the 30th October, 1712, he returned on the 4th August, 1714; but under what circumstances? In the full splendor of the romance of history. In contact with Marlborough, every event seems to swell into great proportions, as if owning the presence and power of greatness.

While abroad, his commanding intellect engaged itself in the noblest of causes—upholding the interests of civil and religious liberty, which were bound up indissolubly with the Hanoverian succession. He might have retired for ever from the world, in stern disgust at the treatment which he had experienced; but his magnanimity would not suffer him. He knew that civil despotism, and the triumph of the Romish faith, were identified with the success of the Louis of his day, as they appear to be with a Louis of our day—the Louis, at this moment, of France. The restoration of the Stuart line was the symbol of the triumph of Popery; and Marlborough continued anxiously to watch the progress of public events, with reference to that "consummation" so "devoutly" to be deprecated. The two years referred to were those of an immeasurably momentous crisis, big with the ultimate des-

tinies of this country. Marlborough was, throughout that crisis, as clear-sighted, resolute, energetic, and skilful in securing the Protestant succession, as he had ever been in the conduct of his wars, every one of which had direct reference to that high and glorious object. He continued the very life and soul of the good cause, which he advanced by incessant watchfulness and discreet and energetic action, carrying on a constant correspondence with his friends both at home and abroad. At length Bolingbroke reached the summit of advancement, and became virtually prime minister. Bent upon the restoration of the Stuarts, in two days' time he had organized a thoroughly Jacobite cabinet, which would unquestionably have proceeded to seat the Stuarts on the throne. But the awful hand of God appeared suddenly in the ordering of events. "The angel of death," to use Mr. Alison's words, "defeated the whole objects for which the ministers were laboring so anxiously, and for which they had sacrificed the security and glory of their country." Civil war was almost in the act of breaking out, when the Queen died; having at the last moment taken a step, in nominating the Duke of Shrewsbury to be Lord Treasurer, which annihilated the guilty hopes of Bolingbroke and his party. This was the last act of her life; and on her death the Protestant party took prompt and vigorous measures. George I. was instantly proclaimed king, and in three days' time the great Marlborough reappeared on the scene, the very guardian angel of the newly-proclaimed king. His enemies were struck with consternation. "*We are all frightened out of our wits upon the Duke of Marlborough's going to England,*"\* wrote one of them to Bolingbroke. The illustrious personage was welcomed with enthusiasm similar to that with which he had been formerly familiar; an immense concourse of citizens attended him into the city, shouting—"Long live George I. Long live the Duke of Marlborough!" He was at once sworn in of the Privy Council, and visited by the foreign ministers and all the nobility and gentry within reach, and in the evening appeared in the House of Lords, and took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, his old companions in arms, the Grenadier Guards, firing a *feu-de-joie* on the auspicious occasion. "That day effaced the traces of years of injustice. The death of a single individual"—the weak, ungrateful, vacillating Anne—

\* ALMON, ii. 263, note.

"had restored the patriotic hero to the position in which he stood after the battle of Blenheim!" Though he had resolved to take part no more in the conduct of affairs, he was prevailed upon to resume his post of commander-in-chief, in which great capacity his new sovereign received him with extraordinary demonstrations of satisfaction, "proud to do honor to the chief *under whom he himself had gained his first honors on the field of Oudenarde.*"\* The discomfited Jacobites, Bolingbroke, Ormond, and Oxford, were impeached for high treason, for their conduct in seeking to overturn the act of settlement, and restore the Stuarts. The former two fled to France, but Oxford remained, and was prosecuted, but acquitted. Here again the character of Marlborough has been maligned, by the charge of having done all in his power to thwart the prosecution, for fear of Lord Oxford's revealing the correspondence of the Duke in early life, after the Revolution. This slander, however, is decisively refuted by two facts—that the Duke *voted in every stage of the prosecution!* and by the still more decisive fact, that he was found to have been specially exempted from the proffered amnesty published by the Pretender when he landed in Scotland.† This last event—the Rebellion in Scotland—must have been indeed, as Mr. Alison remarks, a sore trial to Marlborough—"more severe than any he had experienced since James II. had been precipitated from the throne; for here was the son of his early patron and benefactor asserting, in arms, his right to the throne of his fathers!" But the Duke was here true as steel to his principles; and his energy and sagacity extinguished the formidable insurrection, and with it the hopes of the Stuarts. The Pretender returned humbled and ruined to the Continent, in time to witness the death of the monarch, Louis XIV., whose guilty ambition had lighted the terrible conflagration, of which a spark had been thus kindled in this country, and which he had lived to see extinguished by such torrents of blood. He was then seventy-seven years of age, miserable in contemplating the wide-spread misery and ruin which he had prostituted all his greatness in order to effect, and shuddering at the recollection of his share in the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His death-bed reflections and injunctions to his successor we have already laid before the reader. ‡

Only a few months previously, Louis's great conqueror had received two startling messages, telling him, in heart-breaking tones, of the transient nothingness of life. His two lovely daughters, the Countess of Bridgewater and the Countess of Sunderland, were cut off in the flower of their beauty, by almost sudden deaths, within a few days of each other. These events pierced him to the heart. Two years afterwards, having, during the interval, experienced various warnings, he was struck with palsy, which deprived him for a time of both speech and resolution. He recovered sufficiently, in a few months' time, to be capable of removal to the country, for the benefit of change of air and of scene. He visited Blenheim; and on going through such of the rooms as were finished, was shown a picture of himself at the battle of Blenheim. He turned away with a mournful air, saying only—but in memorable and significant words—"Something *then!*—but *now!*"\*

He continued, on earnest solicitation, to hold his high military office and discharge its duties for five years, living also in the tranquil enjoyment of domestic happiness, superintending the education of his grandchildren, and taking special delight in the rising architectural grandeur of Blenheim, down even to the period of his death. He made his last appearance in the House of Lords on the 27th November, 1721, but in June following had a severe and fatal attack of paralysis. It at once prostrated his physical without impairing his mental powers. To a question of his Duchess, whether he heard the prayers which were being read as usual at night in his apartment, he replied, "Yes; and I joined in them!" These were the last words of this great man, who expired calmly a few hours subsequently in the seventy-second year of his age. He who thus joined in prayers† on his death-bed had, with solemn reverence, joined in them on the eves of Blenheim and of Malplaquet with his whole army; and, amidst all the bloody horrors of war, had, in like manner, remembered his God on every occasion, joining precept with example in a noble spirit of piety. Let us

\* ALISON, ii. p. 305.

† Marlborough had received the sacrament with great solemnity at the midnight preceding the day of the battle of Blenheim; and shortly before, divine service had been performed at the head of every regiment and squadron in the Allied army. After the battle he said, that "he had prayed to God more frequently during its continuance than all the chaplains of both armies put together which served under his orders."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 166.

\* ALISON, p. 266.

† *Ibid.* p. 308.

‡ *Ante*, p. 452.

hope that the prayers of the dying warrior were heard and accepted by Him who heareth prayer, and that he quitted life in a spirit different from that of Peter the Great, who said on his death-bed, "I trust that, in respect of the good I have striven to do my people, God will pardon my sins!"\* Mr. Alison "charitably hopes that these words have been realized"—he might have lamented the fallaciousness of Peter's reliance.

Marlborough's funeral obsequies were celebrated with extraordinary magnificence, and all ranks and all parties joined in doing him honor. On the sides of the car bearing the coffin, shields were affixed containing emblematic representations of his battles and sieges. Blenheim was there, and the Schellenberg, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet; Ruremonde and Liege, Menin and Dendermonde, Antwerp and Brussels, Ostend and Ghent, Tournay and Lille, Mons and Bouchain, Bethune, St. Venant, and Aire. "The number, and the recollections with which they were fraught, made the English

ashamed of the manner in which they had used the hero who had filled the world with his renown."\*

Thus lived, and thus died, and thus was buried, John Duke of Marlborough, of whom Lord Mahon† takes leave in a strain of solemnity and dignity befitting the occasion:—

"England lost one of her noblest worthies in John Duke of Marlborough. His achievements do not fall within my limits, and his character seems rather to belong to the historians of another period. Let them endeavor to delineate his vast and various abilities—that genius which saw humbled before it the proudest mareschals of France—that serenity of temper which enabled him patiently to bear, and bearing to evercome, all the obstinacy of the Dutch deputies, all the slowness of the German generals—those powers of combination so provident of failure, and so careful of details, that it might almost be said of him that before he gave any battle he had already won it! Let them describe him in council as in arms, not always righteous in his end, but ever mighty in his means!"

\* ALISON, p. 307.

† *History of England*, ii. 41, 42.

\* ALISON, ii. 100.

TURNER'S FACILITY OF PAINTING.—The picture of "The burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons" was almost entirely painted on the walls of the exhibition. His facility at this period of his life was astounding. He would frequently send his canvas to the British Institution with nothing upon it but a gray groundwork of vague, indistinguishable forms, and finish it up on the varnishing-day into a work of great splendor. Likewise at the Academy he frequently sent his canvas imperfect and sketchy, trusting entirely to varnishing-days for the completion of his picture. It was astonishing what he accomplished on those days. For the information of such of our readers as are not acquainted with the rules of the Academy in this respect, it may be as well to explain, that when the exhibition is arranged, four days are allowed to Academicians and one to general exhibitors to touch and varnish their pictures. Turner was always the first at the Academy on these occasions, arriving there frequently as early as five o'clock, and never later than six, and he was invariably

the last to quit in the evening. He might be seen standing all day before his pictures, and, though he worked so long, he appeared to be doing little or nothing. His touches were almost imperceptible, yet his pictures were seen in the end to have advanced wonderfully. He acquired such a mastery in early life that he painted with a certainty that was almost miraculous. Although his effects were imperceptible on a near inspection of the picture, he knew unhesitatingly how to produce them, without retiring from his work to test the result. He was never seen, like Sir Thomas Lawrence and others, to be perpetually walking, although his pictures were scarcely intelligible to the spectator, except at a particular focal distance. And, what was equally extraordinary, he would, while occupied upon one picture, run off to another at the same time. His mind would compass simultaneously the requirements of two or even more pictures. While painting one, he would suddenly turn away on the thought of some desideratum in another.—*Literary Gazette*.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## JOHN STERLING.

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift."

"Who was John Sterling?" is a question we have more than once heard put since the announcement of his biography by Carlyle. Sterling! was he some hero? or does Carlyle, who so often speaks through personations of his own invention, mean by Sterling some Anti M'Growler, Plugson of Under-shot, or Sir Jabesh Windbag? No! John Sterling was a veritable man—a living, struggling, hard-working man—a really loving and lovable man—one who took captive the hearts of even the sternest, and bound them to him by the strong ties of friendship. He seems to have been one of those beautiful natures that carry about with them a charm to captivate all beholders. They are full of young genius, full of promise, full of enthusiasm; and seem to be on the high-road towards honor, fame, and glory, when suddenly their career is cut short by death, and their friends are left bewailing and lamenting.

Just such another character was Charles Pemberton—a man of somewhat kindred genius to Sterling—who had *done* comparatively little, but had excited great hopes among a circle of ardent friends and admirers, whom he had riveted to him by certain indefinable personal and intellectual charms; when he was stricken down by death, and, like Sterling, left only a few scattered "Remains" to be judged by. Poor Keats, too, died just as he had given to the world the promise of one of its greatest men, but not before he had sent down into the future, strains of undying poesy. Shelley, too! What a loss was there! What glorious promise of a Man did he not offer! But the names of the great, who have died in youth, are more than can be told: as Shelley sang—

"The good die first,  
While they whose hearts are dry as summer's  
dust  
Burn to their socket."

But what of Sterling? What did he do?

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What has he left as a legacy to us by which to know and remember him?

We have now two lives of him, written by two of his many intimate friends and devoted admirers—Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle. That two such men should have written a life of Sterling, would argue of itself something in his character and career more than ordinary. Archdeacon Hare's came first: his work was in two volumes, containing the collected Essays and Tales of John Sterling, with a memoir of his Life. On reading that Life, interesting and beautiful though it was, one could not help feeling that there was a good deal remaining untold, and that the tone adopted in speaking of John Sterling's opinions on religious subjects was unnecessarily apologetic. It seems to have been this circumstance which has drawn forth the life by Carlyle. "Archdeacon Hare," says Carlyle, "takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling, I find, was a curate for exactly eight months. But he was a man, and had relation to the Universe for eight and thirty years; and it is in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him. His battle with hereditary Church-formulas was severe; but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle; neither, according to my observation of what it was, is it successfully delineated or summed up in this book. *A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice* is presented to us here; weltering bewildered amid heaps of what you call 'Hebrew Old-clothes;' wrestling, with impotent impetuosity, to free itself from the baleful imbroglio, as if that had been its one function in life: who, in this miserable figure, would recognize the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling, with his everflowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the



presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be hung up as *an ecclesiastical scarecrow*, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to *practise archery upon*, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling."

And so Carlyle determined to give *this* more catholic portraiture of his deceased friend. Let us now examine the incidents and the more prominent features of Sterling's life.

The life is that of a literary man, and presents comparatively few incidents. Even as a literary man, he was never at any time a notoriety, and his name never filled the mouths of men, nor was seen in the newspapers. He was comparatively unknown, except by his own circle of ardent admirers. We give a few facts about his early history.

Sterling was born at Kaimes Castle, in the island of Bute, Scotland, in 1806, of Irish parents, who were both of Scotch extraction; the mother was somewhat proud of being a descendant of Wallace, the Scottish hero. Edward Sterling, the father, pursued farming; he had been a militia captain, and took to it as a calling, by way of helping out the family means. From Bute, he removed to Llanblethian, in Glamorganshire, in 1809, where the family remained till 1814. Here the young Sterling's childhood was nurtured amid forms of wild and romantic beauty. But his father, the captain, was an ardent minded active man, and could ill confine himself to the small details of Welsh farming. His thoughts were abroad. He corresponded with newspapers. He wrote a pamphlet. He sent letters to the *Times*, signed *Vetus*, which were afterwards thought worthy of being collected and reprinted. The captain went further. He left his farm in Wales, and proceeded to Paris, with the project of acting as foreign correspondent for the *Times* newspaper. His family accompanied him to Paris, where they stayed some eight months, until the sudden return of Napoleon from Elba, when they had to decamp to England on the instant. Captain Sterling returned to London, where he finally settled; and before long became a very notorious, if not a distinguished personage. His connection with the *Times* newspaper grew closer, until at length he became extensively known as "The Thunderer of the *Times*," and was publicly lashed by O'Connell in that character; Sterling, on his part,

returning the great agitator's compliments with full interest. The character and history of this *Times* editor—a great power of his day—are given at some length by Carlyle, who seems to dwell upon the subject with much pleasure. Indeed, it forms one of the most delightful and interesting parts of the book.

The boy was schooled in London, and grew as boys like him will grow; he was quick, clever, cheerful, gallant, generous, self-willed, and rather difficult to manage. A little letter of his to his mother is given in the biography, written when he was twelve years, showing that he had "run away" from his home at Blackheath, to Dover. The cause had been some slight or indignity put upon him which he could not bear. But he was brought home, and like other child's "slights" it was soon forgotten. As a boy, he was a great reader in the promiscuous line; reading *Edinburgh Reviews*, cart-loads of novels, and "wading like Ulysses towards his palace, through infinite dung." At sixteen he was sent to Glasgow University, where he lived with some of his mother's connections. Then, at nineteen, he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Julius Hare, now the Archdeacon, his biographer.

Though not an exact scholar, Sterling became well and extensively read, possessing great facilities of assimilation for all kinds of mental diet. His studies were irregular and discursive, but extensive and encyclopedic. At Cambridge he was brought into friendly connection with many afterwards distinguished men—Frederick Maurice, Richard Trench, John Kemble, Charles Buller, Monckton Milnes, and others, who were afterwards in life his fast friends. Sterling was a ready and a brilliant speaker at the Union Club; and already began to exhibit strong "Radical" leanings, displaying no small daring in his attacks upon established ideas and things. "In short," says Carlyle, "he was a young and ardent soul, looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; over-loaded, over-clouded, to the zenith and the nadir of it, by incredible uncredited traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies, and beggarly deliriums old and new; which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning up without delay, and sweeping into

their native Chaos out of such a Cosmos as this."

It was Sterling's intention to take a degree in Law at Cambridge, but, like many other of his intentions, it came to nothing; and after a two years' residence, his university life ended. What to do next? He has grown into manhood, and must have a "profession." What is it to be? Is it to be the Law, or the Church? or, is he to enter the career of trade, and make money in it, thereby to secure "the temporary hallelujah of flunkies?" His "Radical" notions gave him a deep aversion to the pursuit of the Law; and as for the Church, at that time, he had sported ideas at Cambridge about its "black dragoon," which showed that his leanings were not that way. The true career for Sterling, in Carlyle's opinion, was Parliament, and it was possibly with some such ultimate design in view, that Sterling engaged himself as secretary to a public association of gentlemen, got up for the purpose of opening the trade to India. But the association did not live long, and the secretaryship lapsed.

One other course remained open for Sterling—the career of Literature, and he plunged into it. Joining his friend Maurice, the copyright of the *Athenæum* (which Silk Buckingham had some time before established) was purchased, and there he printed his first literary effusions, many of which are preserved in Archdeacon Hare's Collection—crude, imperfect, yet singularly beautiful and attractive papers, as for instance, *The Lycian Painter*, containing seeds of great promise. Yet, as Carlyle observes, "a grand melancholy is the prevailing impression they leave; partly as if, while the surface was so blooming and opulent, the heart of them was still vacant, sad, and cold. The writer's heart is indeed still too vacant, except of beautiful shadows and reflexes and resonances; and is far from joyful, though it wears commonly a smile." He himself used afterwards to speak of this as his "period of darkness."

The *Athenæum* did not prosper in Sterling's hands. He did not understand commercial management, which is absolutely necessary for the success even of a literary journal. So the *Athenæum* was transferred to other hands, under which it thrived vigorously. But the *Athenæum* had introduced Sterling into the literary life of London, which tended to confirm him in his pursuit. Among the celebrities with whom he now had familiar intercourse, was Coleridge,

whose home at Highgate Hill he often visited, and there he listened to that eloquent talker playing the magician with his auditors—"a dusky sublime character, who sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma, whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracle or jargon." The influence which Coleridge exercised upon the religious thinking of his day, was unquestionably great, dreamy and speculative though he was; but whether it will survive, whether the religious life of the world will be advanced in any way by Coleridge's lofty musings, is matter of great doubt to many; because, glorious though the rumbling of his sonorous voice was, you too often felt that it died away in sound, leaving no solid, appreciable, practical, intelligible meaning behind it. But on this wide question we shall not enter. Certain it was that Sterling, notwithstanding his "Radical" notions, was for the time deeply influenced by his intercourse with Coleridge, and by what Carlyle calls his "thrice-refined pabulum of transcendental moonshine." This sufficiently appears in the novel of *Arthur Coningsby*, which Sterling wrote in 1830—his only prose book.

About this time Sterling deeply interested himself in the fate of some poor Spanish *émigrés*, driven out of their own country by some revolution there, and then vegetating about Somer's Town, beating the pavement in Euston Square. Their chief was Gen. Torrijos, with whom Sterling had become intimate, and in whose fortunes he took a warm interest. Torrijos was zealous in the cause of his country; he would effect a landing, revolutionize and liberalize Spain; but he wanted money. Sterling was interested by the romance of the thing, and he also warmly sympathized with the sentiments of the old general. He proceeded to raise money amongst his friends; money was collected; arms were bought; a ship was provided by Lieutenant Boyd, an Irishman; the ship was in the Thames, taking in its armament, when lo! the police suddenly appeared on board, and the vessel was seized and its stores confiscated. Torrijos, Boyd, and some others, did afterwards manage to land in Spain; where they met with an exceedingly tragical ending.

But something else issued from this Spanish misadventure, of interest to Sterling. He had become acquainted with the Misses Barton, the daughters of Lieutenant-General Barton of the Life Guards—very delightful

young ladies. He seems to have excited something more than merely friendly feelings in Susannah's bosom; for when he went to take leave of her to embark in the projected Spanish invasion, the following scene occurred:—

“‘You are going, then, to Spain? To rough it amid the storms of war and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours; and—we shall never see you more then!’ Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness become liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe, ‘burst into tears’—so I have it on authority. Here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling’s interview ended in the offer of his hand, and the acceptance of it!”

So Sterling quitted the Spanish expedition, and married Susannah Barton. But scarcely was he married ere he fell seriously ill—so ill that he lay utterly prostrate for weeks, and his life was long despaired of. His career after this was a constant alternation of health and illness, rampant good spirits and prostrate feebleness. His lungs were affected, and consumption began to show indications of its coming. The doctors, however, gave hopes of him—only it was necessary he should remove to a warmer climate. His family had inherited a valuable property in the West Indies, at St. Vincent, whither he went to reside in 1831, and remained in that beautiful island, under the hot sun of the tropics, for about fifteen months, returning to England greatly improved in health. From thence he went to Bonn, in Germany, where he met with his old friend and quondam tutor, the Rev. Julius Hare, then and now Rector of Herstmonceux, in Sussex. With him, Sterling had much serious talk on religious matters.

Sterling, still under the influence of the Coleridgian views, which had been working within him at St. Vincent and since, expressed to Mr. Hare a wish to enter the Church, as a minister, which Mr. Hare “strongly urged” him to do, offering to appoint him to his own curacy at Herstmonceux, which was then vacant. Shortly after, he returned to England, was ordained deacon at Chichester, in 1834, and was appointed curate immediately after, entering earnestly on the duties of that calling. But this lasted only for some eight months, when his health, certain “misgivings,” doubts and distresses of mind, compelled him to withdraw, and he left London again, finally to embark on the great sea of

literature, which, he felt to be his proper vocation. Carlyle designates his acceptance of the curacy as “the crowning error” of Sterling’s life. “No man of Sterling’s veracity,” says he, “had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies, and theosophic moonshine, *could* have undertaken this function. His heart would have answered: ‘No, thou canst not. What is incredible to thee, thou shalt not, at thy soul’s peril, attempt to believe! Elsewhither for a refuge, or die here. Go to perdition, if thou must—but not with a lie in thy mouth!’”

Carlyle twice heard Sterling preach, and thus describes the occasions: “It was in some new college-chapel in Somerset House; a very quiet, small place, the audience student-looking youths, with a few elder people, perhaps mostly friends of the preacher’s. The discourse, delivered with a grave sonorous composure, and far surpassing in talent the usual run of sermons, had withal an air of human veracity, as I still recollect, and bespoke dignity and piety of mind; but gave me the impression rather of artistic excellence than of unction or inspiration in that kind. Sterling returned with us to Chelsea that day; and in the afternoon we went on the Thames Putneyward together, we two with my wife; under the sunny skies, on the quiet water, and with copious cheery talk, the remembrance of which is still present enough to me.

“This was properly my only specimen of Sterling’s preaching. Another time, late in the same autumn, I did indeed attend him one evening to some church in the City—a big church behind Cheapside, ‘built by Wren,’ as he carefully informed me—but there, in my wearied mood, the chief subject of reflection was the almost total vacancy of the place, and how an eloquent soul was preaching to mere lamps and prayerbooks; and of the sermon I retain no image. It came up in the way of banter, if he ever urged the duty of ‘Church extension,’ which already he very seldom did, and at length never, what a specimen we once had of bright lamps, gilt prayerbooks, baize-lined pews, Wren-built architecture; and how, in almost all directions, you might have fired a musket through the church, and hit no Christian life. A terrible outlook, indeed, for the apostolic laborer in the brick and mortar line!”

Sterling, for causes which Archdeacon Hare does not clearly state, but which Carlyle in a rather mystical way indicates, left his curacy at Herstmonceux, and removed to London, where he took a house at Bayswater. At this time he was, in personal appearance, thin and careless-looking—his eyes kindly, but restless in their glances—his features animated and brilliant when talking—and he was always full of bright speech and argument. He did not give you the idea of ill-health; indeed his life seemed to be bounding, and full of vitality; his whole being was usually in full play; it was his vehemence and rapidity of life which struck one on first seeing him.

Carlyle says, that he *wore holes* in the outer case of his body, by this restless vitality, which could not otherwise find vent. He seems now to have been in the thick of doubts and mental discussions—probing the foundations of his faith—and, it is to be suspected, losing one by one the pillars on which it had rested. It is a terrible “valley of the shadow of death,” this which so many young minds have to pass through in these days of restless inquiry into all subjects—religious, social and political. As Shelley writes:

“If I have erred, there was no joy in error,  
But pain, and insult, and unrest, and terror.”

Sterling's views began to diverge more and more from those formerly held by him, yet this never interfered with a single one of his friendships. Tolerant and charitable, there was an agreement to differ; and certainly it is better for men to differ openly and honestly, than hypocritically to agree and conform—even for “peace sake.” And why should men quarrel about such matters, respecting which no one man can have more positive or certain knowledge than any other man?

“What am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry!”  
TENNYSON.

Sterling read many German books at this time, such as Tholuck and Schleiermacher, from which he diverged into Goethe and Jean Paul Richter. But his health was still delicate, and a residence in the south of France was determined on. He went to Bordeaux accordingly, and, while there, his “theological tumult” decidedly abated.

“Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics,” says Carlyle, “were left in the far distance; Nature's blue skies, and awful eternal verities, were once more around one, and small still voices, admonitory of many things, could in the beautiful solitude freely reach the heart. Theologies, rubrics, surplices, church-articles, and this enormous, ever-repeated threshing of the straw? A world of rotten straw; threshed all into powder; filling the universe, and blotting out the stars and worlds. Heaven pity you, with such a threshing-floor for world, and its draggled dirty farthing candle for sun! There is surely other worship possible for the heart of man; there should be other work, or none at all, for the intellect and creative faculty of man!”

Sterling set about working at various literary enterprises. Poetry occupied his attention, and while at Bordeaux he wrote *The Sexton's Daughter*; he also stored up a number of notes and memoranda respecting Montaigne, whose old country house he visited, and these shortly after appeared, in a very able article from his pen, in the *London and Westminster Review*. After a year's stay, he returned to England again, and engaged himself in writing occasional articles for *Blackwood's Magazine*. His health being still delicate, he wintered at Madeira in 1837; speaking of it in one of his letters, he says that, “as a temporary refuge, a niche in an old ruin, where one is sheltered from the shower, the place has great merit.” He continued writing papers for *Blackwood*, of which the best was the “Onyx Ring.” Wilson early recognized Sterling's merit as a writer, and lavished great storms of praise upon him in his editorial comments. He seems to have possessed the gift of literary improvising, to a great extent. He was a swift genius—Carlyle likened him to “sheet-lightning.” He had an incredible facility of labor, flashing with most piercing glance into a subject, and throwing his thoughts upon it together upon paper with remarkable felicity, brilliancy, and general excellence. While at Madeira, Sterling busied himself with reading Goethe, of whom he gives the following striking opinion, in many respects true: “There must, as I think, have been some prodigious defect in his mind, to let him hold such views as his about women and some other things; and in another respect, I find so much coldness and hollowness as to the highest truths, and feel so strongly that the heaven he looks up to is *but a vault of ice*—that these two indications, leading to



the same conclusion, go far to convince me he was a profoundly immoral and irreligious spirit, with as rare faculties of intelligence as ever belonged to any one."

His health improved by Madeira, he returned to England, still fragile, but radiant with cheerfulness. "Both his activity and his composure he bore with him, through all weathers, to the final close; and on the whole, right manfully he walked his wild stern way towards the goal, and like a Roman wrapt his mantle round him when he fell." He went on writing for *Blackwood*, contributing the *Hymns of a Hermit*, *Crystals from a Cavern*, *Thoughts and Images*, and other papers of this sort. Then he engaged as contributor to the *London and Westminster Review*, for which he wrote several fine papers. The raw, winter air of England proving too much for his weak lungs, he went abroad again—this time to Italy—where he revelled in its picture galleries, and collections of fine art. He did not like the religious aspect of things there, and spoke freely about it. He was home again in 1839, considerably improved in health; but still he continued to lead a nomadic life, for the sake of his health. Now at Hastings, then at Clifton; and again he had to fly before worse symptoms than had yet shown themselves—spitting of blood and such like—taking flight, late in the season, for Madeira. But when he reached Falmouth, the weather was so rough that he could not set sail, so he rested there for the winter, the mild climate suiting his feeble lungs better than Clifton had done. By this time, during his residence in the last-named place, he had written his fine paper on *Carlyle*, for the *Westminster Review*, and also published a little volume of poems, containing some noble pieces. Carlyle speaks in rather a slighting strain of poetry in general, and has a strong dislike to what he calls "the fiddling talent." "Why sing," he asks, "your bits of thoughts, if you can contrive to speak them? By your *thought*, not by your mode of delivering it, you must live or die." Besides, he denies to Sterling that indispensable quality of successful poetry—depth of *tune*; his verses "had a monotonous rub-a-dub, instead of tune; no trace of music deeper than that of a well-beaten drum." This opinion we think decidedly wrong, even though Carlyle be the critic. Let any one read Sterling's *Dædalus*, and they will be satisfied of his tunefulness, as well as his true poetic feeling. We know no verses

fuller of music in every line. These are a few stanzas:—

"Wail for Dædalus, all that is fairest,  
All that is tuneful in air or wave!  
Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,  
Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave.

"Statues bend your heads in sorrow,  
Ye that glance amid ruins old,  
That know not a past, nor expect a morrow,  
On many a moonlit Grecian wold!

"By sculptured cave, and speaking river,  
Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall;  
The leaves, with a sound of winter quiver,  
Murmur thy name, and murmuring fall.

"Ever thy phantoms arise before us,  
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;  
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,  
With looks of beauty, and words of good."

The volume of poems, however, attracted no notice; yet Sterling labored on, determined to conquer success. He met with some delightful friends at Falmouth, among others, with John Stuart Mill, and an intelligent Quaker family—the Foxes—with whom he spent many happy hours. In the following spring, he was by his own hearth again at Clifton, now engaged on a long poem called *The Election*, which was published: he had also commenced his tragedy of *Stafford*, when he left to winter at Torquay. Thus he journeyed about, flying from place to place for life. Then to Falmouth again, where he delivered an excellent lecture on "The Worth of Knowledge," before the Polytechnic Institution of that place. Soon after, he was off to Naples and the sunny south, his health still demanding warmth. He was home again in 1843; and one day, while helping one of the servants to lift a heavy table, he was seized with sudden hemorrhage, and for long lay dangerously ill. By dint of careful nursing, he recovered, but the seeds of death must have been planted in him by this time. This year his mother died, and in a few days after, his beloved wife—terrible blows to him. But weak and worn as he was, he bore up manfully, making no vain repinings, and with pious valor fronting the future. He had six children left to his charge, and he felt the responsibility deeply. Falmouth, associated as it now was in his mind with calamity and sorrow, he could endure no longer; so he purchased a house at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, and removed thither at once. He was now engaged on a

poem called *Cœur-de-Lion*, not yet published, of which Carlyle, who has read it, speaks very highly. Sterling visited London, for the last time, in 1843, when Carlyle dined with him. "I remember it," says he, "as one of the saddest of dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends—Theodore Parker one of them—were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations; sad, as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum."

Carlyle saw Sterling afterwards at his apartments in town, and the following is the conclusion of his last interview with him: "We parted before long; bed-time for invalids being come, he escorted me down certain carpeted back stairs, and would not be forbidden; we took leave under the dim skies; and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. *Softly as a common evening, the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore.*"

Sterling returned to Ventnor, and proceeded with his *Cœur-de-Lion*. But the light of his life had gone. "I am going on quietly here, rather than happily," he wrote to his friend Newman; "sometimes quite helpless, not from distinct illness, but from sad thoughts, and a ghastly dreaminess. *The heart is gone out of my life.*" This brittle existence of his was at length about to be shivered. Another breakage of a blood-vessel occurred, and he lay prostrate for the last time. The great change was at hand—the final act of the tragedy of life. He gathered his strength together, to quit life piously and manfully. For six months he had sat looking at the approaches of the foe, and he blanched not nor quailed before him. He had continued working, and setting all his worldly affairs in order. He wrote some noble letters to his eldest boy, then at school in London, full of affectionate counsel. "These letters," says Carlyle, "I have lately read: they give, beyond any he has written, a noble image of the intrinsic Sterling—the same face we had long known; but painted now as on the azure of eternity, serene, victorious,

divinely sad; the dusts and extraneous disfigurements imprinted on it by the world, now washed away."

About a month before his death, he wrote a last letter to Carlyle, of "Remembrance and Farewell," wherein he says: "On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers by."

"It was a bright Sunday morning when this letter came to me," says Carlyle; "and if in the great Cathedral of Immensity I did no worship that day, the fault surely was my own. Sterling affectionately refused to see me; which also was kind and wise. And four days before his death, there are some stanzas of verse for me, written as if in star-fire and immortal tears; which are among my sacred possessions, to be kept for myself alone. His business with the world was done; the one business now to await silently what may lie in other grander worlds. 'God is great,' he was wont to say: 'God is great.' The Maurices were now constantly near him; Mrs. Maurice (his sister) assiduously watching over him. On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th of September, his brother—as he did every two or three days—came down; found him in the old temper, weak in strength, but not very sensibly weaker; they talked calmly together for an hour; then Anthony left his bedside, and retired for the night, not expecting any change. But suddenly about eleven o'clock, there came a summons and alarm; hurrying to his brother's room, he found his brother dying; and in a short while more, the faint last struggle was ended, and all those struggles and strenuous often-foiled endeavors of eight-and-thirty years lay hushed in death."

From the Examiner.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIAL PUBLICATIONS FOR 1852.

THE number of periodicals seems, by its increase, to indicate an increase in the number of cursory readers. A book done up in the small pill of a review, appears to be now in almost every case more popular than the book itself; and opinions, as presented by the original thinker or investigator, are found to have no chance against opinions presented like soup in the condensed form, and portable, to be diluted for use in the water of common conversation. The character of the new periodicals, and the change of tone visible in some old ones, indicate however, on the part of their proprietors, an improved opinion of the public taste.

In our old friends the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* we have not much change to report. The change which does appear in them arises from the altered temper of the times without, not of the minds within. The *Edinburgh Review*, established from the first upon the basis of liberal opinions, which have in this country, if not elsewhere, since been steadily gaining ground, continues to be politically speaking in harmony with an increasing public. The *Quarterly*, adhering to a political standard around which the whole mind of the country becomes every year less disposed to rally, has long ago judiciously accepted the necessity of finding compensation for the unpopularity of its political in the increased pleasantness of its literary character. The article on Junius in the present number, however, which endeavors to make out a case in favor of Thomas Lord Lyttleton, (the "wicked" Lord,) is more ingenious than powerful in argument; and we are clearly of opinion, even making the large concessions demanded by the writer's theory, that the controversy is left by this paper much as it was before. Upon one political subject, concerning which the most opposite parties in England sympathize, we have to thank the *Quarterly* for an able paper—the French Autocrat. The notice of Mr. Gladstone's translation of Farini, on the other hand, written in a spirit of affection for the King of Naples, and including an episode of

indignation at the "rebel attorney Kossuth," tries the good humor of its readers. The *Westminster Review* comes out with a new face from the hands of Mr. Chapman, and discusses with some boldness and some vigor (though with hardly as much of either as the announcements might have led us to expect) the most interesting questions of the day. It does not claim assent to its opinions, but the right of free inquiry. It lightens its intelligent and moderate essays on the relation between employers and employed, and the general troubles of humanity, with pleasant talk about molluscos animals and the happiness of oysters. Moreover, to supply the demand of those who wish, in these book-writing days, to know what is being written in all places on all themes, it closes with summaries of the contemporary literature in England, America, Germany, and France. For the same class of readers (certainly a large one) the *New Quarterly Review* presents us this month with its number One, being a half-crown digest of current English literature, with a short notice of French books, and a shorter one of German publications. This new *Quarterly Review* contains a large amount of matter in double columns of tolerably close print, and its criticisms seem to be written with ability.

We descend from the quarterly to monthly publications. *Blackwood* opens the new year with a great deal of light reading; and, among other matter, Mr. Albert Smith's account of his journey up Mont Blanc is to be found in it. But *My Novel* is still the chief attraction, and many readers will deplore those revolving moons (to quote Mr. Puff) which appear destined very shortly to bring this delightful tale of Sir Edward Lytton's to a close. *Blackwood* avoids French politics; but he has an extremely dismal political article, a wail over free trade, to begin his number, and a glorification of Disraeli's "Life of Bentinck" to conclude it. *Blackwood* is among the one-monthlies what the *Quarterly* is among the

three-monthlies, and we might find a similar analogy between the Westminster and Fraser. *Fraser's Magazine* may now be accounted second to none, indeed superior to almost all, of its own class. More than tinged, as it no doubt is, with the opinions of that peculiar school in which Mr. Kingsley is a master, its political comments are at the same time characterized by an earnestness, and its literary papers by a grace, that satisfy the reader. We observe in its present number fresh intimations of this, and the commencement of a new and characteristic fiction by the author of *Alton Locke*. The *Gentleman's Magazine* commences its new volume subject to that reform in his affairs which Mr. Urban instituted sundry months ago. The historian and the antiquary may now enjoy a magazine which shows all the information and experience, and not a trace of the decrepitude of age. Its editor, Mr. Bruce, is a representative of that class of literary inquirers, not only learned, careful, and painstaking, but also most agreeable. He keeps steadily in view, too, the rights and interests of his class; and has been the means of obtaining for them several valuable privileges and facilities of research, withheld till his intelligent agitation showed the absurdity of withholding them any longer.

*Bentley's Miscellany* continues to court readers with the attraction of a monthly portrait and memoir of some distinguished man. It seems also to be gradually dropping the purely light character to which it formerly aspired, and to cater for that taste for information which has been increasing among readers generally. *Shurpe's Magazine* commences its fifteenth volume with the present month, and offers to its readers a considerable as well as very pleasant shilling's worth. A new monthly, the *British Journal*, launched with the year 1852, is offered to the public at the price of sixpence only. It includes among the contributors to its first number Mrs. Cowden Clarke and Miss Frances Brown, and apparently aims at combining, under one cover, solid, even scientific papers, with light reading. Another monthly which with the new year makes its first bow to the public, is the *Cabinet*, offering to provide in itself a fourpenny magazine of literature, history, poetry, information, biography, criticism, fiction, and correspondence. From the first number we are not able to form any opinion as to its chances of success.

We now come to a class of monthly magazines devoted each of them to some especial

purpose. Here also we have new candidates for the attention and good-will of the public.

The *Biographical Magazine*, a sixpenny journal, edited by J. Passmore Edwards, proposes to narrate the lives of celebrated men and women, particularly those whose words or deeds have any bearing on the present age. The opening number contains biographic sketches of Louis N. Bonaparte, Louis Kossuth, Marshal Soult, John Banim, and the late Bishop of Norwich; it commences also a sketch of Jean Paul. So far as we have dipped into this magazine we find its papers written with liberality of temper and good sense. Similar in form and price, published at the same office, and conducted by the same editor, is the *Poetic Review, and Miscellany of Imaginative Literature*. "It will show," says its prospectus, "the philosophy of poetry, and the poetry of philosophy." We doubt whether it will accomplish its design. *Macphail's Edinburgh Journal* continues to commend itself to Scotch ecclesiastical readers by papers of a limited order of criticism, but carefully written, and by bold and uncompromising denunciations of the Man and Woman of Sin. The *Colonial Magazine* is an old friend, devoted to a subject interesting to a large and important section of the public. It contains a series of very valuable papers. Another large section of the community is addressed by the *Journal of Design and Manufactures*, with its usual array of illustrations and specimens of woven fabrics. The present number opens with an important paper by Mr. Dyce, on the education of artists and designers, and the remaining articles in every respect keep up the high character of the journal in which they appear. Then we have *Paxton's Flower Garden*, loved by all horticulturists, and often praised by us.

From these monthlies we leap back to the quarterlies again, for the purpose of noticing two journals, devoted, like the magazines just noticed, to a special end. The *Journal of Agriculture*, in addition to a large mass of information valuable to farmers, contains a discussion on the Irish Land Question, an article on agricultural engineering, and other matters interesting beyond the circle of readers for which the Journal is more particularly designed. The *Zoist*, another quarterly journal conducted with much ability, should be read by those who wish to know what is being done and said by true believers on the subjects of phrenology and mesmerism. The papers of Dr. Elliotson in particu-



lar are distinguished by all those qualities of subtlety and courage in investigation, as well as candor and boldness in describing its results, which have made him remarkable alike for his opinions and the unselfish sacrifices he has made to enforce them. He contributes to the present number a paper on the cerebral formations of the murderers Manning, and there is another very curious and interesting paper by Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend.

*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* has lost none of its old reputation, and co-exists with Mr. Dickens's *Household Words*, a journal so far differing in manner as to wear its well-merited popularity, and to spread through its vast range of readers not alone amusement but information and instruction in all the great questions of the day, without the slightest detriment to the interests of its Scotch brother laborer. The Messrs. Chambers have also commenced with the new year what they call a *Pocket Miscellany*, consisting of amusing papers reprinted in cheap and handy volumes from the early quarto numbers of their journal—as a literary companion for the railway, the fireside, or the bush. Within the same category perhaps should come certain new additions to Mr. Routledge's "popular library," and among them, with primary claims to notice and respect, two volumes of *Twice Told Tales*, by that American novelist who has recently achieved such deserved popularity in England. Here, too, we may also mention a little library of graver character, published by Mr. Pickering, with the taste for which he is famous both in selection and production—a collection of "Christian Classics," in eighteenpenny and two shilling volumes, to which the latest additions are Bishop Hall's *Occasional Meditations* and *Meditations and Vows*.

Among periodical works which do not come under the old-fashioned class of magazines, we have to notice an edition of *Shakspeare* issued by Mr. Knight in sixpenny parts, portable in form, with notes placed in a marginal column instead of at the foot, and in the same column little figures also, illustrative of costume. This is called the *Companion Shakspeare*, of which each part is to contain a single play. The first part, now before us, contains 'King John;' and the edition, when complete, is to form three volumes. The re-issue by the same publisher of a very handsome and carefully revised *National Edition of the Pictorial Shakspeare*, reaches this month its part 29. To Mr. Knight we are indebted also for the ju-

dicious selections which appear monthly, under the title of *Half Hours of English History*; and for the *Imperial Cyclopædia*. Under this latter head the tenth part of the 'Cyclopædia of the British Empire,' most carefully and cleverly compiled, lies now before us. Then, under the series sent forth by the same publisher, entitled the *Country House*, instruction is offered this month upon the subject of *The Piggery*; and in the series called *Rural Handbooks*, issued by another publisher, Mr. Orr, very much in the same form, and also at a shilling, a very complete little treatise is offered on *The Cow*. The Messrs. Longman's valuable shilling series of *The Travellers' Library* is continued with unabated vigor on its original plan, and offers this month, to railway readers and others, a re-print of Mr. Macaulay's brilliant essays on the *Life and Writings of Addison* and *Horace Walpole*. To railway readers also, and to all others who love pleasant, graceful writing, Mrs. Cowden Clarke presents her fourteenth tale, the last but one in her series, of the *Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines*. It is a different class of readers who will be interested in the second quarterly part of *A Narrative of the Kaffir War*, plainly written, and with no literary merits of style, but illustrated by official documents which make it valuable. We may note here also *Chapman's British Railway Guide*, for railway readers an admirable thing, but the contents of which are not exactly pleasant matter to beguile the time of those who sit at home. Nor will it be inappropriate to add to our list those indispensable periodical visitors—*The Pocket Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain and Ireland*, a well arranged, compact, and most convenient little volume; and *Webster's Royal Red Book*, to the careful correctness of which useful compilation, as well as its facility of reference by the ingenious mode of printing adopted, we have repeatedly borne testimony.

Here we discover that we omitted the first number of the *Garden Companion* from the list of new serials devoted to a special purpose, which may properly be called magazines. 'This Florists' Journal, conducted by Mr. Henfrey and other able men, contains two admirable colored plates of heaths and chrysanthemums drawn from nature, besides wood engravings executed in the best style. The letter-press is designed to contain popular descriptions of new plants; and information, botanical and horticultural, interesting to the amateur, without any attempt at technical description. This magazine, which

adds cheapness to its other recommendations, deserves complete success.

Returning to our serials, we find this present January, 1852, selected for the commencement of a re-issue of the *Portrait Gallery*, with biographies, as published originally by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The re-issue will be completed in twenty-four parts, each part containing seven portraits. Other serials claiming notice belong to the pleasant walks of fiction, re-issued, or issued for the first time. While awaiting the new circle of friends to whose hearths we are to be introduced by Mr. Dickens at the close of next month, we are invited to read the History, in monthly parts, of *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, the reprint of which, from the magazine in which we have already enjoyed it heartily, commences with the present month. The public, allured by Mr. Leech's delightfully humorous pencil, (as keen for horseflesh as for human,) will find pleasure, we think, in Mr. Sponge's pen. The writer is a thorough master of his subject, and treats it with a fullness of knowledge, breadth of comicality, and racy sense of enjoyment, that surely entitle him to a large and laughing audience. Mr. Lever's monthly publication of the *Daltons* reaches its twenty-first part, and Mr. Ainsworth's *Mervyn Clitheroe* stands now at No. 2. It is too early to speak of Mr. Ainsworth's story, but it has made a successful beginning, with good promise of character and incident in a new and agreeable vein.

Turning from gay to grave, we close our catalogue of serials by calling attention to the most important first appearance of the month, the first quarterly part of Doctor Wm. Smith's Dictionary of *Greek and Roman Geography*. Those who are familiar with the value of those other standard works of a like kind, produced under the same editor, the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Biography, and Mythology, and of Antiquities, will appreciate the gain that must accrue to English scholarship by the completion, with this last dictionary, of an entire body of classical information that will have no parallel in any other language.

The ALMANACS for 1852 now claim attention. There is the *British Almanac and Companion*, able as ever, and containing, of course, among other matter, essays on the Exhibition and the Census of 1851. There is the *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge*, full of valuable statistics having reference to the United States. There

is the *Banking Almanac*, with a complete Banking Directory and very convenient Diary attached. The *Family Almanac and Educational Register* contains so full an account of the colleges, endowed grammar schools, &c., and their management, as to be a book of great importance to all men who are studying or advocating any questions of educational reform. The *Post Magazine Almanac* is strong upon the subject of Insurance Companies. The *Farmers' Almanac* provides, as usual, information fitted to the wants of its supporters. The *Comic Almanac* shows this year no lack of its usual humor, providing for another class the wonders of George Cruikshank's pencil; and *Punch's Almanac and Pocket Book*, with a capital colored plate and etchings by Leech, and full of mirth in the letter press, keeps up the reputation of our ancient jester. To another class the *Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstainers' Almanac* will give precisely those statistics which it wants. The *Reformers' Almanac and Political Year Book* contains a summary of the session of 1851, and of the acts passed therein, with other matter dear to politicians; while the *Fine Arts Almanac and Artists' Remembrancer* spreads its sail out for a breath of favor from again another class. This Fine Arts Almanac seems to us excellently compiled, and to be worth taking up for reading or reference apart from the mere accidents or incidents of the day. Those goodly spiders, *Raphael and Zadkiel*, spread their nets for the ignorant, and trade like good astrologers on superstition; while Messrs. Deane and Dray trade like good ironmongers, and, according to a fashion common among tradesmen in our day, issue *Deane's Illustrated Almanac*, with numerous pictures of knives and forks, fire-irons, and cinder-sifters.

We have not mentioned in this rapid sketch more than a sixth part of the serials submitted to the public. Let any gentleman, therefore, who may think of ordering his bookseller to send him monthly all the periodicals, pause and consider.

We were breaking off, when suddenly one duty was remembered, a duty which it is always pleasant to discharge, and with the performance of which we must conclude our summary. It is to call attention to the great ability displayed by Mr. Bohn in the selection, month after month, of sterling matter for his *Antiquarian, Classical, and Standard Libraries*. Of all the new year's periodicals and serials we would give the first place to these. We have, in the three series, three

books for January, 1852, the titles of which alone bespeak the claim of Mr. Bohn to our thankful remembrance. They are the first volume of a new edition of *Sir Thomas Browne's Works*, the fourth volume of a translation of *Vasari*, and *Lucretius* trans-

lated literally into prose, with the metrical version of Mason Good as an appendix. To a large class of readers the cheap and accessible edition of Browne will be peculiarly welcome. This first volume is occupied by the *Vulgar Errors*.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI AS LEADER AND LEGISLATOR.

MR. DISRAELI is the *de facto* leader of the Tory Opposition, or Country Party, in the House of Commons. The position is brilliant and commanding. It has dazzled and gratified the ambition of some of the greatest orators and most powerful statesmen of past and present times. Not to go too far up the stream of parliamentary history, there are the names of Pitt, Canning, and Peel; men who labored hard and long at their constitutional task, by their tactics and their oratory forging with patient toil the weapons wherewith they made the laws. For, the legitimate leader of an opposition must not be regarded as a mere partisan chief, although it is for him to lead the assault or to defend the breach. A man called by his party to that high and honorable post, and confided in by them while there, becomes an important and necessary part of the great constitutional machine. Besides his militant functions, he is the interpreter of the growing wants or the baffled wishes of at least a considerable portion of the community; the wisdom of our system providing that those wants and wishes shall be reduced to some practicable shape, so that the responsibility of new legislation shall fall on those who oppose the old, and thus the nation be never left without lawgivers and laws. The Leader of the Opposition, therefore, becomes *de facto* a ruler of the people, long before he is so *de jure*. If he rightly comprehends his mission, even his strategy must be prospective. Like a general manœuvring in a friendly country, he must never gain victory at too great a loss to the body-politic. In wounding even his political adversaries, he runs the risk of too deeply injuring those

who may one day be his friends, or at least the object of his guardianship. If, to gain a temporary triumph, he makes too great an onslaught on principles, he unsettles the foundation of his future dominion. Therefore, in his uttermost hostility there must mingle somewhat of prudent caution and paternal care. While a negative, not to say a fictitious policy will serve as a pretext for assaults, there must always be a positive policy in reserve. To harmonize these two, yet not disclose too much of either, demands tact, finesse, and political probity of no common order; at least in the present day, when political strife is no longer internecine, and the result of every fresh struggle adds to the arguments for systematic compromise. Here is but the outline of the qualifications required in a Leader of Opposition, not of the powers and qualities they imply. Eloquence, personal influence, tact, strategic genius, temper, foresight, magnanimity, knowledge, even to the minutest details,—how rare in their separate manifestation, and still more rare in combination!

Bearing these conditions in mind, the nation ought to look with jealous scrutiny at the character and pretensions of the man who fills the post of Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli is just now that man. Are we not bound then to inquire by what means he reached that post, and by what right he keeps it?

This we shall endeavor to do in the following pages, premising that our tests will be applied, not to the measures Mr. Disraeli may recommend, but to the manner in which he conducts his party: so that if the result of our scrutiny be favorable to him, we shall

in nowise commit ourselves to an approval of his policy; while if it be unfavorable, we shall be exonerated from the charge of political partiality.

Five years ago we passed in review the then career of Mr. Disraeli as an author and politician. The result of a very elaborate examination was a singular array of contrasts and incongruities, of failures and triumphs, of incomprehensible eccentricities and uncomprehended powers. As an author, we found him commencing with a novel of singular originality and force, which at once fixed attention on its youthful writer; and finishing after an interval full of literary extravagances, with fictions displaying no great advance in constructive or artistic skill, and chiefly interesting as being astonishing political pamphlets in three volumes. As a politician, his progress had been as striking as had been his retrogression, or at least his non-advancement, in the other branch of intellectual activity. From his first *début*, some two-and-twenty years ago, in the political arena, he had, it is true, attempted a series of "vigorous assaults on the portals of the Temple of Fame" with ridiculous ill-success, until at last the culminating point of his folly was reached in his maiden speech to the House of Commons in the year 1837, which was, without exception, (the relative pretensions of men being borne in mind,) the most extraordinary *fiasco* ever known in that assembly. But here if he touched the earth, it was but to rebound with fresh strength. We had gone through our examination of the previous life of Mr. Disraeli in no spirit of malice or ridicule, but rather in a sincere admiration of the singular vigor of mind, perseverance, and self-control, which, within a very few years after this most signal failure, could have so strengthened, wrought, and toned exuberant and hitherto ill-disciplined powers, as to enable him to constitute himself the triumphant assailant of the most powerful and practised parliamentary champion of the day, and ultimately attain the leadership of the party which that champion had abandoned. It is not by hiding the early errors of eminent men that service is done to their reputation; it is rather the contrast presented by their later years that raises them in public estimation. When the superabundant heat and excitability of youth have passed away, the traces of such extravagances mark the native force of genius or character of which they were the evanescent ebullitions; and it is notorious that mankind feel even more respect for a maturity that

has resulted from the gradual expulsion of the fiery spirit of enterprise or self-display, than for that less questionable steadiness which is but the consolidation of mediocrity. Mr. Disraeli's past life will bear this test; and, even more than some of his contemporaries, he gains in the present aspect of his character by the contrast it affords to that past life; while, as even in his wildest escapades there was always manifested a noble daring, and aspirations only provocative of ridicule because unsupported by adequate powers, the confidence inspired by his later achievements ought not to be lessened by fears of a relapse. Mr. Disraeli has performed many foolish and bombastic feats, but he has never done a mean thing: his extravagances have always been on the chivalrous side: even in his exultation at the success of his attacks upon Sir Robert Peel, when others pursued that statesman with rancor in his retreat, Mr. Disraeli never forgot the courtesy and respect that are due to a fallen foe. From the hour of Sir Robert's resignation, his assailant, however bitter while the work was still to be done, never uttered one word in his disparagement.

Why do we dwell at all on the early follies of this parliamentary phoenix? Because they have a direct connection with the question of Mr. Disraeli's fitness for the post he now holds, and for its possible prospective responsibilities. If we are to believe that the whole opposition is a sham—that Mr. Disraeli is *not* the leader; that Sir Edward Bulwer, or Mr. Gladstone, or some other "coming man," is to supersede him; that he is merely used as a guerilla chief or a free lance, to be cast aside when the work of attack is finished, that he may make room for more legitimate commanders to march into possession under cover of his assault; if the man who has rallied his party from confusion—almost from despair—to lead them to the rout of the ministry, and the then momentary trusteeship of the nation; if, contrary to all the laws of parliamentary chivalry, Mr. Disraeli's legitimate pretensions are to be treated with contempt, and the whole vision of a Country Party and a successful Opposition is to vanish like a dissolving-view, why then we should be compelled to place Mr. Disraeli's Present on a footing with his Past, and wait for that Future, which a man of his powers and courage would inevitably prepare for such purblind cunning and perfidious folly. But as we see nothing in the mental, moral, or physical conformation of Mr. Disraeli that should put



him beyond the official any more than the parliamentary pale—as he has displayed more eloquence, more varied debating powers, more strategic skill, and has achieved more victories than any of his colleagues or competitors, we are compelled to adopt the belief, notwithstanding all that we read in print and hear in society to the contrary, that this successful party-leader and most subtle and brilliant debater is as eligible for high office as any other intellectual biped who may in former days have triumphantly fulfilled the ostensible and preliminary conditions. If, then, Mr. Disraeli, as Leader of the Opposition, is a reality and an entity, not a myth, it follows that, according to our opening theory, he becomes a prospective participator in the government of the country, and is invested with the present responsibilities of the man who leads on his troops to the destruction of existing powers and systems. Hence, the necessity of severely testing his principles and theories—of divining from his past pyrotechnics and his present nebulosities, some consistent political scheme, or some concrete policy.

Look back at the state of things in 1846. The first sentiment of the Tory party was one of indignation at what appeared to them rank treason to political ties and traditions. Their first policy was one of revenge; of which Lord George Bentinck supplied the moral, Mr Disraeli the mental agency; Lord George was its originator, Mr. Disraeli its instrument. We all know with what success these two champions of a surprised interest wreaked its natural vengeance on Sir Robert Peel. If they could not avert the storm, they at least overthrew the master who had raised it. Even then, the bond of cohesion among the representatives of the owners and occupiers of land was little better than mere hatred to a name; and the public had too much faith in the newly-inaugurated system, to suppose that any more philosophical or germinative principle could lurk behind so barbarous a standard. The parliamentary successes of Mr. Disraeli, brilliant although they had been, were not of a character to render him a favorite with any portion of the public, but those of a stern, staunch, and steadfast nature, who continually fed the flame of a retrospective animosity. Mr. Disraeli's own abstinence from any further attacks on the fallen minister withheld the stimulus even from this passion.

The sudden death of Lord George Bentinck produced, however, a total change in the position of the Tory, or Country Party.

Whether Mr. Disraeli seized on the leadership of that party, or whether he was elected to it,—whether, at first, he did or did not enjoy the confidence of those who were seemingly following his lead,—or whether, like another “adventurer” of our time, he first seized on it *vi et armis*, and afterwards obtained, by a sort of half-compulsory vote, the sanction of those whom he had taken by surprise,—these are questions which much agitated the public at the time, but which have now lost their interest. Still, their contemporaneous discussion, while it consolidated, in one sense, the position of Mr. Disraeli, by stripping it of its fabulous or mythical character, also tended to the spread of prejudices against that gentleman in the public mind. To a policy of mere revenge had naturally succeeded a blind impulse of mere reaction. “Deep-mouthed Boeotians” commenced a noisy agitation for a restoration of “protection to native industry;” they called aggregate meetings of the ultras and the discontented of all classes, and they organized associations with very big names and very little aims,—bodies whose threats were “all sound and fury, signifying nothing.” The same Boeotian orators, flushed with success, became pilgrims, apostles of the new reaction; they stirred up the agricultural mind in its clayey homes and fenny fastnesses; the whole island rang with the indignant growl of a responsive chorus. Every success of this kind was a new obstacle in the path of Mr. Disraeli. The new agitation tended to the planting of a fixed idea, and added to the difficulty of managing the unmanageable. The press used it as a means of annoyance to Mr. Disraeli, who was now made responsible for all the vagaries, all the statistical and economic blunders of his insubordinates; now threatened with deposition from his giddy and uncertain elevation, whither were to be raised the rampant Boeotians aforesaid. If a Nemesis had guided him to the destruction of the temporary ascendancy of Sir R. Peel, so now a like spirit of fatalistic justice dictated his own punishment, and the means thereof. The ridicule, the sneers, the sarcasms, the damnatory quizzing, that had formed his weapons, were now employed against him in his turn. Get flogged with scorpions, put your head in a hornet's nest, turn Turk and try to increase the degree by adding to the quantity of your marital happiness, or be the premier of a falling party,—do anything rather than provoke the attacks of the witty and malicious satirists who furnish the public with their diurnal

thoughts. Mr. Disraeli became the standing target of these gentlemen, who sought their weapons in a well-stored armory—in the extravagances of his past public life. Nor, in the divided state of his own party, did his as yet unrecognized claims obtain for him a timely support from their organs. Earnest, manly opposition he might have borne, as bringing with it an admission of his strength; but the harassing warfare of bush-fighting tactics taxed his utmost self-possession and courage. If the belief that he was born to be the leader of a party had not been strong within him, it would have been impossible that he could have withstood such assaults. The real strength of his tormentors lay in the absurdity of the idea (that is to say, in the public mind) that “protection” could ever be restored. Mr. Disraeli was not yet powerful enough to destroy this lever by a bold disavowal of any such intention; and thus, while, from motives of prudence, he remained silent, he was successfully saddled with all the ridicule attaching to the peripatetic Boeotian orators, the purblind red-tapists, and the mummy financiers of a by-gone and buried system. He was like the man with the Turned Head—obliged to look backwards when striving to go forwards.

The effect of all this quizzing was to implant in the public mind a notion of the utter absurdity of Mr. Disraeli's Leadership, retrospectively strengthened by the still greater absurdity of his ever obtaining office, or being entrusted with the conduct of any, even the most trifling, portion of the nation's affairs. The most muddle-headed relicts of squatting Toryism, men guiltless of an original idea, and who had passed their days in “utter respectability,” were preferred to the brilliant and successful debater, the subtle and ingenious tactician. Mr. Disraeli's reputation for extraordinary talent very nearly ruined him.

The session of 1849 opened for Mr. Disraeli, under these circumstances, with no very cheering prospects. A man less sublimely self-confident would have shrunk from a position so doubtful and a duty so dangerous. But Mr. Disraeli is gifted in a remarkable degree with the quality of perseverance. The greater the apparent obstacle, the more determined his resolve that it shall be overcome. If the public mind was prepossessed with the idea that a great interest, once the predominant one in the country, was so utterly destroyed as even to be unable to stipulate for any conditions, but must still lie prostrate at the feet of its successful foe—if the notion of a leader of such a party was,

as a matter of course, hailed with ridicule and contempt, whether that leader were a man distinguished in the literary and political world, or the inheritor of one of the highest and most ancient titles in the country—the only adequate antagonists of such impressions must be countervailing facts. When such a party, and such leaders, had risen up from their supposed bed of death, and struck a blow, then, and not till then, would the public begin to believe in their continued existence. Mr. Disraeli set about his work with a tact and skill worthy of the most honored parliamentary leaders, carefully avoiding to commit his party to any course of conduct for the sake of temporary triumph, which might necessitate subsequent retraction or tergiversation. The example of the fate of the last leader of a Tory Opposition was enough to warn off less powerful and popular chieftains from so dangerous a precedent. Mr. Disraeli laid his plan, and commenced his approaches, with much caution and prudence, and with a foresight which already presaged success. He saw in what lay the weakness of his party. He saw that the commercial policy of the country alone was not in question,—that his adversaries had gained their victory and maintained their ground, by associating with the name of Tory and landlord the imputation of sordid self-interest, and that, under the influence of this prejudice, the aristocracy were deprived of the advantage of the prescriptive claim which they derived from superior education and position. The first thing necessary was to destroy all foundation for such prejudices; for the rest, he might trust to the good sense of the British people.

And here, whatever result we may at last arrive at in this inquiry, let us do Mr. Disraeli the justice to say, that the tactique by which he managed his party in the Lower House, and ultimately regained for it a position which, in 1846, was supposed to have been lost for ever, was all his own; that it was promulgated, though cautiously and sparingly, amidst ridicule from opponents—even from friends; and that, whether it be wise or unwise, statesmanlike or charlatanic, sound or flimsy, successful or unsuccessful, to Mr. Disraeli is due the whole and sole merit, if there be any, of having persevered in it with all the courage and self-abandonment of one who leads a forlorn hope.

It was, however, in March, 1848, that Mr. Disraeli first opened on the “Manchester School” the battery which afterwards did so much execution in the ranks of their parlia-

mentary disciples. It was in a debate on the proposal to renew the Income Tax (on March 10th of that year) that he first taunted Messrs. Cobden and Bright with having created a permanent deficiency in the revenue by forcing the new commercial system on the country. It is observable that Mr. Disraeli had not even then got over that tendency to high-flown forms of rhetoric and mere mechanical antithesis which characterized his earlier speeches. The unfortunate failure of Mr. Cobden's "universal peace" prophecies, made but a few weeks before the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, furnished the champion of the Tories with an excellent theme for quizzing such millenarian statesmen. "You the representatives of Peace and Plenty!" he said. "Yes; Peace and Plenty amid a starving people, and with a world in arms." And then he demanded, where was the boasted "reciprocity" with which England was to have been met? A hit on the same subject in the same speech was peculiarly apposite at the time, because the exaggerated predictions of Mr. Cobden and his friends were recoiling on themselves, and injuring the cause which had been adopted by the nation. Another point in the same speech told well with the Whigs, as well as the Tories, and prepared for Mr. Disraeli much acrimonious attack on the part of the representatives of the manufacturing and trading interest. He reminded the House that the great cry of the Anti-Corn-Law agitators had been against "class legislation;" and yet they now, in their speeches both in and out of the House, boasted that the recent legislation had been fought for and won by the middle class. This allusion, although it seems of no great power now, happened to be very apposite at the time. The successful Tribune of the late popular movement had not yet subsided from the dictatorial position to which he had been elevated by the homage and eulogy of Sir Robert Peel. Although he had signally failed in his late prophecies, his prestige had not then quite departed from him; and he was furious at the boldness with which Mr. Disraeli, amidst the cheers of the House, assailed the very basis of his power and influence.

In June of the same year (1848) Mr. Disraeli also took a very prominent position in the debate on the proposed repeal of the Navigation Laws. He sought to elevate the subject above the dead level of ordinary Opposition oratory. The House had been wearied with dreary and unintelligible statistics, and dull, stereotyped prophecies of

national ruin. Mr. Disraeli touched a chord that vibrated with many who remembered the days of the elder orators, and even those when some now living giants in debate were young. Deploring the danger that our commercial marine would be impaired by the measure, he exclaimed that *he*, at least, would not incur the responsibility, by his vote, of endangering that empire, gained by so much valor, and guarded with so much vigilance—that empire, broader than both the Americas, and richer than the farthest Ind—which was foreshadowed in its infancy by the genius of a Blake, and consecrated in its culminating glory by the blood of a Nelson—the empire of the seas! The peroration to the speech in which this passage occurred was one of the most powerful Mr. Disraeli had yet delivered, and, although dashed a little with the bombastic vein of *Alroy*, it contributed much to raise him, not merely with his party, but with the House.

It was not, however, till the opening of the session of 1849 that Mr. Disraeli stood forward as the avowed leader of the Opposition. The fact seemed so strange and improbable, that men could not bring themselves to believe it. But there could be no mistake when Mr. Disraeli rose to move the amendment to the address, which he did in a singularly powerful speech, formed on the old parliamentary models. But a short time had passed since the death of Lord George Bentinck. Feelings of friendship, delicacy, and subordination had led Mr. Disraeli to act as the lieutenant of that noble lord, even while his insight told him that a mere policy of revenge or reaction could never be advantageous to his party. But with the assumption of the leadership, Mr. Disraeli adopted a bolder tone and a more practical policy. He was now, too, officially recognized by Lord John Russell as the accredited person with whom he, as Leader of the House, could make arrangements for the conduct of the public business. But Mr. Disraeli did not forget in his speech to pay a tribute to the memory of his departed friend. Alluding to Lord George's plans for promoting reproductive labor in Ireland, he recalled to the House "that the promoter of that policy was no longer among them. At a time when everything that was occurring vindicated his prescience, and demanded his energy, his party no longer had his sagacity to guide or his courage to sustain them. In the midst of parliamentary strife, that plume could soar no more round which they loved to rally. But he had left them the legacy of



heroes—the memory of his great name and the inspiration of his great example.” The hyperbolical tone of this rhetorical flourish will seem less incongruous with the prosaic nature of the subject, when we reflect that the chivalrous character of the deceased nobleman, and the painful circumstances attending his sudden death, had produced a wide-spread sympathy among the public, while by his own party Lord George had for some time been regarded with an almost romantic admiration.

In the same speech, Mr. Disraeli made a desperate onslaught on the Manchester School and their measures. He took occasion to lay the first stone of his new tactics by insisting on “reciprocity” as being “the first principle of tariffs.” “Reciprocity,” he maintained, “was the only principle on which a large and expansive system of commerce could be founded.” He denounced the existing system as wrong, because based on a different principle. “You go on fighting hostile tariffs,” he said, “with free imports—a course most injurious to the commerce of the country.” Thus far Mr. Disraeli by implication condemned the policy of “reaction,” contending, not for the restoration of “Protection” as a principle, but for what he conceived to be a measure of common justice and common sense, justified by the law of self-preservation. Mr. Cobden’s system of agitation was attacked with unsparing hand. Turning to his party, the new leader apostrophized them in words of comfort, which two years after were proved to be prophetic. “Let us not despair!” he exclaimed. “We have, notwithstanding all that has occurred—we have the inspiration of a great cause. We stand here, not only to uphold the throne but the empire; to vindicate the industrial privileges of the working classes, and the reconstruction of our colonial system; to uphold the Church, no longer assailed by masked batteries of appropriation clauses, but by unvisored foes;—we stand here to maintain freedom of election and the majesty of Parliament, against the Jacobin manoeuvres of the Lancashire clubs. These are stakes not likely to be lost. At any rate, I would sooner my tongue were palsied before I counselled the people of England to lower their tone. Yes; I would sooner quit this House for ever, than I would say to the people of England that they overrated their position. I leave these delicate intimations to the fervent patriotism of the gentlemen of the new school. For my part, I denounce their politics, and I defy their predictions;

but I do so because I have faith in the people of England, and in their genius, and in their destiny.” Here, it must be confessed, we have a kind of defiance to which our later politicians had not been accustomed. The agency called “public opinion” in this country is the safest guide for legislators when that opinion is legitimately expressed; but when it is manufactured by agitating demagogues, it ceases to be public opinion, and it loses its immunities. Mr. Disraeli denounced the spurious article when, complaining that ministers had too much yielded to what was called public opinion, he said that “Public opinion on the Continent had turned out to be the voice of secret societies; and public opinion in England was the clamor of organized clubs.” It is not here that we would test the truth of these assertions. Our task is confined to the fitness of such a course of leadership for the then exigencies of the Tory Opposition; because we are here only trying Mr. Disraeli’s claims, without involving ourselves in vexed political questions. In the language of these passages there is still something too much of the ambition of the rhetorician—too much of what we have called mechanical antithesis; but we must remember that the adventurous orator, from sentence to sentence, was spurred on by the exultant cheers of a party powerful in numbers, and still more in their new instinct of subordination; that a little hyperbole might be allowed, if only to mark a contrast to the bald commonplace with which the party had been regaled by their accustomed staff of orators; and that, on the other hand, the tone assumed for some time past by the chiefs of the late agitation had been sufficiently democratic (not, to say unconstitutional) to justify and demand that the ground of contest should be shifted from an alleged struggle for rents and “dear bread” to some principle more worthy the efforts of an ancient aristocracy. It is in this respect that we are led to concede to Mr. Disraeli the merit of having elevated the position of his party, and of having placed it above the range of the sneers of the smaller fry of antagonists.

Mr. Disraeli’s next movement was of a more practical character. Ridiculed, as a matter of course, by the self-sufficient *doctrinaires* who had possessed themselves of the public ear, and who appeared to act systematically on some *mot d’ordre*, it proved in the end a most formidable mode of attack. It was, indeed, remarkable how soon the flippancy of studied contempt was changed



into the insolence of apprehension, as Mr. Disraeli, who had hitherto been held up as only a flashy orator and meretricious adventurer, proceeded from step to step in developing his plan of campaign—a plan (it may be observed, *en passant*) by which he reduced the ministerial majority from 140 in 1849, to 14 in 1851.

Assuming that the Leader of an Opposition must be prepared, not only with the purely strategic policy which is to gain votes, but also with some distinct and sound propositions on which he may rest the claims of his party to legislate hereafter, it will be useful to examine the nature of the motion made by Mr. Disraeli on the 8th of March, 1849, which ultimately changed the attitude and prospects of parties. So long as “protection” and “dear bread” could be imputed to the Opposition as their party cries, they were sure to see a heavy majority arrayed against them: those views once abandoned, and a considerable portion of that majority lost the bond of cohesion. Upon some neutral ground, they might once more be appealed to as free agents. In this disposable portion of the House might be included a considerable number of county members and proprietors who were pledged to Free Trade, because they believed in the expansive power of British agriculture, and no inconsiderable portion of the independent Liberals, who were as little disposed to see the manufacturing class as the landed aristocracy in the ascendant. To these sections of the House Mr. Disraeli made a tacit appeal when demanding attention to the state of local taxation and of the burthens on land. Basing his case on his faith in the common sense and love of justice inherent in the British character, he claimed that the agriculturists, having been deprived by the late policy of the country of the protection they derived from import duties on grain, should be relieved from any and all burthens bearing exclusively on them, and for the imposition or retention of which that “protection” had been made the justification. It is not here that we would discuss the specific value of such a proposition, being only engaged in the inquiry so far as to determine whether its adoption strengthens Mr. Disraeli’s claims as a tactician and Party Leader. Mr. Disraeli’s case, true or false, was, that at present nearly the whole of the local taxation for national purposes fell upon the land, and that one-third of the revenue derived from the excise was unjustly levied on agricultural produce. The immediate effect of this claim on the

House was not very great; but it was at once admitted that the Opposition had now something to go upon more legitimate than hatred to a name, or a mere blind impulse of reaction. The speech in which the new proposition was enforced, like all recent ones from the same source, aimed at higher objects than those immediately avowed. His previous attacks on the manufacturing interest had aroused its chiefs, and they already began to look on Mr. Disraeli as an antagonist, although at present not a formidable one. He denounced all attempts to legislate for or by a class, (another step towards the good graces of the public,) and maintained that the prosperity of the entire nation depended upon the union and prosperity of all classes. Applying these views to the leaders of the Manchester party, he apostrophized them as having all in open chorus announced their object to be the monopoly of the commerce of the universe, and to make this country the workshop of the world. That system, and the system of the Tory party, were exactly contrary. The landed interest invited union. They believed that national prosperity could only be produced by the prosperity of all classes. But the Manchester school preferred to remain in isolated splendor and solitary magnificence. “But believe me,” he added, “I speak not as your enemy when I say, that it will be an exception to the principles which seem hitherto to have ruled society, if you can succeed in maintaining the success at which you aim, without the possession of that permanence and stability which the territorial principle alone can afford. Although you may for a moment flourish after their destruction—although your ports may be filled with shipping, your factories smoke on every plain, and your forges flame in every city, I see no reason why you should form an exception to that which the page of history has mournfully recorded; that you, too, should not fade like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palaces. But, united with the land, you will obtain that best and surest foundation upon which to build your enduring welfare; you will find in that interest a counsellor in all your troubles, in danger your undaunted champion, and in adversity your steady customer. I wish to see the agriculture, the commerce, and the manufactures of England, not adversaries, but co-mates and partners—and rivals only in the ardor of their patriotism and in the activity of their public spirit.” On July the 2d, of the same year, on a motion to consider the State of the Nation, he ob-

tained 156 votes against 296 given to the Government; and on the 20th of the same month, in speaking on Mr. Herries' motion for a fixed duty on foreign corn, he made a rattling onslaught on Mr. Cobden, in retorting upon him a recent charge, that his (Mr. Disraeli's) professions out of doors were inconsistent with those he made in Parliament. These pitched combats between the Tory leader and the chief of the Manchester school became now more frequent—a sure sign that the former was making way, and consolidating at the same time his own position and that of his party.

Thus, Mr. Disraeli had profited by his opportunities. His Leadership, however attained, was practically acquiesced in by at least 156 of his followers; he was recognized in his new capacity by the head of the Government, and he was attacked in it by Mr. Cobden. He had adroitly shifted the tactics of his party from an untenable to a tenable ground, and had made strides towards reconciling an estranged interest with the nation at large.

The session of 1850 was also one of advance for Mr. Disraeli. In the debate on the Address, he followed up the leading idea of his speech at the commencement of the previous session, but he developed it more boldly. The claim he set up for his party was embodied in the general demand for "Justice to the land of England,"—to the owners, to the occupiers, to the cultivators—to all persons dependent upon the land. It was now, too, that he attempted to turn the flank of the Manchester school, by adopting their principles, and making them serve his own purpose. Accepting one of the fundamental maxims of the politicians who profess to be guided by the principles of political economy—that the raw material of manufactures should be untaxed, he claimed for the land that it was the raw material of agriculture, and he demanded that this kind of raw material should be as free from taxation as any other. In the course of one of the most able speeches he had ever yet delivered, Mr. Disraeli proclaimed that, as far as his own convictions went, he still condemned the late change in our commercial policy. "A more perilous, and as he believed a more disastrous, experiment in politics never yet occurred." A bolder proposition still was that which followed, when he declared his conviction *that the land of England never did at any time depend for its fortune on any artificial law whatever.* In fact, by this time, Mr. Disraeli had acquired no inconsiderable

"hearing" in the House, while his own party surrendered themselves, as far as outward demonstrations went, entirely to his guidance. The cheers of the one, and the listening attitude of the other, tempted him sometimes to utter propositions a little too bold for an assembly whose members counted a slight knowledge of past and contemporary history among their legislative qualifications. Still, on the whole, there was moderation, tact, demonstrability, and "common sense" in the general principle he laid down. Above all, there was novelty and a semblance of logical fairness, in accepting the principles of antagonists and arguing from them.

This speech produced a very striking effect, out of doors as well as in the House itself. The immediate result of its ingenious theory and bold logic was, that Mr. Disraeli in less than three weeks after was able to rally 252 votes in favor of his motion for the relief of special agricultural burthens. The ministers obtained but 273; so that their majority, which the year before had been 140, was now reduced to 21.

Still, so strong is the prejudice of the English against new men, and so powerful was the influence of the antagonist faction, which had possession of the ablest and most widely-circulated organs of the press, that a result which would have been regarded as almost decisive of the fate of the ministry, had it been arrived at by a recognized pupil of party, or a leader who had labored with patient mediocrity through a quarter of a century of hourly compromise and inconsistency, produced no adequate effect at the time upon the surface of political affairs. The public looked on as if it were only a phantasmagoria got up for their amusement, and although they regarded the chief magician as a monstrously clever fellow, they still could not persuade themselves that his work was real. So true it is, that if you seize daily on the eye and ear of John Bull, you may make him believe anything—you may even lead him to forget his arithmetic.

Among thinking men and the chieftains of party, the effect was different. The newspapers more immediately inspired by the Conservative or Radical propitiators of the manufacturing interest, dropped their tone of insolent quizzing, and began in fearful earnest to make nine-pins of Mr. Disraeli's figures and principles. The public had been so accustomed to be led by the nose by these "statistic-choppers," that they were easily persuaded into the conviction, that however brilliant an orator or clever a tactician Mr.

Disraeli might be, he certainly did not understand the rule-of-three—that all his figures of arithmetic were utterly wrong, and his figures of speech mere will-o'-the-wisps to lure the Bæotian mind. As for the minority of 252, that was nothing at all—an accident, a stolen surprise, a capital joke; anything, in short, but a solemn recognition, by a large portion of the aristocratic and trading communities that they were tired of being dictated to by demagogues and their puppets, and were ready to think of restoring the balance that had been so violently disturbed. As for Lord John Russell, he saw at once the political significance of the result of the division. He sedulously went out of his way to treat Mr. Disraeli formally and officially as leader of the Opposition, thereby startling the complacency of the Grahams and Gladstones, and paving the way for a reinforcement of his strength by a future coalition with the displaced ministers. In the month of June, when the Tories and the Grahamites combined to attack Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell reproached Mr. Disraeli for having, although leader of the Opposition, permitted such a subject to be initiated by an independent member, (Mr. Roebuck;) and, on the 9th of July following, Mr. Disraeli received formal investiture in his office, by being called upon to second the address of condolence to the Duchess of Cambridge. Thus we find another session had still further advanced and consolidated the position of Mr. Disraeli; so much so, that it must be matter of wonder to any impartial person, how he could have failed to produce upon the public at large an impression in some degree corresponding to that which he had made within the House of Commons, and in the inner “ring” of the political world. The fact was, that John Bull’s ear was still possessed by his daily and weekly deputy-thinkers.

The opening of the session of 1851 brought the later tactics of the Opposition Leader to their climax. In the interval since the dissolution, he had addressed some public meetings, and impressed on the agriculturists the broad features of his party policy; he had made them understand, that as they could not ask for a return to “protection,” they might at least demand such a diminution of their local burthens as would enable them to produce more cheaply. In his speech on the 11th February, re-enforcing his propositions of the last two sessions, he distinctly declared that he had no idea of bringing back protection. He demanded that no gentleman would support him under the idea that his

motive was an attempt to bring back protection in disguise. *It was nothing of the kind.* He reminded the House that he had already declared that “in that Parliament” he would make no attempt to bring back “the abrogated” system of protection. These assurances, together with the doubtful position of the ministry on other grounds, procured for Mr. Disraeli 267 votes against 281 on the Government side; so that ministers were left in a majority of only 14. In 1849, they had defeated their new antagonist by a majority of 140.

It was quite obvious that matters could not go on thus. Yet, with an obliquity of purpose which can rarely be imputed to Lord John Russell, the minister declined to admit that he had sustained a legitimate defeat, in a fair contest, upon an intelligible proposition. The sole claim of the Whigs being that they were a Free-trade ministry, to have admitted that they were defeated by the party to whose blind hatred to Sir Robert Peel they had been indebted for office, would have been very seriously to complicate public affairs; more especially at a time when the Great Exhibition demanded as much tranquillity as possible. Ministers had a majority of 14 against “justice to agriculture,” but the insignificant fact made no impression on their minds; they had a majority of near 400 on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but found it so inadequate, that they resigned. Even John Bull, although carefully plied with fictions and fallacies by his deputy-thinkers, could not help seeing “which way the cat jumped.” He perceived that the Whig ministry had been ignominiously defeated by the Tory champion; and the “great fact” thenceforth settled in his mind.

Emboldened by these events, Mr. Disraeli, in the earlier portion of the late recess, pushed his outposts a little further. He felt that he could now appeal with more confidence to the agriculturists than when he was only sketching a policy, or “letting down” a party. He seemed to know that the duty of an Opposition Leader is to pull down, but only that he may hereafter build up; that party tactics may do very well for the assault, but that there must always be a positive policy in reserve. With the merits or demerits of this policy we have nothing to do, but much with its coherency and with its relation to its antecedents. Mr. Disraeli had formerly abjured “protection” as usually understood; but he had a sort of “little go” of his own, calculated to re-assure the agricultural mind. The vote of the House of Commons, in the



course of the past session, limiting the duration of the Income-tax to one year, furnished him with the groundwork of his scheme. He told the farmers that the question was not one of "protection," but of revenue, that the country would not go on paying Income-tax, unless it felt sure that the indirect taxation of the country would help to pay the national expenses,—that all they had to do was to claim such a reduction of burthens on land as would affect the revenue, and then the country would be compelled to assent to a low fixed duty on imports, in order to make up the deficiency. This, he told his audiences, would be a natural and legitimate "protection" to agriculture, without the odium attending a demand for dear bread. The most significant fact in connection with this new scheme was, that several of the most respectable of the Tory county members voluntarily offered their adhesion to the new policy, in speeches addressed to their constituents. With this we close our slight historical retrospect of the later doings of Mr. Disraeli. Now a few words on the questions asked in our opening sentences.

In an ordinary case, those questions would admit of an easy and immediate answer. It would be said, that on the death of Lord George Bentinck, the leadership of the then disjointed, dispirited, and despised "country party" devolved naturally on Mr. Disraeli, as the chief adviser, coadjutor, and agent of that noble Lord in his arduous task. It will be remembered that Mr. Disraeli outlived, not merely the legitimate opposition of antagonists, but the more dangerous rivalry of friends. He long struggled against the damaging pretensions of enemies in his own camp, till, at one time, it was supposed that the Tory party was to present the absurd spectacle of a body with three heads,—that, for the purpose of better attaining confusion and disunion, there were to be three leaders, with scarcely concealed differences of principles and tactics. At length, his admitted parliamentary talents, and the good sense of the mass of his followers, enabled him to overcome these domestic difficulties. After a long period of doubtful ascendancy, during which he was the butt of all the spare ridicule of the free-trade journalists, his leadership was admitted even by the malcontents, and from that time forth, the fortunes of his party began steadily to prosper.

The question of how Mr. Disraeli came to be the chief of his party in the Lower House may safely be left to be decided between him and them: as far as the public is concerned,

the proofs of his position are to be found in its official recognition by Lord John Russell, and in the acquiescence of the whole Tory party, officers and rank and file, who followed Mr. Disraeli into the lobby, to the number of 267, in February, 1851. That among a portion of the party there exists a jealousy—taking the form of a supercilious patronage—of a man who can be stigmatized by political enemies as an adventurer or a *parvenu*, is beyond a doubt; but such feelings are often found in the breasts of those who, being incapable and incompetent themselves, are forced to call to their aid men of intellect and ability. Such jealousy is the less noxious, because a natural instinct teaches its concealment, lest it be laid to the account of a base ingratitude. Upon the whole, we may regard the position of Mr. Disraeli as assured to him, by a right not often wielded in these days of nepotism and family compact—the right of conquest. For if ever there was a man who fought his way to the chief command in desperation, every inch of the ground he had to occupy disputed, that man is Mr. Disraeli. In 1837, hooted down as a bombastic enthusiast, nay, as almost a madman!—in 1851, elevated by his own perseverance and parliamentary ability, to the chieftainship of the most wealthy, powerful, and compact section of the aristocracy, and forcing the ministry of the day to resign!—to resign, after having been beaten in fair warfare on the intelligible proposition, that great injury having been inflicted on a class for the general good, the claims of that class to compensation and consideration should be entertained; the means of reparation to be supplied by a fair and full application of the same principles which had brought about the original deprivation. Putting party feeling on one side, and looking as impartial Englishmen on these facts, it seems impossible not to perceive that some systematic injustice has been done to Mr. Disraeli, if men who have done little or nothing are steadily exalted in the public estimation, while a man who has achieved so much has his pretensions pertinaciously ridiculed or gravely denied.

Then comes the question, by what right, beyond *de facto* possession, does Mr. Disraeli hold the position he has attained? A retrospect of the facts in the foregoing pages would seem to indicate that his claims are not inferior to those of most of his predecessors. He found his party staggering under the weight of popular odium, as the selfish claimants of special class privileges to the



detriment of the general interests. Fanatical rivals fostered deep-rooted prejudices and strengthened fixed ideas among the agriculturists, so that to all his protestations of more enlightened views, was opposed the fact that his party professed the old creed. If we look back to the history of the Tory Opposition, from 1832 to 1834, and again from 1835 to 1841, we shall see that Sir Robert Peel had the same main difficulty to contend against—a blind instinct of reaction; that he conquered it, as far as the question of Reform was concerned, but was compelled to yield obedience to its moving spirit in all that related to the commercial policy of the country. The chief merit of Mr. Disraeli's tactics would seem to be, that he has softened the obstinacy of these fixed ideas in the agricultural mind, by pointing out other channels than a return to "protection" for the sense of suffering which, rightly or wrongly, exists there. The most determined supporters of the existing system admit the *seeming* fairness of a proposition based upon an obvious principle of justice; whether the grievances on which it rests are real or imaginary, whether "justice to agriculture" is a mere party rallying-cry, or a great obligation which will some day have to be discharged, are questions into which we do not enter, our sole object being to determine whether, in adopting that general principle, Mr. Disraeli has or has not taken a ground on which he must have many supporters, and on which opponents will fight at a disadvantage; and therefore whether his tactics entitle him to praise as a Party Leader. Of this, the reader will have been able to judge.

Now, as to the "positive policy in reserve." We do not pretend to be in the secrets of the party, and therefore we do not know what are to be the hustings' cries. One point, however, is quite clear, that as far as the House of Commons is concerned, Mr. Disraeli stands pledged to try the great question mooted by his party, in the financial, rather than the political arena. Disclaiming all desire for protection, he demands that when the great question of taxation comes to be decided, the claims of the land to a release from undue burthens shall be considered. This, and the possible modification of the Income-tax, he contends, will reduce the revenue of the country to its normal condition, when, in place of a surplus, there will appear a deficiency. To meet that deficiency, low fixed duties must be imposed on articles coming from countries that have *not met our magnanimous policy of 1846 in*

a spirit of reciprocity more or less complete. Here is a distinct and specific proposition: we do not know that we are entitled to demand from a Party Leader an enunciation of views and principles on questions not yet mooted before the public.

As a parliamentary man, Mr. Disraeli has much advanced. To improve upon the sarcastic power with which he assailed Sir Robert Peel would have been impossible, but to have abstained in a great measure from the use of that disagreeable weapon is itself a sign of improvement. The responsibilities of his position have solidified the character of this once nebulous and comet-like crusader against the real, the prosaic, and the practical. Without knowing the fact, we should infer that Mr. Disraeli must have studied hard in branches of political knowledge the least inviting to a man of his soaring and imaginative spirit. At all events, he carries more ballast than heretofore, and the most accomplished of debaters, the most trained of statisticians and publicists, find him a doughty antagonist, even on their own chosen ground. It is astonishing with what aptitude the Vivian Grey of 1828 has developed into the sedate and somewhat formal statesman of 1852. At first, with the memory of his earlier, even of recent, follies still active, the notion of the author of *Alroy* and the *Revolutionary Epic* being the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and exercising a direct control over debates and the fate of parties, seemed absurd enough. But so did the ascendancy of other men of the day at their outset, though now it be acquiesced in with a religious respect. Mr. Disraeli has shown himself a tactician in more senses than one. His personal demeanor has been as well calculated as his political manœuvring; so much so, that it is not *within* the walls of the House of Commons that any doubt is entertained of his ability—ay, or even of his soundness. One only doubts whether the advance he has made has not been too rapid to be real; whether to a fortunate concurrence of accidents must not be attributed his parliamentary successes. That is a question into which we do not desire to enter; but, in justice to this very remarkable man, we feel bound to declare that his mental and moral development has kept pace with his political advancement; that he has matured the crudities and thrown off the vicious excrescences which formerly weakened and defaced his character; that his speeches are skilful amalgamations of the useful practical matter needed in parliamen-

tary debates, with the ornamental and graceful adjuncts which relieve discussion from dullness and dreariness; that personal display is subordinated to political duty; that pompous extravagances of imagery have vanished from his diction, and impossible party combinations from his political theories; that he no longer comes down on his contemporaries in the panoply of the middle ages with lance in rest, and some forgotten ensign for his war-cry, but is in the Commons and of the Commons, a steady-going, arithmetical, practical middle-aged gentleman of the nineteenth century, a working statesman, and, with all his brilliancy, at times a little prosaic. In fact, he is so thoroughly changed in these respects, that the old familiar style seems to have become utterly strange to him. He has paid such devotions at the altar of the practical, that his flights of rhetorical elo-

quence, although undoubtedly finer than those of any contemporary in the House, have in them something of the untrue. All that used to be bombast is so completely surrendered to the practical, that passages, instinct with a lofty spirit of truth, almost seem bombastic. In this way he makes involuntary atonement for the literary and political sins of his earlier career. If in this brief retrospect we have suggested considerations tending to throw the light of truth on Mr. Disraeli's real character and career, we shall not only have done an act of justice to an individual, but also have conferred a benefit on the public, by leading them to form a more correct judgment than that suggested by sneering and jealous rivals, of a man whose antecedents and present position point him out as likely hereafter to take a prominent part in public affairs.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE LATE JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER.

TURNER will not be duly estimated nor take the rank he merits under the present generation. He was too original, and ventured to think and act too independently for the middle level in art. To live in a mode foreign to the conventional ideas of the mass in any profession is heterodoxy to its brotherhood. His reserve, retiring habits, plain person, and absorption in the great pursuit of his life, made him the theme of many an ungenerous remark, and frequently subjected him to a sneer for closeness in money matters, with which envy was not always unmingled. While his eminence was partially admitted, his later attempts in art, far from being placed to the account of a great genius nobly endeavoring, became the burthen of attacks from raw newspaper critics and the petty fry of affected connoisseurs. Most of these gentry had been born since Turner executed his finest works, and had probably never beheld one of them. In proportion as this great artist trod in the footsteps of those who, above their contemporaries, built up a name for posterity and were less understood

by the multitude that surrounded them, was he less comprehended by every-day people and mediocre art-tasters.

But my present purpose is merely to commit to paper a few faint recollections of one whose works will do more to extend the fame of English art than those of any other artist have yet done. I became acquainted with Turner in 1812. In the following year he made a tour into Devonshire, where I happened to be. He was received with great attention by several discriminating friends of the fine arts. He wished to explore the scenery of the southwest of the county, and everything in the way of accommodation was afforded him. He was accompanied in his excursions by one or more friends at whose houses he had been hospitably received. Boats and conveyances were placed at his disposal. Many years afterwards he spoke to me in London of the reception he met with on this tour, in a strain that exhibited his possession of a mind not unsusceptible or forgetful of kindnesses. Among his entertainers some preceded him to the narrow

house, and foremost among them the late John Collier, then resident at Mount Tamar, and subsequently member of Parliament for Plymouth.

As the birthplace of Turner has recently appeared to some persons a matter of doubt, I may here observe that he was born at Barnstaple, and neither in Maiden-lane nor at South Molton, if his own words go for anything. The latter place, it is true, is but twelve miles from Barnstaple. We were sailing together in a boat on the St. Germain's river, near Ince Castle. I recollect it as well as if it occurred yesterday. Turner, Collier, and myself were the only persons present except the boatmen. I was remarking what a number of artists the west of England had produced, particularly Devon and Cornwall. I enumerated all I could remember, from Reynolds to Prout. When I had done, Turner said, "You may add me to the list; I am a Devonshire man." I demanded from what part of the county, and he replied, "Barnstaple." I have many times since repeated the incident to others who would insist that the artist was a Londoner. His father was of the same trade as the parent of the distinguished equity lawyer, Sugden, and came to London when Turner was young. I remember the little, plain, but not ill-made old man letting me into Turner's house, or rather gallery, in Queen Anne street more than once. He was not as stout nor as bluff-looking as his son, allowing for the difference in years. The son was rough, reserved, and austere in manner at the time to which I allude. In personal appearance he somewhat resembled the master of a merchantman. But the gold lay beneath the rough soil. The unprepossessing exterior, the natural reserve, the paucity of language, existed in combination with a powerful intellect, a reflective mind that lived within itself, and a faculty of vision that penetrated to the sources of nature's ever-varying aspects, and stored them in memory to a most extraordinary degree. His glance seemed to command in a moment all that was novel in scenery, however extensive, which he had never before encountered. He would only make a few outlines upon paper, scarcely intelligible to others. The next day or days after he would have the sketch filled up in oil upon mill-board, not much larger than a sheet of letter-paper, still confused to the unpractised eye. Yet in his finished pictures the details were given in a manner truly wonderful, so that it might be imagined he must have made other sketches, which was not the case, or else

that he executed them by some magical process. His views about Plymouth, seen in the engravings from his pictures, with the minutiae of which I am well acquainted, perfectly astounded me from their fidelity of detail, to say nothing of their wonderful effect; yet his sketches showed but little of the work. His observation of nature was so accurate, and he was so capable of reading its details and bearing them in memory, that it seemed a mental gift belonging to himself alone.

One day, an invitation was given me by two friends to run along the coast to Borough or Bur Island, in the corner of Bigbury Bay, within the Bolt-head. There was to be a winding up, for the season, of a fishing account. The invitation was to a regale of hot lobsters; the fish, just taken from the sea, were plunged into boiling water, and thus dressed served up. Turner was invited to be of the party. The coast scenery was just to his taste; he was an excellent sailor. Captain Nicols, a fine old weather-beaten tar—long gone to his account—owned a Dutch boat, a famous sea-going craft, with the usual outriggers. Turner, and an artist, named Demaria, Captain Nicols and a military officer in a new suit of scarlet, made four of the party, which numbered six in all. There was also a stout sailor boy to assist in managing the boat. The morning did not look very propitious; there was a heavy swell rolling into the sound, and the wind rising. The sea had that dirty, perturbed appearance which is sometimes the forerunner as well as the follower of a gale. We worked out into the sound, where the breakwater had been just commenced, keeping towards Penlee and Rame-head, to obtain an offing. As soon as we saw we were clear of the nearer headlands on the east, we got well off the land, and while still running to the eastward, the sea rose higher. Off Stoke's point it became very boisterous; but our boat mounted the ridges bravely. The seas in that part of the Channel, not broken so much as farther up, are generally a succession of regular furrows from the Atlantic. We had to run about fifteen miles. Turner looked on with most artistic watchfulness. When we were on the crest of a wave, he now and then articulated to myself—for we were sitting side by side—"That's fine!—fine!" Demaria was very ill, and art driven out of his head; the soldier was groaning and spoiling his scarlet coat, extended upon the rusty ballast in the bottom of the boat. Indeed he wanted to fling himself overboard, and would have done so, had he not been with-

held. Turner sat watching the waves and the headlands, "like Atlas, unremoved." When we were off the island, and saw the sea breaking upon it, there seemed no possibility of our landing, the line of white surf being connected and unbroken. There was a river called the Avon within the island, running up the main; we made towards it, and getting under the lee of the island, landed without much difficulty, with a little wetting. All this time I could see Turner silently glancing over the boisterous scene. The little island and solitary house or hut upon it, the bay in the bight of which they lay, and the Bolthead stretching darkly to seaward, against the precipitous rocky shore of which the sea broke furiously—all formed a striking scene, and Turner thought so. While the unfortunate shell-fish were preparing to be seethed, I missed Turner, and found him, with a pencil and small book, near the summit of the island. I observed, too, he was writing rather than drawing. The tumultuous waves boiling below were seen to great advantage from thence. I imagined he had observed something novel in their appearance, but this, whatever it might be, I did not comprehend. We soon sat down to our repast, to which the artist did ample justice. He was much attached to vulgar porter, and discarded wine, at least with dinner, although afterwards he would take his glass freely, as was much more the custom in those days than at present.

Evening approached, and Captain Nicols proposed to return. The sea had not gone down, and there was not much inclination shown by the landmen to tempt the passage back, which we knew must go far into the night. It would be necessary to work out into a stormy sea, in order to get an offing to make the sound. I proposed to Turner that we should walk to Kingsbridge and sleep, returning how we could, if the boat would not stay, there being something to be seen in that vicinity. The whole party were of the same opinion, but the gallant old tar, with whom we offered to return the next day if he would pursue the same plan, would not listen to it. We separated, which I thought we ought not, from good fellowship, to have done. The boat left without us, and was obliged to stretch out nearly to the Ed-dystone. It did not get into Plymouth until between four and five in the morning, through a sea so bad that some of the men-of-war in the sound dragged their anchors and fired guns in consequence. When I mentioned this afterwards to Turner, and my regret at

leaving the gallant old Captain, he replied, "We had the best of it; I would have gone, if it had been daylight." He did not enter into my ideas about our deficiency in good fellowship.

We rose at seven the next morning in Kingsbridge, and went before breakfast to see the house, at Dodbrook, in which Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar) was born. The artist made a sketch of it and of another house, a picturesque place not far distant. We had now more than twenty miles to travel home. A vehicle was provided, but we walked much of the way, for Turner was a good pedestrian, capable of roughing it in any mode the occasion might demand. When we came to the Lara passage, we met Lord Boringdon, (afterwards Earl of Morley,) who invited Turner, Demaria, and myself to Saltram, to dine and sleep, the following day. We went accordingly. In the morning we ascended the high ground in the park, whence there is a fine view. There is also some fine scenery near the eastern entrance, at the mouth of the Plym, and Turner made some sketches here.

Among the guests at Saltram was Madame Catalani, who sang some of her favorite airs. Zuccarelli's best paintings adorn this hospitable mansion, but I could not extract from Turner any opinion regarding them. In the billiard-room was Stubb's fine picture of "Phaeton and the horses of the sun," with which I remember the artist was much pleased, as, indeed, everybody must be; but it elicited no further remark than the monosyllable "fine." Turner on retiring to rest had to pass my bedroom door, and I remarked to him that its walls were covered with paintings by Angelica Kauffman—nymphs, and men like nymphs, as effeminate as possible. I directed his attention to them, and he wished me "Good night in your seraglio." There were very fine pictures in Saltram by the old masters, but they seemed to attract little of his attention, though they might have drawn more than I imagined, for it was not easy to judge from his manner what was passing in his mind.

On looking at some of the wonderful fancy-works of this artist painted a little subsequently, I perceived that several were composed of bits of scenery we had visited in company. He told me afterwards in London, that if I would look into his gallery, I should see a picture some of the features of which I could not fail to recognize. I went accordingly, and traced three distinct snatches of scenery on the river Tamar. It



was a beautiful work. Though I cannot recollect what name he gave it, I recognized a scene on that river which he told me on the spot he had never observed in nature before. I know that the headlands of Plymouth Sound closed the distance twelve miles off, and that the intervening objects were those to which he alluded. In his gallery at that time I first saw, too, his picture of "Hannibal crossing the Alps." Another picture, which was in the Exhibition, he told me was the fruit of our expeditions. I speak of his fancy compositions, for his pictures of existing scenery in the west cannot be mistaken; so faithful are they, so true to nature, and so deeply imbued with the magic of his genius. I was with Turner when he sketched Plymouth Sound, with part of Mount Edgecumbe; when he visited Trematon Castle, Saltash, the Wear Head, Calstock—in fact, all the views he made on the banks of that picturesque river, which have been since engraved.

We had one day reached the Wear Head of the Tamar, no great way below the Duke of Bedford's cottage at Endsleigh, when night came on. Turner was struck with admiration at the bridge above the Wear, which he declared altogether Italian. Our party consisted of four. To go down the river in the night was impracticable, on account of the chance of getting on shore upon the mud banks. There was an inn hard by at which beds could not be obtained; and some course must be resolved upon. We might walk to Tavistock, three or four miles off, but a vehicle which had come from Plymouth that day with two of our party, could do no more than carry two to the town. Turner said he would rather stay until the morning on the spot where we were debating the subject. He did not mind sitting up—would any one volunteer with him? The horse would come over fresh in the morning with those who might then leave: I volunteered. Our friends drove off, and the painter and myself soon adjourned to the miserable little inn. I proposed to "plank it," in the sailors' phrase—that is, to go to sleep on the floor; but some part of it was damp, and the whole well sanded, so that it was not a practicable couch, however hard. Turner said, before he considered any other matter, he must have some bread, cheese, and porter. Very good bread and cheese were produced, and the home-brewed suited Turner, who expatiated upon his success with a degree of excitement, which, with his usual dry, short *mode of expressing his feelings*, could hardly

be supposed. I pleased him further by inquiring whether bacon and eggs could be obtained; and getting an affirmative reply, we supped in clover, and sat until midnight in conversation. I found the artist could, when he pleased, make sound, pithy, though sometimes caustic remarks upon men and things with a fluency rarely heard from him. We talked much of the Academy, and he admitted that it was not all which it might be made in regard to art. The "clock that ticked against the wall" sounded twelve; I proposed to go to sleep. Turner leaned his elbow upon the table, and putting his feet upon a second chair, took a position sufficiently easy, and fell asleep. I laid myself at full length across three or four chairs, and soon followed his example.

Before six in the morning we rose, and went down towards the bridge. The air was balmy; the strong light between the hills, the dark umbrage, and the flashing water presented a beautiful early scene. Turner sketched the bridge, but appeared, from changing his position several times, as if he had tried more than one sketch, or could not please himself as to the best point. I saw that bridge and part of the scenery afterwards in a painting in his gallery. He had made several additions to the scenery near the bridge from his own imagination. The picture was poetical; and, if I remember rightly, he had introduced into it some of the fictitious characters of the heathen mythology. He had bathed it in the gorgeous glories of the southern sun, clothed it "in barbaric pearl and gold," in fact, enriched it with that indefinable attraction which true genius confers on all its works. In delineating ocean storm or calm, the effulgence of southern glory, or the chaste and highly decorated, but soberer scenery of his native land, Turner seemed to me then, as still, without a compeer. His sea-pieces far excel those of the higher Dutch masters. His pictures of Italy's sunny clime, her melancholy ruins, and the unsullied azure of her blue heaven, have received from Turner a charm which is scarcely to be found in any other painter. He was truly the poet of painting.

Turner said that he had never seen so many natural beauties in so limited an extent of country as he saw in the vicinity of Plymouth. Some of the scenes hardly appeared to belong to this island. Mount Edgecumbe particularly delighted him; and he visited it three or four times. I have now in my possession a pencil-sketch, of the roughest kind,

which he drew. It is from the side of that fairy spot which looks into Cawsand Bay. There is the end of the seat, over which projects a thatched roof, the table, the bottle of wine, and a full length of myself in the foreground—not the most flattering of his little-flattering impersonations. In the bay are several line-of-battle-ships at anchor. This, a mere scrawl, is as full a representation as he took of many scenes of which he made some of his finest pictures. His slender graphic memoranda induce me to think that he possessed the most extraordinary memory for treasuring up the details of what he saw in nature of any individual that ever existed, and that such outlines were to him what the few heads of a discourse would be to a person who carried them away with a good memory. Some have said that he was not conscious of his own superiority. I believe that he was; and enjoyed the reflection as much as a nature would permit that did not participate in common susceptibilities, nor build its satisfaction upon such pleasures as the common mind most esteems. His habits were of the simplest character; he had no relish for the tawdry displays that obtain so much conventional estimation. A splendid house and large establishment would have been an incumbrance rather than a luxury to Turner. His mind was set on higher objects. If he desired what every-day people estimate highest, it was at his command. He was called close and niggardly; but he had no desire to live and enjoy beyond the style of living and enjoying to which he was habituated. His mind lived in his art; he did not wish to appear other than he was. His wealth he had long determined to devote to a better purpose than giving *dilettanti* dinners, or assembling in a drawing-room the customary bevy of visitors that come and go to no good purpose, either as regards others or themselves. He was rather content to follow the path of most great men who have devoted themselves to a pursuit to which they have given their whole hearts. He did not fawn, as artists continually do, in the crowded rooms of men of rank and fortune for interested ends, while he did not shun an occasional intermixture in good society. His own time was too precious to be wasted as too many waste theirs. Turner felt that he bore, and desired still to bear, no surreptitious name in coteries, but to leave behind enduring renown as an artist. Concealed beneath his homely exterior there was much that was good and aspiring. Who with such ideas, humbly born as he was, so pre-eminent in

art, destitute of fluency in language, though always speaking to the point—who with such ideas has ever existed without being an object of attack from some quarter or other!

He was charged with being close in money matters. If he satisfied his simple personal wants, who has a right to call him niggardly when he preserved his wealth for a noble purpose? I denied to several artists who told stories of his love of money that his character was as they represented it. The most miserable of wretches is he who makes life a burthen in order to move in the track of other people's ideas. When I was out with Turner in Devonshire he paid his quota at the inns with cheerfulness; and some of our bills were rather higher in amount than bread and cheese would have incurred. Turner accommodated himself as well as any man I ever saw to the position of the moment.

I chanced to relate to one of his brother Academicians that I was of a party to whom Turner had given a pic-nic in Devonshire, but I was scarcely credited—it was impossible, and so on. Yet such was the fact. There were eight or nine of the party, including some ladies. We repaired to the heights of Mount Edgecumbe at the appointed hour. Turner, with an ample supply of cold meats, shell-fish, and wines, was there before us. In that delightful spot we spent the best part of a beautiful summer's day. Never was there more social pleasure partaken by any party in that English Eden. Turner was exceedingly agreeable for one whose language was more epigrammatic and terse than complimentary upon most occasions. He had come two or three miles with the man who bore his store of good things, and had been at work before our arrival. He showed the ladies some of his sketches in oil, which he had brought with him, perhaps to verify them. The wine circulated freely, and the remembrance was not obliterated from Turner's mind long years afterwards. My opinion is, that this great artist always understood the occasion, and was prepared to meet it as any other individual would do. At home he led the life he preferred; he was not calculated for any but his own pursuit, and in that he shone—he knew and felt it. When I see a deviation from the common track in such a man, I feel persuaded that it is the result of a preference or inclination that should be respected.

He had a great regard for his own fame. If he was a close and silent man, he had his predilections and biases. Persons of such a close temperament can only be well understood by collateral acts or accidental develop-

ments of their true character. Within two years of the decease of Campbell the poet, I met him in Cavendish-square. "I am coming," said he, "from your quondam acquaintance, Turner. I have just played him a trick." "What do you mean?" "Why," observed Campbell, "I had gone to a great expense for Turner's drawings to be engraved for my illustrated poems." (I forget the number he said, for each of which he had paid twenty-five guineas.) "I was also told not to mind the expense, the drawings would sell, being Turner's, for what I had paid for them, as soon as the engravings were finished. They could not be disposed of at anything like the price. It was said they were not in his best style,—in short, I thought I should be compelled to keep them. One day I saw Turner, and told him what had occurred, and that I had hoped to make something of them. I added, in joke, that I believed I should put them up to auction. Turner said, feeling annoyed, I suppose, at my remark, "Don't do that; let me have them." I sent them to him accordingly," said the poet, "and he has just paid me for them." I think Campbell said twenty guineas each, but I am not sure of the sum, my recollection failing me about the precise amount. I could not help saying, "Turner does this because he is tender of his reputation; he will not have them in the market." Campbell had just before been censured for lending his name to books written by other people, which struck me when I made the remark. The poet, however, was too joyous about his bargain to apply the remark to himself. I have since thought whether Turner did not do this with a desire to befriend Campbell. He was just the character to do such an act silently and bluntly. If those who accuse the great artist of an over-love of money object upon that score, I could recite instances of more extraordinary sacrifices from mere money-grubbers. If it was from a regard to his own fame, it establishes my position. The love of fame in these days is no longer what it was; as a motive it is little understood, be-

ing supplanted by that lust of gain which keeps art in a state of tame mediocrity. The Augustan age of literature or art is not that of merchandise.

There was a manly vigor about Turner, or what some would call a decision of character, which stood pre-eminent. He showed nothing of what the world calls nervous feeling. His touches on the canvas were firm, and never laid on doubtfully. We were standing outside the works on the lines at Plymouth, close under a battery of twenty-four pounders, which opened only three or four feet above our heads. I was startled with the shock, but Turner was unmoved. We were neither prepared for the concussion, but he showed none of the surprise which I betrayed, being as unmoved at the sudden noise and involvement in the smoke as if nothing had happened.

We visited Cothele together, where the furniture is of the date of the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. Turner did not seem much interested in the building; but with the woods and the views from some of the head-lands round which the river winds he was so much taken, that, following him with a gig, we could not return, and were obliged to take out the horse, and lift the vehicle over a hedge by main strength. In doing this, and getting upon the hedge, there burst upon the view a noble expanse of scenery, which we had not anticipated. Here the artist became busy at once, but only for a short time. He had taken all down that he desired in ten minutes. "Now," said he, "we shall see nothing finer than this if we stay till sun-down; because we can't, let us go home." It was the last visit we paid to the scenery of the Tamar together. We subsequently had a pic-nic on the romantic banks of the Plym, and visited the crags and precipices of Sheep's Tor together. This visit closed nearly three weeks, for the most part spent in similar rambles. It was during these that I imbibed higher ideas, not only of the artist, but of the man, than I had previously held, and still hold, now death has closed his shining career. CYRUS REDDING.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR GREASY.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πίεας ὡς αὐτὸς δαίμων βουλῆς πάντων γίγνεται· ἡ δὲ Ἱππολύτης αὐτῇ τῇ τοῦ συμβούλου διάνοειν δηλοῖ.—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona*.

Careat successibus opto  
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.  
OVID. *Heroid.*

### COLIGNI.

"The stern spirit of Coligni, ever the greatest after reverses, and unconquerable save by the darkest treachery."—HALLAM.

A STRIKING observation is made by M. Michelet, in his "*Précis d'Histoire Moderne*," on the coincidence between the great ethnological and the great theological divisions of modern Europe.\* Generally speaking, we find that the nations of Slavonic race, such as the Russian and modern Greek, adhere to the Greek church; and that the populations in which the Germanic element predominates (as it does in our own, in the Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and the nations of North Germany) have embraced the reformed doctrines; while the Roman Catholic faith has retained its ascendancy in the countries which are principally inhabited by descendants of the tribes that were fused together under Imperial Rome (for example, in Italy, Spain, France, and Southern Germany,) and also in Celtic countries, such as Ireland, beyond the boundary of the empire of the ancient Cæsars.

This classification is not without exceptions. The Poles, for instance, are Slavonic in race, but Roman Catholic in creed; while Celtic Wales is pre-eminently Protestant. Still the classification is to a great extent correct, and it is eminently suggestive; and, in a treatise of different description to that

of these biographical sketches, it might be worked out with interest and advantage.

There was, however, a time, when the doctrines of the Reformation seemed destined to achieve far ampler conquests over the dominion of Papal Rome than they have ultimately realized. France, in particular, at the commencement of the second half of the sixteenth century, appeared to be almost won over to Protestantism. The Huguenots (as the followers of the Reformed Faith in that country were termed) formed the most influential, if not the largest part of the population of many of the principal provinces, and of nearly all the provincial capitals; they were numerous in Paris; nor was there a single district or town in France, in which they had not obtained converts and power, before the war of 1562. Had Protestantism continued thus to advance, or even if it had but maintained the ground which it had won among the French, we cannot help believing that the same effects would have been produced on the constitutional position and career of that nation, which the success of the Reformation caused in other European states. The progress of civil liberty would have been simultaneous and coequal with enfranchisement from spiritual thralldom. No despotism, either royal or sacerdotal, could have been effected; and no revolutionary reactions, either of anarchy or of infidelity, would have followed. France, after three centuries of religious freedom, would, both socially and politically, be in a condition far different to that which we now contemplate with anxiety and regret.

The history of the Reformation in France is a mournful one; but it presents names to our notice which every good heart m<sup>t</sup>

\* "L'Europe s'est trouvée, depuis la Réforme divisée d'une manière qui coïncide avec la division des races. Les peuples de race Romaine sont restés Catholiques. Le Protestantisme domine chez ceux de la race Germanique, l'église Grecque chez les peuples Slaves."—Vol. ii. p. 162.



delight to honor; and foremost of these is the name of Gaspard de Coligni, the statesman, the soldier, and the saint; who long was the stoutest champion of the Protestant cause, and finally became the most glorious of its many martyrs. Unlike his comrade Condé, he was proof against the vicious blandishments of the enemy's court, as well as against the terrors of their camps. Familiar with defeat, he never learned despair. Hallam has well compared his indomitable energy to the

"Atrocem animam Catonis;"

but the Huguenot chief, while fully equal to the ancient Roman in probity, in self-reliance, and in unflinching fortitude, was far superior to him in comprehensiveness of judgment, and in fertility of resources; and, moreover, the affectionate gentleness which marked the private life of Coligni, contrasts favorably with the stoic coarseness by which the character of Cato was deformed.

The father of Coligni was head of an ancient and noble house, and was the seigneur of Châtillon-sur-Loin. At his death, in 1522, he left three sons, then of tender years, all of whom became eminent in French history, and all of whom embraced the Protestant doctrines, though trained up in the Romish church. The elder brother, who is known as the Cardinal de Châtillon, was raised to that high ecclesiastical dignity by Clement VII., in 1533. Chiefly through the influence which his younger brother exerted over him, he became a convert to the tenets of the Reformers in his middle age, and took part in the early scenes of the civil wars. After the reverse which his party sustained at the battle of St. Denys, he fled to England, where he died in 1571. The younger brother, Dandelot, was the first of the three who became a Protestant. He was a skilful and gallant soldier; and signalized himself repeatedly by his enterprise, his inexhaustible resources, and undaunted spirit, as a commander of the Huguenot forces from the first outbreak of the religious wars until his death soon after the battle of Jarnac, in 1569. Gaspard, the great Coligni, or the Admiral, (as he is often termed, from having held the titular office of Admiral of France,) was the middle one of the three brothers, and was born at Châtillon-sur-Loin, on the 16th of February, 1517. He served with distinction in the later wars of Francis I. against Spain; and with his brother Dandelot received knight-hood on the field of battle at Cerisoles. He

was afterwards raised to the important post of colonel-general of the French infantry, and in 1552 was nominated by Henry II. Admiral of France. He was taken prisoner at St. Quentin by the Spaniards, and underwent a long captivity in Spain before he regained his liberty by payment of a heavy ransom.

During the long hours of solitude and compulsory inaction which he passed in his Spanish prison, he meditated deeply and earnestly on religious subjects; and after his return to France, the conversation of his brother Dandelot, who had already joined the Huguenots, confirmed the bias to the Protestant doctrines which his own studies and deliberations had created. Coligni now resigned all his appointments and preferences, except the nominal rank of Admiral, and retired to his estates, where he passed his time in fervent devotion, and in the enjoyment of the calm happiness of domestic life. But the cry of suffering which rose from his fellow-Protestants, against whom the pernicious influence of the Princes of Lorraine in the French court kindled the fires of persecution throughout France, soon drew him from his blameless and cherished repose. He at first sought to provide for them a refuge from oppression, by founding colonies of French Protestants in America; but his projects proved unsuccessful: and as the tyranny of the violent party among the French Catholics grew more and more alarming, Coligni deemed that both honor and conscience required him to stand openly forward in behalf of his co-religionists.

No class of men ever were more long-suffering, or showed more unwillingness to rise in arms against their domestic tyrants, than the much calumniated Huguenots of France. When we read the hideous edicts\* that were promulgated against them, and which were not mere empty threats, but were carried into execution throughout the land with unrelenting and strenuous ferocity, we feel that if ever the right of self-defence can make an appeal to arms justifiable, it was so in their instance. Extermination or apostasy formed the only choice that their rulers offered them. Mackintosh, in his "History of the English Revolution of 1688," has truly termed the question of when subjects are justified in making war on their sovereign, "a tremendous problem." But the same admirable writer has bequeathed to us a full and lumin-

\* See in particular the Edict cited in Marsh's excellent "History of the Reformation in France," vol. i. p. 105.

ous code of the rules and principles of immutable morality, by which this awful issue must be tried,\* and no one who is familiar with these principles can hesitate in pronouncing that the war on the part of the French Huguenots was lawful and laudable before God and man.

Coligni is peculiarly free from the heavy imputation, which insurrectionary leaders incur, however great their provocation, who introduce the Appeal of Battle in civil controversy, and (to use the emphatic language of Milton) "let loose the sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore," before every other possible mode of obtaining protection from further enormous wrong has been attempted, and attempted in vain. He was wholly unconnected with the enterprise (known in French history as the conspiracy of Amboise) by which some of the Protestant chiefs designed to withdraw the young king, Francis II., forcibly from the influence of the Guises, and which may be considered the first overt act of insurrection. Not that Condé is to be condemned for that effort, but the admiral's exceeding loyalty is proved by his having kept aloof from it. Coligni continued to seek security for his co-religionists by peaceable means, for two years after that unsuccessful enterprise, from the savage reprisals of the Court upon its authors. He seemed at one time to be successful in his blameless exertions; and in the Assembly of Notables, held in January 1562, an edict was issued, called the "Edict of Pacification," giving a partial toleration of the Protestant creed, and suspending all penal proceedings on the ground of religion.

This was all that Coligni strove for. He said at the time to some of his adherents: "If we have our religion, what do we want more?" But, those who had made this concession, were treacherous as they were cruel, and the fair promise which France seemed to have acquired of tranquility was destined to be soon destroyed.

Two powerful parties were arrayed against the Huguenots, one of which consisted of their avowed and implacable enemies. This was headed by the Guises, with whom the Constable Montmorenci, and the Marechal St. André had been induced to enter into league. These men breathed the very spirit of the Inquisition against Protestantism in

any form; and were eager to play the part in France which Philip II. and his general, the Duke of Alva, were performing in the dominions of Spain. Less fanatically violent, but far more formidable, through its false show of moderation and favor, was the party of the Queen-mother, Catherine of Medicis. Catherine dreaded the power of the house of Guise; and was often glad to avail herself of the Protestant interest as a counterpoise against them. But though the jealousy which animated herself and her sons against the Princes of Lorraine was great, their hatred of the Huguenots was greater; and their occasional simulation of friendship enabled them to wreak it more malignantly and more completely.

They had sided with Coligni and Condé and the other Protestant chiefs in enacting the edict of pacification, and had thereby given a check to the power of the Duke of Guise and his confederates. But when their temporary purpose was served, the wise provisions of that edict were set at nought; the Protestants were again exposed to outrage and slaughter at the hands of their foes, nor could any redress be obtained from the royal tribunals. At length occurred the massacre of Vassy, where the armed followers of the Duke of Guise attacked a defenceless body of Protestants, while engaged in the services of their church, and slaughtered several hundreds of them under the eye of Guise, if not by his orders. Reeking from this carnage, the bands of the Lorraines entered Paris, where they were enthusiastically received by the fanatic populace, which was devoted to the Catholic cause.

Condé now left the capital, and summoned the Protestant nobility and gentry to rally round him in defence of their lives and their creed. Coligni long delayed joining him, and evinced a hesitation and a reluctance to embark in civil war, which emphatically attest the goodness, while they in no degree detract from the greatness of his character. His wife, who naturally thought that anxiety on her account aided in restraining him, exhorted him in words of more than Roman magnanimity to arm in defence of the thousand destined victims of Papist cruelty, who looked up to him for guidance and protection. Coligni urged on her and on the friends who thronged round him, the fearful risks of the enterprise, and his earnest desire to wait in patience for better times, and rest upon the public faith rather than justify persecution by having recourse to violence. Unconvinced and undaunted, the heroine renewed her en-

\* See the Eleventh Chapter of Mackintosh's work. That chapter is its author's masterpiece. It ought to be separately published; and become a manual of every historical student, and every practical politician.

treaties to the lingering hero. She told him that such prudence was not wisdom towards God. D'Aubigné professes to report this remarkable conversation from the lips of those who were present; and he states that she proceeded to urge on him these words :—

"God has bestowed on you the genius of a great captain—will you refuse the use of it to his children? You have confessed to the justice of their cause—is not the knightly sword you bear pledged to the defence of the oppressed? Sir, my heart bleeds for our slaughtered brethren—and their blood cries out to God and Heaven against you as the murderer of those whom you might have saved."

"Since," replied the Admiral, "the reasons which I have this evening alleged against an ineffectual resistance, have made so little impression upon your mind, lay your hand upon your heart and answer me this question. Could you, without murmuring against Providence and the husband to whom Heaven has united you, receive the news of a general defeat? Are you prepared to endure the opprobrium of your enemies—the reproaches of your friends—the treachery of partisans—the curses of the people—confiscation, flight, exile—the insolence of the English, the quarrels of the Germans—shame, nakedness, hunger—and, what is worse, to suffer all this in your children? Are you prepared to see your husband branded as a rebel and dragged to a scaffold; while your children, disgraced and ruined, are begging their bread at the hands of their enemies? I give you eight days to reflect upon it, and when you shall be well prepared for such reverses, I will be ready to set forward, and perish with you and our mutual friends."

"The eight days are already expired!" she cried. "Go, sir, where your duty calls you. Heaven will not give the victory to our enemies. In the name of God, I call upon you to resist no longer, but to save our brethren, or die in the attempt."

On the next morning Coligni was on horseback, with all his retainers round him: and, with a heavy heart but a clear conscience, he rode on his way to join Condé at Meaux, which was now, in the early spring of 1562, the headquarters of the insurgent Huguenots.

The high rank of the Prince of Condé, as well as his brilliant abilities and chivalrous courage, caused him to be acknowledged as chief of the Protestant party; but Coligni was looked on by friends and foes as the main

pillar of their cause; and it was he that gave organization to the volunteers who flocked around himself and the Prince, first at Meaux, and afterwards in greater numbers at Orleans, when towards the end of March they succeeded in occupying that important city, and making it a centre of operations for the Huguenot confederacy. Like Cromwell in after times, Coligni relied on the religious enthusiasm as well as the natural bravery of his troops. He exercised them by preaching and prayer as well as by drilling and manœuvring. He inspired them with his own spirit of austere devotion to their cause; and the Huguenot army was in its first campaigns as conspicuous for good order and morality as for valor; though by degrees it became tainted with the tendency to marauding and to brutal violence, which has ever characterized the French even beyond the soldiery of other nations.\*

The Roman Catholic party now sought support from Philip II. of Spain, from the Duke of Savoy, the Emperor and other foreign princes of their creed; and the Huguenots, to the deep regret of Coligni, were compelled to strengthen themselves by similar negotiations. The English Queen Elizabeth promised succours in men and money, on condition of Havre (which city, like most of the other strong places in Normandy, was devoted to the Protestant cause) being placed in her power as a security for repayment. The German Lutheran princes permitted a large auxiliary force of lansquenets and heavy-armed cavalry to be raised among their subjects in behalf of the French Protestants; and D'Andelot was dispatched into Germany to place himself at their head, and lead them across the Rhine; a difficult operation, which he accomplished with great skill, and joined his brothers and Condé at Pluviers, near Orleans, late in the year, and at a crisis when the fortunes of Protestant party appeared reduced to a very low ebb, as in the interval

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\* Coligni himself foresaw from the beginning, that the national character of his countrymen was incompatible with the long continuance of the saintly discipline which he had introduced. One of his captains, La Nove, tells us, after describing the conduct of the Huguenot troops at the beginning of the war, "Many were astonished at this fine order; and I remember my brother, M. de Teligny and myself, discoursing with M. l'Admiral, applauded it much. "It is a fine thing," said he, "*moyennant qu'elle dure*, but I fear this people will soon be tired of their virtue, *de jeune hermite, vieux diable*. I know the French infantry well, and if the proverb fail, *nous ferons la croix à la cheminée*." We laughed then, but experience showed he was prophetic."



which had elapsed since the commencement of the war, though there had been no engagement between the main armies, the Royalists had gained numerous advantages, and had captured many towns, both in the South and in Normandy, which had originally declared for the insurgents.

Coligni and Condé with their own troops and their German allies now (December 1562) marched upon Paris; but finding it hopeless to attempt the storm or siege of the capital, they led their army towards Normandy, desiring to form a junction with the English troops at Havre. The Royal forces commanded nominally by the Constable Montmorenci and the Maréchal de St. André, but in which the Duke of Guise was also present, marched for some days on their flank, till the two armies came into collision on the 19th of December at Dreux, where the first battle of the civil wars was fought. In this action, after many vicissitudes of fortune, the Duke of Guise secured the victory for the Roman Catholics; and Condé was taken prisoner. Coligni led the remains of the Protestant army back to Orleans; whither the Duke de Guise, at the head of a largely recruited army, flushed by their recent victory, soon advanced, with the intention of crushing insurrection and Protestantism, by the capture and destruction of their stronghold.

Coligni's situation now seemed desperate. His German mercenaries in arrear of pay, threatened to desert him; the funds which he had been able to collect for the conduct of the war were exhausted; and he was utterly unable to encounter the numerous and well-appointed forces of Guise. In this emergency he formed the bold plan of leaving his brother, D'Andelot, with the bulk of the infantry to defend Orleans, while he himself led the cavalry and a few companies of foot again to Normandy, and again attempted to avail himself of the English supplies of money and troops. In spite of the mutinous murmurings of the German reisters, in spite of the attempts which the Roman Catholic commanders made to intercept him, Coligni executed his daring scheme. Havre was reached. The English subsidies were secured, and the rich and powerful city of Caen voluntarily placed itself in Coligni's power. Meanwhile Orleans had been well defended by D'Andelot; and the great chief of the Roman Catholics, the Duke of Guise, had died by the hand of an assassin. Some attempts were made to implicate Coligni in the guilt of this murder, but the Admiral indignantly denied the charge; nor is there

any ground for believing him to have had the least cognizance of Poltrot's crime.

The death of Guise made a temporary pacification easy; and the edict of Amboise on the 19th of March, 1563, by which a narrow and restricted permission for the exercise of the Protestant religion was allowed, closed the first war.

This peace on the part of the Royalists was only a hollow and a treacherous truce. Fresh communications with Philip II. were opened; and an interview took place in 1564 at Bayonne, between Catherine, her son Charles IX., and the Duke of Alva, a most worthy representative of the gloomy bigot who filled the Spanish throne. There is every reason to believe that at that meeting the destruction of the Protestants by craft or by force was concerted. The treaty of Amboise was now openly and repeatedly violated by the fanatic party of the French Roman Catholics; and the Huguenots were again driven to take up arms in self-defence. Condé and Coligni advanced upon Paris, and fought on the 10th of November, 1567, the sanguinary battle of St. Denis against the royalist forces. The Huguenots were beaten, but Coligni rallied them, and marching towards the Meuse, effected a junction with fresh bands of German auxiliaries. The war now raged with redoubled horror in every district of France. Alarmed at the strength of the Huguenot army, Catherine tried and successfully exerted her power of persuasion and deceit over Condé, and a second faithless peace, called the treaty of Longjumeau, was concluded; but when the Huguenot forces were disbanded, and their German auxiliaries dismissed, the royalists renewed the war.

In 1569, the indiscreet spirit of Condé brought the Protestants into action at Jarnac, under heavy disadvantages against the flower of the Catholic army. Condé was killed in the battle, and a large part of his forces routed with heavy slaughter; but Coligni was again the Ajax of the cause, covered the retreat, and reorganized the fugitives for fresh exertions. But the waves of calamity were not yet spent. The hostile armies met again at Moncontour, and the Protestants sustained the most complete and murderous overthrow, that had been dealt to them throughout the war. Coligni's brother, the gallant D'Andelot, was mortally wounded in this disastrous field; many of his staunchest friends had fallen; many abandoned him; and he found himself a fugitive, with only a few bands of mutineers around him, the wreck of that gallant army that he had lately led.



But it was in this depth of gloom that the true heroic lustre of his soul was seen. Fearless himself of what man could do unto him, he calmed the panic of his followers, and inspired them with his own energy. He who has innate strength to stand amid the storm, will soon find others flock around, and fortify him while they seek support for themselves. When it was known that Coligni's banner still was flying, the Protestants of France and Eastern Germany, who at first had been stunned by the report of Montcontour, thronged to him as to a strong tower in the midst of trouble. While the Royalists were exulting at the fancied annihilation of their foe, they suddenly learnt that Coligni was approaching the capital, at the head of the largest army that the Huguenots had yet sent into the field. Again the device of a treacherous pacification was attempted, and again it prevailed. Coligni was warned of the personal danger that he incurred, by trusting the faith of a Medici and a Guise; but he replied that he would rather lay down his life, than see France continue the victim of the woes of civil war.

The treaty of St. Germain's was signed on the 8th of August, 1570; and on the 24th of August, 1572, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew attested with what worse than Punic faith the crowned conspirators of the French Court had planned it. In the interval, the most detestable and elaborate hypocrisy was employed to lull the suspicions of the Huguenot chiefs, and to bring them defenceless into the power of their enemies. At last in the summer of 1572, they were collected in Paris, under the pretence of being the honored guests of the French king, at the nuptials of his sister with Henry of Navarre. An attempt was made on the life of Coligni by an assassin, in which the Admiral was severely wounded. The king and his courtiers affected this utmost indignation at this crime, and the warmest sympathy with the suffering

veteran. But in the early dawn of the day appointed for the most un-Christian carnage that ever defiled the earth, a party of murderers, headed by the young Duke of Guise himself, broke open the doors of the house where Coligni lay, and Besme, one of the Duke's domestics, entered with a drawn sword, into the room where the Admiral was sitting in an arm-chair.

"Young man," said he undisturbed, "you ought to respect my grey hairs; but do as you please, you can only shorten my life a few days."

Besme thrust him through in many places, and then threw his body, still breathing, out of the window into the court, where it fell at the feet of the Duke of Guise. The minions of the Louvre, and the slaves of the Vatican and Escorial flocked around in hideous glee, to insult the lifeless form of him, before whom they had so long quailed and trembled. They gibbeted their own infamy in vainly seeking to dishonor the illustrious dead. His memory is at once the glory and the shame of France: and the very land of the St. Bartholomew is, to some extent, hallowed in Protestant eyes, by having been the birth-place of Coligni, and the scene of his heroic career.

I do not pause to describe the tardy homage which his countrymen afterwards paid to name and relics of the fallen great. Those obsequies and panegyrics may be looked on as some small expiation for the national guilt of France; but Coligni needed them not—

Ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τᾶφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ σημαίνει ἐπιγραφὴ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἄγραφος μνήμη παρ' ἐκάστῳ τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδισαῖσται.\*

\* From the speech of Pericles over the Athenians who were killed in battle in the first year of the Peloponnesian War; reported in the second book of Thucydides, section 43.

THE LYTTTELTON LETTERS.—A Correspondent writes to us as follows:—"Mr. Robert Cole, known to antiquaries by his "curious" collections, and his willingness to allow them to be seen for any literary or antiquarian purpose, informs me by letter that he possesses a list of Dr. Combe's works in Combe's own handwriting, and that the Lyttelton Letters are included in his list. Combe was

a great manufacturer in his time; being the author as well of "Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza" as of "Letters of an Italian Nun to an English Gentleman." There can be no doubt that the Lyttelton Letters were the work of Combe,—though Combe's veracity has been called in question by those who knew him."—*Athenæum*.

From the British Quarterly Review.

## THE BRITISH NEWSPAPER PRESS.\*

AMIDST all that deluge of blue books which the Parliamentary press is continually pouring forth, to the great horror of Colonel Sibthorp and his friends, there has seldom appeared one possessing such claims to public notice as the Report from the Select Committee on Newspapers, with the accompanying evidence, small as the acceptance of these documents has been among the daily papers. The committee, as will be remembered, was appointed last April, on the motion of Mr. Milner Gibson, "to inquire into the present state and operation of the law relating to newspaper stamps, and also into the law and regulations relative to the transmission of newspaper and other publications by 'post.'" It consisted of the following members:—Sir William Molesworth, Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, Sir Joshua Walmsley, Colonel Mure, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Tuffnell, Mr. Ker Seymer, Mr. Rich, Mr. Stafford, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Mr. Shalfro Adair, and Mr. Sotheron; but as neither Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Ker Seymer, nor Colonel Mure, appear to have attended any of the meetings of committee, their names may as well be struck off the list. Those who attended most punctually were—Mr. Milner Gibson, chairman of the committee, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Ewart, and Sir Joshua Walmsley. The principal witnesses examined were Mr. Joseph Timm, solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue; Mr. T. Keogh, assistant secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue; Mr. Rowland Hill, secretary to the Post-master General; Mr. R. Parkhurst, senior clerk in the secretary's office of the Post Office; Mr. Bokenham, superintending president of the Inland Post Office; Mr. W. E. Hickson, late editor of the *Westminster Review*; Mr. Mowbray Morris, manager of the *Times*; Mr. F. K. Hunt, editor of the *Daily News*; Mr. John

Cassell, newspaper publisher and proprietor; Mr. Alexander Russell, editor of the *Scotsman*; Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*; Mr. W. H. Smith, newspaper agent, London; Mr. Abel Heywood, newspaper agent, Manchester; Mr. Whitty, editor and proprietor of the *Liverpool Journal*; Mr. C. D. Collett, secretary to the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Society; Mr. T. Hogg, secretary to the Lancashire and Cheshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions; the Reverend Thomas Spencer; and Mr. Henry Cole. Most of these witnesses were examined at considerable length, and as the greater number of them were thoroughly conversant with the newspaper trade, their evidence contains a large mass of interesting information on the subject, from which many valuable deductions may be obtained.

The committee commenced its labors by subjecting the two official representatives of the Board of Inland Revenue to a rather severe examination, with a view to ascertain their opinion of what the law for regulating the publication of newspapers actually is. On this point Mr. Timm, solicitor to the Board, was quite as explicit as any lawyer could be upon so complicated a question. First of all, he stated that any person who prints a paper liable to stamp duty as a newspaper, on unstamped paper, incurs a penalty of 20*l.* for every copy thus published. This seems very plain at first sight, but then comes the puzzling question as to what constitutes liability to pay the penny stamp duty. Mr. Timm is utterly unable to see any difficulty in the case. The practice of the Board has always been to consider "any paper containing public news, intelligence, or other occurrences, printed in any part of the United Kingdom, to be dispersed and made public, as liable to stamp duty." Now, although we must admit that this is a very comprehensive definition of what is to be considered a newspaper, it is very far from being precise. It turns out also that the Board has not had quite so much confidence in the clause as

\* The interesting facts of the above article are from a long discussion on the repeal of the stamp duty, which is of too local a character for an entire insertion. The article is from the pen of Edward Barnes, Esq., editor of the *Leeds Mercury*.—Ed.

apply it without discrimination. Many publications containing a considerable quantity of news are not deemed liable to the duty, although published weekly; while humbler periodicals not containing news, and published only once a month, have been put down by the arbitrary mandate of the Board, which thus usurps the odious un-English character of a literary censorship. The *Athenæum*, the *Builder*, the *Legal Observer*, the *Architect*, and some forty or fifty other weekly papers of a mixed character, are all at liberty to publish without the stamp duty; while cheap periodicals, though only published once in four weeks, and with much less resemblance to newspapers, have been given up, in consequence of a threatened prosecution by the Stamp Office authorities. It is so far satisfactory, however, that, since the Committee terminated its labors, the highest legal authority has given its decision against that overstrained interpretation of the law by which the Board of Inland Revenue has attempted to put down cheap monthly publications. The case of "The Attorney General v. Bradbury and Evans," for the publication of the *Household Narrative*, in defiance of the Board, was pending at the time of Mr. Timm's examination before the committee, and various questions were put to him regarding the strange delay which had occurred in bringing it to a decision. It appears that the Board, although always exceedingly prompt to hang the terrors of the stamp laws over the head of any poor delinquent who is not likely to contest their usurped authority, was somewhat chary of meddling with a respectable firm. It is now nearly two years since Mr. Timm wrote his first letter to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, warning them against the continuance of the *Household Narrative* without a stamp; and yet the case, which ultimately went before the Court of Exchequer, was allowed to hang over, on one excuse after another, till the beginning of last December. The important decision was given by Sir Frederick Pollock, who, in delivering judgment, admitted that the question was not free from doubt, but the benefit of the doubt was very properly given to the defendant. His opinion was summed up as follows—

"Looking at the whole course of the statutes on this subject, I think it has been considered by the legislature that a certain infrequency of publication gives to a publication the character of a chronicle or history, and not that of a newspaper; and however it may afford useful information, as it is not likely to compete successfully with the

daily or weekly papers, it has not been rendered liable to the stamp duty. An interval of more than twenty-six days is what I think the legislature has fixed as the criterion. If the interval be twenty-six days or less, it is a newspaper, if it is more it is a chronicle or history: and the whole question turns on the distinction between news and history."

This decision settles the question as to the legality of publishing unstamped monthly papers, containing news and interesting events, and it may also be considered as involving a condemnation of the Board of Inland Revenue, for the arbitrary manner in which they have interpreted the law during the last two or three years. Mr. Cobden referred to several monthly papers which had been suppressed within that period by a threat of prosecution.

"I will mention the case of Mr. Bucknall, of Stroud, who published the *Stroud Free Press*, of which he sold 1700 copies monthly, and that paper, was dropped. There was another paper, called the *Norwich Reformer's Gazette*, that was published monthly, under the belief that as it was at so long an interval it was not a newspaper. You threatened the publisher with a prosecution, and he being in a small way of business and in humble circumstances, discontinued the paper immediately. There were one or two papers published in Welsh which were discontinued in the same way. A mere letter from you frightened these poor people into submission, and they dropped their papers, saying that they had acted under the belief that the newspaper was not a newspaper if published monthly. They had purchased type, had made arrangements for reporting, and advertised their newspaper, and it was stopped because it was still a newspaper by your interpretation of the law, although published monthly."

Mr. Rich, who, as one of the two representatives of the insignificant town, or rather village, of Richmond, must naturally be in favor of things as they are, expresses himself strongly against any change in the law regarding newspapers. In a draft report which he presented to the committee, he remarked that "generally the demand, unless strongly checked, governs the supply. In the present healthy state of the periodical press, and of public opinion in respect to it, there are no signs of an obstructed demand. The press seems fully to supply the demand which education creates; and there is much plain good sense in the observation of Mr. Greeley, the publisher of the *New York Tribune*, that the schools create a demand for newspapers, rather than that newspapers create a demand for reading." Now it hap-

pens that the evidence of Mr. Horace Greeley, so far from bearing any such meaning as the one which Mr. Rich has given, told strongly in favor of cheap newspapers as tending to promote popular education. Mr. Greeley, who is editor and proprietor of one of the most widely-circulated journals in America, gave some interesting evidence regarding the newspaper press of the United States, from which we learn that, besides the *Tribune*, with an average circulation of 19,000, there are 14 other daily papers published in New York. He estimates the entire daily aggregate issue of those 15 papers at 180,000, two-fifths of which are sent into the country, leaving 78,000 for the town circulation, or rather more than one copy to every ten inhabitants in New York. What a difference from the state of things in this country! From the stamp returns given in the Appendix to the Report of the Select Committee, it appears that the aggregate issue of the ten daily newspapers published in London, for a population of more than three times that of New York, is only about 65,000, of which it is estimated that only one-third is retained for the town circulation, giving rather less than one copy to every hundred inhabitants. In America, where the working classes are all well educated, nearly every mechanic takes a daily paper. In England a large portion of the laboring classes cannot read; and of those who can, it is only a small number who can afford even a weekly newspaper. Mr. Rich wished the Committee to agree to his proposition, that the limited circulation of newspapers in England, compared with the United States, is owing to the want of education among the working classes in this country; but after hearing Mr. Greeley's opinion on that subject, they could hardly be expected to stultify themselves so completely as to embody such an untruth in their report. The following evidence of Mr. Greeley regarding the influence which cheap newspapers have in promoting a taste for reading—the foundation of all intellectual progress—will be read with much interest by the friends of education:—

"*Chairman.* Your extensive circulation of those cheap newspapers is based, to some extent, upon the fact that your whole population can read?—

*Mr. Greeley.* Yes.

"Do not you consider that newspaper reading is calculated to keep up a habit of reading?—I think it is worth all the schools in the country. I think it creates a taste for reading in every child's mind, and it increases his interest in his lessons. He is attracted to study from the habit

of always seeing a newspaper, and hearing it read.

"Supposing that you had your schools as now, but that your newspaper press were reduced within the limits of the press in England, do not you think that the habit of reading acquired at school would be frequently laid aside?—I think that the habit would not be acquired, and that reading would often fall into disuse.

"*Mr. Rich.* Does not the habit of reading create a demand for newspapers, rather than the supply of newspapers create a habit of reading?—I should rather say that the capacity that is obtained in the schools creates a demand for newspapers.

"The greater number of persons who read in the United States accounts for the greater number of newspapers that are published, does it not?—There is no class in the Free States who do not know how to read, except the immigrant class.

"But in proportion to the number of persons who can read will be the number of papers supplied?—Yes.

"*Chairman.* But the means of obtaining cheap newspapers enables people to keep up their reading, does it not?—Yes.

"*Mr. Ewart.* Must not the contents of a newspaper have a great effect upon the character of the population, and give a more practical turn to their minds?—I should think the difference would be very great between a population, first educated in schools and then acquiring the habit of reading journals, and an uneducated non-reading population.

"If a man is taught to read first, and afterwards applies his mind to the reading of newspapers, would not his knowledge assume a much more practical form than if that man read anything else?—Every man must be practical. I think that the capacity to invent or improve a machine, for instance, is very greatly aided by newspaper reading, by the education afforded by newspapers."

The whole of this evidence is amply corroborated by that of other witnesses, who, in describing the condition of our rural population, say they have always found that the most effectual thing to awaken a desire to learn to read, and keep up the habit of reading, is a local newspaper. Mr. Hickson, late editor of the *Westminster Review*, who has had excellent opportunities of studying the condition of the working classes, and who has paid much attention to the subject of education, says he has been frequently struck with the effect of newspapers in reference to the mere elementary art of reading. Boys who have attended the National and British Schools, where they were taught apparently to read, are often found afterwards to have lost all the knowledge they had acquired at school, so as not even to be able to read,



simply from having nothing within their reach which could create a taste for reading:— “All the knowledge acquired at school was just to spell painfully through a chapter of the New Testament, and nothing had been afterwards put into their hands that had sufficient novelty to induce them to keep up the habit of reading, till they had overcome the mechanical difficulty, and found a pleasure in the art.” How very different this from the state of things in America, where, as Mr. Greeley remarks, “the child is attracted to study from the habit of always seeing a newspaper, and hearing it read.”

It is more than thirty years since the *Times* first claimed for itself the ambitious title of the “leading journal of Europe,” and, with the exception of a violent, short-lived protest, now and then, against its right to any such distinction, the public has long ago acquiesced in its ambitious claim. Of late years the overwhelming superiority it has gained in circulation over all the other daily papers, partly by its advertisements, and, not less probably, by its liberal expenditure on literary talent and news, has led to the belief that its high position among newspapers is a thing of much older date than it really is. As a first-class newspaper, the *Morning Chronicle*, under Mr. Perry, who held the office of editor for forty years of the most brilliant period of its history, and under Mr. John Black, who succeeded him, bore a far higher character for genius and talent than the *Times* has ever done. But Mr. Black, although his masterly articles on politics and social life have never been surpassed in newspaper literature, was unfortunately not the proprietor and manager of the paper, as his predecessor had been. Mr. Perry was a man whose sound political principles, not less than his tact and talents, combined to give the *Morning Chronicle* that high character, as the organ of the liberal party, which it preserved for so many years, even after his death. But the proprietors who succeeded him cared for nothing but their dividends, or the personal influence which the command of so powerful an organ of public opinion might give them with the ministry of the day. Hence the success of Mr. Walter, chief proprietor and manager of the *Times*, the great object of whose long life had been to place that journal at the head of the metropolitan press, a task which he would never have accomplished had Mr. Perry been succeeded in the proprietorship and management of the *Chronicle* by a man of such rare editorial talent, unflagging in-

dustry, and political honesty as he himself possessed. When he died, the copyright of the *Chronicle* was sold for £30,000, but the purchaser was not one who knew how to make a newspaper successful. For several years it languished in circulation, having fallen at one time to little more than 2,000. Soon after the passing of the Reform Bill it was purchased by Mr. John Easthope, a stock-broker, for £17,000; and a large sum was expended for several years, with considerable success, in the attempt to raise it to its former position. But the old spirit had vanished from its columns. The Whigs were in office, and the *Chronicle* stuck to its old friends with much more fidelity than they deserved, or than its readers could tolerate. It is true that Mr. Black still continued editor, but of what avail was his political consistency so long as a power behind the editorial chair, greater than the editor himself, was able to give the tone to the general politics of the paper? Had it been at that time under the management of a wise and liberal proprietary, of men to whom the control of a great political organ would have seemed a much greater thing than a paltry baronetcy, or a third-rate government appointment, the *Morning Chronicle* might now have been a much more influential newspaper than the *Times*, and little if at all inferior even in circulation. During the first two years after the reduction of the newspaper stamp duty, the *Chronicle* rapidly gained on its great rival, as will be seen at once by the following return of the number of stamps consumed by each:—

|             | <i>Times</i> .  | <i>M'ning Chronicle</i> . |
|-------------|-----------------|---------------------------|
| 1837, . . . | 3,065,000 . . . | 1,940,000                 |
| 1838, . . . | 3,065,000 . . . | 2,750,000                 |

While the *Times* was standing still, in spite of the reduction in price, the *Chronicle* had actually increased 810,000. Then was the time to have adopted a bold and liberal course in the politics and management of the great Whig organ. But that would not have suited the personal views of Mr. (now Sir John) Easthope. The golden opportunity was lost, and the two following years placed such a distance between the circulation of the two papers, as to leave all chance of successful competition out of the question. The agitation against the new poor-law, mingled with chartism, rose to its full height in 1839, and bore along with it the great denouncer of the “finality” Whig ministry

and the "Three Tyrants of Somerset House." The circulation of the *Times* rose from 3,065,000 to 4,300,000 in that troublous year, while that of the *Chronicle* fell to 2,028,000. Instead of the distance between them being separated by the trifling difference of 315,000 stamps a year, it had leaped suddenly up to the formidable height of 2,272,000. Since that period the rapid increase in the circulation and advertisements of the *Times* is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the newspaper press. The author of "The Fourth Estate" says it was during the editorship of Mr. Barnes that the *Times* acquired its great circulation. This is not

quite correct; the most remarkable increase having taken place since his death, in the beginning of 1841. With the exception of 1848, which shows a slight decline, while the *Post* appears to have gained a great, but short lived increase, the progress of the *Times* during the last eight years has been at the rate of nearly a million a year. In order to show at one glance the fluctuations in the circulation of the morning papers since the reduction of the stamp duty, we have compiled the following table from the returns given in the appendix to the Report of the Select Committee:—

| Year.         | <i>Times</i> . | <i>Morning Chronicle</i> . | <i>Morning Herald</i> . | <i>Morning Advertiser</i> . | <i>Morning Post</i> . | <i>Daily News</i> . |
|---------------|----------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1837, . . . . | 3,065,000      | 1,940,000                  | 1,928,000               | 1,380,000                   | 735,000               |                     |
| 1838, . . . . | 3,065,090      | 2,750,000                  | 1,925,000               | 1,565,000                   | 875,000               |                     |
| 1839, . . . . | 4,300,000      | 2,028,000                  | 1,820,000               | 1,535,000                   | 1,006,000             |                     |
| 1840, . . . . | 5,060,000      | 2,075,000                  | 1,956,000               | 1,550,000                   | 1,125,000             |                     |
| 1841, . . . . | 5,650,000      | 2,079,000                  | 1,830,000               | 1,470,000                   | 1,165,000             |                     |
| 1842, . . . . | 6,305,000      | 1,918,000                  | 1,559,000               | 1,445,000                   | 1,185,000             |                     |
| 1843, . . . . | 6,250,000      | 1,784,000                  | 1,516,000               | 1,534,000                   | 1,900,000             |                     |
| 1844, . . . . | 6,900,000      | 1,628,000                  | 1,608,000               | 1,415,000                   | 1,002,000             |                     |
| 1845, . . . . | 8,100,000      | 1,554,000                  | 2,018,025               | 1,440,000                   | 1,200,000             |                     |
| 1846, . . . . | 8,950,000      | 1,358,000                  | 1,752,500               | 1,480,000                   | 1,450,000             | 3,520,000           |
| 1847, . . . . | 9,205,230      | 1,233,000                  | 1,510,000               | 1,500,000                   | 980,000               | 3,477,000           |
| 1848, . . . . | 11,025,500     | 1,150,000                  | 1,335,000               | 1,538,000                   | 964,000               | 3,530,000           |
| 1849, . . . . | 11,300,000     | 937,500                    | 1,147,000               | 1,528,000                   | 905,000               | 1,375,000           |
| 1850, . . . . | 11,900,000     | 912,547                    | 1,139,000               | 1,549,000                   | 828,000               | 1,152,000           |

The most startling fact which this interesting table presents, is the overwhelming superiority which the *Times* has gained over all the other morning papers. In 1837 the aggregate number of stamps taken by the five morning papers then existing was 9,060,000, of which rather more than one-third was taken by the *Times*. In 1850 the aggregate circulation of the morning press had nearly doubled, having risen to 17,840,000; but the whole of that increase and more has been monopolized by the *Times*. It has increased nearly 9,000,000 during these fifteen years, while the other papers have fallen off about 400,000. How much higher the circulation of the *Times* would continue to rise if the proprietors could print them fast enough to supply the demand, is more than any one can pretend to say. With their present machinery they are able to produce only 10,000 an hour, so that when the demand goes much beyond 40,000 they cannot supply the additional number required at so early an hour as would suit the news-agents. It will thus be seen that, practically, the circulation is kept from extending greatly be-

yond its present limits, by the mechanical difficulty attending the production of so large an impression within a few hours. If the proprietors of the *Times* could obtain a printing machine which would throw off 20,000 copies an hour, they would probably double their present circulation within a few years. Many people fancy that the main check to the circulation of "The Leading Journal" is owing to another cause, and as that impression was much strengthened by what took place before the select committee, we shall take the trouble of pointing out where the mistake lies.

The extension of the railway system, the improved means of transmitting foreign intelligence, and various other subsidiary causes, have had a damaging effect upon the circulation of the evening papers, most of them having declined considerably since the reduction of the newspaper stamp duty. In 1837, the first year after the reduction, the evening press consisted of the following journals:—the *Courier*, quasi-Tory, and unprincipled, with an average circulation of 1400; the *Globe*, Palmerstonian, and rather unpopu-

lar, on account of its dry political economy of the Colonel Torrens school, nearly 3000 daily; the *Standard*, ultra-Tory, but nevertheless much higher on the list, having reached an average of 4300; the *Sun*, Whig-Radical, pluming itself on its late editions, with full but inaccurate reports of parliamentary and other intelligence, little more than 2000; and last of all, the Radical *True Sun*, which in spite of the host of clever writers engaged on it, had a circulation of only 1250 in 1837, the last year of its existence. The *Courier*, after many a desperate struggle to keep alive, expired in 1842, a warning to all unprincipled journals of what their fate must ultimately be. Under Daniel Stuart, who contrived to make it the ministerial organ during the war, it ranked among the first newspapers in point of circulation; higher, indeed, at one time, than even the *Times* of that day. In 1814, it was said to be worth 12,000*l.* per annum, but it declined very much soon after the war. Hazlitt described it in 1823 as "a paper of shifts and expedients, of bare assertions and thoughtless impudence, which denies facts on the word of a minister, and dogmatizes by authority." No one could regret the death of such a disreputable organ. At present there are only four evening newspapers published in London, whose daily circulation is as follows—*Sun*, 2666; *Express*, 2493; *Globe*, 1869; and *Standard*, 1571. The aggregate circulation of the evening press, instead of advancing with the population and intelligence since 1837, has actually fallen from 12,000 to 8599, or little more than one-half of what it was forty years ago. The whole of the evening newspapers put together do not circulate as many copies daily as are contained in a single impression of the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Leeds Mercury*. This would not be the case were the same pains bestowed on the editing and sub-editing on the London evening papers as there is on the provincial journals we have named. Were the stamp duty abolished, we should probably witness a very great improvement in the evening press, as it would then be worth while to publish a paper not much less than the *Globe* or *Standard*, containing a clever abridgment of all the news of the day, at twopence each, which, with a halfpenny for postage, would still leave it 50 per cent. below the present exorbitant price of the evening papers; a sufficient cause of itself for their very limited circulation.

Among all the disagreeable and thankless duties which the editor of a widely-circulated

provincial newspaper must undertake, there is nothing to compare with the distracting toil and trouble which arises from the modern innovation of attempting to give what is very erroneously styled "a judicious summary of all the interesting intelligence in each district." The Colonial Secretary, snugly seated at his desk in Downing-street, where he must manage in the best possible manner the affairs of some forty or fifty various British settlements, in opposite quarters of the globe, has a hard enough task, no doubt, but it is not half so harassing as that of an editor who tries to satisfy the insatiable thirst for news of half a hundred constituencies, within the limited space of a single newspaper. In Edinburgh or Glasgow, the task is comparatively easy, because the surrounding country is not so thickly studded with towns and villages, all swarming with an active, intelligent population, and all alike requiring a full and accurate register of whatever events may be deemed interesting in each locality. It is in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire that the evil of which we speak is felt most severely. Take the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Manchester Guardian*, or the *Manchester Examiner*, for example: all first class papers, of the largest size allowed by law, and all giving four-page supplements once a week. In spite of their immense size, there is not one of those journals which can give a faithful weekly record of all that is worthy of note in the forty or fifty towns and villages by which they are surrounded, and through which those papers circulate. An attempt, indeed, is made to give as many "Town Council Meetings," "Board of Guardian Proceedings," "Temperance Demonstrations, and "Meetings of Rate-payers,"—with a due mixture of change-rings, friendly anniversaries, elections of churchwardens, elections of town councillors, elections of guardians, offences, accidents, and crimes,—as can be crammed, by rapid abridgment, into a certain number of columns. But after all has been done in this way that the most skillful and industrial editor, aided by the most indefatigable sub-editor, can accomplish, or that any reasonable newspaper reader in any of the smaller towns could possibly require, there still remains a great number of equally important events, which are necessarily left unnoticed altogether by the mammoth journal, for sheer want of space, or given in a form so much abridged as to render them of little or no value. The people of Oldham are perhaps waiting with intense anxiety for a long and amusing account of the "Extraor-

dinary Scene" at the last meeting of the board of poor-law guardians; or those of Ashton are looking forward with equal interest to Saturday's paper, for a report of the animated debate in the town council on the proposed increase of two policemen for that borough. With the exception of the *Illustrated London News*, which owes its enormous weekly sale of 66,673 copies chiefly to the profusion of wood engravings with which it is embellished, the most widely circulated weekly papers are all low priced. The *News of the World*, 56,274; *Lloyd's Weekly News*, 49,211; and the *Weekly Times*, 39,186 are all threepenny papers, while the older and far more celebrated, but high-priced *Weekly Dispatch*, though well adapted to the popular taste, has fallen from 62,000 to 37,500; and *Bell's Life in London*, another sixpenny paper, in spite of its universal popularity in bar-parlors and tap-rooms as "the highest sporting authority in the world," has fallen from 30,000 to 24,721 since 1845. Among papers of a higher class, we find that even the *Spectator* and *Examiner*, after having long stood at the head of the weekly press, have been gradually losing ground during the last few years, under the combined influence of dearth and increased competition. At present the weekly circulation of the *Spectator* is only 2932, not one third of what several provincial journals can boast. The number of stamps issued to the *Examiner* last year gives a weekly average of 4389, a very great decline from what it was six or eight years ago; while the *Leader*—which in point of boldness, talent, and heterodoxy, appears to occupy pretty much the same advanced position among its contemporaries as the *Examiner* did some forty years ago, under Leigh Hunt—stands midway between the two respectable journals we have named, having already attained a circulation of 3152.

One very striking fact, ascertained from an examination of the stamp returns for the last fifteen years, is the very limited circulation of Conservative newspapers compared with that of papers which advocate commercial and political reform. Out of London

there is only one Tory journal circulating more than 4000 copies weekly, and only two besides it which can boast of a circulation above 3000. On the other hand, there are no less than eighteen Liberal newspapers circulating upwards of 3000 copies each, and of these there are nine with a circulation above 5000 each, six with a circulation above 6000, three above 8000, two above 9000, and one circulating upwards of 11,000 copies weekly. If this comparison of the respective circulation of first-class Liberal and Conservative newspapers may be taken as a fair criterion of the comparative political intelligence and activity of the two great parties, the facts we have stated are well worth the serious attention of statesmen. From that comparison, it will be seen that the proportion of Liberal to Conservative papers of the class mentioned is as six to one, while the difference becomes still more striking if we take into account the small aggregate consumption of stamps among the Protectionists, compared with the large number required by the friends of progress. It appears, for example, that the number of stamps taken in 1850 by two free-trade journals in Lancashire—the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Manchester Examiner*—was equal to the whole of the stamps consumed by the entire Conservative press of the following fifteen counties—Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Cambridge, Cornwall, Cheshire, Devon, Dorset, Essex, Herts, Kent, Leicester, Lincoln, Wilts, and Warwick. Not less significant is the fact, that, while nearly all the thirty-three Protectionist papers in those fifteen counties have either remained stationary or decreased in circulation, during the last ten years of agitation for and against free-trade, the number of stamps taken by the free-trade newspapers of Manchester and other large towns has nearly doubled within that period. This broad fact, while it shows how strongly the current of public opinion is flowing in one direction, and how worthless the boast of a reaction against free trade, may well encourage ministers to proceed boldly with their proposed measure of parliamentary reform.



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## FETE DAYS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS. BY JANE STRICKLAND.

NEW YEAR'S-DAY and the Benediction of the Waters provide the inhabitants of St. Petersburg with two great national festivals, in which all classes share in the pleasures and devotion of the sovereign. The first is an imperial fête, the second an imposing religious ceremony.

On New Year's-day, in virtue of an old and touching custom by which the Emperor and Empress of Russia are designated by their poorest subjects Father and Mother, these potentates at the commencement of the year receive their children as their own invited guests. Their family being too vast to invite by name, they adopt the simple but efficacious plan of scattering about the streets of their capital twenty-five thousand cards of invitation indicative that they will be at home to such a number of their children. These cards bear no address, but they give admission to the bearers to the splendid saloons of the Winter Palace without the slightest distinction of rank or wealth.

It was thus that the Emperor Alexander, according to custom, kept the first day of the year 1825, the last he was ever destined to see. The rumor of the conspiracy that embittered the closing months of his life and reign, though it had reached his ears and troubled his repose, did not appear to him any reason for depriving his subjects of their annual visit to their sovereign. From these unknown guests the Russian Autocrat felt assured he had nothing to fear. With them he was not only popular but adored. He therefore directed the Master of the Police to order no alteration in the usual costume of the male part of the company, whom he was to admit in masks according to custom on these occasions. In the darkest annals of barbarism, despotic sovereigns dreaded and often found the dagger of the assassin in the hands of some member of their own family. Civilization, however limited, changes the objects of suspicion to the aristocracy, who

are always, under these unfortunate constitutions, of the military profession. Now the want of the counterpoise of the middle classes creates this secret but perpetual warfare between the absolute monarch and nobility—the nobility who in free countries are the natural bulwark of the throne. In Russia the Autocrat is never afraid of the multitude, with whom he holds a two-fold claim to their veneration, as supreme pontiff, or head of the Church, and Czar.

The cards of invitation, being transferable, are, as a matter of course, purchasable; and among his masked guests who were privileged to shake hands with Alexander, some cowardly assassin might take that opportunity to murder the sovereign; yet he, with a firm but touching reliance on God, ordered at seven o'clock on the New Year's evening, the gates of the Winter Palace to be thrown open as usual, to his motley company.

No extra precautions were taken by the police; the sentinels were on duty, according to custom, at the palace gates, but the Emperor was without any guards in the interior of the imperial residence, vast as the Tuileries. In the absence of all precaution or even regulations for the behavior of an undisciplined crowd, it was surprising what natural politeness effected. Veneration for the presence of the sovereign was alone sufficient to produce good breeding; there was no pushing, nor striving, nor clamor, and the entrance was made with as little noise as if gratitude for the favor accorded to the guests had induced each to give a precautionary admonition to his neighbor.

While the thronging thousands were gaining admission to his palace, the Emperor Alexander was seated by the Empress in the Hall of St. George in the midst of the imperial family, when the door was opened to the sound of music, for the saloons were filled with his visitors, and a grand *coup d'œil* of grandes, peasants, princesses, and grisettes

was discerned. At this moment the Emperor advanced and gave his hand to the English, French, Spanish, and Austrian ambassadors, the representatives of their several sovereigns. He then moved alone to the door, that the guests might behold in their sovereign and host the father of his people. It was a moment anarchy was said to have dedicated to his assassination, and that parricidal and regicidal act could have been easily effected at such a juncture had it really been in contemplation. Alexander was no longer in appearance a melancholy and suffering invalid, he looked happy and smiling; and if his smile was counterfeited, he wore the mask ably and well. The instant the Autocrat appeared, the motley group made a forward movement, and then a precipitate retreat. The danger vanished with them. The Emperor regarded the retiring waves of this human sea with imperturbable serenity, a remarkable feature in his character, a moral reaction, which a courageous mind can alone bestow, and which he had shown on several trying occasions. One of these was at a ball given by M. Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza, the French Ambassador; the other was at a fête at Zakret, near Wilna.

The ball was at its height, when the ambassador was informed that the house was on fire; fearful that the news of the conflagration might occasion more ill-consequences than the fire itself, he posted an aide-de-camp at every door, and ordered his people to keep the misfortune a profound secret, after which he communicated the accident in a low voice to the Emperor, and assured him that no one should be permitted to withdraw till he and the imperial family were in perfect safety;—he was going to see the fire extinguished, and he hoped the efforts made to get it under would be successful; adding, that even if a report should circulate in the saloons as to this startling fact, no one would credit it while they saw the Emperor and his family still there.

“Very well, then, I will remain,” coolly remarked the Emperor; and when Caulincourt returned some time after to announce the extinction of the fire, he found the Russian Autocrat dancing a polonaise.

The guests of the ambassador heard on the morrow that their festivities had been kept over the mouth of a volcano.

At the fête held at Zakret not only the life but the empire of Alexander was at stake. In the middle of the dance he was apprised that the advanced guard of a guest he had forgotten to invite had passed the

Niemen. This was the Emperor Napoleon, his old host at Erfurth, who might momentarily be expected to enter the hall, followed by six hundred thousand dancers. Alexander gave his orders with great coolness, chatting while he issued them with his aide-camps. He walked about, praised the manner in which the saloons were lighted, which he declared was only second to the beautiful moonlight, supped, and remained till dawn. His gay manner and the serenity of his countenance prevented the guests from even suspecting the nature of the communication he had received, and the entrance of the French into the city was the first intimation the inhabitants had received of their approach.

He was in imminent peril in this Polish city, from which his great self-command delivered him. His retreat at early morning was made before the approach of an enemy he had hitherto found invincible. Very different might have been the result of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, if the inhabitants of Wilna had known during the fête of Zakret of his vicinity.

These incidents naturally occurred to the guests of the Emperor Alexander, during this New Year's-day festival, when they beheld him approach alone to show himself to the multitude, amongst whom he had reason to believe many conspirators, or even assassins lurked. If such indeed were there, the calm serenity of his countenance disarmed them, and none dared raise an arm against the life he fearlessly trusted, if not to their loyalty at least to their honor.

Indeed the suffering and melancholy Emperor, the last time he received his people, seemed to have shaken off his lassitude and depression, and appeared full of life and energy, traversing with rapidity the immense saloons of the Winter Palace. He led off the sort of galoppe peculiar to the Russian Court, which, however, terminated about nine o'clock.

At ten, the illuminations of the Hermitage being finished, those persons who had cards for the spectacle went there. Twelve negroes, superbly arrayed in rich oriental costumes, kept the doors of the theatre, to admit or restrain the crowd, and examine the authenticity of the vouchers of the guests. Here the admission was not promiscuous, a certain number alone being allowed to be present at the banquet.

Upon entering the theatre, the spectators found themselves in a land of enchantment—a vast hall encircled with tubes of crystal,

bent in every possible way, meeting at top in order to form the ceiling, united by silver threads of imperceptible fineness, behind which hung 10,000 colored lamps, whose light, reflected and refracted by these transparent columns, illuminated the gardens, groves, flowers, cascades, and fountains, like an enchanted landscape, which seen across this veil of light resembled the poetical phantasm of a dream. These splendid illuminations cost twelve thousand roubles, and lasted two months.

At eleven a flourish of musical instruments announced the arrival of the Emperor, who entered with the Empress and the imperial family, the ambassadors, the ambassadresses, the officers of the household, and the ladies in waiting, who all took their places at the middle supper-table; two other tables were filled by six hundred guests, mostly composed of the first-class nobility. The Emperor alone remained standing, moving about the tables, conversing by turns with his numerous guests.

Nothing could exceed the magnificent effect produced by the banquet, and the appearance of the court; the sovereign and his officers and nobility covered with gold and embroidery, the Empress and her ladies glittering with diamonds and splendid velvets, tissues and satins. No other fête in Europe could produce such a grand *coup d'œil* as the New Year's fête at the Hermitage. At the conclusion of the banquet the Court returned to the Saloon of St. George, where the music struck up a polonaise, which was led off by the Emperor. This dance was his farewell to his guests, for as soon as it was finished he withdrew. The departure of their sovereign gave pleasure to those loyal subjects who trembled for his personal safety; but the courageous and ever paternal confidence reposed in his subjects by Alexander, turned away from him every murderous weapon. No one could resolve to assassinate a kind father in the midst of his children, for as such the Emperor had received his numerous guests.

The second annual fête was of a religious character. "The Benediction of the Waters," to which the recent disastrous calamity of the most terrible inundation on record in Russia, the preceding year, had given deeper solemnity. The preparations were made with an activity tempered by care, which denoted the national character to be essentially religious. Upon the Neva a great pavilion was erected of a circular form, pierced with eight openings, decorated by

four paintings, crowned with a cross; to this pavilion access was given by a jetty forming the hermitage. The temporary edifice, on the morning of the ceremony, was to have its pavement of ice cut through in order to permit the Patriarch to reach the water. The cold was already twenty degrees below zero, when at nine o'clock in the morning the whole population of St. Petersburg assembled themselves on the frozen waters of the Neva, then a solid mass of crystal. At half-past eleven the Empress and Grand-Duchesses took their places in the glass balcony of the Hermitage, and their appearance announced to the crowd that the *Te Deum* was concluded. The whole corps of the Imperial Guards, amounting to forty thousand men, marched to the sound of martial music and formed in line of battle on the river, from the hotel of the French embassy to the fortress. The palace gates opened as soon as this military evolution was effected, and the banners, sacred pictures, and the choristers of the chapel, appeared preceding the Patriarch and his clergy; then came the pages and the colors of the different regiments of guards, borne by their proper officers; then the Emperor, supported by the Grand-Dukes Nicholas and Michael, followed by the officers of his household, his aid-de-camps and generals. As soon as the Emperor reached the door of the pavilion, which was nearly filled with priests and banners, the Patriarch gave the signal, and the sweet solemn chant of more than a hundred voices rose to heaven, unaccompanied by music indeed, yet forming a divine harmony hardly to be surpassed on earth. During the prayer, which lasted twenty minutes, the Emperor stood bareheaded, dressed in his uniform, without fur or any defence from the piercing cold, running more risk by this disregard to climate, than if he had faced the fire of a hundred pieces of artillery in the front of battle. The spectators, enveloped in fur mantles and caps, presented a complete contrast to the religious imprudence of their rash sovereign, who had been bald from his early youth.

As soon as the second *Te Deum* was concluded, the Patriarch took a silver cross from the hand of the younger chorister, and encircled by the kneeling crowd, plunged it through the opening made in the ice into the waters below. He then filled a vase up with the consecrated element, which he presented to the Emperor. After this ceremonial of blessing the waters, came the benediction of the standards, which were reverently inclined towards the Patriarch for that

purpose. A sky-rocket was immediately let off from the pavilion, and its silvery smoke was answered by a terrible explosion, for the whole artillery of the fortress gave from their metallic throats a loud *Te Deum*, and these salvos were heard three times during the benediction of the standards; at the third, the Emperor commenced his return to the palace.

He was more melancholy than usual, for during this religious ceremony he felt no need of courage or presence of mind; he was secured by the natural veneration of a superstitious people. He knew it, and, therefore, wore no mask in the semblance of a joyous smile.

On the same day, this imposing ceremonial is used at Constantinople, only the winter is a mere name and the water has no ice. The Patriarch stands on the deck of a vessel, and drops his silver cross into the calm blue waves of the Bosphorus, which a skilful diver restores to him before it reaches the bottom.

To these religious ceremonies succeed sports and pastimes of all kinds. Booths and barracks are erected on the frozen Neva from quay to quay, Russian mountains, down which sledges slide with inconceivable velocity, and the Carnival commences with as much zest as in cities enjoying a southern temperature. Plays are performed on the ice, and curious pantomimes, in which a marmot performs the part of a baby very cleverly, while the man who shows him off under the character of the good father of the family finds resemblances in this black-nosed imp to all his supposed human relatives, to the infinite delight of the spectators.

Sleighing on the ice is, as in Canada, a favorite diversion with the Russians, whose sledges are lined with fur and ornamented with silver bells and ribbons of every color. Sometimes a wind loaded with vapor puts an end to these diversions by rendering the ice unsafe, in which case they are interdicted by the police, and the sports and pastimes of the people are transferred to *terra-firma*; but the Carnival is considered to come to an abrupt conclusion if this misfortune occurs at its commencement, for the Neva is to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg what Vesuvius is to the Neapolitans, and the absence of the ice robs their Saturnalia of its greatest attraction. In countries where the Greek religion is the national standard of faith, Lent is preceded by the same unbounded festivity as in those which are Roman Catholic; but the Court does not display in these days so

much barbarous magnificence as in those earlier times when civilization was unknown. The Carnival was, however, held during the last century by Anna Ivanovna, in a style surpassing that of her ancestors. This pleasure-loving princess, the daughter of the elder brother of Peter the Great, covered her usurpation of a throne she had snatched not only from the descendants of her mighty uncle, but also from her own elder sister and niece, by condescending to the popular amusements of her people, who in their turn forgot her defective title to the throne. This popular female sovereign founded the largest ball in the world, and gave the most magnificent Carnival ever held in Russia. Thus she maintained her sway by the aid of pleasure and devotion, a twofold cord her subjects never broke. In 1740 Anna Ivanovna resolved to surpass every preceding Carnival by her unique manner of providing her people with amusement during this merry season. It was customary for the sovereign of Russia to be attended by a dwarf, who united the privileged character of a jester to the tiny proportions of a little child. This empress possessed two of these diminutive personages, and she chose for her own amusement and that of her loving subjects that they should be married during this Carnival, and "whether nature did this match contrive," or it was the consequence of her own despotic will, cannot be known without a peep into the jealously guarded archives of Russia; but the nuptials of these sports of nature was the ostensible cause of the fête. This the Autocrat gave on a new and splendid scale. She directed her governors to send her two natives of the hundred districts they ruled in her name, clothed in their national costume, and with the animals they were accustomed to use on their journeys. The idea was certainly a brilliant one, and worthy of the sovereign lady of so many nations, tongues and languages.

Anna Ivanovna was punctually obeyed, and at the appointed time a motley procession, including the purest types of the Caucasian race and the ugliest of the Mongolian, astonished the eyes of the Empress, who had scarcely known the greater part of these distant tribes by name. There she beheld the Kamtchadale with his sledge drawn by dogs, the Russian Laplander with his reindeer, the Kalmuck with his cows, the Tartar on his horse, and the native of Bochara with his camel, the Ostiak on his clogs. Then for the first time, the beautiful Georgian and Circassian, with their dark ringlets and un-



rivalled features, looked with astonishment upon the red hair of the Finlander. The gigantic Cossack of the Ukraine eyed with contempt the pigmy Samoiede—and in fact, for the first time were brought into contact by the will of their sovereign lady, who classed each race under one of four banners representing spring, summer, autumn and winter; and these two hundred persons, during eight days, paraded the streets of St. Petersburg, to the infinite delight of the population, who had never seen the power of the throne displayed in a manner so agreeable to their taste before.

Upon the wedding day of her dwarfs, these important personages had been attended to the altar by this singular national procession, where they plighted their faith in the presence of the Empress and all her Court after which they heard Mass, and then, accompanied by their numerous escort, took possession of the palace prepared for them by the direction of their imperial mistress. This palace was not the least fanciful part of the fête. It was entirely composed of ice, and resembled crystal in its brilliancy and fine cutting and polish. This beautiful fabric was fifty-two feet in length and twenty in width; the roof, the floor, the furniture, chandeliers, and even the nuptial bed, were formed of the same cold, glittering, and transparent materials. The doors, the galleries, and the fortifications,—even the six pieces of cannon that guarded this magical palace, were of ice; one of these, charged

with a single ice-bullet and fired by the aid of a pound of powder, perforated at seventy paces a plank of twelve inches thickness. This was done to salute the bridal party, and welcome them home. The most curious piece of mechanism, and which pleased the Russians the most, was a colossal elephant, mounted by an armed Persian, and led by twelve slaves. This gigantic beast threw from his trunk a column of water by day, and at night a stream of fire, uttering from time to time roars which were heard from one end of St. Petersburg to the other. These noble roars were produced by twelve Russians concealed in the body and legs of the phantom elephant, whose costly housings hid the men whose noise so delighted their countrymen. This Carnival of the fête-loving female usurper has never been surpassed by any Russian sovereign, though, with the exception of the assembly of her distant subjects, its taste was barbarous enough.\*

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\* Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, were she to raise her sceptre, might easily convoke a far more numerous and interesting assembly, from lands more distant, and climes of more varied temperature. How many more nations in the far east and west are ruled and maintained by her lawful rule, than rendered unlawful homage to the Russian Empress! If she were to send for two persons from every tribe, nation, or empire she governs, England would behold the grandest and most interesting national spectacle her sun ever shone upon. Can this idea ever be realized!—and if it can be, why then should it not be done!

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS is writing his Memoirs for the *Presse*, in Paris. A critic says of him:

“Having mixed familiarly with all descriptions of society from that of crowned heads and princes of the blood down to strolling players—having been behind the scenes of the political, the literary, the theatrical, the artistic, the financial, and the trading world—having risen, unaided, from the humble position of subordinate clerk in the office of Louis Philippe’s accountant, to that of the most popular of living romancers in all Europe—having found an immense fortune in his inkstand, and squandered it like a genius or a fool—having rioted in more than princely luxury, and been reduced to the sore strait of wondering where he could get credit for his dinner—having wandered far and wide, taking life as it came—now dining *with a king*, anon sleeping with a brigand—

one day killing lions in the Sahara, and the next, (according to his own account,) being devoured by a bear in the Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and managed a theatre, and failed in both—having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National Guard, and done fierce battles with bailiffs and duns—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his coat is more variegated with ribbons than the rainbow with color—having published more than any man living, and perhaps than any man dead—having fought duels innumerable—and having been more quizzed, caricatured, and lampooned, and satirized, and abused, and slandered, and admired, and envied, than any human being now existing—Dumas must have an immensity to tell, and we fear that it will be mixed up with a vast deal of—imagination.”

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE POET OF HAWTHORNDEN.

WE have always felt great interest in turning over the leaves of an old book, and in tracing the feelings (however presented in an uncouth garb) which have at every period given the charm to works of genius. The antiquated guise in which we sometimes find them, excites a sensation, in some degree resembling that which we experience in meeting with a dear familiar friend in some foreign land; or like the pleasure with which we contemplate the charms of the courtly beauties in the stiff brocades and quaint fashions, transmitted to the painter's canvas. Among the books for which we sought, we looked for a long time in vain for "The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden, consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which were designed for the press, published from the author's original copies. Edinburgh, printed by James Watson, in Craig's Close, 1711. Folio." The book was not to be found in the public libraries in London, but we were at last favored with a sight of it in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It contains his poetry and prose; and is not merely a sufficient evidence of his ability and industry, but a record of feelings, remarkable for tenderness and delicacy: his poetical effusions have the great charm of letting us into his character, and without entering into details, giving the clue to the vicissitudes of his life.

Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden was descended from an ancient family, and was a man held in great estimation and respect for worth. His gifted son William, was born in the year 1585, and in the midst of the romantic scenery of Hawthornden, with all its interesting traditions, he received his earliest impressions. The very name of Hawthornden sounds musical to our ears, and no one could visit the favored spot without feeling at once that it was a "meet Nurse for a poetic child." The ancient house, with its mullioned windows, and clustered chimneys and gables, forms a picturesque object, standing on the edge of a stupendous cliff, which overhangs the river as it flows along,

separating it from an opposite cliff, clothed like it with rich hanging woods. A precipitous path along the ledge of the rock leads to a cavern hollowed in it; this is said to have been the poet's favorite haunt: the seat which he occupied, and the table by which he sat, are still to be seen there; here he would retire to study and compose, and it is told, that it was here, after a severe fit of illness, that he wrote the Cypress Grove, a composition described as "an excellent and pious work." Other nooks among the rocks, besides the poet's haunt, have their interesting associations; four small rooms, said to have been excavated before the time of Wallace and Bruce, are supposed to have furnished these heroic men with a secure hiding place in their time of need; two of the chambers are dark, and the others lit from an opening in the rocks, which looks outside as if a stone had been accidentally misplaced. The descent to the bank of the river is long and steep, but when it is reached, the scenery compensates for any fatigue; the waters rush through the rocks, which have fallen scattered among them, with an impetuosity which shows that obstructions but increase their force; and they foam, and dash, and brawl, as if impatient of delay. From every chink of the overhanging rocks, a variety of wild plants and bushes, mingling with the shining fern and purple heather force their way and glint among the foliage of the trees. The love of retirement, which is remarkable in the imaginative, may have been increased in Drummond by his delicacy of constitution; but be that as it may, from very childhood he loved the most secluded paths among the rocks and glens, and would gladly have passed his days in those solitary wanderings and lonely musings; but he was destined for more active life by his father; he received his education at the High School, in Edinburgh, where he became distinguished for great acquirements. When his education was completed, he was sent to France, where he remained for four years; he studied law, which was to be his profession, and made

great proficiency in the pursuit. With what feelings he had left Hawthornden, we can gather from the following extract :—

“ What sweet delight a quiet life affords,  
And what it is from bondage to be free,  
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,  
Sweet, flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.  
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts  
I would not change with prince's stateliest courts.”

After his father's death he gave up the study of the law, and returned to Hawthornden: when time softened the affliction occasioned by his loss, his native scenery resumed its influence over his feelings, and to a mind so naturally reflective, the retirement in which he indulged was the highest enjoyment;—he thus contrasts its calm repose with the hollow pleasures of the Court:—

“ Thrice happy he, who, by some shady grove,  
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,  
Though solitary; who is not alone,  
But doth converse with that eternal love—  
Oh, how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,  
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,  
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,  
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!  
O! how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,  
And sighs embalm'd with new-born flow'rs unfold,  
That that applause, vain honor doth bequeath!  
How sweet are streams, to poison drunk in gold!  
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;  
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.”

He was soon to experience feelings more fervid than those which the sweet solitudes of Hawthornden could inspire. It fell one day that he saw the beautiful daughter of a neighboring gentleman, of an ancient family and great worth. (Cunningham of Barnes.) Captivated at once by her charms, her image took possession of his imagination; but he tells the story of his changed feelings far better than we could give it—so it is fitter to let him speak for himself:—

“ Ah me, and am I now the man whose muse  
In happier time was wont to laugh at love,  
And those who suffer'd that blind boy abuse  
The noble gifts were given them from above—  
What metamorphose strange is this I prove?  
Myself now scarce myself I find to be,  
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,  
And all the tales are told of changed Jove.  
*Virtue hath taught, with her philosophy,*

My mind into a better course to move:  
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove  
Affection's power: but what is that to me,  
Who ever think, and never think on aught  
But that bright Cherubim, which thralls my thought.”

The lover's imagination had not played him false in the estimate of the gifts and graces with which it had adorned the fair girl; her tastes and feelings were in such accordance with his own, that on a nearer acquaintance the most perfect sympathy lent its charms to their intercourse. Passionately in love, he sang her praises through the woods and glens. His noble sentiments and varied accomplishments; his exquisite skill in music, and his passionate devotion, soon found their way to her heart, and won its tenderest affection. Then what happy days were theirs, in the full enjoyment of present felicity, and in forming plans for future happiness. The wedding day was fixed, but ere it came she fell ill of a fever, and on its very eve she died. An attempt to describe the grief of one of so much sensibility would have been a vain task; but we learn that as soon as the stunning effects of the blow had in some measure passed away, he felt that some effort was absolutely necessary. The scenes, so much loved, recalled but the visions of departed happiness, mournfully contrasted with blighted hopes and unavailing regret; so he resolved to leave Hawthornden, and to seek in foreign travel to give a new turn to his distracted thoughts. Poetry had been so long the natural outlet for his feelings, that they again found vent in effusions of great pathos, effusions which must have constantly opened the deep springs of sorrow, but which we may hope soothed them, at the same time, into a gentler current. He travelled through Germany, France, and Italy, visiting, as he went, their most celebrated universities. Years passed on in these wanderings, before he could bring himself to return to Hawthornden. The emotion with which he found himself there again may be conceived but not described: that his early love was ever cherished most passionately in his remembrance is evinced by his constantly recurring to her in the most affecting passages of his poetry. The wild burst of agony with which he conjures her to look from heaven, to which abode he believes her translated, and to have pity on his tears, is the true language of grief: few lines have ever fallen in our way more touching than his “Address to Spring;” and the “Apostrophe to his Lute,” with which it concludes, awakens the sympathy

of all who know the powerful associations which are linked with music. The airs which we remember to have heard in company with one we loved, those which were the especial favorites, or which may have responded to their touch, or been accompanied by their voice, need not be recalled by sound, for they ever float upon the memory in all their pathetic sweetness. Part of the poem runs thus :

"Sweet spring, thou com'st, but ah ! my pleasant hours  
And happy days with thee come not again ;  
The sad memorials only of my pain  
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to  
sours ;  
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,  
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ;  
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome  
air,  
Is gone : nor gold, nor gems can her restore."

The first production of Drummond's, which brought him into notice, was his elegy on the death of Prince Henry, eldest son of King James the First ; it has often been said, that nobody could read it without being reminded of "Lycidas," and it has been observed too, that Milton's sonnets are remarkable for a similarity in their flow and spirit to those of the poet of Hawthornden. It is supposed that Milton greatly admired Drummond's writings, and his sympathies may have been so strongly excited, as to have given unconsciously, to some of his minor compositions, a resemblance at which he had never aimed. His nephew and pupil, Philips, expressed himself in the highest terms with regard to Drummond's writings, and it has been thought that the estimation in which he held them was but a reflection of his uncle's opinion ; "his poems," says Philips, "are the efforts of a genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scotch nations produced." His prose writings were much valued, and it is thus Philips speaks of his history of the seven Jameses. "Had there been nothing else extant of his writings, consider but the language, how florid and ornate it is,—consider the order and the prudent conduct of the story, and you will rank him in the number of the best writers." The elegy on the death of Prince Henry impressed Ben Jonson so strongly with an idea of the author's genius, that he made his way to Hawthornden to see him ; it has been stated that he accomplished the journey on foot ; that he was not disappointed, may be inferred from his having remained with Drummond for three

weeks. Seated on the rocks in the midst of the romantic scenery, these gifted men would converse for hours together. Notes of their conversation are found in Drummond's works, and are sufficiently curious ; in his confidential intercourse, Jonson must have been sensibly touched by the sympathy of the poet, for he talked to him on the very subject which interested him the most—the early death of his eldest son, a child of great promise, and inexpressibly dear to him. He detailed the remarkable circumstances which had occurred at the time of his loss ; as the plague had broken out in London, and he had left the boy exposed to the contagion of fever, it is not strange that uneasy dreams and vivid imaginations should represent what he most dreaded. But he was strongly impressed with the belief that what he described had been no idle phantasy : he went on to tell, "that when the king came to England, about the time that the plague was in London, he, being in the country, at Sir Robert Cotton's house, with old Cambden, saw in a vision his eldest son, then a young child, and at London, appear unto him with the mark of blood upon his forehead, as if it had been with a sword, at which, amazed, he prayed unto God ; and in the morning he came unto Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension, at which, he should not be dejected. In the meantime, there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague ; he appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth, he thinks, he shall be at the resurrection."

Many years had passed away, since the one he had so much loved had been laid in her grave, and Drummond was now in his forty-fifth year, when he chanced to see Margaret Logan, (the granddaughter of Sir Robert Logan.) Struck by her resemblance to his early love, his feelings became deeply interested, and he wooed and won her :—there is every reason to think that he soon loved her for her own sake, and that in the calm enjoyment of domestic life, surrounded by his wife and children, he found a consolation for the disappointment of his early hopes and more passionate attachment. He scarcely could ever have left home ; and indeed seems to have had a horror of a sea voyage ; for he says in a letter to a friend, when speaking of it, "A part of Noah's judgment, and no small misery, that us Islanders cannot take a view of God's earth, without crossing the stormy, breaking, and deceitful sea." In the same letter he mentions the pleasure which



he had in the game of chess. From all that is incidentally gathered, there is every reason to think that the companion whom he had chosen made his home a happy one; enthusiastically attached to King Charles, he espoused his cause most warmly, and his thoughts and his pen were constantly employed in its service; but to his lasting honor it may be said, that Drummond appeared alike divested of partiality and prejudice, at a time when reason might have been blinded by excitement: he could plainly see and point out the errors of Government, and he could tolerate the opinions which differed from his own. His writings were directed to the maintenance of peace, and none ever served his sovereign with more devoted zeal, or with clearer views of his true interest. The deep concern he took in the royal cause, exposed him to great hostility when the Civil War broke out; the last proof which he gave of his affection for Charles was indeed an affecting one. When he found that his royal master was beheaded, he fell into a deep melancholy; he languished but for a few months, and then died. The last lines which he is supposed to have written, run thus:—

“Love, which is here a care  
That wit and will doth mar,  
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;  
A shrill tempestuous wind  
Which doth disturb the mind,  
And like wild waves, all our designs commove.  
—Among those powers above  
Which see their Maker’s face,  
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,

A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,  
Eternal joy which nothing can molest!”

Drummond was buried in the church of Lasswade, in the neighborhood of Hawthornden. Lasswade is indeed a most fitting spot for the last resting place of the poet; its quiet pastoral beauty; the river gliding gently on, seeming in its flow to tell of repose and peace; and the lovely scenery by “sweet glen and greenwood tree,” through which it bends its way, make Lasswade, with all its pleasant paths, one of the most lovely spots which can be met with anywhere. Nor can we forget that it was here Scott spent some of his happiest hours; it was his favorite haunt in boyhood, and here the first days of his married life, and some succeeding summers were passed, in the indulgence of the simple tastes which so often mark minds of the highest stamp. He loved to trim the garden of his cottage, to cultivate its flowers, and train its creeping plants; he constructed a rustic archway as an entrance to his humble abode. “Nor,” I have heard him say, Lockhart tells, “was he prouder of any work than of this.” The romantic solitudes by the banks of the Esk, where he delighted to stroll—Roslin with its rocks and glen,—and sweet Hawthornden,

“Where Jonson sat in Drummond’s silent shade.” influenced his mind in no common degree, and first called forth those powers which were to charm the world, in the fine ballads which would alone have sufficed to immortalize his name.

NEW WORK OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.—Hartley Coleridge’s “Lives of Northern Worthies” has just appeared under the editorial care of his brother, to whom the public owes the interesting and pathetic memoir and the collection of poems and Marginalia, of a

man whose brief career was at once uneventful and tragic. The sonnets of Hartley Coleridge are not surpassed by any in the language. When will Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, issue their long-announced reprint of his life and poems.

From the British Quarterly Review.

## STEPHEN'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.\*

IN reading Sir James Stephen there is much to remind us of Mr. Macaulay. The points in which they resemble each other are sufficiently observable to render the points in which there is a difference only the more interesting. We may add, too, that something besides the possession of kindred gifts has contributed to place these two names in relationship. The fathers of these gentlemen were public men of great worth, and fast friends; and the sons grew up in habits of intimacy both at home and at college. Mr. Macaulay, with the slight interruption occasioned by his visit to India, has been wedded, as the world knows, all his life to literature. Sir James Stephen, on the other hand, has been occupied until somewhat beyond the meridian of his days in professional or official duties. His powers of labor are prodigious. As Under Secretary for the Colonies, his mastery of all questions relating to the history and state of our colonial empire was such, we suspect, as no second man in the kingdom possessed, and such as scarcely any second man could have acquired. An odd kind of paradise to a man of cultivated genius that world of state-papers must have been! But though divorced from literature comparatively during a great part of life, Sir James has been gradually returning to it for some years past; and the productions which have been the result may assist us in judging as to the success with which he would have occupied this ground, had it been, as in the case of Mr. Macaulay, his only ground. We scarcely need say that Mr. Macaulay wrote himself into fame as a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. The same may be said of Sir James Stephen. Mr. Macaulay has now withdrawn from periodical literature, and is employing his powers in a walk of authorship more independent and personal. In

this respect, also, the two friends have their course in common.

Both writers are remarkable for the extent of their reading. The reading of Mr. Macaulay, from his having been ever either reading or writing, is probably more discursive and extraordinary than that of his distinguished friend. But the writings of Sir James Stephen exhibit him as a man whose tastes have been always disposing him to make excursions into widely diversified fields of authorship. In literature, we find both bringing within their cognizance, and under the power of their analysis, the well-known and the little known, the light and the ponderous—works which weak men would overlook as insignificant, and works on which even the strong look with dismay, because swollen into libraries, the ore that may be in them having its place as in the midst of a continent of material not very pleasant to deal with. In the power of steady and laborious reading we are inclined to give precedence to Sir James. Few would have had patience to read as our author must have read, in order to write as he has written, on Luther, and Calvin, and Baxter; on St. Francis and Loyola; on the Port-Royalists and the Bollandists. Mr. Macaulay would seem to be endowed with a more restless literary activity, with a more intense and ceaseless curiosity about books, and about what may be seen of humanity through the spectacles of books; and with a memory, if report speaks truly, of more wonderful tenacity than can be attributed to Sir James Stephen. But we are, we think, quite safe in saying, that if Sir James has read somewhat less than Mr. Macaulay, he has reflected more. If he has not travelled so far over the surface of history as his learned friend, it is because he has more frequently descended beneath that surface. If he be not so fully versed in all that men have done, it is because he has felt prompted to concern himself with a prior question—the question as to what men are. That question—the

\* *Lectures on the History of France*. By the Right Honorable Sir JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B., LL.D., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman. 1851.

*whence* and *why* of humanity—though in itself the question of questions, is one with which Mr. Macaulay will hold no parley—no, not for a moment. No enchanter ever kept more resolutely within his circle than does Mr. Macaulay within his boundary-line of the seen and temporal. His own individuality is marked—potent; but there is no conscious subjectivity in him. He lives to the outward, the inward is left to care for itself. His universe of being, past and present, is, for the most part, a universe of pictures. It is nearly all made up of what the eye can see, the ear can listen to, or the hand can touch. His main business is with the good or bad *acting* that has taken place in the world, not so much with the *actors*. The surface deed, and the surface motive, are vividly before you; but rarely does he disclose to you anything more latent.

With Sir James Stephen, however, it is not so. He must descend deeper, and as the consequence he must ascend higher. The more he sees of what man has *done*, the more earnest becomes his inquiry as to what *man is*; and the more he explores the chambers of the human spirit, the stronger is the feeling which impels him to ascend to the oracle of a higher Spirit, and to ask grave questions *THERE*. In this fact we have our explanation of the circumstance that the department of reading and authorship on which Sir James Stephen has bestowed the greatest attention, viz., the lives of religious men as such, is that on which Mr. Macaulay would appear to have bestowed the least. Of course, it is manifest enough, that the author of the memorable papers in the *Edinburgh Review* on Ranke's Lives of the Popes, and on Lord Bacon, must have read considerably both in the history of the Church and in the history of philosophy. But it is no less clear, that, from some cause, Mr. Macaulay has the power of treating even such themes, so as to be capable of infusing into them an extraordinary energy, and of throwing over them an extraordinary brilliancy; and, at the same time, a manner which leaves all the vital questions that should be suggested by them wholly untouched. The pictures which pass before you are pictures of things as they *are*, not of things as they *ought* to be. Not that this is consciously done. Mr. Macaulay's sympathies are generous and noble. In so far as he is at all a teacher, his teaching is of admirable quality; but his bias is, we have said on a former occasion, to sink the instructor in the painter, the prophet *in the artist*.

But all sins, even the sins of omission, are retributive. The man who contents himself with being merely artistic, will not rise to the highest eminence even as an artist. Man is not a being of intellect only. He is a moral and religious being. This is to be remembered by those who would discourse *of* him with the desired fulness, or *to* him with the desired effect. The artist, speaking to us from the marble, the canvas, or through human speech, must *know* humanity—know it, and have strong *sympathy* with it in its highest forms of spiritual beauty and sublimity, if he would depict it effectively in those forms. It is not too much to say, that the degree in which men of genius have failed in their aspirations has resulted more from their want of goodness, than from their want of genius. If Milton had not *felt* how awful goodness is, his description of it would never have been given to us. So in a thousand instances beside.

Herein lies the difference between what is called Christian art and Pagan art. Christianity presents manifestations of beauty and greatness other than are found elsewhere, and higher than are found elsewhere; and the artist who would depict them truly, must have come so far under their influence as to have felt their attraction, so as to have been fascinated, as it were, into the study of them. That he should fail in such attempts it is not necessary that he should be a bad man,—it is enough that he is not a good man, and that somewhat in the Christian sense of goodness. This new beauty and new greatness, which came to humanity nearly two thousand years since, have never ceased to be part of it—the purer, the nobler, the progressive part of it.

Nothing is farther from our thought than to say, that men of Mr. Macaulay's powers should never give themselves to writing without intending to preach. We have no such meaning. Goethe is not a person to be classed among saints; but he appears to have had his seasons in which he came under the influence of all good along with all evil, and to have concentrated his thought intensely, at intervals, on both. As the result, his estimate of religion in its relation to humanity was such as to dispose him to assign to its subtle, complex, and powerful influence, a large space in every development of man. In his view, to ignore religion in man was to ignore the most potent and productive element of his nature; and to ignore the Christian religion, was to ignore the religious as diffusing its creative and its forma-

tive power over all things human in the highest degree.

In touching thus far on the defective in these respects, so observable in the writings of Mr. Macaulay, we are not influenced by a shade of unfriendly feeling towards him. We simply regret that, with powers so extraordinary, he should content himself, in the main, with themes so ordinary; that, possessing so much of the genius of the artist, the art, after all, should not be of that higher description towards which such genius should aspire. Nothing can exceed the vividness with which he depicts characters and manners within the limits which he has prescribed to himself. But his success within those limits appears to have become his snare. It seems to have precluded him from aiming at anything higher. His latest efforts are simply repetitions of his earliest. The material or the subject changes, but the handicraft brought to it is everywhere the same. The manner natural to him from the first was singularly adapted to startle and fascinate, and to the present moment he would seem to have been distrustful of all change. Now we admire Mr. Macaulay's *force* quite as much, we think, as our neighbors, but we do at times feel the want of a little more *discrimination*. We are as sensible, we think, as we ought to be to his *brilliancy*, but there are moments in which we feel obliged to suspect that the patient scrutiny has not been such as to ensure that it is all *gold* that glitters. We never cease to be charmed with his rhetoric—with the pith sometimes concentrated in a single word, with the point given to an antithesis, and with the mighty sweep of the invective; but the drawback lies in our distrust as to the exact truth of what is thrown off in terms so unmitigated, so absolute. It is true, the man who must discriminate is in danger of becoming dull; and the man who would be profound will be sometimes obscure; while the man who resolves that his rhetoric shall be so curbed and attempered as to become a vehicle fitted to convey all the nicer shades of truth, is likely to move at a pace not quite so swift as the wings of the wind;—and with Mr. Macaulay, to be dull, to be obscure, to move slowly, would appear to be the sin of all sins in authorship—the sin never to be forgiven.

Nevertheless, discrimination there must be, thoroughness there must be, and a cautious accuracy there must be, in the historian who aspires to be a guide to the wise, an authority to the just, a model to the truthful. We are

sorry to say, however, that history, as it comes to us from the pen of Mr. Macaulay, is not a little wanting in these higher qualities. It is true, readers who read little history beside, will read it as given to them by him; but we venture to affirm, that few men of the class whose opinions Mr. Macaulay himself would most value, ever think of looking to his historical portraiture for anything more than an approach towards the exact truth. The great outline may be in the main correct, and the impression conveyed by it may be in the main a just impression; but to feel that as you descend from the outline to the filling up, your every step becomes uncertain, and that as you test the impression you have received, it proves to be in great part vague and unauthenticated, because your knowledge has been of that nature, is not very satisfactory. As this process of discovery goes on, sense of obligation to your guide naturally diminishes. You have ever to bear in mind, that, from the fear of becoming tedious, he rarely gives you the whole truth; and that from the ardor of his sympathy with the bold and the dramatic, he is always liable to be betrayed into exaggeration.

Mr. Macaulay predicted, long since, that were the history of England written according to his conception of the manner in which it should be written, people would flock for it to the circulating libraries as for the last new novel. History has since been written after this conception; and it must be admitted that the prophecy has been fulfilled. But did it not occur to Mr. Macaulay to ask whether history be really a subject which, from its own nature, can be successfully treated after this manner? No doubt the history of the English bar, or of the English parliament, would afford a field for much picturesque description, and much eloquent discourse, to any gifted man; but could the history of either be made to present the facts, the discriminations, the reasonings, proper to a history, and be still a book to attract crowds to the circulating-libraries? We need not attempt to answer the question. It is very much thus with the history of England. Lectures or orations *upon* history may be made to take with them all the attraction predicted by Mr. Macaulay; but we feel bound to think that it is not possible that history proper should be made to serve two masters in the manner attempted by him. History which people crowd after as for the last new novel, cannot be history of the kind to be highly prized where there is a just per-



ception as to the nature of history. It may be rich in all the effulgence of genius—as everything Mr. Macaulay does is sure to be—but to be the popular affair which he would make it, the true idea of history must be relinquished, and powerful writing on the more salient or dramatic points of history must be substituted in its room.

Our strictures on Mr. Macaulay have reached to a greater length than we had intended; but the reader will see how this has happened. It has resulted from that association of ideas which Aristotle tells us is equally affected by the laws of resemblance and contrast.

Sir James Stephen, in common with his friend, is desirous of writing, not for scholars merely, but for the community. Hence, from his pen also, history has hitherto consisted not so much of history proper, as of *résumés* of history—of discourses upon it. He has had a similar dread of being found tedious, or dull, and has aimed with a similar steadiness of purpose to secure attention from people not largely endowed with that power, by giving his broad sketches of the past more in the style of the orator than in that of the historian, and by throwing a pictorial, a dramatic, and sometimes a poetic richness over his fields of thought. But with these indications in common, Sir James's narrative, especially in the volumes now before us, exhibits more discrimination, more fullness, more simplicity, thinking much more carefully wrought out, and feeling much riper, than we find in Mr. Macaulay. That he might diffuse these qualities through his writings, he has been prepared to hazard some loss in the way of popularity. In passionate mental force, Sir James does not rival Mr. Macaulay; but his mind is of greater depth, and, taken as a whole, of richer combinations. In the volumes before us there are passages which, as examples of condensed power, and of clearness and vigor in expression, could not be surpassed; but it is not the manner of the author to put himself upon the strain for effect in this form. If he is to be a favorite with the community, it must be, in a good degree, on his own terms. He is not unwilling to be a popular writer, but he must at the same time, be the scholar, the philosopher, the Christian. He has all the humane feeling of Mr. Macaulay, and more than all, but it is more quiet, more courtly; it is feeling which prompts to caution more often than to boldness. It is in him, not an occasional force, so much as a mellowed habit. It has *disposed him* to look with a very large

charity on many who have aberrated the most widely from a wisdom and self-government like his own. This feeling, indeed, together with his love of the artistic, has led him, we think, in some cases, to pass somewhat lightly over evils that he should have branded, and to convey a general impression in respect to certain men and systems greatly more favorable than truth would warrant. Some of his ecclesiastical biographies are, in our judgment, open to strong exception of this kind. Neither the Roman system, nor Roman saints, are entitled to anything like the leniency he has shown them. That system has ever been, in the main, a great, a most corrupting lie; and never more so than at this hour. In many places it is as sensuous as it ever was; and everywhere it is, in its general development, the ambitious, pitiless, denaturalizing, jesuitical thing it has ever been.

Nevertheless, the works of Sir James Stephen have a place of their own among us. His ecclesiastical biographies do not come up to the standard of genuine history so nearly as the chapters of Mr. Hallam. But in the lectures before us we have a fullness and a discrimination often reminding us of that distinguished writer, and this allied generally with a fluency, a force, and an eloquence of style such as Mr. Hallam rarely exhibits. They are in our literature what the lectures of Guizot, and other eminent men, have become in French literature. In the manner of those writers, Sir James Stephen has contented himself with a general reference to the authors whom he has taken chiefly as his guides. We regret this, because, though the custom of giving references at the foot of the page is often overdone among our German neighbors, and not always honestly done among ourselves, it affords the means of readily testing the accuracy of an author, and in history, is all but indispensable to the man who would become himself an authority.

The first four lectures give a masterly view of the decline and fall of the Romano-Gallic province, and of the Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties. The third lecture is wholly occupied with a powerful and highly laudatory delineation of the character and influence of Charlemagne.

The chapter on the ancient municipalities of France, and on their antagonism to the feudal system, deeply interesting as it is, touches on so many vexed questions in the history of that country, as hardly to admit of a satisfactory treatment in the space assigned to it by our author, still less in the

space which we can give to it. It is certain that in those *municipia* we see some of the remains of Roman civilization in the Romano-Gallic provinces. Through all the revolutions of a thousand years—revolutions often the most barbaric and terrible, the vitality of these civic organizations perpetuated itself. Many changes came over them, but their substance lasted until the Roman power came to an end—until feudalism came to an end—and until an absolute monarchy absorbed them, with everything beside, into itself. Feudalism was especially territorial and military, but these organizations were specially civic and industrial. In their nature the two were antagonistic; and the comparative independence of these municipalities, whether extorted by insurgency, purchased from the feudal-noble or from the crown, or ceded by those authorities for political reasons, is a significant fact in the general history of France through those ages. During the feudal times, the privileges of these “boroughs,” boroughs, or cities, were, speaking generally, that they should not be taxed beyond a certain maximum without their consent; that the power of legislation and administration in relation to their own affairs should rest with themselves; that they should institute and sustain their own police; and, in general, that they should possess the right to fortify their towns, to determine what coins should be current in their fairs and markets, to possess an *hotel de ville*, a belfry, a town-clerk, and a common seal. It is easy to see how the feudalism of a country, studded over with such organizations, would be curbed, weakened, and in all probability destroyed by them. But it is not so easy to see how, having broken the strength of a local aristocracy, these same municipalities should have contributed to the strength of an absolute monarchy.

The simple truth is, that the monarchs of France did in those times in relation to the hierarchy of the State, as the popes were ever doing in relation to the hierarchy of the church—they interposed between what we may call the aristocracy and the democracy in both cases, so as to attach the latter to themselves, by detaching it from the former. As the inferior clergy, especially the religious orders, were too often well pleased to be released from obligation to their immediate superiors by the intervention of the pontiff; so these communes of France were willing to be released from obligation to the feudal lords of their respective *neighborhoods*, by the intervention of the crown. They did not see

that, by contributing to place this centralized power in such ascendancy, they were calling into existence the monster which, in its time, would appropriate *their* interests, in common with every interest beside, to its own selfish purposes.

The two lectures following treat of the Crusades, both against the Saracens and the Albigenses. Here explanation is given of the various ways in which those enterprises tended to break down the framework of feudalism, and to prepare the commercial spirit of the commons for opposing itself successfully to the military spirit of the feudal chiefs. It is further shown how those undertakings served to furnish to the crown opportunities for encroachment, of which it was not slow to avail itself, the strength of the monarchy being built up very largely from the dissensions between what we may call the local democracies and the local aristocracies. The disquisition on these topics is conducted with great clearness and ability.

“ Their fate may, perhaps, seem to raise a more perplexing problem. The natural regret that the Reformation was thus postponed till after the lapse of three more centuries of mental darkness, may possibly not be quite unmixed with surprise, that such should have been the decree, or such the permission, of the Divine Providence. But the “Holy Church throughout all the world” has ever contemplated the sufferings of her noble army of martyrs, not with repining, but with gratitude and exultation. In implicit faith she has ever committed the times and the seasons to Him to whom alone their maturity can be known. Yet even to our contracted vision it is evident that, without a miraculous change in the whole economy of the world, and in the entire system of human life, the reformation of the Church could not have been successfully accomplished by the ministry of the Albigenses. The mind of man had not as yet passed through the indispensable preliminary education. The scholastic philosophy, extravagant as may have been some of its premises and some of its purposes, had yet a great task to accomplish; the task of training the instructors of the Church in the athletic use of all their mental faculties. Philology, and criticism, and ecclesiastical antiquity were still uncultivated. The Holy Scriptures, in their original tongues, were almost a sealed volume to the scholars of the West. The vernacular languages of Europe were unformed. The arts of printing and of paper-making were undiscovered. Such an age could neither have produced nor appreciated a Wickliffe or a Huss. Still less could Melancthon, or Luther, or Calvin, or Beza, have borne their fruit in such times, if such men had then been living. Above all, the world, as it then was, could no more have fostered minds like those of Cranmer or Ridley, of Jewell or Hooker, than it could have trained up chemists to rival Cavendish,

or mechanics to anticipate Watt. If the Albigenses had succeeded in their designs,—if they had reclaimed the nations from the errors of Rome,—they must infallibly have substituted for her despotism, an anarchy breaking loose from all restraints, divine and human,—an anarchy far exceeding, in presumptuous ignorance and audacious self-will, the wildest of the sects which perplexed and disgraced the Reformation of the 16th century.

"That despotism had then reached its noontide splendor; and, bewildered by the insatiation of that giddy height, was about to fulfill an immutable law of human society, by rapidly falling from it. The Papacy had risen to a more than imperial power. It had attained a dignity eclipsing that of the proudest of the Cæsars. It enjoyed a wealth which could be emulated only in the fabulous East. To avenge the assassination of her legate Castellan—to assert her own insulted majesty—and to arrest the growing revolt of mankind from her authority,—she had desolated the fairest regions of France by every plague which tyranny can inflict, or which the victims of it can undergo. Blinded by revenge, by haughtiness, and by fear, she forgot that, by crushing the Provençaux, she was raising up to herself an antagonist with whom she could neither live in peace, nor contend on equal terms. Scarcely had the Church of Rome brought the great province of Languedoc under the allegiance of the King of France, when he promulgated the Pragmatic Sanction, which established what have ever since been called the "liberties of the Gallican Church." During the two succeeding centuries the bishops of Rome had to sustain, from the successors of St. Louis, a series of indignities fatal to their moral influence, and a succession of open hostilities which menaced the entire destruction of their political power. In the person of Boniface VIII. the Papacy was compelled, by Philippe le Bel, to drink deeply of the cup of humiliation which it had so often mixed for the secular powers of Europe. From 1305 to 1377 the Popes were little more than vassals of the French monarchs at Avignon; and, from that time till 1417, the Papacy itself was rent asunder by the great schism. The odifice of their greatness then received at Constance, Basil, and Pisa those rude shocks under which the Reformation of the 16th century found it still trembling. From the days of Hildebrand to the end of the war against the Albigenses, the dominion of the Papacy had been progressively acquiring consistency and strength. From the end of that war to the days of Luther, it was progressively losing its hold on the affections and reverence of the world. It crushed a feeble antagonist in Raymond and his house; but it raised up irresistible adversaries in Louis IX. and his successors. It exiled from Languedoc all the Waldenses who escaped the sword; but it drove them to testify, through every part of Christendom, against the cruelties, the superstitions, and the errors of their persecutors. It silenced the open avowal of dissent from the creeds and the pretensions of Rome; but it sent to the utmost limits of Europe men whose hearts burnt with an unquench-

able indignation against her falsehoods and her tyranny. As was her crime, such was her punishment.

"In that crime the barons and the commonalty of France were the chief agents. But in the perpetration of it, they were also the destroyers of their own personal, political, and social privileges. The dominions of the Count of Toulouse and of the King of Arragon, north of the Pyrenees, were added to the French Crown immediately after the conquest by Philippe Auguste of the continental dominions of the sons of our Henry II. The coasts of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic simultaneously acknowledged the sovereignty of the Capetian race. Strong in this great accession of power they rapidly overthrew the Feudal Confederation, at whose cost, and by whose arms, they had acquired it. The great, but now helpless, feudatories were subjected by Louis IX. to the judicial supremacy of the Crown. Philippe le Bel imposed on them those fiscal burdens which soon ripened into legal dues. The consequent substitution of hired armies for the military service of the feudal vassals, completed the extinction of the baronial power. The fall of it commenced with the improvident and short-sighted animosity, national and religious, which, thirsting for the extermination of a rival people, elevated over the conquerors themselves an irresponsible domestic tyranny. They were the eager executioners, of the murderous decrees of Rome against the Albigenses, and thus became the suicidal destroyers of their own fortunes, powers, and independence. They grievously abused the trust committed to them by the Supreme Ruler of the world, and, by his equitable retribution, that abuse was rendered the instrument of their own ruin."—pp. 238—241.

So do the retributions of Providence come round, and so does that Hand, to which Sir James Stephen, in the face of all the God-neglecting philosophies of our time, attributes the real ordering of human affairs, accomplish its benign purposes. We admire the courage, and the admirable taste, with which the author has wielded his lance in this conflict towards the close of his seventh lecture. In the eighth lecture, "On the Influence of the Judicial on the Monarchical System of France," we find the following sketch of the great St. Louis:—

"St. Louis occupies in history a place apart from that of all the other mortal heroes of our race. It is his peculiar praise to have combined in his own person the virtues which are apparently the most incompatible with each other, and with the state and trials of a king. Seated on the noblest of the thrones of Europe, and justly jealous of his high prerogatives, he was as meek and gentle as if he had been undistinguished from the meanest of his brethren of mankind. Endowed from his boyhood, by the Jewish bounties of nature, with rank, wealth, power, health, and personal

beauty, he was as compassionate as if sorrow had been his daily companion from his youth. An enthusiastic in music, architecture, and polite learning, he applied himself to all the details of public business with the assiduity of one who had no other means of subsistence. Though glowing with all the ardor of an Homeric hero on the field of battle, he purchased and maintained peace by sacrifices which might have appeared humiliating to the faintest heart which ever throbbed beneath the diadem. Surpassed by no monarch in modern Europe in the munificence of his bounties, or in the splendor of his public works, those purest and most sumptuous of the luxuries of royalty were in no single instance defrayed from any tributes levied from his people. Passionately attached to his kindred, he never enriched or exalted one of them at the public expense. Regarding the aggrandizement of the Crown by the subjection of the greater feudatories, as a king in all times, and as a patriot in his times, must have regarded that policy, he yet respected their legal rights, not only with rigid justice, but even with the most delicate and generous courtesy. The heir of conquests and territorial acquisitions of which the responsibility rested with his grandfather, the inestimable advantage with himself, he restored to his rivals and his adversaries every fief and province which, upon the strictest scrutiny, by the most impartial umpires, appeared to have been added to the royal domain by unjust, or even by questionable, means. With a soul knit to the Church, and entirely devoted to her real interests, he opposed a firmer resistance and a more enduring barrier to sacerdotal rapacity and ambition, than had been contemplated by the most audacious and worldly-minded of his predecessors."—pp. 264—266.

The points in this delineation are presented with great skill. But we have been somewhat amused by observing, that of the ten sentences which make up this forcible paragraph, the mechanical structure of nine is precisely after the same model—each begins by describing something which St. Louis *was*, and ends with informing us of something that he *did*. Classical authority there is, no doubt, for the sort of rule in sentence-making which is here followed; but we venture, with much respect, to say, that we account Sir James Stephen Much safer in following the guidance of his own fine understanding, and exquisite sense of fitness; than in taking council of Gibbon, Tacitus, or Cicero. It is by keeping clear of these fashions of the past, much more than by submitting to them, that the author will address himself with effect to the present. Mannerism, whatever be its quality, can only be a *bit* of nature—it is never the *whole*. Commonly, it gives you even that bit distorted. It is from this cause that mannerism, however excellent in its way, is sure to pall, while nature never does.

The seventeenth, eighteenth, and nine-

teenth lectures are "On the Power of the Pen in France;" and to many of our readers, these will, no doubt, be the most interesting in the series.

The first lecture is occupied with sketches of the career of Gerbert, Abélard, and St. Bernard—minds which indicate, with marked brilliancy, the science and speculation of the middle age in France. Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester, was the Roger Bacon of France; Abélard represents the French Nominalists; Bernard, the Realists; the writings of the former including all the germs of our modern Rationalism—the writings of the latter the germs of our modern mysticism and transcendentalism. Sir James Stephen insists that these speculations, airy or cloudy as they may seem, supplied to the mind of France in those times some of the great principles by which its most practical affairs were more or less regulated; and maintains, under the authority of Cousin, that the two great schools of speculation in those remote times, still divide the thinkers of France between them. On some of the characteristic differences between English and French authorship Sir James Stephen thus writes:—

"Every one who is at all conversant with the great writers of France, will, I believe, be prompt to acknowledge their superiority to all other European writers, and especially to our own, in the art, or the power, of perspicuity. Compare, for example, the language of Montaigne, of Pascal, of Bossuet, or of Montesquieu, with the style of Hooker, or Milton, or Jeremy Taylor, or Clarendon. How limpid the flow, how clear and logical the sequences, of the French,—how involved, inverted, parenthetical, and obscure, the stately march of the English composition. In the Ecclesiastical Polity, in the Areopagitica, in the Liberty of Prophesying, or in the History of the Rebellion, how few are the periods which fully convey their meaning, until they have been broken up by the student into their elementary sentences. In the Essays of Montaigne, or in the Provincial Letters, or in the Histoire des Variations, or in the Esprit des Lois, how laboriously must the reader search for so much as a single example of involution, inversion, or parenthesis? I express no opinion on the comparative excellence either of the two schools or of their respective canons of criticism. I confine myself to the remark, that, in this competition of the giants, the palm of habitually expressing the most profound thoughts in the most simple and intelligible forms of speech, must be awarded, not to England, but to France.

"And such as are the giants in either host, such also, in their measure, are the innumerable dwarfs in each. In later times, indeed, the common herd of writers in both nations have affected a sort of *chiaroscuro*; the convenient shelter for meagerness of thought and poverty of invention. For this degeneracy we however are, I fear, fa-



more deeply responsible than our neighbors. Darkened as the literary language of France has so often been by the fumes of undigested metaphysics, there is no author, and scarcely any reader there, who would not stand aghast at the introduction into his native tongue of that inorganic language which even Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself tumbled out in some of his more elaborate speculations, and with which the imitators of that great man are at this day distorting and Germanising the speech of our progenitors.

"Now, as we are to infer from the style peculiar to France some of the distinguishing characteristics of the national mind, what are those distinctive qualities of the French people which have prescribed clearness and precision as the first and fundamental law of all good or tolerable composition among them; I answer, first, that, in that law, we have a proof of the genial, sympathetic, and communicative spirit which is their inalienable birthright. The cloud-compelling Jupiter shrouded himself in darkness, because he dwelt in an abstracted and silent solitude. But the god of day rejoiced in the light, because he was also the god of eloquence. Even so a German will so often write obscurely, because his pleasure is in secluded rumination. A Frenchman always writes clearly, because his happiness is in social and intellectual intercourse. The first calls up shadowy dreams not less with his pen than with his pipe. The other is engaged in the commerce of thought in his study, not less than in the salon. And hence the immeasurable superiority of the French to all other nations in social literature. What can be compared with the ease, the grace, the fascinating flow of their familiar letters? except, perhaps, their historical memoirs, which are, indeed, but another kind of familiar letters, addressed to society at large, by actors in the scene of public life, who have gladly escaped from its caution and reserve to enjoy the freedom of colloquial intercourse."—pp. 211—213.

There is, however, something more to be included, if this comparison is to make an approach towards completeness:—

"But such advantages are purchased at a price. The propensity and the power thus to render literature subservient to the embellishment of life, are continually tending to a fatal abuse. recall the long series of men of genius, from Rabelais to Voltaire, who, becoming the victims of their own arts of fascination, have so often debased history, philosophy, and religion itself, to a frivolous pastime; the idle resource of the habitually idle. Remember how Bayle postpones everything else to the amusement of his readers; how Montesquieu strews the *Esprit des Lois* with epigrams; and how even the illustrious Pascal illuminates the most awful of all discussions with the charms of his inimitable irony. Conjecture (for it is hopeless to measure) the dimensions of those pyramids of contes, novels, romances, fictitious memoirs, comedies, and vaudevilles, which the pens of French men and women have piled up with such a prodigality of labor and of talent;

and then confess that, if the passion to captivate, and to be captivated, has rendered the style of France pellucid, it has also contributed not a little to render much of her literature frivolous."—p. 213.

Sir James greatly admires—as every man of intelligence must—the exquisite perspicuity of the French written language, and regards it as indicating the predominance of the reasoning faculty in the French mind. No one acquainted with the best writers in France on metaphysical subjects can have been insensible to the delicacy and skill with which they express their ideas, and give you the finest shade of their meaning. We are disposed to suspect, however, that their logic is much more acute than comprehensive—much more refined within certain limits, than safe as a whole. Our own Locke is singularly wanting in that ready and adroit structure of sentences, and use of terms, in which the French are such proficient. But let any man become master of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," and then read Cousin's course of lectures upon it, and we should marvel much if he does not admit that the Englishman, if not the more brilliant guide of the two, is greatly the more safe. He may be less clever at points, but he has more real perspicacity. If he does less to startle and astonish, he does less also to throw you off your guard, and to mislead. We are aware that statements to this effect are not likely to find favor at Cambridge, where even such men as Whewell and Sedgwick have dishonored themselves by speaking contemptuously of our great Englishman. That these gentlemen have so done without having taken the pains really to understand the author whom they have so grossly misrepresented, is a point about which we have no sort of doubt. But this by the way. Even Sir James Stephen, with all his admiration of the logic-loving power of the French, does not conceal his impression that it is a power to which we should not surrender ourselves without a good deal of caution and forethought. Somehow or other, it is found to be marvellously apt at leading people into mischief.

"But this logical structure of the understanding of our neighbors, while at once generating their characteristic perspicuity of style, and attested by it, has also given birth to that remorseless *Ergoisme* (no language but their own could have found place for such a word,) by which they are no less distinguished. The helpless slaves of syllogism, they advance with unflinching intrepidity to any consequence, however startling,

which seems to them legitimately to emerge from whatever they regard as well-established premises; while they reject, with equal hardihood, any doctrine, however invaluable, which cannot be so demonstrated. They are rationalists in the correct sense of that much misused expression; that is, they are more than sceptical of all conclusions which unaided reason cannot reach, even though they may be reached by the aid of those guides, of which reason herself has taught the need, and the authority. They condemn, as unmeaning or superstitious, every opinion which cannot be enounced in terms perfectly unambiguous, even when such opinions are conversant with topics beyond the range of human observation and of man's experience. He who would estimate the extent to which such Pyrrhonism infects and degrades much of the literature of France, must pass a large part of his life in reading books, the knowledge of which a good man would regret, and a wise and humble man avoid."—p. 215.

We submit, there must be something radically defective in a logic that does not better know where to stop. It may, as we have said, be acute, but it must be lacking in comprehensiveness. A duly comprehensive logic not only assists you to move, it gives you the requisite caution when you should proceed no further. One of the latest acquisitions of the wise is to know *that*.

Even in respect to clearness and freedom of style, the distance between the French and the English has been constantly diminishing since the Restoration, and especially since the days of Dryden and Goldsmith. It may be that talent of this kind should be admitted, even now, to be more natural, upon the average, to the Frenchman than to the Englishman. But what we have not so commonly by nature, we are daily realizing upon a large scale by study and practice; and as we say of our logic, so we may perhaps say of our style—that what it wants in point and vivacity, it more than compensates in substance, and in the sort of power that produces and sustains conviction.

Sir James is fond of placing his great characteristic spirits in triads. First we have Gerbert, Abelard, and St. Bernard; next we have Joinville, Froissart, and De Comines; and next comes the same number, more strangely assorted: viz., Rabelais, Calvin, and Montaigne. The delineation of all these master-spirits is achieved with great truthfulness and power. We scarcely need say, that Rabelais, Calvin, and Montaigne cannot be any one of them accepted as an expression of the spirit of the French people taken as a whole. The plants in this case are so widely different in their nature, that the atmosphere in which they alike found sustenance must have

been widely different. Had Montaigne been the contrast of his times to the degree alleged by our author, the times would have given little heed to his utterances, and the proofs of his genius would probably never have reached us. He was antagonist to *some* of its developments—in harmony with others. In the France of that day the jovial sensuousness of Rabelais, the devout logic of Calvin, and the easy skepticism of Montaigne, found a fitting auditory. Religion, whether as proceeding from Rome or Geneva, had come to breathe the spirit, and take the form, of a stern dogmatism; and in the rising skepticism—of which Montaigne was the representative—we see the natural revolt against that tendency. Rabelais saw the weakness of both these parties, but added to this weakness a large stock of his own. The gravity of the divines would have been to him as a perpetual funeral: and even the comparative playfulness of Montaigne would have been an insipid affair, sadly wanting in the zest and lustiness necessary to all real enjoyment. Calvin, Montaigne, and Rabelais, played the parts respectively of the Franciscan, the Courtier, and Silenus: and as it was with these men, so was it with the French people. Each had his admirers. The national character embraced them all. In some, all these temperaments were largely blended; in a greater number, the one or the other was predominant.

Rabelais became the father of the mocking school in French literature. From him the gifted men of that country learnt the power of ridicule. It was a perilous discovery to make. In France, everything true, noble, and devout, has been prostrated lamentably by the force of that weapon. Montaigne did not wield it in the manner of Rabelais: but together they formed the school of the doubters, and their disciples having learned, like themselves, to turn away from all grave subjects with a smile or a shrug, have sunk naturally into that form of tolerated selfishness so common among men of the world, ever giving themselves to the immediate, to the neglect of the future, to the personal, to the neglect of the public. It is not to this school, however, that we must look for the persecutors in French history. These men were not sufficiently men of convictions or earnestness in anything, to give themselves to such employment. It is not in the Pyrrhonists, whose history is traced from the rationalist speculations of Abélard, that our author finds the persecuting element, but rather in the Ideologists, whose history is traced from St.

Bernard. In this latter school the force of logic, of quietism, and of mysticism, all strangely combined to form a school so filled with self-confidence and dogmatism, as to be prepared to regard all departures from their own opinions as necessarily sinful, and to regard the guilt so contracted as justly exposing the delinquents to punishment. According to our author, we have a continuation of this school in our modern Spiritualists. The infallible oracle with such men is the subjective; with the Romanist it is also the subjective, but the subjective bearing witness to the objective. In both cases there is the same pretence to a scientific exactness and certainty; and from this fact, the same inference follows in favor of persecution.

From the period when the French monarchy became consolidated and ascendant, its great policy, as will be supposed, was to discountenance all political discussion. Singularly destitute, accordingly, of works of that nature, is the literature of France, from the age of Francis I. to the close of the reign of Louis XIV. How it was managed, not only to prevent the great authors of France from touching on political speculations, but to degrade them to the level of worshippers before the absolutist power of the throne, is thus explained:—

"As Francis, and Charles, and Leo, and Julius, and Lorenzo had assigned science, and poetry, and painting, and architecture, and sculpture, as their appropriate provinces, to those great master-spirits of Italy, to whom they forbade the culture of political philosophy, so Louis, when he interdicted to the gigantic intellects of his times and country all intervention in the affairs of the commonwealth, summoned them to the conquest of all the other realms of thought in which they might acquire renown, either for him, for France, or for themselves. The theatres, the academies, the pulpits, and the monasteries of his kingdom rivalled each other in their zealous obedience to that royal command, and obeyed it with a success from which no competent and equitable judge can withhold his highest admiration. At this day, when all the illusions of the name of Louis are exhausted, and in this country, where his Augustan age has seldom been regarded with much enthusiasm, who can seriously address himself to the perusal of his great tragedians, Corneille and Racine—or of his great comedians, Molière and Régnard—or of his great poets, Boileau and La Fontaine—or of his great wits, La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère—or of his great philosophers, Des Cartes and Pascal—or of his great divines, Bossuet and Arnauld—or of his great scholars, Mabillon and Montfaucon—or of his great preachers, Bourdaloue and Massillon—and not confess that no other monarch was ever surrounded by an *assemblage of men of genius so admirable for the*

extent, the variety, and the perfection of their powers.

"And yet the fact that such an assemblage were clustered into a group, of which so great a king was the centre, implies that there must have been some characteristic quality uniting them all to each other and to him, and distinguishing them all from the nobles of every other literary commonwealth which has existed amongst men. What, then, was that quality, and what its influence upon them?

"Louis lived with his courtiers, not as a despot among his slaves, but as the most accomplished of gentlemen among his associates. This social equality was, however, always guarded from abuse by the most punctilious observance, on their side, of the reverence due to his pre-eminent rank. In that enchanted circle men appeared at least to obey, not from a hard necessity, but from a willing heart. The bondage in which they really lived was ennobled by that conventional code of honor which dictated and enforced it. They prostrated themselves before their fellow-man with no sense of self-abasement, and the chivalrous homage with which they gratified him, was considered as imparting dignity to themselves.

"Louis acknowledged and repaid this tribute of courtesy, by a condescension still more refined, and by attentions yet more delicate than their own. The harshness of power was so ingeniously veiled, every shade of approbation was so nicely marked, and every gradation of favor so finely discriminated, that the tact of good society—that acquired sense, which reveals to us the impression we make on those with whom we associate—became the indispensable condition of existence at Versailles and Marly. The inmates of those palaces lived under a law peculiar to themselves; a law most effective for its purposes, though the recompense it awarded to those who pleased their common master was but his smile, and though the penalty it imposed on those who displeased him was but his frown."—pp. 336—338.

The manner in which patronage of this nature gave its impress to the whole style of authorship in those times, is most felicitously given in the paragraphs which follow.

"The men of letters, to whom a place was assigned in the court of Louis, were nearly all plebeians, but were rescued by the king from the social degradations to which their rank might otherwise have exposed them. The graces and the elegance which they witnessed in his circle, were not only adopted in their own personal address and manners, but were transferred into their writings. To please, and to rise by pleasing, became the great ends of literary, as they were of fashionable, existence. Men of genius sought to please in the republic of letters, as they had learned to please among the aristocratic companions of their princes. They ascended to literary power by the arts which, in that age, conducted the nobles of the land to power in the state. They aimed at creating a profound interest by their writings, without ever provoking a painful excitement. Their books were redolent of

the same graceful ease, by which they had themselves been charmed in the intercourse of the privileged classes. They exhibited, as authors, the same gaiety of spirit which they had seen diffusing, through that elevated circle, the transient sense of equality, so indispensable to all true social enjoyment. Having learnt, in the brilliant companies which thronged the royal salons, how mighty is the force of ridicule, they assumed, in their literary character, all the weapons, offensive and defensive, by which the assaults of that great aristocratic power may be either pointed or repelled. Diligent students of the conventional code of manners, they became familiar with all the signals beneath which it commands the polished few to rally, and with all the penalties which it denounces against the unpolished many, who are heedless or unconscious of that rallying cry. Minds born to grapple with the loftiest contemplations were thus too often engaged with the most trivial. They were but too apt to study the superficial aspect of society, to the disregard of its inward state and of its outward tendencies. They investigated the specific man more than the generic man, the French character more than the human character, the empty vanities of the world rather than its true dignities, the fleeting follies of mankind more than their inherent weaknesses or corruptions. Molière himself, great as he was, condescended to become little else than the lord jester, under Louis XIV., of the high court of Ridicule.

"But while many of the noble pursuits of literature were thus abandoned, the learned courtiers of Louis found, in their mental and social allegiance to him, the fullest occasion for exercising and perfecting those qualities which, at the commencement of my last lecture, I enumerated as eminently characteristic of the spirit and intellect of the people of France. Their social disposition and genial nature rendered it easy and delightful to them to reflect in their books, the gaiety, the grace, and the cordiality of the high-born associates with whom they mingled. Their logical acumen detected at a glance, and expelled remorselessly from their writings, whatever would have appeared to that fastidious audience, either vulgar, or exaggerated, or tedious, or obscure. They used the most abstruse deductions of reason, as Cleopatra used her pearls, to add an occasional zest to a royal banquet. Their national eloquence shone forth with unwearied lustre, though, even in the pulpit, they never wholly intermitted the homage so habitually rendered to their princely idol. But, above all, the unmeasured obedience of the French people to whatever was esteemed as a legitimate power among them, was manifested by the authors of their Augustan age by the most indiscriminating loyalty. Because Louis was superstitious and intolerant, not a voice was raised among them in defence of spiritual or of mental freedom. Because he was an absolute king, they breathed not a word on behalf of their national franchises. Because he was himself the state, they passed by the affairs of the commonwealth as though the discussion of them would have been a case of *lèse majesté* against him. Be-

cause success in war was his favorite boast, they incessantly labored in erecting trophies to his military renown. Because he was amorous, they sang of love in strains sometimes impassioned, sometimes artificial, but always in harmony with the sentiments which rumour taught them to ascribe to their king. And because he was the admitted model of universal excellence, the greatest minds which France has ever produced, drew habitually and servilely from that model in many of their greatest works."—pp. 288—291.

We sometimes complain that the literary character among us participates so little in the notice and favor of our own ruling powers. That it is so, however, is a fact, to which we owe no small portion of the sound political feeling that has been hereditary in this country. May the day be far distant in which those who hold "the Power of the Pen" in England will be found looking with expectancy to the patronage of princes or of ministries in the prosecution of their labors. Nor is it in the nature of such a state of things that it should last. Such an inversion of the noble is unnatural. Even in France it could not be perpetuated. When those who suffered themselves to be interdicted from all free discussion on either politics or religion, had worked the soil left to them until it could yield no more, the time came in which bolder men seized on the neglected fields, and wrought in them, after a fashion, and with results, never to be forgotten! When the reaction came the glories of priesthood and of monarchy were laid alike in the dust, and amidst deeds the report of which has been as a tingling in the ear of the nations to this hour.

We have passed by many beautiful and instructive passages in these volumes which we had marked for insertion. Much also that it was in our mind to say about the French monarchy under Louis XIV. we must forbear to say. That memorable reign extends from 1643 to 1715. It naturally divides itself into three parts—the years of the king's minority, which were not without embarrassments and inquietude; the interval extending from the majority of the king to the year 1704, which may be described as the era of prosperity and splendor; and the space from 1704 to 1715, which may be described as the disastrous, or, more properly speaking, the retributive portion of that epoch in French history. During the lifetime of that one monarch in France, the grand struggle between the parliamentarians and the royalists in England originated, and was prosecuted to its close; our ancient constitution



gave place to a commonwealth and a protectorate; the House of Stuart was restored to the throne, and a second time expelled; and our country, amidst all the impediments of war abroad and feud at home, is found pursuing an onward course during the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne. Sir James intimates, that he may some day discourse on English history as he has now discoursed on the history of France. We earnestly hope that this purpose may be realized—though the last lecture in this series, intitled “The Growth of the French and English Monarchies compared,” is to us the least satisfactory of the whole. A fairly developed view of the history of the two countries in something like comparative lights, would be inestimable. If we have any fear about it, as coming from such a pen, we must be allowed to say, that it is a fear as to the na-

tural influence of such a position as that filled by Sir James Stephen, even on a mind of his order in the discussion of such a theme. The English government is not in relation to the University of Cambridge, what Louis XIV. was to his *liérati*. But in the former case, as in the latter, there is danger of its being tacitly understood that nothing is to be said in such connections that may not be expected to pass muster as political orthodoxy of the most respectable description. The ignorance and special pleading of Hume have done their work. His influence is of the past. Retribution has come. The lie does not last for ever.

We close these pages with a feeling of sincere gratitude to their author; and we can honestly say that we have no memory of having ever read two volumes more rich in material, in taste, or in wisdom.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

WITH A PORTRAIT FROM A DRAWING BY E. U. EDDIS, ESQ.

THIS celebrated essayist, orator, poet, and historian, is the eldest son of the late Zachary Macaulay, the early and veteran laborer for the abolition of Negro slavery. Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in 1800. He received his early education at home under a private tutor, and then read for some years under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Preston at Shelford, near Cambridge.

In 1818 he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired high distinction as a classical scholar; and where he established a still higher reputation among his contemporaries for his oratory in their debating societies, for his ample acquirements in modern history and literature, and for the general brilliancy of his conversational powers. He gained one of the Craven University Scholarships in 1822, and won a Fellowship of Trinity in 1824.

His earliest speech in public was delivered in that year. It was on a subject, on which he may be said to have had an hereditary

right to shine. He first came forward as a supporter of one of the resolutions moved at an Anti-Slavery meeting in London. It is remarkable that this was the first and almost the last public speech which he ever made out of Parliament, except those delivered by him on the hustings.

Some passages of this his first public address have been preserved in the memories of those who heard it, and one passage may be cited as peculiarly characteristic of the style of imagery by which both his oratory and his writings have ever been distinguished. After a fervent description of the misery and degradation of the West Indian slaves at the time when he was speaking, he addressed himself to the future, and “He anticipated the day when the Negro, then crouching beneath the lash, should walk with brow erect from the field which was his freehold, to the house which was his castle.”

Many of the earliest productions of Mr. Macaulay's pen appeared in “Charles Knight's

Quarterly." There are several historical ballads written in youth by the future author of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," which earned a more enduring celebrity than is generally accorded to the poetry of magazines and reviewers. Two of these, "The Armada," and "The Battle of Ivry," have been republished by the author, together with "The Lays of Ancient Rome," in the later editions of that work. They well deserve the honor. The description in "The Armada" of the transmission by the beacon fires throughout England of the news of the approach of the Spanish fleet, is full of the martial spirit of *Æschylus*; and may stand comparison with its prototype, the celebrated passage in "The Agamemnon," that paints the chain of fire signals from Mount Ida to Argos, which announced to Clytemnestra the fall of Troy. The prowess of the chivalrous Henri Quatre is glowingly placed before us in the ballad on the Battle of Ivry. Probably the study of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, which appeared about the time when he was at Cambridge, may have done much towards leading Macaulay to compose these much admired stanzas. Not that he is a mere imitator of the Spanish martial romances. He adds elements that are all his own. He has a power of grouping and concentrating images, and of portraying masses, and the movements of masses, which cannot be found in the Spanish Romancers, who deal chiefly with the passions, and the deeds of individuals.

The foundation of Mr. Macaulay's fame as a prose writer was laid by his essay on Milton, which appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" in 1825; and was followed by other contributions to that periodical during the succeeding twenty-two years. When, in 1843, Mr. Macaulay published a collection of these papers, he spoke in the preface to it, of the criticism on Milton, as "written when the author was fresh from College, and containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved," and as "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." Authors are seldom good judges of their own works; and we totally except to Mr. Macaulay's condemnation of this long celebrated essay. Had it been so faulty as he now represents it to be, it never would have pleased the taste of one so classically correct as Jeffrey, or have been admitted into the pages of the *Edinburgh* while under the management of that great critic. We will take Jeffrey's judgment in preference to Macaulay's, when Macaulay himself is in question, and unhesitatingly profess our be-

lief that the paper on Milton stands deservedly first in the volumes of critical and historical essays with which Mr. Macaulay has enriched our literature.

This collection of essays is so well known, both in England and in Anglo-America, that any detailed comment on it would be superfluous. Perhaps the single paper in which most originality and vigor of thought are displayed, is that on Machiavelli. The author's marvellous power of bringing gorgeous groups of imagery together, and of concentrating the striking points of long historic annals into a single page, are most remarkably shown in the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, which ought to be read together, as forming one magnificent picture of the leading characters and decisive scenes in Anglo-Indian history, during its most eventful period. The description of the trial of Warren Hastings surpasses any other scene of the kind, with which we are acquainted in either ancient or modern literature; and nothing can be more artistic than the solemn pathos of the conclusion, where, after the mind has been excited by the fierce vicissitudes of the strife of statesmen, we are dismissed with a majestic allusion to "that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, the great Abbey, which has, during so many ages, afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall."

Mr. Macaulay has, himself, borne no mean part among "the chiefs of the eloquent war." He entered Parliament in 1831, as member for Calne, under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne; and rapidly signalized himself in the debates that accompanied the introduction of the first Reform Bill. We will quote a portion of his first speech, in which the reader will observe the same characteristics which have marked his writings.

"We talk of the wisdom of our ancestors—and in one respect, at least they were wiser than we. They legislated for their own times. They looked at the England which was before them. They did not think it necessary to give twice as many members to York as they gave to London, because York had been the capital of England in the time of Constantius Chlorus. And they would have been amazed indeed, if they had foreseen, that a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants would be left without representatives in the nineteenth century, merely because it stood on ground which, in the thirteenth century, had been occupied by a few huts. They

framed a representative system which was not, indeed, without defects and irregularities, but which was well adapted to the state of England in their time. But a great revolution took place. The character of the old corporations changed; new forms of property came into existence,—new portions of society rose into importance. There were in our rural districts rich cultivators who were not freeholders. There were in our capital rich traders, who were not liverymen. Towns shrank into villages. Villages swelled into cities larger than the London of the Plantagenets. Unhappily, while the natural growth of society went on, the artificial polity continued unchanged. The ancient form of representation remained, and precisely because the form remained, the spirit departed. Then came that pressure almost to bursting—the new wine in the old bottles—the new people under the old institutions. It is now time for us to pay a decent, a rational, a manly reverence to our ancestors,—not by superstitiously adhering to what they, under other circumstances, did,—but by doing what they, in our circumstances, would have done. All history is full of revolutions, produced by causes similar to those which are now operating in England. A portion of the community, which had been of no account, expands and becomes strong. It demands a place in the system, suited, not to its former weakness, but to its present power. If this is granted, all is well. If this is refused, then comes the struggle between the young energy of one class, and the ancient privileges of another. Such was the struggle between the plebians and the patricians of Rome! Such was the struggle of the Italian allies for admission to the full rights of Roman citizens. Such was the struggle of our North American colonists against the mother country. Such was the struggle which the *Tiers Etat* of France maintained against the aristocracy of birth. Such was the struggle which the Catholics of Ireland maintained against the aristocracy of creed. Such is the struggle which the free people of color in Jamaica are now maintaining against the aristocracy of skin. Such, finally, is the struggle which the middle classes in England are maintaining against the aristocracy of mere locality; against the aristocracy, the principle of which is to invest one hundred drunken pot-wallopers in one place, or the owner of a ruined hovel in another, with powers which are withheld from cities renowned to the furthest ends of the earth, for the marvels of their wealth, and of their industry."

"My hon. friend, the member for the University of Oxford, tells us, that if we pass this law England will soon be a republic. The reformed House of Commons will, according to him, before it has sat ten years, depose the king, and expel the lords from their house. Sir, if my hon. friend could prove this, he would have succeeded in bringing an argument for democracy, infinitely stronger than any that is to be found in the works of Paine. His proposition is, in fact, this,—that our monarchical and aristocratical institutions have no hold on the public mind of England; that those institutions are regarded with aversion by a decided majority of the middle class. This, sir, I say, is plainly deducible from his proposition; for he tells us that the representatives of the middle class will inevitably abolish royalty and nobility within ten years; and there is surely no reason to think that the representatives of the middle class will be more inclined to a democratic revolution than their constituents. Now, sir, if I were convinced that the great body of the middle class in England look with aversion on monarchy and aristocracy, I should be forced, much against my will, to come to this conclusion, that monarchical and aristocratical institutions are unsuited to this country. Monarchy and aristocracy, valuable and useful as I think them, are still valuable and useful as means, and not as ends. The end of government is the happiness of the people; and I do not conceive that, in a country like this, the happiness of the people can be promoted by a form of government in which the middle classes place no confidence, and which exists only because the middle have no organ by which to make their sentiments known."

He was equally conspicuous by the fearlessness and brilliancy of his oratory in support of the second Reform Bill, in the next session. Perhaps his sense of the perilous excitement of that crisis can best be expressed by quoting a passage from one of his essays, where he is evidently referring to the reform agitation of 1831–32.

"There are terrible conjunctures when the discontents of a nation, not light and capricious discontents, but discontents that have been steadily increasing during a long series of years have attained their full maturity. The discerning few predict the approach of these conjunctures, but predict in vain. To the many the evil season comes as a total eclipse of the sun at noon comes to a people of savages. Society, which but a short time before was in a state of perfect repose, is on

a sudden agitated with the most fearful convulsions, and seems to be on the verge of dissolution; and the rulers who, till the mischief was beyond the reach of all ordinary remedies, had never bestowed one thought on its existence, stands bewildered and panic-stricken, without hope or resource, in the midst of the confusion. One such conjuncture this generation has seen. God grant that we may never see another!"

When the Reform Bill was carried, Mr. Macaulay shared in the full harvest of popularity which, for a time, was enjoyed by the Whigs. He was chosen by the populous and important town of Leeds to be one of its representatives in the parliament of 1833, but, fortunately for him, he was now withdrawn for a time from the great arena of English politics, in consequence of his accepting an important appointment in India.

By the act which renewed the East India Company's charter in 1833, a commission was appointed to inquire into and amend the laws of that country, and Mr. Macaulay was placed at its head. His career in India was honorably marked by earnest and enlightened industry; and in particular he deserves high credit for the independence and courage which he displayed respecting one of the reforms which he introduced. We allude to the celebrated XIth Article of the Legislative Council, which placed all the subjects of the British crown in India on a footing of equality in the eye of the law, without respect to their being of European or of Asiatic birth. The exasperated Anglo-Indians called this the Black Act; and loud and long were the protests and complaints transmitted to England against this levelling of the dominant race with the native population in the administration of justice. Mr. Macaulay was unmoved by either clamor or obloquy. And he replied to the attacks of his numerous foes by a state paper, which is justly regarded as one of the ablest of the many able documents which have appeared from Indian officials.

We have said that Mr. Macaulay's Indian appointment was a fortunate event for him; and we meant to style it so, not merely on account of its lucrative character, but because it saved Mr. Macaulay from sharing in the decline and fall of Whig popularity, which took place during the five years that followed the passing of the Reform Bill. Mr. Macaulay only returned from India in time to participate in some of the final struggles of Lord Melbourne's Ministry. In 1839 he joined the cabinet as secretary at war, and made several vigorous oratorical charges

against the powerful enemy that was pressing hard on the retreating Whigs. In particular, his speech on the 29th of January, 1840, in the debate on the vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, was marked with all his fire; and the passage of it in which he reminded his then adversary, Sir James Graham, of their former joint triumphs during the reform struggle, is one of the finest that he ever uttered. After the accession of Sir Robert Peel to office, Mr. Macaulay was one of the most effective speakers on the opposition side of the House; but he did not suffer party spirit to lead him into blind and indiscriminating animosity against the victorious rivals of his Whig friends; and his conduct on one memorable occasion during this period is deserving of the highest honor. We allude to his speech in favor of the increased grant to Maynooth, when proposed by the Peel ministry in 1845. Of course we are passing no opinion of our own as to the policy or impolicy of Maynooth endowments. We merely say that Mr. Macaulay, being conscientiously convinced that such an endowment was proper, acted most honorably in supporting it; though he knew that the people of Edinburgh (which city he then represented in the House) were fanatically opposed to it, though it was brought forward by the men who had bitterly reviled Mr. Macaulay's own party for favoring the Irish Catholics, and though there was a tempting opportunity for revenge, by combining with the ultra-Protestants headed by Sir Robert Inglis in the house, so as to leave the ministry in a minority.

Mr. Macaulay took little part in the Corn-Law debates. He had spoken in 1842, on Mr. Villiers' motion in favor of the principle of Free Trade, but against any sudden withdrawal of the protection, which the agricultural interest had so long enjoyed. He refused to countenance the agitation of the Anti-Corn-Law League; and probably this increased the disfavor which his Maynooth speech had already procured for him with his Edinburgh constituents.

He lost his election in 1846; an event which, however much we may admire him as a statesman, we can hardly regret, inasmuch as it obtained for him the leisure requisite for the composition of his *Opus Magnum*, his *History of England*.

Before, however, we speak of this we must remind our readers of the glorious "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," which Mr. Macaulay gave the world in 1842, while still keenly bent on his parliamentary career. This book interest



ed the scholar by the magnificent illustration which it gave of the intrinsic probability of Niebuhr's theory as to the origin of the current early history of Rome. It gratified and served the historian by its admirable introductory comments; and by its interspersed epitomes of some of the most stirring crises in the fortunes of the great Republic. But, above all, it has delighted hundreds of thousands, who were neither scholars nor historians, by the glowing spirit of true poetry which animates it in every line.

These "Lays" show in meridian fulness the powers of Objectivity, of which the early ballads of Mr. Macaulay gave promise. The rush of heady combat,—the mustering, the march, the chivalrous aspects, the picturesque garbs, and the bold gestures and words, and bolder deeds of warriors are brought with Homeric expressiveness before us. The descriptions of scenery also, are beautifully given. But Mr. Macaulay shows little Subjective power. He is comparatively weak, when he introduces single characters expressing their passions and feelings in the present tense and first person. This is particularly apparent in the Third Lay, which tells of *Virginus*,

"Who wrote his daughter's honor in her blood,"

to adopt the noble line in which Mr. Warren, in his "*Lily and Bee*," sums up that far-famed legend.

Mr. Macaulay's retirement from Parliament secured for him those two years of lettered ease, without which, as he rightly considered, no man can do justice to himself

or the public as a writer of history.\* The first fruits of that leisure were the first two volumes of his "*History of England*," which appeared in the autumn of 1848. We trust that many more are destined to follow. It would be unwarrantable in us to criticise the portion we possess, with such scant space at our command as the conclusion of this memoir can afford. The public of England and America have pronounced a verdict of enthusiastic approbation, to which individual critics could add little weight, and from which (even if we were so minded) we could detract still less. If we were to express a wish as to any change in the fashion of the work, it would be that passages of repose should be more frequently introduced. A history ought not to be a continuous excitement.

Upon Mr. Macaulay's features, as represented in the accompanying portrait

"The seal of Middle Age  
Hath scarce been set,"

and we hope that a long career of active glory is still before him. But even if he were doomed to rest upon his present intellectual achievements, his name would rank among the highest of the nineteenth century. His works are read and admired wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has spread over the Old World and the New, and their fame will last as long as the language of that race endures.

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\* See his advice to Sir James Stephen, cited in the preface to that gentleman's "*Lecture on French History*."

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JUGGERNAUT.—The "establishment" connected with the temple of Juggernaut, in India, is immense. It includes thirty-six different kinds of office, some of which are subdivided into several more. About 640 persons are required to fill the appointments, a few of which are the following: The one who puts Juggernaut to bed, the one who wakes him, the one who gives him water and a tooth-

pick, the painter who paints his eyes, an officer to give him rice, and another to give him pan, one to wash his linen, one to count his robes, one to carry his umbrella, and one to tell him the hours of worship. Besides these, there are 4,000 cooks, 120 dancing girls, and 8,000 priests, many of whom are exceedingly rich.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## CLARENDON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.\*

Conspicuous amongst the public men who flourished in the time of the Civil War is Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. His life and works have been canvassed with a diligence and zeal extended to none of his contemporaries; and the result of all the criticism, hostile and defensive, that has been applied to him, conducts us to this conclusion, that, to judge of him truly and justly, he should be regarded under two separate and distinct aspects. No one man can differ from another in some respects more widely than Clarendon the historian differs from Clarendon the chancellor. He seems to have had two natures, two characters—one in his books, and one in his office. The contrast may, perhaps, be in some measure accounted for by the fact that his outer life, his activity, his passions were expended in his official and political capacity; while his books were the produce of retirement and leisure, liberated from the dangerous seductions of power, and reflecting the hived-up wisdom and subdued judgment of matured age looking out upon the world "through the loop-holes of retreat."

There is no name in English historical literature better known or more frequently referred to. The charm of a fluent style, sagacious observation, great talent for portraiture, a singularly tenacious memory, and a position in public affairs which brought him into relation, more or less direct, with the leading men of his age, combine to impart a value and an interest to his writings which no similar records possess in our own, or perhaps in any other language. Whatever difference of opinion may prevail as to the trust to be reposed in his facts and portraits, or rather in the coloring he flings over them, it is allowed on all hands that his industry and skill have laid the world under weighty obligations. To the information he collected

with so much exactitude and assiduity, and to the life-like pictures he has given us of his contemporaries, we are all obliged to have recourse whenever the subject of the Civil Wars comes under consideration. To say that he is not chargeable with errors and prejudices would be in so many foolish words to claim for him an exemption from human infirmities. But it may be asserted with justice, on the whole, that, considering the difficulties and temptations of contemporary history, and the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed as a prominent actor in the scenes he describes, few men could have executed such an undertaking with greater moderation, candor, and independence. And this may be honestly asserted without compromising the exceptions which have been taken in detail to matters of fact and opinion. He himself frequently supplies the means by which his own accuracy and judgment may be put to the severest tests.

His personal reputation is another question. No man's public character has been more violently disputed. If it be a proof of thorough impartiality in the discharge of a high office (as some of his champions assume) to have incurred the bitterest hostility of all parties, then the Lord Chancellor Clarendon must have been the most impartial of men. No man was ever more cordially disliked, or industriously scandalized. And the fact is seized upon by his panegyrists as affording indisputable evidence of the integrity with which he discharged his functions. We confess we cannot subscribe to a doctrine which declares universal odium, or suspicion, or something very like it, to be an indispensable condition of official honesty. The world knows how to deal more discriminately with the baseness of party than to accept its praise or censure as a final criterion either way; and we believe that the ultimate verdict of opinion on the actions of public men redresses the balance with tolerable accuracy in the long run. If we find, as in the case of Lord Clarendon, that grave doubts of the purity of a high functionary survive the in-

\* *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery.* By Lady Theresa Lewis. 3 vols. Murray. 1842.

fluence of personal jealousies and party detraction, we are compelled to suppose that they must have some foundation in truth. The abuse of patronage is more likely to generate unanimous vituperation than the exercise of a lofty and fearless impartiality. We must not overlook the probabilities on that side of the question, and out of our eagerness to vindicate an historical reputation, set down all asperities and attacks to the score of venal disappointment, and the alternate hatreds of opposing factions sacrificed in turn to severe and dispassionate justice.

Lady Theresa Lewis has undertaken in the introduction to her *Lives of Clarendon's Friends and Contemporaries*, to rescue the Lord Chancellor Clarendon from the charges of bribery and corruption that were bruited against him in his lifetime, and which it is only fair to say have never been either satisfactorily proved, or conclusively rebutted. That she should take this view of his character is natural enough; nor do we object, as far as the interests of truth are concerned, to see the old discussion re-opened in so frank and generous a spirit. But it appears to us, that she would have better served the reputation of her hero if she had left such doubtful matters in abeyance, seeing that it was by no means possible to disprove assertions which, although they are sustained only by a train of circumstantial conjectures, are yet justified to a considerable extent by suspicious appearances and the absence of exculpatory evidence.

The sum of all we know of Lord Clarendon is certainly not in favor of Lady Theresa's vindication. He was a man of great ambition, with "a sharp and luxuriant fancy." These are his own words. Originally of a proud and impetuous temper, he learned to subdue his humors in high company, and by the force of the strict restraint he put upon himself, became courteous and affable to all manner of people. This is his own account of himself, and we presume it may be relied upon. Now, when an ambitious man, with a passionate temper, brings himself down to this universal affability, the inference is obvious that he does so to subserve his own aspiring ends. It is not to be denied that he was studious of his aggrandizement and his mode of life; and the grandeurs he collected about him show with what success he cultivated that object.

Turning to his accusers, Lady Theresa sets aside the testimony of Andrew Marvell's *poems as not being* legitimate historical evi-

dence. Why not? Andrew Marvell was one of the most honest and uncompromising of men, and making all reasonable allowances for the biliousness of satire, we know of no more trustworthy witness. He was at least sincere and in earnest, and his satires differ from mere political pasquinades in this essential characteristic, that they are distinguished by the impress of a deep and thoughtful conviction. No doubt he felt strongly, and judged harshly; but he was in the midst of the strife, and knew what was going forward, and entertained such a loathing of corruption in his own person as to place his testimony above the suspicion of being actuated by interested motives.

On the other hand, it is little to the purpose that Pepys says nothing against the Lord Chancellor. This kind of negative defence is a remarkably slight reed to lean upon. Pepys visited Lord Clarendon's house in Piccadilly, and is content to tell us that it was a very noble house, full of brave pictures—and no more. Pepys, as all the world knows, was a courtier in his own way, and a cautious and time-serving courtier to boot, and would be much more likely, on a calculation of chances, to speak flatteringly than disparagingly of so powerful a man as Lord Clarendon. It was not for the Secretary of the Admiralty to let loose his humors on the Lord Chancellor. Pepys had an apt genius for gossip and scandal, but it was not indulged at the expense of such men as Clarendon; it flew at the players, and the idle hangers-on of the state, and the people that stood in his way, or that borrowed money from him and didn't return it, or that expected favors from him without being ready to pay for them. Of all sins, that of official corruption was about the last that Pepys would have found fault with. He had too much sympathy with itching palms to affect a virtuous indignation about bribes. Yet, for all that, there is a passage in his *Diary* which openly asserts that Lord Clarendon "never did nor never will do anything but for money." This unequivocal statement occurs in the report of a conversation Pepys had with Mr. Evelyn, and from the structure of the passage some doubt arises as to which of them is responsible for it. Lady Theresa is at considerable pains to show, from the general turn of Mr. Evelyn's opinions respecting the Chancellor, that it could not have been uttered by him, and that, therefore, it must be ascribed to Pepys himself. It is of little moment to which of them it belongs. If it be simply a report of

Evelyn's words—which, taking the sentence as it stands, is the more probable interpretation—then it goes a great way to stultify the encomiums which Evelyn elsewhere lavishes on the Chancellor; and if, on the other hand, it emanated from Pepys himself, it deprives her ladyship of the advantages which, in another place, she draws from his silence. One thing is quite clear, that either Evelyn or Pepys distinctly avers that Lord Clarendon never extended his patronage to any body “but for money.” Whether the charge was true or not, this is a sufficient proof that at all events it was current at the time, and that there were people of no mean authority who believed it to be true.

The gallery of portraits and the luxurious property of various kinds which Clarendon accumulated at his house, afforded warrant for these accusations of venality. It was sufficiently notorious, that in the disposal of patronage he chiefly favored those who had formerly been opposed to the king's cause; and it was said, that he promoted them in preference to the members of his own party because they had carried off all the spoils of war, and could afford to purchase his protection, while the cavaliers, stripped of their possessions, had no bribe to offer but their loyalty. These accusations were reduced to a distinct shape by Lord Dartmouth, in a note on Burnet's History, quoted by Mr. Agar Ellis, in his *Historical Inquiries*. Lord Dartmouth openly asserts that Lord Clarendon “depressed every one's merits to advance his own,” alleges that he resorted to “other means than the Crown could afford to increase his fortune,” and that it was in pursuance of this self-aggrandizing policy he took under his protection “those who had plundered and sequestered the others,” and who were “not wanting in their acknowledgments in the manner he expected, which produced the great house in the Piccadilly, furnished chiefly with cavaliers' goods, brought thither for peace-offerings, which the right owners durst not claim when they were in his possession.” Lady Theresa observes upon this note, that it is “written in a tone of hostility and insinuation that betokens rather personal enmity (though Lord Dartmouth was born too late for personal acquaintance) than honest reprobation of public misconduct.” We confess, we do not read the note in this spirit. We see nothing in it inconsistent with the honest reprobation of public corruption; nor can it be fairly charged with insinuating an accusation which it enunciates so explicitly. Neither can per-

sonal enmity be supposed to have actuated its author, who was only two years old when Clarendon died. We must look for better reasons for discrediting this ugly little note.

The arguments raised against its reception by our author are not of much validity. First: Lord Dartmouth was not a contemporary of Lord Clarendon, and must have received his information at second-hand; and as he has not given us the names of his informants, it is impossible to form any judgment of their impartiality or means of knowledge. Now, it is an admitted axiom in all questions of historical evidence, that the nearer we can get to contemporaneous testimony, the more likely we are to get at the truth. Lord Dartmouth lived near enough to Clarendon's time to have received his information direct from men who might have been personally cognizant of the facts; and if he has not given us their names, to enable us to judge of what credit might be reposed in their veracity, we have the current rumors of Lord Clarendon's own day in corroboration of the probable truth of their statements. If Lord Dartmouth had been the first person who made this charge, we should be quite willing to give Lord Clarendon the advantage of that fact; but it must not be forgotten (to say nothing of other vouchers) that the cautious Pepys or the religious Evelyn (no great matter which) avers that Lord Clarendon never did anything “but for money.”

Second: Lord Dartmouth's note was not published till nearly a century after it was written, and therefore did not pass the ordeal of contemporary criticism. The greater the reason for subjecting it to such other tests as we possess—but no reason whatever for rejecting it.

Third: It was written from loose impressions, without any view to publication, and its grounds were not organized with care. If the fact of not having been written for publication is to invalidate testimonies of this kind, we should be compelled to surrender some of the most valuable memorabilia we possess, and to extinguish the lights that have been thrown on our literary and social history by such men as Henslowe, Pepys, and Spence, whose authority nobody thinks of calling into question merely because they never intended to print their pocket-books. And so far from being written from loose impressions without due examination, Lord Dartmouth's note, for whatever it may be otherwise worth, appears to us to carry internal evidence of a fixed conviction.

The suspicious circumstances which at-



tach likelihood to the charges it contains, are found in that extraordinary assemblage of portraits, embracing nearly all the conspicuous families on the king's side in the civil wars, which formed the Clarendon Gallery. Mr. Agar Ellis wants to know how the Chancellor came to be possessed of such a number of portraits of distinguished people, with whom he was unconnected "either by relationship, connexion, or even friendship." He could not have bought them, for surely, adds Mr. Ellis, if they had been for sale, "the families to which they originally belonged would have managed to purchase them." Lady Theresa's answer to these uneasy doubts is, that the Chancellor did buy some of them, that others were given to him, and some might be accounted for on the ground of family and personal connexion.

The vindication, if it be not entirely satisfactory, is at least plausible and ingenious. Out of a gallery containing an unprecedented number of portraits, Lady Theresa enumerates some twenty, exclusive of a small batch of the Hydes, that might be supposed to have come into Lord Clarendon's hands as presents. It was known that he was a collector of portraits; and it is therefore highly probable that his friends, with or without personal objects to serve, might have contributed to enrich his gallery. A passage from Evelyn, which is much relied upon in Lord Clarendon's defence, as showing that he came honestly by these presents, is nevertheless open to a damaging construction. He says that, vast as the Chancellor's collection was, it did not cost him any extraordinary expense, "because, when his design was once made known, anybody who either had them of their own, or could purchase them at any price, *strove to make their court by these presents*, by which means he got many excellent pieces of Vandyck and the originals of Lely and the best of our modern masters' hands." It is evident from this statement that the presents were not always made by friends, that the Chancellor was open to receive them from *any body* who had them, or who could purchase them *at any price*, that he accepted them as the offerings of people who wanted to make court to him, and thus far committed himself clearly to the suspicion of prostituting his influence for bribes. Lady Theresa Lewis sees nothing to blame in these transactions, except the meanness of the people who flattered the Chancellor in this servile manner; but to suppose, she adds, that "he misused his influence, or *was corrupt in the administration of justice*,

in return for such gifts, would be to give an interpretation to Evelyn's words wholly inconsistent with the opinion which, in the very same letter, he expresses of the Chancellor's worth." Why, if there be any one circumstance which, more than another, gives a fatal weight to this revelation, it is that it proceeds from Evelyn himself, who is known to have been the panegyrist of Clarendon, and who would have been one of the last men in the world to breathe a gratuitous slander against his reputation. If we are to ignore Marvell's testimony because he was the enemy of Clarendon, must we deprive Evelyn's of its obvious meaning because he was his friend?

That some of these pictures were purchased from the collections thrown upon the market by plunder and necessity is not improbable. Portraits by great artists will always sell on their own merit, without reference to the subject; therefore, when a Vandyck or a Jansen turned up on these occasions, the people employed by Lord Clarendon to buy for him may be presumed to have been on the alert. But giving the fullest latitude to this supposition, it will not account for a great gallery of portraits, in which the remarkable feature was not excellence in art, but the concentration of the family pictures of the principal houses in the kingdom under the roof of the Chancellor. How did they get there? The history of a portrait is generally very easily traced; here we can trace nothing; and the apparent suppression of that kind of information which usually accompanies portraits as evidence of their authenticity is not in favor of the conjecture that the pictures were collected at sales. We must be permitted also to doubt that pictures of this class found their way to any great extent into the auction-rooms. However shattered in fortune the Royalists were, they would have contrived by some means to have saved their family portraits from the wreck. Lady Theresa, however, thinks that if they could have afforded to re-purchase their pictures, they could have bribed the Lord Chancellor. This does not follow. A Chancellor may not perhaps consent to be bribed by the price of a portrait, although he is ready to lower his dignity by accepting the portrait itself. Besides, the bulk of these portraits were intrinsically of little value in money compared with the value they represented in the families to which they originally belonged.

Their subsequent history has a sort of moral in it. Lord Clarendon's heir was a man of profligate habits, and, under writs of

execution, many of the pictures were sacrificed to his creditors. A large collection, however, still remained, which, after sundry vicissitudes, was finally contended for and partitioned between different members of the family; and of all that now survives of the great Clarendon Gallery, one portion, we believe by far the more important, is preserved at the Grove, Watford, the seat of the present Earl of Clarendon, and the remainder at Bothwell Castle in Scotland, the seat of Lord Douglas.

The Clarendon MSS., which passed through still more perilous adventures than the pictures, were luckier in the care by which they were ultimately preserved. The Chancellor left a prodigious quantity of papers behind him, letters from cavaliers and puritans, from ambassadors, ministers, secret agents, and partizans of all creeds and colors; correspondence connected with all the departments of the state; and such a mass of miscellaneous public documents as could not have been accumulated by any man except one in the position Clarendon occupied; nor would that in itself have been sufficient, unless he had also Clarendon's genius for making collections of this kind. After the Chancellor's death, the MSS. became dispersed amongst different hands. Mr. Bryan Richards, to whom Lord Clarendon's son was under pecuniary obligations, got a large portion of them; Mr. Joseph Radcliffe, one of Lord Clarendon's executors, got more, but how he got them does not appear; an anonymous lady also came in for a share; and it is supposed that some were destroyed by fire in 1721. Ultimately, the scattered reliques were gathered together, and secured to the University of Oxford by the exertions of Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury; and the subsequent publication of three volumes of the *Clarendon State Papers*, and also of Lord Rochester's papers, may be presumed to have exhausted the chief interest of the collection. The papers which have been left inedited at Oxford are probably of little historical value, and the MSS. still preserved unpublished at the Grove are neither numerous nor important.

The controversy raised by Oldmixon on the first edition of the *History of the Rebellion*, published in 1702, is a matter of book-history well-known to all readers. He accused the editors and the University of interpolations and omissions tending to falsify the text. From that charge the University redeemed itself by republishing the work entire from the original MS. in 1826. Lady Theresa

Lewis, who chivalrously casts her shield over the assailed on most occasions, comes to the rescue of the editors. She defends them on the ground that a discretionary power over the MS. was vested in their hands by Lord Clarendon's will, and that they were therefore justified in exercising their own judgment in its publication. Two questions arise out of this defence—What was the nature of the discretionary power? and whether it was exercised soundly?

It is by no means clear from Lord Clarendon's will (which refers to the *whole* of his papers) that he intended to repose in his sons any further discretion than that of choosing the time of publication, or of not publishing at all, if they thought fit and were so advised. He bequeaths his papers and writings of all kinds, and leaves them to the "entire disposal" of his sons, "as they shall be advised, either by suppressing or publishing." These papers, as we have seen, were voluminous and related to an infinite variety of subjects; and the discretion here confided to his sons seems to contemplate entire suppression or entire publication, rather than the arbitrary suppression of particular words, sentences, and passages, by which the spirit and intention of the original might be materially perverted. A discretion of so large and responsible a kind would require a more explicit declaration; and it is scarcely to be believed that if Lord Clarendon really meant that his sons should exercise such a power, he would have distinctly expressed himself to that effect.

Granting, however, that the terms of the bequest are susceptible of a wider interpretation than we are disposed to put upon them, the question still remains, whether the editors exhibited sound judgment in the use of the powers confided to them. A comparison of the two editions will show to what extent and in what direction they mutilated the text; and notwithstanding the statement of Dr. Bandinel, that the editors were "justified in withholding some parts of the history," and that "they had in no one instance added, suppressed, or altered, any historical fact," the verdict of the public accords fully with the opinion of Sir James Mackintosh, that their omissions constitute a suppression of evidence "very blamable in itself, and by no means calculated to inspire confidence in their general good faith." Lady Theresa thinks it unfair to accuse them of bad faith; and we are disposed to think so too. Their motives were no doubt pure. Many personal influences, of which we at this dis-

tance of time are ignorant, may have actuated them; but we are not the less satisfied that their judgment was unequal to the task they undertook, and that they sacrificed to temporary and inferior considerations what was due to the integrity of history.

Turning from the chief personage in these volumes to his contemporaries, whose biographies Lady Theresa Lewis has collected into narratives of considerable interest, a field of more diversified materials opens upon us. These biographies embrace the lives of Lord Falkland, Lord Capell, and the Marquis of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset. The selection is judicious; and although the writer is compelled unavoidably to traverse ground that has been often ploughed before, and is placed under the necessity of occasionally generalizing her statements, at some sacrifice of accuracy and fullness of detail, she has produced upon the whole a work that is highly creditable to her talents, and that may be considered as a graceful contribution to the history of the period.

When a lady enters the arena of historical disquisition, she cannot be expected to treat the great political problems that come before her with the boldness and decision we are accustomed to look for elsewhere on such subjects; and if we say that the accomplished authoress is more successful in the delineation of the characters and lives of her heroes than in the discussion of the political difficulties and military achievements in which they were engaged, we shall have discharged in full our critical obligations on that score. Actuated by an equitable disposition to do justice on all sides, she endeavors to balance the scales so nicely, that we feel the delicacy rather than the firmness of her hand, and are more tempted to admire the disposition to distribute praise and blame impartially, than the judicial capacity to apportion the award strictly.

Thus, at the beginning of the breach between the king and the parliament, she finds equal fault with both parties. "A period," she observes, "was soon to arise when neither the conscientious royalist nor the honest patriot could have trod with unmixed satisfaction the path that he had chosen, or rather the path which events had forced upon his choice." Now, the question is not whether patriots or royalists could feel unmixed satisfaction in the course they had chosen, but whether any other course could have been taken by the patriots with safety to the liberties of the country. It is not enough to say that they could not have taken any

other. The argument of necessity deprives them of the merit of the courage, energy, and penetration they exhibited all throughout, and reduces to a mere matter of expediency the whole course of that skillful and decisive policy through which they vindicated the rights of the people against the usurpations of the throne. We must look back on these events from this point of sight, or we shall miss both the justice of the case and the moral it has bequeathed to us.

Again, when Pym opposed the proposition for a committee to sit upon the charges against Strafford, before the House proceeded to his impeachment, under the reasonable apprehension that, in the delay which would be thus incurred, the course of justice might be frustrated by a dissolution, Lady Theresa cites his advocacy of prompt measures as an example of "hasty legislation." It is in words like these that we get the color of that timidity which weakens the political power of the book. Had Pym's views on this subject been called "imperative legislation," it would have been nearer to the mark; and truth would have been still better served had the resolution to bring Strafford at once to an open trial been described as an example of legislation distinguished by its wisdom. These slight passages will sufficiently indicate the spirit of deprecation in which Lady Theresa treats the extreme acts that were adopted by both parties; a spirit honorable to a nature which shrinks from violence and hostility, but hardly rigorous enough to deal with the exigencies of a struggle so exceptional in its character.

In the first of these biographies, Lady Theresa Lewis has thrown some new light on the early life of Lord Falkland, and has traced him in his public career with as much minuteness as existing materials would permit. His life was short; and the facts that have come down to us concerning him are scanty; nor do we think that his historical reputation will be improved by the frequent extenuations and defences of his conduct which the examination of it appears to render necessary. Embalmed in the admiration of posterity by a line of Pope, and enjoying a sort of romantic fame founded upon the general tradition of a reckless gallantry singularly united to a persevering love of peace, and of an unhappy attachment which Clarendon gravely discredits, and which Lady Theresa dismisses as irreconcilable with his conjugal fidelity, we have hitherto regarded him from a distance as one of the noblest and most spotless spirits of his time. But



when we come to look more closely into his actions, we perceive much reason for distrusting the correctness of our former impressions. Chivalrous and self-sacrificing he was, in the highest sense; but we discover some glaring contradictions in his character, which considerably diminish our respect for his judgment and consistency. Let us run rapidly over the evidence on which we have been led to this conclusion.

Clarendon and Falkland were inseparable friends. The praises of Falkland's learning, amiability, and generosity, are amongst the most eloquent and touching passages of contemporary characterization left to us by the historian. The first time a difference arose between them was in parliament, when the bill for taking away the legislative and judicial powers of the bishops was under discussion. Falkland was *for* the bill—Clarendon *against* it. At that time Popery was creeping into high places; and the famous London petition was in fact an earnest protest of the people against its encroachments. Lady Theresa's picture of its insidious progress might be applied with no less force to similar experiences of a more recent date.

"The revival of particular forms of worship, the peculiar cut of vestments, the internal arrangement and decoration of the churches, the introduction of pictures, candlesticks, and images on the communion table, the selling of crucifixes, the strict observances of saints' days, the publication of some books deemed too light for edification, and the hindering of others from being printed which were held as "godly," could never have found their place by the side of charges that most deeply affected the civil and religious condition of the Church of England, had they not been viewed as so many indications of a design to assimilate and re-unite with the Church of Rome, then declared by the prelates, in defiance of the 19th Article of their own church, '*never to have erred in fundamentals.*'"

Such was the state of the Church when the bill for taking away the secular power of the bishops was introduced. Falkland had only just entered Parliament. He had already taken his stand beside Pym and Hampden against the "grievances," of which ship-money was the most prominent; and he now denounced with patriotic enthusiasm the intolerance and Romish sympathies of the bishops. All this was perfectly consistent in itself. The party with which he coalesced from his first start in parliament was that of the people. They appear to have hailed his accession with ardor, and to have been willing to forget that, earn-

est as he now was in his resistance to episcopal despotism, only a year or two had elapsed since he had taken service in the king's crusade against liberty of conscience in the north, for the purpose of forcing episcopal institutions and a compulsory liturgy on the Scotch. Perhaps that very circumstance may have given additional weight in the eyes of the patriots to his support of liberal doctrines in the House of Commons; but it is impossible, in the dispassionate estimate of history, not to regard his activity, on both sides of the same question, as a course of conduct that involved a direct contradiction in principle. That Clarendon took this view of it himself is evident from his account of the incident as it actually happened in the house. They always sat together; they generally came in together; and when they did not, the place of the absent friend was left vacant by the other members. Clarendon had just spoken against the bill, when Falkland, says Clarendon, "suddenly stood up and declared himself to be of another opinion." He then goes on to describe the delight of the house at seeing the inseparable friends divided on so important a point; and he adds, "they could not abstain from a kind of rejoicing, and the more because they saw Mr. Hyde was much surprised by the *contradiction*, as in truth he was; *having never discovered the least inclination in the other towards such a compliance.*" Lady Theresa observes that Clarendon ought not to have been surprised at Falkland's opinions on this subject, as he had expressed them a month before in a speech on episcopacy; but the fact that he *was* surprised is recorded by himself, and admits of as little doubt as the unexpected inconsistency by which it was occasioned.

Then came the famous "Root and Branch" bill, and the bandying of bills between the two houses for the abolition of the temporal jurisdiction and authority of the clergy; and when, finally, a bill to that effect was brought into the Commons, differing in little from that which Lord Falkland had previously supported, he was found concurring with his friend in his opposition to it! In vain Hampden reproached him with his change of opinion; in vain the torrent swept on; Falkland, who seems to have been crotchety on points of form at the cost of great principles, refused to commit himself to the stream after having helped to throw down the flood-gates.

The defence which is set up for him by our authoress is ingenious but weak, for it



amounts to no more than this—that, having originally declared his conviction that a certain concession was necessary to the repose and security of the kingdom, he thought it ought to be resisted when it took the shape of a demand. It was not a time for public men to separate and break up their party on matters of etiquette and form; broad and decisive views and energy in the prosecution of them, were indispensable to the great work that was to be done; and for this work Falkland was unfitted by the constitution of his mind. It might easily be shown that, in turning aside upon such grounds from the cause he had so warmly espoused, he suffered a trivial sophistry to assert a fatal ascendancy over his judgment; but we have no space for disquisitions. The contrast between his subsequent career and that of Hampden is painful, and develops clearly the difference between the strong and faithful intellect, which rises with the demands of the occasion, vindicating and sustaining its consistency to the end, and the feebler reason which wastes its ingenuity in the vain endeavor to reconcile antagonistic elements. Falkland devoted himself to this sort of generous and hopeless Quixotism. It was like a man expending his life over such impossible problems as the philosopher's stone, or the squaring of the circle.

The king being now reduced to extremities, desired to call to his councils men who, opposing the abuses of the church and the monarchy, yet stood well affected to the crown; men who were for authority in its forms and against it in its usurpations, and who, when the conflict came between the final choice of the two, would be likely to take the side of authority, at all risks, as the more legitimate battle-ground. Falkland was one of these. Here was another inconsistency arising from his constitutional desire to propitiate opposing parties. He had the highest veneration for parliament and but little trust in the king; yet nevertheless he considered it his duty to accept office in the hour of royal trouble. He and Culpeper were accordingly sworn into the Privy Council; but Hyde, who was also solicited, wisely refused, consenting, however, to aid them with his counsels, the king pledging himself at the same time to do nothing relating to the Commons without their joint advice. This pledge was scarcely given when it was broken by the impeachment and arrest of Lord Kimbolton and five members of the Commons; an act, says Clarendon, "to which they were absolute strangers, and

which they perfectly detested." What course was now open to Falkland, as an upright and independent man? Retirement from the councils of the king. But he did not retire; and the arguments by which his conduct in this juncture is defended might have been advantageously spared. He not only remained in the Privy Council, but gave in his adhesion to an act he "detested," by accepting the seal of a Secretary of State four days after that act was accomplished. This proceeding requires no commentary.

Then followed the ludicrous *coup d'état* in the Commons, when the king went in person to demand the five members, and the subsequent flight from Whitehall, which His Majesty never re-entered as king of England.

Throughout all the scenes that followed, leading up to the Commission of Array and the breaking out of the civil war, Falkland was staunch to the king, whose perpetual duplicities afforded ground enough for any man of conscience to withdraw from his service. But this was the chivalric error of his character. He held all the more to his fidelity in the royal cause as adversity thickened around it; and much as we may lament the imbroglia of falsities in which it involved him, it is difficult to refuse our admiration to the devotion he exhibited under the most untoward circumstances. Lady Theresa is at some pains to liberate him from the imputation of having had any share in the perfidious policy pursued by the king; but the whole exculpation rests on the doubt as to what part of the declarations to which his signature was attached were really adopted by him. We wish we could give him the benefit of the doubt. But he had not even the excuse of Fairfax, whose name was used by the Commons without his knowledge or assent, and at times, too, when he was not in London, and could not have been cognizant of the proceedings he was thus made to appear to sanction. Falkland was present and active in the king's service, and it is not denied that he actually signed these declarations. His responsibility, therefore, is clear. Even if it were otherwise, if it could be assumed to be true, that he was constantly acting in the king's service against his convictions, that he was the strenuous advocate for peace while he was contributing horses and help in other shapes to the war, and that he showed an unwearied zeal in carrying out measures of which his moral convictions disapproved, we do not see that his reputation can derive much advantage from an argument which defends his conduct at

the expense of his honor. He certainly cannot have credit both ways. He either approved of the perfidies he subscribed, or acted upon them in opposition to his conscience. So far as his earnest desire for peace was engaged in these transactions, he might have felt that he had already done enough, in the hope of bringing round a reconciliation, by assenting to a course of treacheries which he must have abhorred; and when that failed, and war had become inevitable, he should have vindicated his principles by withdrawing from the stage. The most curious contradiction of all was, that, being foremost amongst those who labored for peace, he was equally prominent in his exposure of himself in the field, assigning as a reason for so conspicuous a display of heroism, the necessity of showing to the world that his love of peace did not proceed from any fear of war.

These contradictions and inconsistencies evince a weakness of will strangely opposed to the received notions of Falkland's character, and above all to his undaunted bravery in the hour of danger. The qualities of moral and physical courage were not mingled in him in equal proportions; and his nature appears to have been too sensitive and impressionable for the stratagems in which he became entangled in the service of the king. It must be felt that he comes out of them like a man who was always placed in dilemmas, for which, of all men, he was the least qualified by taste, habit, or capacity. Yet in spite of the shadows that fell upon his path from the moment he renounced his political connections with Pym and Hampden, it is difficult to resist the charm which attaches to him in his personal relations, and the melancholy interest which is inseparable from the incidents of his life. A scholar and a poet, a munificent patron of letters, distinguished in his house by the genial grace of his hospitalities, and in the field of battle by a spirit of gallantry *sans peur et sans reproche*, he will always be regarded as one who, notwithstanding many errors of judgment, reflected lustre upon the cause in which he was sacrificed at the early age of four-and-thirty.

The biography of Lord Capell is more stirring, and will probably be found more attractive on that account, than the memoir of Falkland. He, too, commenced his parliamentary career on the side of the patriots, was raised to the peerage, and all at once went over to the king. Joining his majesty at York, he was afterwards present at the

raising of the standard at Nottingham, and thenceforth became one of the most active and enterprising adherents of hunted royalty throughout the calamitous incidents of the war and the dispersion of the king's family. His life is a sort of microcosm of the flying camp and the vicissitudes of the court, in which he personally participated. It is related with vigor and skill, and displays to much advantage the versatility and literary power of the writer.

We need not trace Lord Capell through the struggles of sequestration, the escapes and wanderings in Jersey and on the Continent, and the subsequent return to England—circumstantial details which form a part of the general history, and for a minute and vivid account of which the reader may be referred to the narrative before us. Passing over these incidents, we come to that memorable closing scene of his life which, as it forms the most striking passage in his career, has received the largest share of attention from his biographer.

Having obtained a pass to return to England, and being permitted by the House of Lords to reside at his own house, he appears to have occupied himself ostensibly in making a composition for delinquency. But his zeal on behalf of the king was not to be extinguished by any terrors the Parliament could inspire. His majesty was at Hampton Court, in the hands of the army, and thither Lord Capell repaired to pay his duty. This led to a renewal of his secret correspondence with Clarendon and others, having for its object the rekindling of the flame of loyalty and the collecting of resources to resuscitate the hopeless contest. The next move was in Essex, where the royalists made a bold demonstration under Goring and Norwich; and where they were joined by Capell; Lucas, Lisle, and Gascoigne, who, hearing of the approach of Fairfax, shut themselves up in Colchester. The issue is well known. After a protracted siege, Colchester, starved and riddled, was compelled to surrender to mercy; Lucas and Lisle were executed on the spot, Gascoigne was spared on the ground of his being a foreigner, and Capell was reserved for trial by the Parliament, who, finding him guilty of high treason, sentenced him to death.

Great credit must be given to Lady Theresa Lewis for the careful and dispassionate spirit in which she sifts the evidence and traces the whole course of the proceedings in the case of Lord Capell: and however opinions may differ in reference to the justice or

humanity of the verdict which doomed him to the scaffold, there cannot be any hesitation in awarding to his biographer the highest praise for the ability and impartiality with which she has treated a question often discussed before, but never with so much fulness and clearness of statement. The cases of Capell, Lucas, and Lisle were not in all aspects similar. They were special points upon which they presented special differences; but they all came within the same interpretation of treason to the state. Capell himself had the courage to assert to Ireton, that as they were all equally concerned (alluding to Lucas and Lisle,) they should have all shared the same fate; and if he had been condemned with his companions, the verdict would at least have fallen within the operation of those military tribunals whose decisions, however their severity might be lamented, could not be arraigned on the ground of illegality or injustice. But the quarter which was given to him at that moment justified to some extent the belief that his life would be spared, although in handing him over to be dealt with by the civil power, no such expectation was or could be implied. In the course subsequently adopted by the two houses of Parliament there are traces of vacillation which still further encouraged the reliance of Lord Capell's friends upon the mercy of his judges; but the crisis that was coming—the great catastrophe that was now looming over the deliberations of the legislature—appears to have led the Commons to the ultimate conviction that it would have been dangerous to the peace of the kingdom and derogatory to its justice to extend to a peer a measure of forbearance that had been withheld from men of lesser rank and influence. We cannot agree with his able biographer that he was “tried for his life and condemned to death, in spite of assurance of fair quarter.” We find no such assurance given in

any formal or authoritative shape; but the question is nevertheless fairly argued and exhausted in the luminous investigation to which it is submitted by Lady Theresa.

We have not left ourselves room to enter upon the life of the Marquis of Hertford, one of the most distinguished and enlightened of the king's supporters, who, like Falkland and Capell, began his public career in the ranks of the reformers and ended it in the service of the king, but who, more fortunate than they, lived to hail the era of the Restoration, and to be rewarded for his fidelity and reinstated in his honors. The biography is crowded with valuable matter, and carries us into scenes which develop sources of interest of a different character from those which constitute the attraction of the preceding narratives; so, that, upon the whole, by a judicious choice of subjects, the writer has been enabled to avoid the tediousness of repeating the same incidents, although dealing with the same general subject, and to impart freshness and individuality to each of her memoirs.

If in our notice of this work we have given more space to the biography of Falkland than to that of the others, it is because his name is more familiar in the mouths of men in relation to the chivalry of the cavaliers; but the general reader will probably discover more interest of a dramatic and exciting kind, and closer views of the eventful life of the period, in the biographies of Capell and Hertford. Taken altogether, they form an excellent pendant to the *History of the Rebellion*, and combine, with the responsible earnestness of the political memoir, some of the most fascinating characteristics of the romantic chronicle. The work is written throughout in the best taste, and displays a capacity of research and original observation not often found in such happy combination.

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MONUMENT TO THE AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS. —The churchwardens of St. Paul's church, Covent Garden, have resolved to erect memorial tablets for two well-known poets, whose remains rest within their precincts, Butler, the author of “Hudibras,” and Dr. Walcott, the noted Peter Pindar. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, is a church rich not only in sepulchral memorials, but in historical and literary associations. It was designed by the celebrated architect, Inigo Jones, and consecrated by Juxon, Bishop of London, in the time of Charles 1. There is a tradition-

al story, resting, however, on no better authority than that of gossiping Harry Walpole, that the Earl of Bedford of those days, on sending for Inigo Jones, said he wanted a chapel for the parishioners of Covent Garden, but that he wished not to go to any considerable expense. “In short,” he added, “I would not have it much better than a barn.” “Well,” was the architect's reply, “you shall have the handsomest barn in England.” The portico has always been admired for its chasteness and simplicity.

From the Examiner.

## BULWER AS A POET.\*

It will be a welcome intimation to a very large public of readers that a collected edition of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's poetical and dramatic writings has been commenced, of which the first very handsome volume, with a well engraved portrait and vignette title, is now before us. It will include a selection of his youthful and all his more mature poems, "some not before printed, some entirely re-written from the more imperfect productions of earlier years," all subjected to careful revision. It is to contain also the comedies and plays, and will range when completed with the library edition of that brilliant series of novels and romances with which the same writer has enriched our language.

To those who are curious in tracing a most fruitful, active, and original mind through its earlier to its more mature development, this collection of Sir E. B. Lytton's poems presents the same kind of interest as may be found in his collected novels and tales. No man has been a more resolute, a more unwearied student. Perhaps no popular writer has had greater temptations to encourage, in the growth and application of his genius, what certainly no man has more steadily chastened and subdued. As the brilliance of success never gave him overweening confidence, neither has occasional non-success damped his energy or betrayed his just confidence in the power which has at last won general and earnest recognition. "If it was na weel bobbit, we'll bobbit again." We have the results in the collected edition now begun, and in the claim it establishes, no longer disputable, to the title of dramatist and poet.

Turning to see the changes which "revision" has made in some of the poems with which we were familiar, we have been struck

by the improvement in the early and very beautiful one of "Milton." The idea of this fragment (for it is a succession of scenes rather than a connected romance) is to depict the great poet in the three periods of his life, beginning from that youthful one of Italian travel with which tradition has coupled the anecdote of the Italian lady, attracted by his beauty when asleep, who dropped Guarini's epigram by his side, and making of this incident a thread to connect the youth, manhood, and age of Milton. Let the reader familiar with the original poem observe the simpler and more beautiful structure of one of its most admired passages in this edition—that in which the poet is exhibited at the close of his life, as Marvel nobly designated him, "blind but bold."

The old man felt the fresh air o'er him blowing,  
Waving thin locks from musing temples pale;  
Felt the quick sun thro' cloud and azure going,  
And the light dance of leaves upon the gale,  
In that mysterious symbol-change of earth  
Which looks like death, tho' but restoring birth.  
Seasons return; for him shall not return  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn.  
Whatever garb the Mighty Mother wore,  
Nature to him was changeless evermore.—  
List, not a sigh!—tho' fall'n on evil days,  
With darkness compass'd round—those sightless  
  eyes  
Need not the sun; nightly he sees the rays,  
Nightly he walks the bowers, of Paradise.  
High, pale, still, voiceless, motionless, alone,  
Death-like in calm as monumental stone,  
Lifting his looks into the farthest skies,  
He sate; And as when some tempestuous day  
Dies in the hush of the majestic eve,  
So on his brow—where grief has pass'd away,  
Reigns that dread stillness grief alone can leave.

There are also some fine lines allusive to the occasional excesses that are charged against Milton's associates in the struggle for English freedom.

Whate'er their errors, lightly those condemn  
Who, had they felt not, fought not, glow'd and  
  err'd,  
Had left us what their fathers left to them—

\* *The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.* Vol. I. Narrative Poems, "The New Timon," &c. Chapman and Hall.

*The Poems and Ballads of Schiller.* Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Second Edition. Blackwood and Sons.



Either the thralldom of the passive herd  
 Stall'd for the shambles at the master's word,  
 Or the dread overleap of walls that close,  
 And spears that bristle:—And the last they  
 chose.  
 Calm from the hills their children gaze to-day,  
 And breathe the airs to which they forced the  
 way.

Glancing through the lighter narrative poems we find in many new touches an easier hand, ampler and richer illustrations, and the frequent infusion of a deeper sentiment. Much of this is apparent, for example, in these masterly lines:

The world look'd on, and construed, as it still  
 Interprets all it knows not—into ill.  
 "Man's home is sacred," flattering proverbs  
 say;

Yes, if you give the home to men's survey.  
 But if that sanctum be obscured or screen'd  
 In every shadow doubt suggests a fiend—  
 So churchyards seen beneath a daylight sky  
 Are holy to the clown who saunters by;  
 But vex his vision by the glimmering light  
 And straight the holiness expires in fright,  
 He hears a goblin in the whispering grass,  
 And cries "Heaven save us!"—at the Parson's  
 ass!

"Was ever Lord, so newly wed, so cold?—  
 Poor thing?—forsaken ere a year be told!  
 Doubtless some wanton—whom we know not,  
 true,

But those proud sinners are so wary too!  
 Oh! for the good old days—one never heard  
 Of men so shocking under George the Third!"  
 So ran the gossip. With the gossip came  
 The brood it hatch'd—consolers to the dame.  
 The soft and wily wooers, who begin  
 Through sliding pity, the smooth ways to sin.  
 My lord is absent at the great debate,  
 Go, soothe his lady's unprotected state—  
 Go, gallant,—go, and wish the cruel Heaven  
 To thee such virtue, now so wrong'd, had giv-  
 en!

In the same poem (now called "Constance," formerly the "Ill-omen'd Marriage") we find a character more fully drawn out, of which some leading points are subtly expressed in the subjoined admirable verses.

In truth, young Harcourt had the gifts that  
 please,—

{ Wit without effort, beauty worn with ease;  
 The courtier's mien to veil the miser's soul,  
 And that self-love which brings such self-con-  
 trol.

High-born, but poor, no Corydon was he  
 To dream of love and cots in Arcady;  
 His tastes were like the Argonauts of old,  
 And only pastoral if the fleece was gold.  
 The less men feel, the better they can feign—  
 To act a Romeo, needs it Romeo's pain?

No, the calm master of the Histrio's art  
 Keeps his head coolest while he storms your  
 heart;  
 Thus, our true mime no boundary overstept,  
 Charm'd when he smiled, and conquer'd when  
 he wept.

Like those French trifles, elegant enough,  
 Which serve at once for music and for snuff,  
 Some minds there are which men you ask to  
 dine

Take out, wind up, and circle with the wine.  
 Two tunes they boast; this Flattery—Scandal  
 that;

The one A sharp—the other something flat,—  
 Such was the mind that for display and use  
 Cased in *ricoco*, Harcourt could produce—  
 Touch the one spring, an air that charmed the  
 town

Tripp'd out and jigg'd some absent virtue down;  
 Touch next the other, and the bauble plays  
 "Fly from the world" or "Once in happier  
 days."

For Flattery, when a Woman's heart its aim,  
 Writes itself *Sentiment*—a prettier name.  
 And to be just to Harcourt and his art,  
 Few Lauzuns better played a Werter's part;  
 He dressed it well, and Nature kindly gave  
 His brow the paleness and his locks the wave.  
 Mournful his smile, unconscious seem'd his  
 sigh;

You'd swear that Goethe had him in his eye.

"The new Timon" (which has also been strengthened and improved throughout), a new and charming little fanciful story from one of the fabliaux, and several spirited lyrics, complete the contents of the volume.

The translation of *Schiller's Poems and Ballads* forms a volume uniform with the series of Sir E. B. Lytton's collected poetry, in which (for reasons of copyright we presume) it has not been formally included. With the great and varied merits of this translation the public is familiar. Yet it may be advisable to point out that in that case, as in every case of the translation into English of a complete body of lyrics from another language, we must be content with but a portion of the impression out of which the originals sprung, though we ought to be more than ordinary content to receive it from a volume so delightful as this. A whole play or a long poem may often be translated very fairly, but the peculiar genius of a nation exercises such despotic sway over its lyric forms of utterance, that it is only practicable here and there to find any short work of a really great poet which can be transferred without considerable change of feeling into the language of another nation.

This may be called unsound doctrine. It may be said that a great poet speaks not to his nation but to his race. Love, honor, religion, are themes for all mankind; and so they are. But subtle differences of complexion which exist between the minds of nations, distinctive habits of the intellect, find a most accurate exponent in the delicate expression of naïve emotion or of sentiment—we use the two words here in the sense which Schiller has applied to them. They become in fact distinctive crystals when run into the form of lyric. One substance crystallizes into prisms, one into squares, and it is scarcely more difficult to break up one of the prisms and reconstruct it into an artificial square, than to break up a true German song and reconstruct it into English. We call Goethe many-sided, but his songs are even more than usually ruddy with the national complexion. What is there, for example, that could give to an English mind the German appreciation of that delicate little gem with the refrain—

Roslein, Roslein, Roslein roth,  
Roslein auf der Heide.

Let us also say, however, that such change between the English and the German as the student of the original will find in Sir Edward Lytton's volume, was necessary and inevitable. If the true German light and shades of feeling and expression could even have been preserved, they very often would have looked absurd in English words, because they would have looked strange. And having said this we ought to add that for many reasons Schiller's lesser poems are, at least in a much greater degree than is usual with such a poet, adapted for translation. Their pure and lofty feeling rises high and grand above those shadows of the clouds, beautiful but unsubstantial, about which we have been speaking. The simplicity of Schiller's diction, and the prevalence of a narrative form, renders it easy at any rate to reproduce all his main outlines accurately; and thus a good English version of his lyrics, as we see by the example of Sir E. B. Lytton's, forms a very welcome and delightful volume.

We quoted largely from it when first published. We shall now borrow some epigrams from Votive Tablets, which appear to us for the most part extremely happy examples of close and easy translation.

*The good and the Beautiful.*  
(Zweierlei Wirkungsarten.)

Achieve the Good, and godlike plants, possess  
Already by mankind, thou nourishest;

Create the Beautiful, and seeds are sown  
For godlike plants, to man as yet unknown.

*Value and Worth.*

If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods—a fair  
return be thine;  
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul and inter-  
change with mine.

*The Division of Ranks.*

Yes, in the moral world, as ours, we see  
Divided grades—a Soul's Nobility;  
By deeds their titles common men create—  
The loftier order are by birthright great.

*To the Mystics.*

Life has its mystery;—True, it is that one  
Surrounding all, and yet perceived by none.

*The Key.*

To know *thyself*—in others self discern;  
Wouldst thou know others? read *thyself*—and  
learn!

*Wisdom and Prudence.*

Wouldst thou the loftiest height of Wisdom  
gain?  
On to the rashness, Prudence would disdain;  
The purblind see but the receding shore,  
Not that to which the bold wave wafts thee o'er!

*The Unanimity.*

Truth seek we both—Thou, in the life without  
thee and around;  
I in the heart within—by both can Truth alike be  
found;  
The healthy eye can through the world the great  
Creator track—  
The healthy heart is but the glass which gives  
Creation back.

*To Astronomers.*

Of your Nebulæ and planets tease me not with  
your amount;  
What! is Nature only mighty inasmuch as you  
can count?  
Inasmuch as you can measure her immeasurable  
ways?  
As she renders world on world, sun and system  
to your gaze?  
Though through space your object be the Sub-  
limest to embrace,  
Never the Sublime abideth—where you vainly  
search—in space.

*The Best Governed State.*

How the best state to know?—it is found out  
Like the best woman;—that least talked about.

*My Belief.*

What thy religion? those thou namest—none?  
None, why—because I have religion!

*Friend and Foe.*

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe, as from my  
friend, comes good;  
My friend shows what I *can* do, and my foe shows  
what I *should*.

*Light and Color.*

Dwell, Light, beside the changeless God—God  
spoke and Light began;  
Come, thou, the ever-changing one—come, Color,  
down to Man!

*Forum of Women.*

Woman—to judge man rightly—do not scan  
Each separate act;—pass judgment on the  
Man!

*Genius.*

Intellect can repeat what's been fulfill'd,  
And, aping Nature, as she buildeth—build;  
O'er Nature's base can haughty Reason dare  
To pile its lofty castle—in the air.  
But only thine, O Genius, is the charge,  
In Nature's kingdom Nature to enlarge!

*The Imitator.*

Good out of good—that art is known to all—  
But Genius from the bad the good can call;  
Thou, Mimic, turn'st the same old substance  
o'er,  
And seek'st to fashion what was form'd before;  
Ev'n that to Genius from thy hand escapes,  
And lends but matter to the mind that shapes.

*Correctness.*

The calm correctness, where no fault we see,  
Attests Art's loftiest or its least degree;  
That ground in common two extremes may  
claim—  
Strength most consummate, feebleness most  
tame.

*The Master.*

The herd of scribes, by what they tell us,  
Show all in which their wits excel us;  
But the True Master we behold,  
In what his art leaves—just untold.

*Expectation and Fulfilment.*

O'er Ocean, with a thousand masts, sails forth the  
stripling bold—  
One boat, hard rescued from the deep, draws into  
port the old!

*Other Epigrams, &c.*

Give me that which thou know'st—I'll receive  
and attend;  
But thou giv'st me thyself—prithee,—spare me  
my friend!

*The Proselyte Maker.*

"A little earth from out the Earth—and I  
The Earth will move;" so spake the Sage  
divine.  
Out of myself one little moment—try  
Myself to take:—succeed, and I am thine!

*The Connecting Medium.*

What to cement the lofty and the mean  
Does Nature?—what place vanity between!

*The Moral Poet.*

This is an Epigram on Lavater's work, called  
"Pontius Pilatus, oder der Mensch in allen Ges-  
talten," &c.—HOFFMEISTER.

"How poor a thing is man!" alas, 'tis true,  
I'd half forgot it—when I chanced on you!

*Science.*

To some she is the Goddess great, to some the  
milch-cow of the field;  
Their care is but to calculate—what butter she  
will yield.

*Kant and his Commentators.*

How many starvelings one rich man can nourish!  
When monarchs build, the rubbish-carriers flourish.

This translation has our best wishes.  
With infinite poetic feeling and beauty, and  
at the cost of labor which few will easily ap-  
preciate, Sir. E. B. Lytton has provided for  
the English reader a book that will long re-  
main to give him pleasure.

A SMOKING COLLECTION.—The sale of  
the remarkable collection of arms of the late  
Marshal Oudinot, at the chateau de Jean-  
d'heurs, in the commune of Isle-en-Rigault,  
department of the Meuse, has just taken  
place. With the exception of the National  
Museum of Artillery, there was no collection  
in all France to be compared to it. In ad-  
dition to a number of other rare and valua-  
ble things, the late marshal had formed a  
collection of pipes for smoking, of all sorts

and all countries, from the humblest of clay  
to those splendidly ornamented as works of  
art. In it was the pipe which John Sobieski,  
King of Poland, smoked on the morning of  
the day on which he rescued Vienna from the  
attack of the Turks. This pipe Sobieski  
gave to the municipality of Vienna, and the  
municipality presented it to the marshal  
when he was governor of that city on its  
being captured by Napoleon.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

## ROBESPIERRE.

BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

SOME characters are a puzzle to history, and none is more so than that of Robespierre. According to popular belief, this personage was a blood-thirsty monster, a vulgar tyrant, who committed the most unheard-of enormities, with the basely selfish object of raising himself to supreme power—of becoming the Cromwell of the Revolution. Considering that Robespierre was for five years—1789 to 1794—a prime leader in the political movements in France; that for a length of time he was personally concerned in sending a hundred and fifty heads to the scaffold per diem; and that the Reign of Terror ceased immediately on his overthrow—it is not surprising that his character is associated with all that is villainous and detestable. Nevertheless, as the obscurities of the great revolutionary drama clear up, a strange suspicion begins to be entertained, that the popular legend respecting Robespierre is, in a considerable degree, fallacious; nay, it is almost thought that this man was, in reality, a most kind-hearted, simple, unambitious, and well-disposed individual—a person who, to say the least of it, deeply deplored the horrors in which considerations of duty had unhappily involved him. To attempt an unravelment of these contradictions, let us call up the phantom of this mysterious personage, and subject him to review.

To understand Robespierre, it is necessary to understand the French Revolution. The proximate cause of that terrible convulsion was, as is well known, an utter disorder in all the functions of the state, and more particularly in the finances, equivalent to national bankruptcy. That matters might have been substantially patched up by judicious statesmanship, no one doubts; but that a catastrophe, sooner or later, was unavoidable, seems to be equally certain. The mind of France was rotten; the principles of society were undermined. As regards religion, there was a universal scepticism, of which the best

literature of the day was the exponent; but this unbelief was greatly strengthened by the scandalous abuses in the ecclesiastical system. It required no depth of genius to point out that the great principles of brotherly love, humility, equality, liberty, promulgated as part and parcel of the Christian dispensation eighteen centuries previously, had no practical efficacy so far as France was concerned. Instead of equality before God and the law, the humbler classes were feudal serfs, without any appeal from the cruel oppressions to which they were exposed. In the midst of gloom, Rousseau's vague declamations on the rights of man fell like a ray of light. A spark was communicated, which kindled a flame in the bosoms of the more thoughtful and enthusiastic. An astonishing impulse was almost at once given to investigation. The philosopher had his adherents all over France. Viewed as a species of prophet, he was, properly speaking, a madman, who in his ravings had glanced on the truth, but only glanced. Among men of sense, his ornate declamations concerning nature and reason would have excited little more attention than that which is usually given to poetic and speculative fancies.

Amidst an impulsive and lively people, unaccustomed to the practical consideration and treatment of abuses, there arose a cry to destroy, root up; to sweep away all preferences and privileges; to bring down the haughty, and raise the depressed; to let all men be free and equal, all men being brothers. Such is the origin of the three words—liberty, equality, and fraternity, which were caught up as the charter of social intercourse. It is for ever to be regretted that this explosion of sentiment was so utterly destructive in its character; for therein has it inflicted immense wrong on what is abstractedly true and beautiful. At first, as will be remembered, the revolutionists did not aim at establishing a republic, but that form of government neces-



sarily grew out of their hallucinations. Without pausing to consider that a nation of emancipated serfs were unprepared to take on themselves the duties of an enlightened population, the plunge was unhesitatingly made.

At this comparatively distant day, even with all the aids of the recording press, we can form no adequate idea of the fervor with which this great social overthrow was set about and accomplished. The best minds in France were in a state of ecstasy, bordering on delirium. A vast future of human happiness seemed to dawn. Tyranny, force, fraud, all the bad passions, were to disappear under the beneficent approach of Reason. Among the enthusiasts who rushed into this marvellous frenzy, was Maximilian Robespierre. It is said by his biographers, that Robespierre was of English or Scotch origin: we have seen an account which traced him to a family in the north, of not a dissimilar name. His father, at all events, was an advocate at Arras, in French Flanders, and here Maximilian was born in 1759. Bred to the law, he was sent as a representative to the States-General in 1789, and from this moment he entered on his career, and Paris was his home. At his outset, he made no impression, and scarcely excited public notice. His manners were singularly reserved, and his habits austere. The man lived within himself. Brooding over the works of Rousseau, he indulged in the dream of renovating the moral world. Like Mohammed contriving the dogmas of a new religion, Robespierre spent days in solitude, pondering on his destiny. To many of the revolutionary leaders, the struggle going on was merely a political drama, with a Convention for the *dénouement*. To Robespierre, it was a philosophical problem; all his thoughts aimed at the ideal—at the apotheosis of human nature.

Let us take a look at his personal appearance. Visionaries are usually slovens. They despise fashions, and imagine that dirtiness is an attribute of genius. To do the honorable member for Artois justice, he was above this affectation. Small and neat in person, he always appeared in public tastefully dressed, according to the fashion of the period—hair well combed back, frizzled, and powdered; copious frills at the breast and wrists; a stainless white waistcoat; light-blue coat, with metal buttons; the sash of a representative tied round his waist; light-colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. Such was his ordinary costume; and if we stick a rose in his button-hole, or place a

nosegay in his hand, we shall have a tolerable idea of his whole equipment. It is said he sometimes appeared in top boots, which is not improbable; for this kind of boot had become fashionable among the republicans, from a notion that as top-boots were worn by gentlemen in England, they were allied to constitutional government. Robespierre's features were sharp, and enlivened by bright and deeply-sunk blue eyes. There was usually a gravity and intense thoughtfulness in his countenance, which conveyed an idea of his being thoroughly in earnest. Yet, his address was not unpleasing. Unlike modern French politicians, his face was always smooth, with no vestige of beard or whiskers. Altogether, therefore, he may be said to have been a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, animated with proper self-respect, and having no wish to court vulgar applause by neglecting the decencies of polite society.

Before entering on his public career in Paris, Robespierre had probably formed his plans, in which, at least to outward appearance, there was an entire negation of self. A stern incorruptibility seemed the basis of his character; and it is quite true that no offers from the court, no overtures from associates, had power to tempt him. There was only one way by which he could sustain a high-souled independence, and that was the course adopted in like circumstances by Andrew Marvel—simple wants, rigorous economy, a disregard of fine company, an avoidance of expensive habits. Now, this is the curious thing in Robespierre's history. Perhaps there was a tinge of pride in his living a life of indigence; but in fairness it is entitled to be called an honest pride, when we consider that the means of profusion were within his reach. On his arrival in Paris, he procured a humble lodging in the Marais, a populous district in the north-eastern faubourgs; but it being represented to him some time afterwards, that, as a public man, it was unsafe to expose himself in a long walk daily to and from this obscure residence, he removed to a house in the Rue St. Honoré, now marked No. 396, opposite the Church of the Assumption. Here he found a lodging with M. Duplay, a respectable but humble cabinet-maker, who had become attached to the principles of the Revolution; and here he was joined by his brother, who played an inferior part in public affairs, and is known in history as "the Younger Robespierre." The selection of this dwelling seems to have fallen in with Robespierre's notions of economy; and it suited his limited patri-

mony, which consisted of some rents irregularly paid by a few small farmers of his property in Artois. These ill-paid rents, with his salary as a representative, are said to have supported three persons—himself, his brother, and his sister; and so straitened was he in circumstances, that he had to borrow occasionally from his landlord. Even with all his pinching, he did not make both ends meet. We have it on authority, that at his death he was owing L. 160; a small debt to be incurred during a residence of five years in Paris, by a person who figured as a leader of parties; and the insignificance of this sum attests his remarkable self-denial.

Lamartine's account of the private life of Robespierre in the house of the Duplays is exceedingly fascinating, and we should suppose is founded on well-authorized facts. The house of Duplay, he says, "was low, and in a court surrounded by sheds filled with timber and plants, and had almost a rustic appearance. It consisted of a parlor opening to the court, and communicating with a sitting-room that looked into a small garden. From the sitting-room a door led into a small study, in which was a piano. There was a winding-staircase to the first floor, where the master of the house lived, and thence to the apartment of Robespierre."

Here, long acquaintance, a common table, and association for several years, "converted the hospitality of Duplay into an attachment that became reciprocal. The family of his landlord became a second family to Robespierre, and while they adopted his opinions, they neither lost the simplicity of their manners nor neglected their religious observances. They consisted of a father, mother, a son yet a youth, and four daughters, the eldest of whom was twenty-five, and the youngest eighteen. Familiar with the father, filial with the mother, paternal with the son, tender and almost brotherly with the young girls, he inspired and felt in this small domestic circle all those sentiments that only an ardent soul inspires and feels by spreading abroad its sympathies. Love also attached his heart, where toil, poverty, and retirement had fixed his life. Eléonore Duplay, the eldest daughter of his host, inspired Robespierre with a more serious attachment than her sisters. The feeling, rather predilection than passion, was more reasonable on the part of Robespierre, more ardent and simple on the part of the young girl. This affection afforded him tenderness without torment, happiness without excitement: it was the love adapted for a man plunged all day in the

agitation of public life—a repose of the heart after mental fatigue. He and Eléonore lived in the same house as a betrothed couple, not as lovers. Robespierre had demanded the young girl's hand from her parents, and they had promised it to him.

"The total want of fortune," he said, "and the uncertainty of the morrow, prevented him from marrying her until the destiny of France was determined; but he only awaited the moment when the Revolution should be concluded, in order to retire from the turmoil and strife, marry her whom he loved, go to reside with her in Artois, on one of the farms he had saved among the possessions of his family, and there to mingle his obscure happiness in the common lot of his family."

"The vicissitudes of the fortune, influence, and popularity of Robespierre effected no change in his simple mode of living. The multitude came to implore favor or life at the door of his house, yet nothing found its way within. The private lodging of Robespierre consisted of a low chamber, constructed in the form of a garret, above some cart-sheds, with the window opening upon the roof. It afforded no other prospect than the interior of a small court, resembling a wood-store, where the sounds of the workmen's hammers and saws constantly resounded, and which was continually traversed by Madame Duplay and her daughters, who there performed all their household duties. This chamber was also separated from that of the landlord by a small room common to the family and himself. On the other side were two rooms, likewise attics, which were inhabited, one by the son of the master of the house, the other by Simon Duplay, Robespierre's secretary, and the nephew of his host.

"The chamber of the deputy contained only a wooden bedstead, covered with blue damask ornamented with white flowers, a table, and four strawbottomed chairs. This apartment served him at once for a study and dormitory. His papers, his reports, the manuscripts of his discourses, written by himself in a regular but labored hand, and with many marks of erasure, were placed carefully on deal-shelves against the wall. A few chosen books were also ranged thereon. A volume of Jean Jacques Rousseau or of Racine was generally open upon his table, and attested his philosophical and literary predilections."

With a mind continually on the stretch, and concerned less or more in all the great movements of the day, the features of th

remarkable personage "relaxed into absolute gaiety when in-doors, at table, or in the evening, around the wood-fire in the humble chamber of the cabinet-maker. His evenings were all passed with the family, in talking over the feelings of the day, the plans of the morrow, the conspiracies of the aristocrats, the dangers of the patriots, and the prospects of public felicity after the triumph of the Revolution. Sometimes Robespierre, who was anxious to cultivate the mind of his betrothed, read to the family aloud, and generally from the tragedies of Racine. He seldom went out in the evening; but two or three times a year he escorted Madame Duplay and her daughter to the theatre. On other days, Robespierre retired early to his chamber, lay down, and rose again at night to work. The innumerable discourses he had delivered in the two national assemblies, and to the Jacobins; the articles written for his journal while he had one; the still more numerous manuscripts of speeches which he had prepared, but never delivered; the studied style so remarkable; the indefatigable corrections marked with his pen upon the manuscripts—attest his watchings and his determination.

"His only relaxations were solitary walks in imitation of his model, Jean Jacques Rousseau. His sole companion in these perambulations was his great dog, which slept at his chamber-door, and always followed him when he went out. This colossal animal, well known in the district, was called Brout. Robespierre was much attached to him, and constantly played with him. Occasionally, on a Sunday, all the family left Paris with Robespierre; and the politician, once more the man, amused himself with the mother, the sisters, and the brother of Eléonore in the wood of Versailles or of Issy." Strange contradiction! The man who is thus described as so amiable, so gentle, so satisfied with the humble pleasures of an obscure family circle, went forth daily on a self-imposed mission of turbulence and terror. Let us follow him to the scene of his avocations. Living in the Rue St. Honoré, he might be seen every morning on his way, by one of the narrow streets which led to the rooms of the National Assembly, or Convention, as the legislative body was called after the deposition of Louis XVI. The house so occupied, was situated on a spot now covered by the Rue Rivoli, opposite the gardens of the Tuileries. In connection with it, were several apartments used by committees; and there, *by the leading members of the House, the*

actual business of the nation was for a long time conducted. It was by the part he played in one of these formidable committees, that of "Public Safety"—more properly, public insecurity—that he becomes chargeable with his manifold crimes. For the commission of these atrocities, however, he held himself to be entirely excused; and how he could possibly entertain any such notion, remains for us to notice.

The action of the Revolution was in the hands of three parties, into which the Convention was divided—namely, the Montagnards, the Girondists, and the Plaine. The last mentioned were a comparatively harmless set of persons, who acted as a neutral body, and leaned one way or the other according to their convictions, but whose votes it was important to obtain. Between the Montagnards and the Girondists there was no distinct difference of principle—both were keen republicans and levellers; but in carrying out their views, the Montagnards were the most violent and unscrupulous. The Girondists expected that, after a little preliminary harshness, the Republic would be established in a pacific manner; by the force, it may be called, of philosophic conviction spreading through society. They were thus the moderates; yet their moderation was unfortunately ill manifested. At the outset, they countenanced the disgraceful mobbings of the royal family; they gloried in the horrors of the 10th of August, and the humiliation of the king; and only began to express fears that things were going too far, when massacre became the order of the day, and the guillotine assumed the character of a national institution. They were finally borne down, as is well known, by the superior energy and audacity of their opponents; and all perished one way or other in the bloody struggle. Few pity them.

We need hardly recall the fact, that the discussions in the Convention were greatly influenced by tumultuary movements out of doors. At a short distance, were two political clubs, the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, and there every thing was debated and determined on. Of these notorious clubs, the most uncompromising was the Jacobins; consequently, its principal members were to be found among the party of the Montagnards. During the hottest time of the Revolution, the three men most distinguished as Montagnards and Jacobins were Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. Mirabeau, the orator of the Revolution, had already disappeared, being so fortunate as to die naturally, before the



practice of mutual guillotining was established. After him, Vergniaud, the leader of the Girondists, was perhaps the most effective speaker; and till his fall, he possessed a commanding influence in the Convention. Danton was likewise a speaker of vast power, and from his towering figure, he seemed like a giant among pigmies. Marat might be termed the representative of the kennel. He was a low demagogue, flaunting in rags, dirty, and venomous: he was always calling out for more blood, as if the grand desideratum was the annihilation of mankind. Among the extreme men, Robespierre, by his eloquence, his artifice, and his bold counsels, contrived to maintain his position. This was no easy matter, for it was necessary to remain firm and unfaltering in every emergency. He, like the others at the helm of affairs, was constantly impelled forward by the clubs, but more so by the incessant clamors of the mob. At the Hotel de Ville sat at the Commune, a crew of blood-thirsty villains, headed by Hebert; and this miscreant, with his armed sections, accompanied by paid female furies, beset the Convention, and carried measures of severity by sheer intimidation. Let it further be remembered that, in 1793, France was kept in apprehension of invasion by the Allies under the Duke of Brunswick, and the army of emigrant noblesse under the command of Condé. The hovering of these forces on the frontiers, and their occasional successes, produced a constant alarm of counter revolution, which was believed to be instigated by secret intriguers in the very heart of the Convention. It was alleged by Robespierre in his greatest orations, that the safety of the Republic depended on keeping up a wholesome state of terror; and that all who, in the slightest degree, leaned towards clemency, sanctioned the work of intriguers, and ought, accordingly, to be proscribed. By such harangues—in the main, miserable sophistry—he acquired prodigious popularity, and was in fact irresistible.

Thus was legalized the Reign of Terror, which, founded in false reasoning and insane fears, we must, nevertheless, look back upon as a thing, at least to a certain extent, reconcilable with a sense of duty; inasmuch as even while signing warrants for transferring hundreds of people to the Revolutionary Tribunal—which was equivalent to sending them to the scaffold—Robespierre imagined that he was acting throughout under a clear, an imperious necessity: only ridding society of the elements that disturbed its

purity and tranquillity. Stupendous hallucination! And did this fanatic really feel no pang of conscience? That will afterwards engage our consideration. Frequently, he was called on to proscribe and execute his most intimate friends; but it does not appear that any personal consideration ever stayed his proceedings. First, he swept away Royalists and aristocrats; next he sacrificed the Girondists; last, he came to his companion-Jacobins. Accusing Danton and his friends of a tendency to moderation, he had the dexterity to get them proscribed and beheaded. When Danton was seized, he could hardly credit his senses: he who had long felt himself sure of being one day dictator by public acclamation, and to have been deceived by that dreamer, Robespierre, was most humiliating. But Robespierre would not dare to put *him* to death! Grave miscalculation! He was immolated like the rest; the crowd looking on with indifference. Along with him perished Camille Desmoulins, a young man of letters, and a Jacobin, but convicted of advocating clemency. Robespierre was one of Camille's private and most valued friends; he had been his instructor in politics, and had become one of the trustees under his marriage-settlement. Robespierre visited at the house of his *protégé*; chatted with the young and handsome Madame Desmoulins at her parties; and frequently dandled the little Horace Desmoulins on his knee, and let him play with his bunch of seals. Yet because they were adherents of Danton, he sent husband and wife to the scaffold within a few weeks of each other! What eloquent and touching appeals were made to old recollections by the mother of Madame Desmoulins. Robespierre was reminded of little Horace, and of his duty as a family guardian. All would not do. His heart was marble; and so the wretched pair were guillotined. Camille's letter to his wife, the night before he was led to the scaffold, cannot be read without emotion. He died with a lock of her hair clasped convulsively in his hand.

Having thus cleared away to some extent all those who stood in the way of his views, Robespierre bethought himself of acting a new part in public affairs, calculated, as he thought, to dignify the Republic. Chaumette, a mean confederate of Hebert, and a mouth-piece of the rabble, had, by consent of the Convention, established Paganism, or the worship of Reason, as the national religion. Robespierre never gave his approval to this outrage, and took the earliest op-



portunity of restoring the worship of the Supreme. It is said, that of all the missions with which he believed himself to be charged, the highest, the holiest in his eyes, was the regeneration of the religious sentiment of the people: to unite heaven and earth by this bond of a faith which the Republic had broken, was for him the end, the consummation of the Revolution. In one of his paroxysms, he delivered an address to the Convention, which induced them to pass a law, acknowledging the existence of God, and ordaining a public festival to inaugurate the new religion. This fete took place on the 8th of June, 1794. Robespierre headed the procession to the Champ de Mars; and he seemed on the occasion to have at length reached the grand realization of all his hopes and desires. From this *coup de theatre* he returned home, magnified in the estimation of the people, but ruined in the eyes of the Convention. His conduct had been too much that of one whose next step was to the restoration of the throne, with himself as its occupant. By Fouché, Tallien, Collot-d'Herbois, and some others, he was now thwarted in all his schemes. His wish was to close the Reign of Terror and allow the new moral world to begin; for his late access of devotional feeling had, in reality, disposed him to adopt benign and clement measures. But to arrest carnage was now beyond his power; he had invoked a demon which would not be laid. Assailed by calumny, he made the Convention resound with his speeches; spoke of fresh proscriptions to put down intrigue: and spread universal alarm among the members. In spite of the most magniloquent orations, he saw that his power was nearly gone. Sick at heart, he began to absent himself from committees, which still continued to send to the scaffold numbers whose obscure rank should have saved them from suspicion or vengeance.

At this juncture, Robespierre was earnestly entreated by one of his more resolute adherents, St. Just, to play a bold game for the dictatorship, which he represented as the only means of saving the Republic from anarchy. Anonymous letters to the same effect also poured in upon him; and prognostics of his greatness, uttered by an obscure fortune-teller, were listened to by the great demagogue with something like superstitious respect. But for this personal elevation he was not prepared. Pacing up and down his apartment, and striking his forehead with his hand, he candidly acknowledged *that he was not made for power*; while the

bare idea of doing anything to endanger the Republic amounted, in his mind, to a species of sacrilege. At this crisis in his fate, therefore, he temporised; he sought peace, if not consolation, in solitude. He took long walks in the woods, where he spent hours seated on the ground, or leaning against a tree, his face buried in his hands, or earnestly bent on the surrounding natural objects. What was the precise tenor of his meditations, it would be deeply interesting to know. Did the great promoter of the Revolution ponder on the failure of his aspirations after a state of human perfectibility? Was he torn by remorse on seeing rise up, in imagination, the thousands of innocent individuals whom, in vindication of a theory, he had consigned to an ignominious and violent death, yet whose removal had, politically speaking, proved altogether fruitless?

It is the more general belief that, in these solitary rambles, Robespierre was preparing an oration, which, as he thought, should silence all his enemies, and restore him to parliamentary favor. A month was devoted to this rhetorical effort; and, unknown to him, during that interval all parties coalesced, and adopted the resolution to treat his oration when it came with contempt, and, at all hazards, to have him proscribed. The great day came, July 26 (8th Thermidor), 1794. His speech, which he read from a paper, was delivered in his best style—in vain. It was received with yells and hootings; and, with dismay, he retired to the Jacobins, to deliver it over again—as if to seek support among a more subservient audience. Next day, on entering the Convention, he was openly accused by Tallien and Billaud-Varennes of aspiring to despotic power. A scene of tumult ensued, and, amid cries of *down with the tyrant!* a writ for his committal to prison was drawn out. It must be considered a fine trait in the character of Robespierre the younger, that he begged to be included in the same decree of proscription with his brother. This wish was readily granted; and St. Just, Couthon (who had lost the use of his legs, and was always carried about in an arm chair), and Le Bas, were added to the number of the proscribed. Rescued, however, from the gendarmes by an insurrectionary force, headed by Barras, Robespierre and his colleagues were conducted in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Here, during the night, earnest consultations were held; and the adherents of Robespierre implored him in desperation, as the last chance of safety for them all, to

address a rousing proclamation to the sections. At length yielding unwillingly to these frantic appeals, he commenced writing the required address: and it was while subscribing his name to this seditious document, that the soldiers of the Convention burst in upon him, and he was shot through the jaw by one of the gendarmes. At the same moment, Le Bas shot himself through the heart. All were made prisoners, and carried off—the dead body of Le Bas not excepted.

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While residing for a short time in Paris in 1849, we were one day conducted by a friend to a large house, with an air of faded grandeur, in the eastern faubourgs, which had belonged to an aged republican, recently deceased. He wished me to examine a literary curiosity, which was to be seen among other relics of the great Revolution. The curiosity in question was the proclamation, in the handwriting of Robespierre, to which he was in the act of inscribing his signature, when assaulted and made prisoner in the Hôtel de Ville. It was a small piece of paper, contained in a glass-frame; and, at this distance of time, could not fail to excite an interest in visitors. The few lines of writing, commencing with the stirring words: "*Courage, mes compatriotes!*" ended with only a part of the subscription. The letters, *Robes*, were all that were appended, and were followed by a blur of the pen; while the lower part of the paper showed certain discolorations, as if made by drops of blood. And so this was the last surviving token of the notorious Robespierre! It is somewhat curious, that no historian seems to be aware of its existence.

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Stretched on a table in one of the ante-rooms of the Convention; his head leaning against a chair; his fractured jaw supported by a handkerchief passed round the top of his head; a glass with vinegar and a sponge at his side to moisten his feverish lips; speechless and almost motionless, yet conscious!—there lay Robespierre—the clerks, who, a few days ago, had cringed before him, now amusing themselves by pricking him with their penknives, and coarsely jesting over his fall. Great crowds, likewise, flocked to see him while in this undignified posture, and he was overwhelmed with the vilest expressions of hatred and abuse. The mental agony which he must have experienced during this humiliating exhibition, could scarcely fail to be increased on hearing himself made

the object of unsparing and boisterous declamations from the adjoining tribune.

At three o'clock in the afternoon (July 28), the prisoners were placed before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and at six, the whole were tied in carts, the dead body of Le Bas included, and conducted to execution. To this wretched band were added the whole family of the Duplays, with the exception of the mother; she having been strangled the previous night by female furies, who had broken into her house, and hung her to the iron rods of her bedstead. They were guiltless of any political crime; but their private connection with the principal object of proscription was considered to be sufficient for their condemnation. The circumstance of these individuals being involved in his fate, could not fail to aggravate the bitterness of Robespierre's reflections. As the dismal *corège* wended its way along the Rue St. Honoré, he was loaded with imprecations by women whose husbands he had destroyed, and the shouts of children, whom he had deprived of parents, were the last sounds heard by him on earth. Yet he betrayed not the slightest emotion—perhaps he only pitied the ignorance of his persecutors. In the midst of the feelings of a misunderstood and martyred man, his head dropped into the basket!

These few facts and observations respecting the career of Robespierre, enable us to form a tolerably correct estimate of his character. The man was a bigot. A perfect Republic was his faith, his religion. To integrity, perseverance, and extraordinary self-denial under temptation, he united only a sanguine temperament and moderate abilities for the working-out of a mistaken principle. Honest and zealous in his purpose, his conduct was precisely analogous to that of all religious persecutors—sparing no pain or bloodshed to accomplish what he believed to be a good end. Let us grant that he was a monomaniac, the question remains as to his general accountability. If he is to be acquitted on the score of insanity, who is to be judged? Not so are we to exempt great criminals from punishment and obloquy. Robespierre knew thoroughly what he was about; and far as he was misled in his motives, he must be held responsible for his actions. Before entering on the desperate enterprise of demolishing all existing institutions, with the hope of reconstructing the social fabric, it was his duty to be assured that his aims were practicable, and that he was himself authorised to think and act for

the whole of mankind, or specially commissioned to kill and terrify into his doctrines. Instead of this, there is nothing to show that he had formed any distinct scheme of a government to take the place of that which he had aided in destroying. All we learn is, that there hovered in his mind's eye some vague Utopia, in which public affairs would go on very much of themselves, through the mere force of universal Benevolence, liberated from the bosom of Nature. For his folly and au-

dacity in nourishing so wild a theory, and still more for the reckless butcheries by which he sought to bring it into operation, we must, on a review of his whole character, adhere to the popular belief on the subject. Acquitted, as he must necessarily be, of the charge of personal ambition, he was still a monster, only the more dangerous and detestable for justifying murder on the ground of principle.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## PICTURES OF SWEDEN.\*

A PICTURE in words must needs be a poetical description. Such, accordingly, is the character of these sketches of Swedish life and scenery by the Danish poet, Andersen. He depicts only objects of poetical interest—scenes of natural grandeur, historical institutions, buildings of ancient date and dignity, spots of pastoral beauty and seclusion—and of these, little is presented save the impressions which they severally excited in himself. Legends and historic incidents are introduced into the delineation, but everything appears under the lights and shades of fancy, and is colored by the hues of poetic feeling. Sentiment rather than observation would seem to be the author's tendency. His book will have few charms for those very "practical" people who delight only in "facts." There is nothing of what is called "useful information" in the whole work. It is a record and illustration of the beautiful.

Behold the intending traveller, brooding over the thoughts and fancies which a delightful spring time has quickened in his brain, and listening to the suggestions of a rambling inclination. The sunshine of the lengthening day sheds gladness within his mind, and solicits him with gentle promises to go abroad and see the world. The birds warble, and he essays to interpret their song;

and thus he reproduces it in a free translation:—

" 'Get on my back,' says the stork, our green island's sacred bird, 'and I will carry thee over the Sound. Sweden also has fresh and fragrant beech woods, green meadows and corn-fields. In Scavia, with the flowering apple-trees behind the peasant's house, you will think that you are still in Denmark.'

" 'Fly with me,' says the swallow; 'I fly over Holland's mountain-ridge, where the beech-trees cease to grow; I fly further towards the north than the stork. You shall see the vegetable mould pass over into rocky ground; see snug, neat towns, old churches and mansions, where all is good and comfortable, where the family stand in a circle around the table, and say grace at meals, where the least of the children says a prayer, and morning and evening sings a psalm. I have heard it, I have seen it, when little, from my nest under the eaves.'

" 'Come with me! come with me!' screams the restless sea-gull, and flies in an expecting circle. 'Come with me to the Skjärگاards, where rocky isles by thousands, with fir and pine, lie like flower-beds along the coast; where the fishermen draw the well-filled nets!'

" 'Rest thee between our extended wings,' sing the wild swans. 'Let us bear thee up to the great lakes, the perpetually roaring

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\* "Pictures of Sweden." By Hans Christian Andersen, Author of "The Improvisatore," &c. Bentley, London.

elvs (rivers), that rush on with arrowy swift-ness; where the ~~oak~~ forest has long ceased, and the birch-tree becomes stunted. Rest thee between our extended wings: we fly up to Sulitelma, the island's eye, as the mountain is called; we fly from the vernal green valley, up over the snow-drifts, to the mountain's top, where thou canst see the North Sea, on yonder side of Norway. We fly to Jemteland, where the rocky mountains are high and blue; where the Foss roars and rushes. Up to the deep, cold-running waters, where the midsummer sun does not set; where the rosy hue of eve is that of morn.'"

That is the bird's song, according to our poet's interpretation. However, he declines to sit upon the stork's back, or between the wings of the wild swans. "We will go forward," says he, "with steam, and with horses—yes, also on our own legs, and glance now and then from reality, over the fence into the region of thought, which is always our near neighborhood; pluck a flower or a leaf, to be placed in the note-book—for it sprung out during our journey's flight: we fly and we sing. \* \* Sweden! thou land of deep feeling, of heart-felt songs; home of the limpid elvs, where the wild swans sing in the gleam of the Northern Lights; thou land, on whose deep, still lakes, Scandinavia's fairy builds her colonnades, and leads her battling, shadowy host over the icy mirror! Glorious Sweden, with thy fragrant Linnæus, with Jenny's soul-enlivening songs! to thee will we fly with the stork and the swallow, with the restless sea-gull and the wild swans. Thy birch-woods exhale refreshing fragrance under their sober, bending branches; on the tree's white stem the harp shall hang: the North's summer wind shall whistle therein!"

Even so. In reading these pages we have seemed to hear it—that gentle summer wind, breathing a mild, Northern poetry. And now we will take the reader to some of the choicest spots which the poet visited, and he shall see how pleasantly and sweetly they are pictured. Let us go to old Vadstene—a place of ancient palaces, and of a flourishing convent, where once the good St. Bridget ruled, and in whose decayed and dilapidated sacristy, it is said, her bones are now resting.

"In Sweden," says our author, "it is not only in the country, but even in several of the provincial towns, that one sees whole houses of grass-turf, or with roofs of grass-turf; and some are so low that one might easily spring up to the roof, and sit on the

fresh green sward. In the early spring, whilst the fields are still covered with snow, but which is melted on the roof, the latter affords the first announcement of spring, with the young sprouting grass where the sparrow twitters: 'Spring comes!'

"Between Montola and Vadstene, close by the high road, stands a grass-turf house—one of the most picturesque. It has but one window, broader than it is high, and a wild rose-branch forms the curtain outside.

"We see it in the spring. The roof is so delightfully fresh with grass, it has quite the tint of velvet; and close to it is the chimney, nay, even a cherry-tree grows out of its side, now full of flowers; the wind shakes the leaves down on a little lamb that is tethered to the chimney. It is the only lamb of the family. The old dame, who lives here, lifts it up to its place herself in the morning, and lifts it down again in the evening, to give it a place in the room. The roof can just bear the little lamb, but not more—this is an experience and a certainty. Last autumn—and at that time the grass-turf roofs are covered with flowers, mostly blue and yellow, the Swedish colors—there grew here a flower of a rare kind. It shone in the eyes of the old professor, who, on his botanical tour, came past here. The professor was quickly up on the roof, and just as quick was one of his booted legs through it, and so was the other leg, and then half of the professor himself—that part where the head does not sit; and as the house had no ceiling, his legs hovered right over the old dame's head, and that in very close contact. But now the roof is again whole; the fresh grass grows where learning sank; the little lamb bleats up there, and the old dame stands beneath in the door-way, with folded hands, with a smile on her mouth, rich in remembrances, legends and songs; rich in her only lamb on which the cherry-tree strews its flower-blossoms in the warm spring sun.

"As a background to this picture lies the Vettern—the bottomless lake, as the commonalty believe—with its transparent water, its sea-like waves, and in calm, with 'Heyring,' or *fata morgana*, on its steel-like surface. We see Vadstene palace and town, 'the city of the dead,' as a Swedish author has called it—Sweden's Herculaneum, reminiscence's city. The grass-turf house must be our box, whence we see the rich mementoes pass before us—memorials from the chronicle of kings, and the love songs that still live with the old dame, who stands in her low house there, where the lamb crops the grass on



the roof. We hear her, and we see with her eyes; we go from the grass-turf houses, where poor women sit and make lace, once the celebrated work of the rich nuns here in the cloister's wealthy time.

"How still, solitary, and grass-grown are these streets! We stop by an old wall, mouldy green for centuries already. Within it stood the cloister; now there is but one of its wings remaining. There, within that now poor garden, still bloom Saint Bridget's leek, and once rare flowers. King John and the Abbess, Ana Gylte, wandered one evening there, and the king cunningly asked: 'If the maidens in the cloister were never tempted by love?' and the abbess answered, as she pointed to a bird that just then flew over them: 'It may happen. One cannot prevent the bird from flying over the garden; but one may surely prevent it from building its nest there!'

"Thus thought the pious Abbess, and there have been sisters who thought and acted like her. But it is quite as sure, that in the same garden there stood a pear-tree, called the tree of death; and the legend says of it, that whoever approached and plucked its fruit would soon die. Red and yellow pears weighed down its branches to the ground. The trunk was unusually large; the grass grew high round it, and many a morning was it seen trodden down. Who had been there during the night?

"A storm arose one evening from the lake, and the next morning the large tree was found thrown down; the trunk was broken, and out of it there rolled infants' bones—the white bones of murdered children lay shining on the grass.

"The pious but love-sick sister, Ingrid, this Vadstene's Heloise, writes to her heart's beloved, Axel Nilsun—for the chronicles have preserved it for us:—'The brothers and sisters amuse themselves in play, drink wine, and dance with one another in the garden.'

"These words may explain to us the history of the pear-tree: one is led to think of the orgies of the nun-phantoms in 'Robert le Diable,' the daughters of sin, on consecrated ground. But 'judge not, lest ye be judged.' We will read sister Ingrid's letter, sent secretly to him she truly loved. In it lies the history of many, clear and human to us:—

"'I dare not confess to any other than to thee, that I am not able to repeat my Ave Maria, or read my Paternoster, without calling thee to mind. Nay, even in the Mass *itself*, thy comely face appears, and our af-

fectionate intercourse returns to me. It seems to me that I cannot confess to any other human being—the Virgin Mary, St. Bridget, and the whole host of Heaven, will perhaps punish me for it. But thou knowest well, my heart's beloved, that I have never consented with my free-will to these rules. My parents, it is true, have placed my body in this prison, but the heart cannot so soon be weaned from the world.'

"How touching is the distress of young hearts! It offers itself to us from the mouldy parchment, it resounds in old songs. Beg the grey-haired old dame in the grass-turf house to sing to thee of the young, heavy sorrow; of the saving angel—and the angel came in many shapes. You will hear the song of the cloister robbery; of Herr Carl, who was sick to death—when the young nun entered the corpse chamber, sat down by his feet, and whispered how sincerely she had loved him, and the knight rose from his bier and bore her away to marriage and pleasure in Copenhagen. And all the nuns of the cloister sang: "Christ grant that such an angel were to come, and take both me and thee!"

"The old dame will also sing for thee of the beautiful Agda and Oluf Tyste; and at once the cloister is revived in its splendor, the bells ring, stone houses arise—they even rise from the waters of the Vettern: the little town becomes churches and towers. The street are crowded with great, with sober, well-dressed persons. Down the stairs of the town-hall descends, with a sword by his side, and in fur-lined cloak, the most wealthy citizen of Vadstene, the merchant Michael. By his side is his young, beautiful daughter, Agda, richly dressed and happy; youth in beauty, youth in mind. All eyes are turned on the rich man—and yet forget him for her, the beautiful. Life's best blessings await her; her thoughts soar upwards, her mind aspires; her future is happiness! These were the thoughts of the many—and amongst the many there was one who saw her as Romeo saw Juliet, as Adam saw Eve in the garden of Paradise. That one was Oluf, the handsomest young man, but poor as Agda was rich. And he must conceal his love; but as only he lived in it, only he knew of it; so he became mute and still, and after months had passed away, the town's folk called him Oluf Tyste (Oluf the Silent.)

"Nights and days he combated his love; nights and days he suffered inexpressible torment; but at last—one dew-drop or one

sun-beam alone is necessary for the ripe rose to open its leaves—he must tell it to Agda. And she listened to his words, was terrified, and sprang away; but the thought remained with him, and the heart went after the thought and stayed there; she returned his love strongly and truly, but in modesty and honor; and therefore poor Oluf came to the rich merchant and sought his daughter's hand. But Michael shut the bolts of his door and of his heart too. He would neither listen to tears nor supplications, but only to his own will; and as little Agda also kept firm to her will, her father placed her in Vadstene cloister. And Oluf was obliged to submit. She was dead to him and the world. But one night, in tempestuous weather, whilst the rain streamed down, Oluf Tyste came to the cloister wall, threw his rope-ladder over it, and however high the Vettern lifted its waves, Oluf and little Agda flew away over its fathomless depths that autumn night.

“Early in the morning the nuns missed little Agda. What a screaming and shouting—the cloister is disgraced! The Abbess and Michael the merchant swore that vengeance and death should reach the fugitives. Lindkjöping's severe bishop, Hans Brask, fulminated his ban over them, but they were already across the waters of the Vettern; they had reached the shores of the Venern, they were on Kinnakulla, with one of Oluf's friends, who owned the delightful Hellekis.

“Here their marriage was to be celebrated. The guests were invited, and a monk from the neighboring cloister of Hussaby was fetched to marry them. Then came the messenger with the bishop's excommunication, and this—but not the marriage ceremony—was read to them.

“All turned away from them terrified. The owner of the house, the friend of Oluf's youth, pointed to the open door, and bade them depart instantly. Oluf only requested a car and horse wherewith to convey away his exhausted Agda; but they threw sticks and stones after them, and Oluf was obliged to bear his poor bride in his arms far into the forest.

“Heavy and bitter were their wanderings. At last, however, they found a home; it was in Guldkroken, in West Gothland. An honest old couple gave them shelter and a place by the hearth; they stayed there till Christmas, and on that holy eve there was to be a real Christmas festival. The guests were invited, the furmenty set forth; and now came the clergyman of the parish to say prayers;

but whilst he spake he recognized Oluf and Agda, and the prayer became a curse upon the two. Anxiety and terror came over all; they drove the excommunicated pair out of the house, out into the biting frost, where the wolves went in flocks, and the bear was no stranger. And Oluf felled wood in the forest, and kindled a fire to frighten away the noxious animals and keep life in Agda—he thought that she must die. But just then she was the stronger of the two.

“‘Our Lord is mighty and gracious; He will save us!’ said she. ‘He has one here on the earth, one who can save us, one who has proved, like us, what it is to wander amongst enemies and wild animals. It is the King—Gustavus Vasa! He has languished like us!—gone astray in Dalecarlia in the deep snow! he has suffered, tried, knows it—he can and he will help us!’”

“The King was in Vadstene. He had called together the representatives of the kingdom there. He dwelt in the cloister itself, even there where little Agda, if the King did not grant her pardon, must suffer what the angry Abbess dared to advise: penance and a painful death awaited her.

“Through forests and by untrodden paths, in storm and snow, Oluf and Agda came to Vadstene. They were seen: some showed fear, others insulted and threatened them. The guard of the cloister made the sign of the cross on seeing the two sinners, who dared to ask admission to the King.

“‘I will receive and hear all,’ was his royal message; and the two lovers fell trembling at his feet.

“And the King looked mildly on them; and as he long had had the intention to humiliate the proud Bishop of Lindkjöping, the moment was not unfavorable to them; the King listened to the relation of their lives and sufferings, and gave them his word that the excommunication should be annulled. He then placed their hands one in the other, and said that the priest should also do the same soon; and he promised them his royal protection and favor.

“And old Michael, the merchant, who feared the king's anger, with which he was threatened, became so mild and gentle, that he, as the King commanded, not only opened his house and his arms to Oluf and Agda, but displayed all his riches on the wedding-day of the young couple. The marriage ceremony took place in the cloister church, whither the King himself led the bride, and where, by his command, all the nuns were obliged to be present, in order to give still

more ecclesiastical pomp to the festival. And many a heart there silently recalled the old song about the cloister robbery, and looked at Oluf Tyste, praying:—"Christ grant that such an angel were to come, and take both me and thee!"

There are other legends and romantic stories associated with the crumbling walls of Vadstene, all of which are beautifully related by the author, but if the reader desires to see them we must refer him to the book. Pleasant will be the hour to him when he sits down to read it. For the present he must be content to take another quotation of our selection—one somewhat differing in manner from the foregoing, inasmuch as it deals not with the recollections of the past, but exhibits a phase of Swedish life now actually observable. It is our author's description of his visit to the provincial town of Sala; and though the reader, perhaps, may think he has noted nothing very particularly worthy of a traveller's attention, we doubt not the sketch will be accepted as being nevertheless graphic and amusing. It has, to say the least of it, a pleasing, picturesque effect, in proper keeping with the author's plan of picture-writing.

"Sweden's great king, Germany's preserver, Gustavus Adolphus, founded Sala. The little wood close by, still preserves legends of the heroic king's youthful love—of his meeting here with Ebba Brahe.

"Sala's silver mines are the largest, the deepest, and the oldest in Sweden; they reach to the depth of one hundred and seventy fathoms, consequently they are almost as deep as the Baltic. This of itself is enough to awaken an interest for a little town; but what is its appearance? "Sala," says the guide-book, "lies in a valley, in a flat, and not very pleasant district." And so truly it is: it was not very attractive, approaching it our way, and the high road led directly into the town, which is without any distinctive character. It consists of a long street, with what we may term a nucleus and a few fibres. The nucleus is the market-place, and the fibres are the few lanes diverging from it. The long street—that is to say long in a little town—is quite without passengers; no one comes out from the doors, no one is to be seen at the windows.

"It was therefore with pleased surprise that I at length descried a human being: it was at an ironmonger's, where there hung a paper of pins, a handkerchief, and two tea-pots in the window. There I saw a solitary *shop-boy*, standing quite still, but leaning

over the counter, and looking out of the open door. He certainly wrote in his journal, if he had one, in the evening: 'To-day a traveller drove through the town; who he was, God knows, for I don't!'—yes, that was what the shop-boy's face said, and an honest face it was.

"In the inn at which I arrived, there was the same grave-like stillness as in the street. The gate was certainly closed, but all the inner doors were wide open; the farm-yard cock stood uplifted in the middle of the traveller's room and crowed in order to show that there was somebody at home. The house, however, was quite picturesque: it had an open balcony, from which one might look out upon the yard, for it would have been far too lively had it been facing the street. There hung the old sign and creaked in the wind, as if to show that it, at least, was alive. I saw it from my window; I also saw how the grass in the street had got the mastery over the pavement. The sun shone brightly, but shone as into the bachelor's solitary room, and on the old maid's balsams in the flower-pots. It was as still as a Scotch Sunday—and yet it was a Tuesday. One was disposed for Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

"I looked out from the balcony into the neighboring yard: there was not a soul to be seen, but children had been playing there. There was a little garden made of dry sticks; they were stuck down in the soft soil and had been watered; a broken pan, which had certainly served by way of watering-pot, lay there still. The sticks signified roses and geraniums.

"It had been a delightful garden—alas, yes! We great, grown-up men—we play just so: we make ourselves a garden with what we call love's roses and friendship's geraniums; we water them with our tears and with our heart's blood; and yet they are and remain dry sticks without root. It was a gloomy thought; I felt it, and in order to get the dry sticks in my thoughts to blossom, I went out. I wandered in the fibres and in the long threads, that is to say, in the small lanes, and in the great street; and here was more life than I dared to expect. I met a herd of cattle returning or going—which, I know not, for they were without a herdsman. The shop-boy still stood behind the counter, leaned over it and greeted me; the stranger took his hat off again, that was my day's employment in Sala.

"Pardon me, thou silent town, which Gustavus Adolphus built, where his young heart felt the first emotions of love, and

where the silver lies in the deep shafts—that is to say, outside the town, ‘in a flat, and not very pleasant district.’

“I knew no one in the town; I had no one to be my guide, so I accompanied the cows, and came to the churchyard. The cows went past, but I stepped over the stile, and stood amongst the graves, where the grass grew high, and almost all the tombstones lay with worn-out inscriptions. On a few only the date of the year was legible. ‘Anno,’—yes, what then? And who rested there? Everything on the stone was erased, blotted out like the earthly life of those mortals that here were earth in earth. What life’s dream have ye dead played here in silent Sala?

“The setting sun shone over the graves; not a leaf moved on the trees, all was still—still as death, in the city of the silver-mines, of which this traveller’s reminiscence is but a frame around the shop-boy who leaned over the counter.”

One passage more, to show how Anderson paints scenery, and then we must terminate our pickings. It is a forest scene in midsummer, and, to our thinking, it is charmingly described.

“Midsummer raises its leafy arbor everywhere, yet it is most flush in the forest, it extends for miles around. Our road goes for miles through that forest without seeing a house, or the possibility of meeting travellers, driving, riding, or walking. Come! the hostler puts fresh horses to the carriage; come with us into the large woody desert: we have a regular trodden way to travel, the air is clear, here is summer’s warmth and the fragrance of birch and lime. It is an up and down hill road, always bending, and so, ever changing, but yet always forest scenery—the close thick forest. We pass small lakes, which lie so still and deep, as if they concealed night and sleep under their dark, glassy surfaces.

“We are now on a forest plain, where only charred stumps of trees are to be seen; this long tract is black, burnt, and deserted, not a bird flies over it. Tall, hanging birches now greet us again; a squirrel springs playfully across the road, and up into a tree; we cast our eye searchingly over the wood-grown mountain-side, which slopes so far, far forward; but not a trace of a house is to be seen; nowhere does that bluish smoke-cloud rise, that shows us here are fellow-men.

“The sun shines warm, the flies dance around the horses, settle on them, fly off again, and dance, as though it were to qualify

themselves for resting and being still. They, perhaps, think ‘nothing is going on without us; there is no life while we are doing nothing.’ They think as many persons think, and do not remember that ‘Time’s horses always fly onward with us!’

“How solitary it is here! so delightfully solitary! one is so entirely alone with God and one’s self. As the sunlight streams over the earth and over the extensive solitary forests, so does God’s spirit stream over and into mankind; ideas and thoughts unfold themselves, endless, inexhaustible as he is, as the magnet which apports its powers to the steel, and itself loses nothing thereby. As our journey through the forest scenery here, along the extended solitary road, so, travelling on the great high-road of thought, ideas pass through our head. Strange, rich caravans pass by from the works of poets, from the home of memory, strange and novel, for capricious fancy gives birth to them at the moment. There comes a procession of pious children with waving flags and joyous songs; there come dancing Mœnades, the blood’s wild Bacchantes. The sun pours down hot in the open forest; it is as if the southern summer had laid itself up here to rest in Scandinavian forest-solitude, and sought itself out a glade where it might lie in the sun’s hot beams and sleep: hence this stillness as if it were night. Not a bird is heard to twitter, not a pine-tree moves; of what does the southern summer dream here in the north, amongst pines and fragrant birches?

In the writings of the olden time, from the classic soil of the South, are *sagas* of mighty fairies who, in the skins of swans, flew towards the North, to the Hyperborean’s land, to the east of the north wind; up there, in the deep, still lakes, they bathed themselves, and acquired a renewed form. We are in the forest by these deep lakes; we see swans in flocks fly over us, and swim upon the rapid elv and on the still waters. The forests, we perceive, continue to extend further towards the west and the north, and are more dense as we proceed: the carriage-roads cease, and one can only pursue one’s way along the outskirts by the solitary path, and on horseback. . . . .

“Woodland solitude! what images dost thou not present to one’s thoughts! Woodland solitude! through thy vaulted halls people now pass in the summer-time with cattle and domestic utensils; children and old men go to the solitary pasture where echo dwells, where the national song springs forth with the wild mountain flowers! Dost



thou see the procession? paint it if thou canst! The broad wooden cart laden high with chests and barrels, with jars and with crockery. The bright copper kettle and the tin dish shine in the sun. The old grandmother sits at the top of the load and holds her spinning-wheel, which completes the pyramid. The father drives the horse, the mother carries the youngest child on her back, sewed up in a skin, and the procession moves on step by step. The cattle are driven by the half-grown children: they have stuck a birch branch between one of the cow's horns, but she does not appear to be proud of her finery; she goes the same quiet pace as the others, and lashes the saucy flies with her tail. If the night becomes cold on this solitary pasture, there is fuel enough here, the tree falls of itself from old age, and lies and rots.

"But take especial care of the fire, fear the fire-spirit in the forest desert! He comes from the unextinguishable pile, he comes from the thunder-cloud, riding on the blue lightning's flame, which kindles the thick, dry moss of the earth; trees and bushes are kindled, the flames run from tree to tree, it is like a snow-storm of fire; the flame leaps to the tops of the trees; what a crackling and roaring, as if it were the ocean in its courses! The birds fly upwards in flocks, and fall down suffocated by the smoke; the animals flee, or, encircled by the fire, are consumed in it! Hear their cries and roars of agony! The howling of the wolf and the bear, dost thou know it? A calm, rainy day, and the forest-plains themselves, alone are able to confine the fiery sea, and the burnt forest stands charred, with black trunks and black stumps of trees, as we saw them here in the forest by the broad high-road. On this road we continue to travel, but it becomes worse and worse; it is, properly speaking, no road at all, but it is about to become one. Large stones lie half dug up, and we drive past them; large trees are cast down, and obstruct our way, and therefore we must descend from the carriage. The horses are taken out, and the peasants help to lift and push the carriage forward over ditches and opened paths.

"The sun now ceases to shine; some few rain-drops fall, and now it is a steady rain. But how it causes the birch to shed its fragrance! At a distance there are huts erected of loose trunks of trees and fresh green

boughs, and in each there is a large fire burning. See where the blue smoke curls through the green leafy roof; peasants are within at work, hammering and forging; here they have their meals. They are now laying a mine in order to blast a rock, and the rain falls faster and faster, and the pine and birch emit a finer fragrance. It is delightful in the forest."

From the extracts we have given, it will be seen what kind of book this is. We have nothing to offer in the way of criticism, further than to say, that the whole of it is written in the same picturesque and pleasant strain; that a cheerful and grateful feeling of enjoyment in the delights of nature and of existence is manifest in every sketch; and that the tone of the author's thoughts is eminently joyous, free, and humanizing. It is apparently his habit to make the best of everything; to look upon the world and its goings-on with calm eyes and a contented heart; and to use his poetic gifts for the purpose of illustrating and revealing the beauty and the goodness which are more or less in all things. A wise and genial philosophy pervades all his observations and reflections on human life and man's relations and destiny in the world; and we think it next to impossible for any one to read the book without deriving from it a measure of the mild and thankful spirit with which the author is inspired. If there is one defect in the work, it is perhaps a too continuous prettiness of phraseology, which has a somewhat palling effect upon the reader when the book is read connectedly, an effect somewhat analogous to that of sweet confectionery on the palate when too liberally indulged in; but even this seems natural and not inappropriate to the author's style of treatment; and it is evident you are liable to just the same effect from running hastily over a gallery of paintings; whereas, if you steadily contemplate a single picture till you have taken in its entire beauty and intention, you get exactly what the artist desired to impart; and hence, perhaps, the way to use and enjoy such a book as this, is to read it at intervals, one or two sketches at a time, so that you may quietly and effectually realize the charm of each. Were it not that reading, like everything else, is now commonly gone through at railway speed, we should recommend to readers having leisure, a trial of the plan thus indicated.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## CALIFORNIA.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

WHEN a new comet is described, we set ourselves to trace the path on which it is moving; so that, if it seems likely to trespass on our own orbit, prudent men may have warning to make all snug aloft, and ready for action; authors, in particular, seeking to correct the proofs of any book they may be publishing, before the comet has had time with its tail to sweep all the types into "pi." It is now becoming a duty to treat California as a comet; for she is going ahead at a rate that beats Sinbad and Gulliver, threatening (if we believe the star-gazers of our day) to throw universal commerce into "pi;" and other Californias are looming in her wake, such as Australia and the South Sea islands, now called Hawaii:\* they are crowding all sail towards the same object of private gain and public confusion; anxieties are arising in various quarters; and it is daily becoming more a matter of public interest to assign the course upon which they are really advancing, and to measure the dangers (if any at all) with which they are practically charged.

In the case of California, the most painful feature at the outset of the *termashaw* was the torpor manifested by all the governments of Christendom as to a phenomenon that was leading their countrymen by wholesale into ruin. Helpless and ignorant as that army of children, which, in an early stage of the Crusades, set forward by land for Palestine; knowing as little as those children, of the horrors that besieged the road, or of the disappointments that would seal its terminus, supposing it ever to be reached; from every quarter of Europe rushed the excited ploughman and artisan, as vultures on a day of battle to the supper of carrion: and not a word of warning or advice from their government.

\* i. e. by Missionaries in their dictionaries of the Sandwich language: but formerly better known to sailors as that *Owhyhee*, where Captain Cook was massacred.

On the continent this neglect had its palliation. Most governments were then too occupied by anxieties and agitations derived from the approaching future, or even by desperate convulsions derived from the present. But whither shall we look for the excuse of our own government? Some years ago, it was, by inconsiderate Radicals, made the duty of government to find work for the people. *That* was no part of their duty; nor *could* be; for it can be no duty to attempt impossibilities. But it *was* a part of their duty, officially, to publish remonstrances and cautions against general misapprehension of apparent openings, that too often were no real openings, for labor, and against a national delusion that for ninety-nine out of a hundred was sure to end in ruin. Two things government were bound to have done; viz., 1st., to have circulated a circumstantial account of the different routes to San Francisco, each with its separate distances assigned, and its separate varieties of inconceivable hardship; 2dly, to have sent out a party of surveyors and mineralogists, with instructions to report from time to time, at short intervals, upon the real condition of the prospects before the gold-diggers, upon the comparative advantages of the several districts in California, as yet explored, with these mineral views, and upon the kind of labor, and the kind of tools or other apparatus, that had any reasonable chance of success. Had this been done, some myriads of energetic and enterprising men, that have long since perished miserably, would have been still available for the public service. California, be its real wealth what it may, was a "job;" a colossal job; and was worked as a job by a regular conspiracy of jobbers. The root of this conspiracy lay and lies (in all senses *lies*) up and down the United States. It is no affront, nor intended as such, to the American Union nor to Mr. Barnum, if I say that this

gigantic republic (which, by the seventh census, just now in the course of publication, has actually extended its territorial compass in a space of ten years from about two millions of square miles, which it had in 1840, to three and a quarter millions of square miles\* which it had reached last midsummer) produces a race of Barnums on a pre-Adamite scale, corresponding in activity to its own enormous proportions. The idea of a Barnum does not at all presuppose an element of fraud. There are many honorable Barnums; but also there is a minority of fraudulent Barnums. All alike, good Barnums and bad Barnums, are characterized by Titanic energy, such as would tear into ribbons a little island like ours, but is able to pull fearlessly against a great hulk of a continent, that the very moon finds it fatiguing to cross. Now, it happens that the bad Barnums took charge of the California swindle. They stationed a first-rate liar in San Francisco, under whom, and accountable to whom, were several accomplished liars distributed all the way down to Panama, and thence to Chagres. All along the Atlantic sea-board, this gathering volley of lies and Californian "notions" raced with the speed of gunpowder trains up to New York, in which vast metropolis (confounded amongst its seven hundred thousand citizens) burrowed the central bureau of the swindle. Thence in ten days these poetic hoaxes crossed over to a line of repeating liars posted in Liverpool and London, from which cities, of course, the lies ran by telegraph in a few hours over the European continent, and thence by Tartar expresses overland to Indus and the Ganges. When the swindle got into regular working order, it was as good as a comedy to watch its mode of playing. The policy of the liars was to quarrel with each other, and cavil about straws, for the purpose of masking the subterraneous wires of their fraudulent concert. Liar No. 5, for instance, would observe carelessly in a Panama journal, that things were looking up at Sacramento, for (by the latest returns that could be depended on) the daily product of gold had now reached a million of dollars. Upon which No. 8 at Chagres would quote the paragraph into a local paper, and comment upon it thus with virtuous indignation:—

\* I quote from an abstract of the census in the New York "Journal of Commerce," for December 5, 1851, transmitted by an American friend before it had been published even in the Washington journals. This estimate does not include a vast extent of watery domains.

"Who or what this writer may be, with his daily million of dollars, we know not, and do not desire to know. But we warn the editor of that paper, that it is infamous to sport with the credulity of European emigrants. A million, indeed, daily! We, on the contrary, assert that the produce for the last three months, though steadily increasing, has never exceeded an average of half a million—and even *that* not to be depended on for more than nine days out of ten." To him succeeds No. 10, who, after quoting No. 8, goes on thus:—"Some people are never content. To *our* thinking, half a million of dollars daily, divided amongst about 1400 laborers, working only seven hours a day, is a fair enough remuneration, considering that no education is required, no training, and no capital. Two ounces of tobacco and a spade, with rather a large sack for bagging the gold, having a chain and padlock—such is the stock required for a beginner. In a week he will require more sacks and more padlocks; and in two months a roomy warehouse, with suitable cellars, for storing the gold until the fall, when the stoutest steamers sail. But, as we observed, some people are never content. A friend of ours, not twelve miles from San Francisco, in digging for potatoes, stumbled upon a hamper of gold that netted 40,000 dollars. And, behold, the next comer to that locality went off in dudgeon because, after two days' digging, he got nothing but excellent potatoes; whereas he ought to have reflected that our friend's golden discovery was a lucky chance, such as does not happen to the most hard-working man above once in three weeks."

Then came furious controversies about blocks of gold embedded in quartz, and left at "our office" for twenty-four hours, with liberty for the whole town to weigh and measure them. One editor affirms that the blocks weighed six quintals, and the quartz, if pulverized, would hardly fill three snuff-boxes. "But," says a second editor, "the bore of our friend's nostrils is preternaturally large; his pinch, being proportionable, averages three ounces: and three of his snuff-boxes make one horse-bucket. Six tons, does he say? I don't believe, at the outside, it reaches seven hundredweight." Thereupon rejoins editor No. 1—"The block-head has mistaken a quintal for a ton; and thus makes us talk nonsense. Of course we shall always talk nonsense, when we talk in *his* words and not in our own. His wish was—to undermine us: but, so far from doing *that*, the knowing reader will perceive

that he confirms our report, and a little enlarges it."

Even in Scotland, as far north as Perth and Aberdeen, the incorporation of liars thought it might answer to suborn a youth, to all appearance an ingenuous youth, as repeating signalist in the guise of one writing home to his Scottish relations, with flourishing accounts of his success at the "diggins." Apparently he might have saved his postage, since the body of his letter represented him as having returned to Scotland, so that he might have reported his adventures by word of mouth. This letter was doctored so as to leave intentionally a very slight impression that even in California the course of life was chequered with good and evil. It had been found, perhaps, that other letters in more romantic keys had overleaped their own swindling purpose. The vivacious youth admitted frankly that on some days he got nothing, except, perhaps, a touch of catarrh. Such things were actually possible—viz., the getting nothing except a *souppçon* of catarrh, even in California. Finally, however, with all his candor, the repeating signalist left one great mystery unsolved. He had been getting nothing on some days; but still, after all these cloudy seasons had been allowed for, his gains had *averaged* from three to four guineas a-day during the period of his stay. That being the case, one could not well understand what demon had led him ever to quit this garden of the Hesperides for Perth or Aberdeen, where no such golden apples grow either on the high-roads, or even in gentlemen's "policies," beset with mastiff-dogs and policemen.

But why, or for what ultimate purpose, do I direct these satiric glances at the infant records of California, and the frauds by which she prospered? No doubt the period of her childhood, and of the battle which she had to fight at starting with an insufficient population, was shortened exceedingly and alleviated by unlimited lying. An altar she ought to raise, dedicated to the goddess of insolent mendacity, as the tutelary power under which she herself emerged into importance; this altar should be emblazoned upon the shield of her heraldic honors; this altar should stand amongst the quarterings on her coins. And it cannot be denied, that a preliminary or heralding generation has perished in the process of clearing the way for that which is now in possession. What by perils of the sea, and the greater perils of the land route; what by "plague, pestilence, and famine; by battle, and murder, and sudden death," (to quote our English

Litany,) within the precincts of the gold districts, probably not far from a quarter of a million are now sleeping in obscure graves, that might have been saved by the interference of surveyors, guides, monitors—such as a benign and Christian government in Europe would assuredly have authorized officially. But these things are not disputed; or only as a question of extent. The evil is confessed. But, small or great, it is now over. War, it is true, and war of that ferocious character which usually takes place with the vindictive Indians, apparently is now imminent; but this will be transitory, possibly favorable to peace and settlement, by absorbing the ruffianism of the state. And, in the meantime, the iniquity\* of the Lynch law is

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\* "*Iniquity*."—Naturally one might suppose that Lynch law would not be liable to much of downright injustice, unless through disproportionate severity in its punishments, considering how gross and palpable are the offences which fall within its jurisdiction. But the fact is otherwise. If with us in Europe the law, that superintends *civil* rights, works continual injustice by its cruel delays, so often announcing a triumph over oppression to an ear that has long been asleep in the grave; on the other hand, the Lynch code is always trembling by the brink of bloody wrong through the very opposite cause of its rapturous precipitance. A remarkable case of this nature is reported in the Washington and New York journals of Christmas last. A man had been arrested on a charge of robbery in some obscure place two hundred miles from San Francisco, Reasons for doubt had arisen amongst the intelligent, and amongst consciences peculiarly tender, but not such reasons as would have much weight amongst an infuriated mob. Two gentlemen, a physician and a young lawyer, whose names should be glorified by history, made a sublime though fruitless effort, at great personal risk, to rescue the prisoner from the bigots who had prejudged him. Finally, however, he *was* rescued; but, as may be supposed, in a place so slenderly peopled, with no result beyond that of gaining a little additional time—i. e., so long as the hiding-place of the prisoner should remain undiscovered. Fortunately this time proved sufficient for the discovery of the real offender. He was taken at San Francisco, two hundred miles off. Luckily he confessed; and that took away all pretence for raising demura. But so satisfied were some of the witnesses against the innocent prisoner with their own identification of the criminal—through his features, build of person, size, apparent age, and dress—that they resisted even the circumstantialities of the regular judicial confession. Some of these incredulous gentlemen mounted their horses, and rode off to San Francisco; where, upon visiting the prison, to their extreme astonishment, they found a man who presented a mere duplicate and *fac-simile* of the prisoner whom they had left behind. It is true that precipitancy would not often be misled into injustice by this specific error; but neither is this specific error the only one, by many a hundred, that might give a fatal turn to the sentence of a jury deciding by momentary and random gleams of probability.



giving way, and thawing, as a higher civilization is mounting above the horizon. After a preliminary night of bloodshed and darkness, California will begin to take her place amongst the prosperous states of the American union. And the early stage of outrage and violence will, upon retrospect, rapidly sink into a mere accident of surprise, due to the embarrassments of vast distance, combined with the suddenness and special temptations of so strange a discovery.

But, all these extraordinary accidents allowed for, it cannot surely be my intention (the reader will say) to raise doubts upon the main inference from all that we have heard—viz., the prospect of a new influx into our supplies of gold, setting in with a force and a promise of permanence that, five years ago, would have read to the exchanges of Europe like a page from the "Arabian Nights."

The first principle of change in our prospects—first in importance, and likely to be the first chronologically in tempering our delusions, and taking the shine out of our various El Dorados—is one which never seems to have occurred in the way of a remote scruple to the blockheads who report the different local discoveries as they explode in California, one after another, like the raps from a school-boy's cracker. One and all, they are anxious only about one solitary element of success, viz., the *abundance* of the gold. They seem never to have heard that diamonds and emeralds are not scarce as they are for want of known diamond and emerald mines, nor pearls for want of vast unworked pearl fisheries. Some of these have scarcely been opened for want of even a delusive encouragement; others, having been worked for ages, are now closed without hope of returning to them. Emeralds and sapphires are lying at this moment in a place which I could indicate; and no policeman is on duty in the whole neighborhood to hinder me or the reader from pocketing as many as we please. We are also at perfect liberty to pocket the anchors of her Majesty's ship the Victoria (120 guns), and to sell them for old iron. Pocket them by all means, and I engage that the magistrate sitting at the Thames police-office will have too much respect for your powers to think of detaining you. If he does, your course is to pocket the police-office and all which it inherits. The man that pockets an anchor may be a dangerous customer, but not a customer to be sneezed at. What need of laws to intercept acts *which are physically unapproachable*? Many

a mine and quarry have been abandoned under ordinances of nature *defying* you to work them; many other under changes making it (though possible) useless to work them. Both these little sets of objections *have* occurred (yes, have already occurred) in California, and *will* occur more and more.

I never heard of any ancient prince, wilful as he might be, insisting upon hanging his chief baker, unless he baked him an apple-pie furnished from the garden of the Hesperides—not but the apples might have been "good bakers;" but then the dragon was to be taken into consideration. And over many a mine in this world there is, in effect, a dragon of one kind or other watching to preserve them from human violation. And suppose the prohibition not to be absolute, but that with proper machinery for pumping out water, &c., and with improved arts of working, you could raise the precious metal, still, if every pound weight of gold, which, at modern prices, may be valued roundly at £50 sterling, cost you in raising it £70 sterling, it is presumptable that you would not long pursue that sort of game. Both in England and Ireland, we have fallen upon silver and gold many scores of times. We have had boxes and trinkets, and very large vases, wrought out of this native metal; but invariably we have been obliged to say adieu to these tantalizing game-preserves. To work them was too costly. "One or two more such victories," said Pyrrhus the Epirot, "and I am a gone 'coon." And five discoveries of gold mines in Ireland are supposed to be as ruinous as two potato famines. In California there have been evidences not to be misunderstood that, let the gold be as plentiful as the periodical romances state it to be, nevertheless the exhaustibility of that gold which could be *worked profitably* was indicated not only as certain but as very near. This term, when approached too nearly, has again been thrown to a distance, in several cases, by fortunate and critical discoveries of other gold more accessible (as recently at Mariposa). But whenever I read of men digging down to depths of sixty or seventy feet, I know by that one fact that the general reports, describing gold as a thing to be picked up for stooping, must be fraudulent fables circulated on behalf of men and on the instigation of men who have houses to let, building-ground to sell, and "water-privileges" to mortgage. No man would patiently be digging to vast depths, who knew that others generally won their gold as easily as a man digs up potatoes,

unless he also knew that such enviable prizes were sown as thinly as twenty-thousand-pound prizes in our English lotteries of the last generation.

Here, then, is the first thing to pause upon, viz., that however "handy" this gold may lie in California or in Australia, however "sweetly" it may work off for those meritorious vagabonds who first break ground in the virgin fields, one thing is undeniable—that the course of further advance will not be upwards from good to better, but downwards from good or very good, or charming, to decent, to rather bad, and lastly, to disgusting. This is a very ugly fact; and the cunning amongst the workers, or rather amongst those who have something to sell amongst workers, attempt to break the force of this fact, by urging that as yet the aids of science and machinery have not been applied to the case; so that any advantage which is now possessed by the vagabonds must soon be greater. That is true: past denying it is that concert, and combination, and the resources of capital, will tell upon the gold-fields, and reduce the labor, which already is reduced by comparison with other gold-fields. Certainly, in the first stage of all, the progress will, by means of machinery, lie from good to better. But that momentary period of success will not avail to alter or to hide the ugly truth, that in all future stages—that is, in every stage *subsequent* to that in which the gold is found upon the surface—the inverse course must take place, that is, not from good to better, but from good to something continually worse. What is it that ultimately and irresistibly determines the value of gold? Why is it, for instance, that in modern times gold has generally ranged at about fifteen times the value, weight for weight, of silver? Is it, as ignorant people fancy, because there is fifteen times as much silver in the market of the world as there is of gold? Not at all, my poor benighted friend: it is because any given quantity of gold, say a hundredweight, requires fifteen times as much labor (or, more comprehensively, fifteen times as much capital) to bring it to market than an equal quantity of silver; and nothing will permanently alter that ratio but what alters the quantity of labor involved in one or the other; and nothing can permanently reduce the value of gold but what reduces the cost of bringing it to market. Now I defy any vagabond whatever, whether old vagabond of California, or young vagabond of Australia, or younger vagabond of Owhyhee, or

most young vagabond of South America, to deny that his labor is at the best (*i. e.* is most productive) when it is starting. His first crop of gold is taken off the surface, as with us poor old women and children are hired at sixpence a-day to pick stones off the land. Next comes the ploughman: it begins to be hard work, my friend, that ploughing for gold. And, finally comes the sinking of shafts, and going down for hours into mephitic regions of carbonic acid gas, and after damp, &c. Neither is there any dispensation from this necessity of going downwards from bad to worse, except in the single case of crushing quartz. Machinery must prodigiously facilitate that labor; and so long as the quartz holds out, that advantage will apparently last. But this quartz must, I suspect, be one of the rare prizes in the lottery; and amongst quartz itself, as amongst vagabonds, there will be a better and a worse. And the signs of these differences will soon become familiar, and the best will be taken first; and thus here again the motion forward will be from bad to worse.

But now, as I can afford to be liberal, and leave myself ample means, in Yankee phrase, to "whip" the vagabonds after all, let me practice the graceful figure of concession. I will concede, therefore, what most vehemently I doubt, that for a few years these new gold-fields should work so kindly as seriously to diminish the cost of producing marketable gold. In that case, mark what will follow. You know the modern doctrine of rent, reader? Of course you do, and it would be presumption in me to doubt your knowing it. But still, for the sake of a foolish caprice that haunts me, suffer me to talk to you as if you did *not* know the doctrine of rent.\* I will state it in as brief a compass as perhaps is possible. In a new colony, having a slender population, the natural order in which the arable land is taken up must be this: in the first stage of the process, none but the best land will be cultured; which land let us class as No. 1. In the second stage, when population will have expanded, more wheat, and therefore more land, being wanted, the *second* best will be brought into culture; and this we will call No. 2. In the third stage, No. 3, will be

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\* Very grievously, I suspect myself here of plagiarism from Moliere. In one of his plays, Mons. Y. says to Mons. X., "You understand Greek, I believe?" To which Mons. X. replies—"Oh, yea, I understand Greek perfectly. But have the goodness, my dear friend, to talk to me as if by chance I did *not* understand Greek."

used: and so onwards. Nor can there reasonably be any deviation from this order, unless through casual error, or else because occasionally an inferior soil may compensate its intrinsic inferiority by the extrinsic advantage of lying nearer to a town, or nearer to a good road, or to a navigable river, &c. By way of expressing the graduations of quality upon this scale, suppose we interpret them by corresponding graduations of prices: No. 1, for the production of a given quantity (no matter what,) requires an outlay of 20s.; No. 2, for the same quantity, requires 25s.; and No. 3, which is very perverse land indeed, requires 30s. Now, because 20s. paid the full cost of No. 1, then as soon as the 25s. land is called for by the growing population, since in the same market all wheat of equal quality must bear the same price, which price is here 25s., it follows that a surplus 5s. arises on No. 1 beyond what the cost of culture required. For the same reason, when No. 3 is called for, the price (regulated of necessity by the *most* costly among the several wheats) rises to 30s. This is now the price for the whole, and therefore for No. 1. Consequently, upon this wheat there is now a surplus of 10s. beyond what the culture required; and upon No. 2, for the same reason, there is a surplus of 5s. What becomes of this surplus? It constitutes RENT. And, amongst other corollaries, these two follow: first, that the lowest quality of land under culture, the last in the descending scale, pays no rent; and, secondly, that this lowest quality determines the price for the whole; and the successive development of advantages for the upper qualities, as the series continues to expand, always expresses itself in successive increments of rent. As here, if No. 4 were taken up at 35s., then rent would immediately commence on No. 3, which would pay as rent the difference between 30s. and 35s.—viz., 5s. No. 2 would now pay 10s., and No. 1 (I am happy, on its owner's account, to announce) would pay 15s.

Well, this is that famous doctrine of RENT which drew after it other changes, so as, in fact, to unsettle nearly all the old foundations in political economy. And that science had in a manner to pass through the Insolvent Court, and begin the world again upon a very small remainder of its old capital. What I wish to observe upon it in this place is, that this doctrine takes effect, not merely upon arable land, but also upon all mines, quarries, fisheries, &c. All these several organs of wealth involve within themselves a gradu-

ation of advantages, some yielding more, some less, some still less, on the same basis of cost. Now, before California entered the gold-market, to what quarter did Europe look for her chief supply of gold? Ancient gold, melted down—some of it, no doubt, gold that had furnished toilet equipages to Semiramis, and chains of decoration to Nimrod or the Pharaohs, entered largely into the market. But for new gold, innocent gold, that had never degraded itself by ministering to acts of bribery and corruption, we looked chiefly to Russia. I remember an excellent paper, some four years back, on these Russian gold-mines in the chains of the Ural Mountains. It was in a French Journal of great merit, viz., the “*Revue des Deux Mondes*,” and, to the best of my remembrance, it reported the product of these mines as being annually somewhere about four millions sterling. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the whole of this product rested on the same basis of cost.

There can be no doubt that the case which I have just imagined as to wheat had its exemplification in these gold mines. No doubt there are many numbers in the scale which are not worked at all nor could be profitably worked, unless science should discover less costly modes of working them. But, even as things now are, with many parts of the scale as yet undeveloped, it is certain that a considerable range of numbers, in respect of costliness, is already under culture. Suppose these (as in the wheat case) to be Nos. 1, 2, 3. Then, if California or Australia should succeed in seriously diminishing the cost of producing gold, the first evidence of such a revolution would show itself in knocking off No. 3 in the Ural mines. Should the change continue, and in the same direction, it would next knock off No. 2. And, of the whole Ural machinery, only No. 1 would at length survive; or, in other words, only that particular mine, or particular chamber of a mine, which worked under the highest natural advantages, producing a given weight of gold at a cost lower than any other section of the works, producing, suppose, an ounce of gold at the cost of 18 ounces of silver, when elsewhere the same quantity cost 14 ounces,  $14\frac{1}{2}$ , &c. Always, therefore, any *bona fide* action of California upon the cost of gold, would show itself, first of all, in a diminishing supply from Russia.\* But, then, for a consid-

\* The supply furnished by Borneo, upon what data I know not, is often rated at one million sterling. So that the two great annual influxes of gold do not apparently exceed five millions sterling.



erable time, this increased supply from California, having Russia to pull against, would so far neutralize and counteract any sensible impression that otherwise it might produce in Christendom. This would happen even if the product of California had really been 10 millions sterling for the first three years, and 15 millions for 1850—that is, 45 millions in all. According to my own view, as already explained, it is not likely that California could reduce the cost of gold, except for the first year or two: after which the cost would travel the other way, not by decrements, but by increments sure, if slow. No greatly increased quantity of gold could continue to flood the gold-market, unless the cost were seriously reduced. The market of Europe would repel it; and this discouragement would react upon the motives of the productive body in California. But were it otherwise, and supposing the cost reduced by 8 per cent., or, in round terms, from its present mint price in London to 70 shillings an ounce, a stimulus would be thus applied to the consumption of gold for various purposes, which, in defiance of the lowered natural price, would quicken and inflame its market price. It is clear, from what has already happened in the United States and in France, that gold would enter more largely into the currencies of nations. It is probable, also, that a very large quantity, in the troubled condition of the political atmosphere throughout Europe for many years to come, will be absorbed by the hoarders of Christendom. Certainly I do not deny, that unexpected discoveries of gold-fields, apparently inexhaustible, have been made, and almost simultaneously made, in regions as remote from each other as some of them are from ourselves. In several quarters of the American continent, both north and south, in the Sandwich Islands, in Africa, in New Zealand, and, more notoriously (as regards impressions on Europe), in Australia (viz., in the island of Van Diemen, but on a still larger scale in the continental regions of Victoria and Port Philip), gold is now presenting itself to the unarmed and uninstructed eye upon a scale that confounds the computations of avarice. “There is some trick in all this,” is the natural thought of every man when first hearing the news. He wonders how it was that many people did not read such broadcast indications twenty years ago. That thought raises a shade of suspicion upon the very *facts in limine*. And

But all this must give way, or must be greatly lowered in cost, before any great impression could be produced by California.

next, as to the *construction* of the facts, a misgiving comes over him, that possibly there may be too much of a good thing. Many people remember the anecdote connected with the first importation of Brazilian emeralds into Europe. This happened at an Italian port, viz., Leghorn; and the jeweller, in whose trade none but Oriental emeralds were as yet known, struck with admiration at the superior size of one offered to him by a stranger, bought it for a very high price, upon which the stranger, exulting in his good fortune, displayed a large trunk full of the same jewels. But, on this evidence of their abundance in certain regions of Brazil, the jeweller's price sank in the ratio of 7 shillings to 25 guineas. At present, however, the public mania travels in an opposite direction. The multiplication of gold is to go on at a rate accelerated beyond the dreams of romance; and yet, concurrently with this enormous diffusion of the article, its exchangeable value is, in some incomprehensible way, to be steadily maintained. This delusion is doubtless but partially diffused. But another, equally irreflective, seems to prevail generally, viz., that, under any circumstances whatever, and travelling towards whatever result, the discovery must prove a glorious one in respect to the interests of the human race. And the rumor of other and other similar discoveries, in far distant regions, equally sudden, and equally promising to be inexhaustible, is hailed as if it laid open to us some return of a Saturnian age. *Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna*. I, on the contrary, view this discovery as in any event almost neutral with respect to human prosperity, but in some possible events as likely to be detrimental. Fighting, with Mr. Cobden's permission, will go on for millions of years yet to come; and, in pure sympathy with the grander interests of human nature, every person who reads what lies written a little below the surface, will say (as *I* say), God forbid that it should not. In that day, when war should be prohibited, or made nearly impossible, man will commence his degeneration. But if we change not (as change we never shall) in respect to our fighting instincts, we shall change, if the gold fable prospers, a good deal as to the fashion of our arms. Like Ashantees, not a corporal nor a private sentinel but will have a golden hilt to his sword, and a golden scabbard. Still, as people to be plundered by marauders in the nights succeeding to a great battle, we shall not rate much higher.



A pound of gold more or less will make a little difference. "I consider it no object," will be said by the plunderer. And, even if buried in a golden coffin, we shall not be more worth looking after by the resurrection-man; but on a morning parade, under a bright sun, we shall be far prettier to look at. Such would be the up-shot if the gold fable were realized.

Seriously, let us calculate the probable and the possible in the series of changes. What I infer from the whole review, taken in combination, is, that in one half the anticipations in respect to the revolutions at hand are vague and indeterminate, and, in the other half, contradictory. One may gather from the arguments and the exultations taken together, that some dim idea is entertained of the California supplies uniting with the previous supplies (from Russia and Borneo especially), and jointly terminating in the result of making gold in the first plentiful, and then (as an imaginary consequence) cheap in relation to all other commodities. In this one reads the usual gross superstition as to the interaction of supply and demand. The dilemma which arises is this: California, does or does not, produce her gold at a diminished cost. If she does *not*, no abundance or redundancy could be more than transitory in its effect of cheapness; since the more she sold on the terms of selling cheaper, and producing no cheaper at all, which is the supposition, the more she would be working for her own ruin. But, on the other hand, if she *does* produce at a diminished cost, which is the only ground of cheapness that can last, then she drives Russia effectually out of the market—No 3, 2, 1, in the inverse order illustrated above; and the effect of her extra supplies is simply to fill up a *vacuum* which she herself has created. At least that will be the final effect to the extent of five millions sterling per annum. But if she and Australia jointly should *really* supply more than this sum, it does not follow that, because produced at a lower cost, this *extra supply* will command an *extra* market. The demand for gold is limited by the fixed and traditional uses to which it is applied. Mr. Joe Smith, the prophet of the Mormons, delivered it to his flock, as his own private and prophetic crotchet, that the true use of gold, its ultimate and providential function on this planet, would turn out to be the paving of streets and high-roads. But we poor non-Mormonites are not so far advanced in philosophy as all that; and, unless we could simultaneously *pave our roads* with good intentions, which

(it is well known) are all ordered for another place, we have reason to fear that the trustees of every road, the contractors and the paviors upon it, would abscond nightly with as much high-road as they laid down in the day. There are at this moment three openings, and perhaps no more, for an enlarged use of gold, in the event of its becoming materially cheaper. Many nations would extend the use of gold in their currencies. Secondly, the practice of hoarding—once so common, and, in Oriental lands, almost universal, but in Europe greatly narrowed by the use of paper currencies, and by the growing security of property—will for many years revive extensively under the action of two causes: first, under the general political agitation of Europe; and, secondly, under the special doctrines of communism, so avowedly friendly to spoliation and public robbery. *La propriété—c'est le vol*, is a signal held aloft for all Christendom to take care of their pockets. The fine old miser, therefore, of ancient days, brooding night and day over his buried gold, will again revolve upon us, should gold really become cheap. Finally, the embellishment of human persons by gold trinkets, ornaments, and the more lavish use of gilding in the decoration of houses, furniture, &c., would further enlarge the new demand. But all this only in the case of a real cheapness. And, even if *that* were realised (whereas hitherto there are no signs of it), this unfortunate check to the extended use of gold would inevitably arise intermittingly: the diminished cost of production, by the supposition, reduces the price of gold—that is, reduces the *natural* price. But, in the meantime, every *extra* call for gold, on the large scales supposed, would instantly inflame the *market* price of gold, and virtually cancel much of the new advantage. This counteraction would again narrow the use of gold. That narrowing would again lower the market price of gold. Under that lowering, again, the extra use of gold would go ahead. Again the extra cheapness would disappear, and consequently the motive to an enlarged use. And we should live in the endless alternations, hot fits and cold fits, of an intermitting fever.

But, on *my* view, there will arise that preliminary bar to such a state which I have already explained. In the earliest stage of these new gold-workings, one and all, the result will be this—a tendency to *lower* the producing cost of gold; and this tendency will, in the second stage, be stimulated by the aids of science: and thus, finally, if the tendency could act long enough, the price

would be lowered in the gold markets of the world. But this is an impossibility, because, before such an effect could be accomplished, the third stage of the new diggings would reverse the steps, tending continually to increase the cost of gold, as the easy surface-gathering was exhausted. The fourth stage would recede still further from the early

cheapness, as the mining descended, and had to fight with the ordinary difficulties of mines; and the fifth stage would find the reader and myself giving up all thoughts of sporting gold tables and chairs, and contentedly leaving such visions to those people who (according to the old saying) are "born with a gold spoon in their mouths."

## THE NEW CABINET.

THE following notices of the new Ministers may just now interest many readers. They are extracted from four very useful books of reference just published:

**EARL OF DERBY.**—Edward Geoffrey Stanley, Baron Stanley, of Bickerstaffe, county palatine of Lancaster, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and an English Baronet; son of Edward Smith, 13th Earl, by his cousin, Charolette Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Geoffrey Hornby and the Hon. Lucy Stanley; born in 1799, succeeded his father July 2, 1851; married in 1825, Hon. Emma Caroline Wilbrabam, daughter of Lord Skelmersdale. The Earl is a Privy Councillor, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county Lancaster. His entrance on official life was as Under-Secretary for the Colonies during a portion of the Goderich administration. In 1830 to 1833 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, from 1833 to 1834 he was Secretary for the Colonies. Again, from 1841 to 1845 Lord Stanley held office as Secretary for the Colonies under the administration of the late Sir Robert Peel. On the introduction of the Corn Bill into the Cabinet in 1845 his Lordship retired from Sir Robert Peel's Government, and since that period has been the staunch supporter of what is styled the "agricultural interests." In February, 1851, Her Majesty placed the administration of the country in Lord Stanley's hands—a trust which, however, His Lordship returned to his Sovereign on the following day. His Lordship was summoned to the Upper House in 1846 as Baron Stanley of Bickerstaffe, (the second title of his late father,) having previously represented Preston from 1826 to 1830, Windsor from 1830 to 1831, and North Lancashire from 1832 to 1834.

**BENJAMIN DISRAELI.**—Benjamin Disraeli was born in London, December, 1805, and is son of the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." At the age of eighteen he visited Germany, and on returning to Eng-

land published, while yet a minor, his first Work, called "Vivian Grey." In 1831, he found the nation in all the excitement of the Reform agitation. Anxious to obtain a seat in Parliament, entertaining a Tory-party hatred of the Whigs, then in the ascendant, and not naturally illiberal, Disraeli determined to consult the temper of the times; and, accordingly, in becoming a candidate for the borough of Chipping Wycombe, he put forward a strong case against the Whigs, in the form best calculated to secure the suffrages of the Radical party. He lost the election in two contests,—the Radicals apparently distrusting their candidate. In 1835, when the Conservative party had been restored to office, Disraeli became a candidate for the borough of Taunton, and was elected. His subsequent career is elsewhere described.

**EARL OF HARDWICKE.**—Charles Philip Yorke, Viscount Royston and Baron Hardwicke, in the Peerage of Great Britain, son of Vice-Admiral Sir Joseph Sidney Yorke, K. C. B. (half-brother to third earl,) by Elizabeth, daughter of James Rattray, Esq., of Atherstone; born in 1799, succeeded his uncle, as fourth earl, 1834; married the previous year, Susan, daughter of first Lord Ravensworth. The Earl is Lord-Lieutenant and *Custos Rotolorum* of the county of Cambridge, one of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster, a Captain in the Navy, F. R. S., D. C. L., and was formerly a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen.

**EARL OF LONSDALE.**—William Lowther, county Westmoreland, Baron Lowther, of Whitehaven, county Cumberland, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; and a Baronet; son of William, first Earl, K. G., by Lady Augusta Fane, daughter of John, ninth Earl of Westmoreland; born 1787, summoned to the house of Peers, in the barony of Lowther, in 1841; succeeded his father in the higher honors, 1844. The Earl is a privy councillor, Lord-Lieutenant of the

counties and Vice-Admiral of the coasts of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Westmoreland Militia, and F. R. S.; has been a Lord of the Admiralty, and of the Treasury, Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Treasurer of the Navy. Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Postmaster-General.

**EARL OF MALMESBURY.**—James Howard Harris, Viscount Fitz-Harris, of Heron Court, county Southampton, and Baron Malmesbury, of Malmesbury, county Wilts, in the peerage of Great Britain; son of James Edward, second Earl, by Harriet Susan, daughter of Francis Bateman Dashwood, Esq., of Well Vale, county Lincoln; born 1807; succeeded his father, 1841. His Lordship is grandson of the distinguished diplomatist, who received the Peerage for official services, and of whose "Diaries and Correspondence" he is editor.

**DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.**—Algernon Percy, Duke of Northumberland, D.C.L., F. R. S., second son of the second Duke, by his second wife, third daughter of Peter Burrell, Esq., of Beckenham, Kent. Born 1792; married 1842, eldest daughter of the second Marquess of Westminster, (she was born 1820); succeeded his brother in the dukedom, 1847, having previously been created Baron Prudhoe; became a captain R.N. in 1815; appointed Constable of Launceston Castle, 1847; is patron of twelve livings.

**THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.**—James Brownlow William Gascoigne-Cecil, D.C.L., Marquess of Salisbury, son of the first Marquess, by the second daughter of first Marquess of Downshire. Born 1791; married, first, 1821, daughter and heir of Bamber Gascoigne, Esq., on which occasion he assumed the name of Gascoigne (she died 1839); secondly, 1847, the second daughter of the fifth Earl De La-Warr (she was born 1824); succeeded his father in 1823; is Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex. High Steward of Hertford, and Colonel of the Herts Militia; was appointed Major of the South Herts Yeomanry Cavalry, 1847; patron of eight livings.

**LORD JOHN JAMES ROBERT MANNERS.**—Second son of the fifth Duke of Rutland, by the daughter of the fifth Earl of Carlisle. Born 1818; married, 1851, Catherine, only daughter of the late Colonel Marlay, C.B. Educated at Eaton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Is author of a "Plea for National Holidays;" "What must the English Catholics do?" "Notes of an Irish Tour;"

"England's Trust;" "The Spanish Match of the 19th Century," and other poems.

**RIGHT HON. SIR E. B. SUGDEN.**—Sir Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, LL.D., second son of Mr. Richard Sugden, of Duke-street, St. James's; is author of several legal works of the highest authority; in 1807, was called to the bar at Lincoln's inn, and in 1808, published his treatise on "Powers," which he subsequently enlarged; from 1817 till his elevation to the bench, he devoted himself solely to the Chancery bar; was made a King's Counsel in 1822; was Solicitor-General from June 1829 till 1830, and in 1835 became Lord Chancellor of Ireland, an office which he resigned about three months after his appointment, and which he subsequently held from 1841 to 1846; is well known for the alteration he effected in the law relating to contempts of Court.

**SIR JOHN SOMERSET PAKINGTON, BART.**—Son of William Russell, Esq., of Powick-court, Worcestershire, by the daughter of Sir H. Perrot Pakington, Bart., of Westwood. Born at Powick-court, 1790. Assumed the name of Pakington on becoming heir to his maternal uncle, Sir J. Pakington, Bart., 1830. Chairman of the Worcestershire Quarter Sessions since 1834.

**RIGHT HON. JOHN CHARLES HERRIES.**—Eldest son of the late Colonel Herries, who was distinguished as among the first to set the example of raising volunteer companies during the late war; is brother to Major General Sir William Lewis Herries, K.C.H., Chairman of the Audit Board. Was educated at the University of Leipzig; was private secretary to Mr. Perceval during the greater part of his administration; was Secretary to the Treasury from 1823 till September, 1827, when he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office which he filled till January, 1828; was Master of the Mint from 1828 till 1830; and President of the Board of Trade from February to November, 1830; was Secretary at War from December, 1834, to April, 1835.

**SPENCER HORATIO WALPOLE.**—Second son of the late Thomas Walpole, Esq., of Stagbury Park, Surrey, and Lady Margaret, youngest daughter of the second Earl of Egmont. Born 1806; married in 1825, Isabella, fourth daughter of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.

**JOSEPH WARNER HENLEY.**—Son of Joseph Henley, Esq.; born 1793; married 1817, daughter of the late John Fane, Esq., and Lady Elizabeth Fane.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE principal publications of the month are included in the following lists:—

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELS, &amp;c.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet du Pan*, illustrative of the history of the French Revolution. 2 vols., a work which the *Examiner* regards very important.

"In some important respects there has not been any more valuable contribution to our knowledge of the first French Revolution. Mallet du Pan had the singular distinction, throughout those exciting events, of maintaining principles equally removed from monarchical and republican extremes, and he enjoyed the more singular good fortune of escaping the guillotine which was repeatedly sharpened for him. He lived till after the 18th Brumaire, which he criticised from the opposite shore. He was one of the ablest journalists then existing, and in his later years became the selected adviser and agent of that exiled family of Bourbons to whom in his earlier he had tendered honest warnings and unhappily disregarded advice. It will rightly be supposed, therefore, that his correspondence covers a wide range of persons and opinions, from Voltaire on one side of the channel to Burke on the other."

*India in Greece, or Truth in Mythology*, containing the sources of the Hellenic race, by E. Poeycké, is an ambitious work on an abstruse topic of ethnology, which is so wild as to suggest to the *Literary Gazette* the idea that it is a *jeu d'esprit* in rivalry of Dean Swift. It has, however, considerable pretensions.

An account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland, by J. J. A. Worsaae. Mr. Worsaae, whose reputation as an antiquary is European, was in 1846 commissioned by the King of Denmark to investigate the memorials of the ancient Scandinavians, which might be still extant in Great Britain. His researches were to extend from the earliest period down to the complete establishment of the Norman sway in England. For this purpose Mr. Worsaae travelled for a twelve-month in the British islands, and his zeal to claim for his Danish ancestors the honor of being reckoned among the forefathers and founders of the present British nation, has stimulated him in the investigation of a very neglected branch of English history. If that zeal is occasionally a little *outré*—this is, nevertheless, more than compensated by the many curious relics of Scandinavian customs and influence in the British islands which his zealous researches have brought to light, and which in some instances none but a Northman would have been able to trace. It is a very suggestive addition to English historical literature.

*The Men of the Time in 1852: or, Sketches of Living Notables*, is the title of a book of which the *Literary Gazette* says:—

"We know of no annual publication which de-

liberately professes to do one thing, and as deliberately performs another. This volume undoubtedly achieves that not very meritorious feat, and at once secures an unenviable position of its own."

Dr. Madden's *Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World*, is a work of interest and research, though "paste and scissors" have had quite as much to do with its composition, as the pen and pencil. The author has been a pilgrim "in many lands," and seems to have made tolerable use of his eyes and ears, and of the other faculties with which he is endowed. He could hardly be expected to write on such a subject as the shrines and sepulchres of ancient and of modern times, in both hemispheres, without resorting to many anterior writers, but we were scarcely prepared for the very abundant use that he has made of them, and for the manner in which he has transferred to his pages all of theirs that was available for his purpose."

*The English Writers of History*, is the title of a biographical work, translated from the German of Herr Ebeling, but pronounced by the *Athenaeum* to be useless as a guide to historical literature; the information offered being too slender and fragmentary for the student's purposes, even if all that is given were of the best quality, which it is far from being. Herr Ebeling's series will not pass muster under any literary standard whatever, even as a fair catalogue or *index librorum*.

*Roughing it in the Bush*, is the title of a work descriptive of *Emigrant Life*, by Mrs. Susanna Moodie, better known as Miss Susanna Strickland, sister of Agnes Strickland. The *Literary Gazette* sums up its qualities as follows:

"Mrs. Moodie's work, unaffectedly and naturally written, though a little coarse, will delight ladies, please men, and even amuse children. The book is one of great originality and interest."

Gutzlaff's *Life of Taow-Kwang*, the late Emperor of China, has just appeared. Though the work of one who had the reputation of being better acquainted with China and the Chinese than perhaps any other European, it disappoints the critics. We have heard it said by those who knew him, that so completely had he assimilated himself to the Chinese during his long residence among them, that not only his modes of thinking but his very physiognomy had assumed a Chinese cast. From such a man—so thoroughly imbued with Chinese opinion and sentiment, and at the same time still a European scholar—we might naturally have expected a book giving us a close insight into the Chinese and their ways. The *Athenaeum* says: "Dr. Gutzlaff's posthumous work, with all the advantage which it may have derived from Sir George Staunton's revision, is far from answering to even the least exciting notion of what a biography of a Chinese emperor should be to fit it for English reading. Not only is the style bald and stiff, but there is an ab-



most total want of anything like the true biographic art of interweaving interesting and significant particulars relative to surrounding society with the life of the individual selected as the chief subject."

The Political and Historical works of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, have recently been published in two vols. They include his various writings,—his exposition of what he calls "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," and which his translator incorrectly renders "Ideas of Napoleonism,"—and in the prefatory memoir large excerpts from his correspondence are printed. All of these have, of course, an interest as so many materials towards the understanding of a noted performer in contemporary history. The satisfaction of curiosity, if not of sympathy, is provided for in this seasonable collection of the literary lucubrations of Louis Napoleon. The reading of the memoir and the works will awaken at once the laughing and the weeping philosopher.

History of the British Empire, from the accession of James I. By John Macgregor, Esq.,—a work by a celebrated and learned writer, yet not well received. The *Athenæum* says: "If his publication is to be received as a practical definition of what he understands by a 'History of the British Empire,' we can only say his view is peculiar and unfortunate. He has written something between a long lecture on, and a full abridgment of the history of these islands from Alfred the Great to Oliver Cromwell. For certain purposes, and in the hands of particular persons, his book will be useful. In its kind, it is not badly written. The style is generally clear, vigorous and rapid. But his arrangement is exceedingly confused and imperfect."

A new edition of Dr. Pye Smith's *Geology and Scripture*, has been incorporated into Bohn's Standard Library. The *Literary Gazette* says, "the lamented author was thoroughly in earnest, unaffectedly pious, and a devoted seeker after truth. He succeeded in mastering the literature and much of the practical knowledge of geology, and spoke out his opinions as boldly as sincerely. The leading points of these essays are as telling now as when they first came out."

Lord Palmerston's *Opinions and Policy, as Minister, Diplomatist, and Statesman, during more than Forty Years of Public Life*. By G. H. Francis, Esq. The *Standard* regards this "a valuable addition to the historical treasures of our country during more than forty of the most memorable years in our annals."

The Literature and romance of Northern Europe. By William and Mary Howitt. This work constitutes a complete History of the Literature of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, with Copious Specimens of the most celebrated Histories, Romances, Popular Legends and Tales, Old Chivalrous Ballads, Tragic and Comic Dramas, National Songs, Novels, and Scenes from the Life of the Present Day.

The Oxford University Press is more than usually active just now. A New edition of the "*Life of Ormonde*," has been issued. Burnet's "*Lives of the Dukes of Hamilton*" is about to be re-issued, and two new and useful works are in the press, namely, "*A Catalogue of the Manuscripts contained in the Libraries of the Twenty-four Halls and Colleges which constitute the University of Oxford*,"

prepared by Mr. Coxe, of the Bodleian, from the MS. in that library,—and "*Fasti Catholici: a universal chronology*," by the Rev. Edward Gresswell.

Mr. Bentley announces several important new publications. The *Life and Correspondence of Lord Langdale*, late Master of the Rolls; *Corneille and his Times*, by M. Guizot, to appear in England, under the new International Copyright Treaty, simultaneously with the Paris issue; *A History of the Administration of the East India Company*, by Mr. Kaye, the historian of the Affghan war. *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*; *Lives of the Prime Ministers of England*.

Dickens' new work, *Bleak House*, is destined to be a favorite. The first number is thus welcomed by the *Literary Gazette*.

MR. DICKENS returns to us in "*Bleak House*" with the same quaint elaboracy of character and incident, developed with the same largeness and simplicity of heart. He still sees fun where fun is, and good where good is; and brings his characteristic powers of description to bear upon the world around us with, if possible, a ripper and a truer hand.

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

Bancroft's new *History of the American Revolution*, is warmly received. The estimate of the *Athenæum* is abundantly confirmed by the leading critical journals. It says:—

"This work must take its place as an essentially satisfactory history of the United States. Mr. Bancroft's style is original and national. It breathes of the mountain and the prairie. A strain of wild and forest-like music swells up in almost every line. The story is told richly and vividly. In his hands American scenery is full of fine effects. Steeped in the colors of his imagination, a thousand incidents, though dull before, appear now animated and pictorial. In his narrative all is movement. His men glow with human purposes—his story sweeps on with the exulting life of a procession."—*Athenæum*.

The *Life of Justice Story*, by his son, is also well received. The *Spectator* says of it:—"In a biography by a son, the reader is prepared to make allowances for filial partiality, shown both in commission and omission. In the case of Mr. Story the allowance needed is less than usual. He takes a critical though a favorable view of his father; touching with truth, if somewhat undervaluing, his defects of diffuseness and want of condensed strength in composition; which, indeed, naturally arose from the extent and multiplicity of his tasks. In the social aspect the man was probably as faultless as man can well be; his disposition to think well of everybody, and to be satisfied with every effort, except latterly in the case of Democrats, certainly not amounting to a fault. In his public and general character the reader will desire another view; at present the picture is, so to speak, almost without shade."

The *Athenæum*, while eulogizing the man, inclines to censure the biography. "Like the biographies of Romilly and Mackintosh, these volumes are a tribute of filial love and reverence; and on this account, as well as from respect for the memory of the great American jurist, we were desirous of being able to place the record of so much genius and worth on the same shelf with the former works. We regret to say, that we can accord to these volumes no such distinction. Without their diminish-

ing in the least degree, our respect and admiration for Justice Story as a philosophical lawyer and a conscientious and amiable man, we are compelled to confess that the perusal of these volumes has not afforded us much instruction or pleasure. But if he intended his work to be read—if he aimed at pleasing and delighting others, as well as indulging his own feelings of filial regard,—why did he make this work so long? The life of his father does not afford sufficient incident for two thick octavo volumes. A judicious curtailment of the correspondence, and a brief but clear epitome of the father's professional labors, would have been far preferable to the present series of uninteresting letters and of cases which are much better read in the regular Reports."

The Life of Margaret Fuller meets with various reception. The *Critic* opens with a ludicrous description of Transcendentalism, and says: "It was with unsated curiosity that we took up these Memoirs of Miss FULLER, who was understood to have been the Queen of New England's new spiritualism, as EMERSON was supposed to be its king. Nor have we been altogether disappointed. It is a book which throws ample light on a New England personality, and on a New England circle, which, in themselves, and from their contrasts with character and circumstances in Old England, are very singular and interesting. Certainly, it is the first chapter of American literary history that we have found worth the reading. We may characterize its interest in a single sentence, by saying that what CARLYLE'S *Life of Sterling* is to Old England, these Memoirs are to New. For the rest, it need only be added that to high literary excellence, the work makes no pretensions."

Sixteen months in California, by D. B. Woods, published by HARPERS, and reprinted by Low, is highly praised. Says the *Athenæum*: "We have not seen a better book than this on California. We say emphatically 'better,'—not as respects the writer's cleverness—though that is respectable enough—but as regards the sobriety of tone throughout, the evident honesty of purpose with which it has been written, and the exactness of its details in all that relates to the miner's daily life. This is partly to be attributed to the writer's position and acquirements."

Horace Greeley's *Glances at Europe*, published by DEWITT & DAVENPORT, is reprinted in London. The *Critic* says they "are the hasty notes of a Visitor to the Great Exhibition. There is little of novelty in them, even for his Transatlantic countrymen; nothing for us, to whom everything described is so familiar. Nor does his style offer any peculiar attractions to make old things look lie new."

The Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century, is the title of a brilliant series of sketches of eminent personages who flourished in France during the reigns of Louis XV., Louis XVI., and subsequent to the establishment of the Directory—published in two beautiful volumes, by REDFIELD. The list includes a great number of names celebrated in history, with not a few whose genins contributed to the splendor of their era and the formation of the public character, but to whom history has not done an equal justice. Statesmen, warriors, poets, artists, actors, savans, kings, queens, nobles, courtesans—all the strangely brilliant circle that at the

time made up French society are brought into review, and into that moral juxtaposition which their real influence would indicate. The list is large, and the delineation admirable. The peculiar tact, brilliancy, and finesse of the French mind are visible in every touch of the author's pencil. Some of the sketches are master pieces of character-painting, while the facts of private history, personal traits, and illustrative incidents are instructive. Treating of French characters there is much that must be repulsive, if the delineation be true; but we know of no work which, with such successful strokes, brings before the reader the veritable picture of that desolate era which found its natural development in the horrors of the Revolution, as these volumes present.

Prof. Aytour's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, a well-known brilliant series of ballads founded on the heroic incidents of Scottish history, and highly lauded by the British press, has been handsomely reproduced in this country by Mr. REDFIELD.

The Book of Ballads by Pro. Gaultier, the prince of parodists, has also been reprinted by Mr. REDFIELD—a most genial and humorous work. Poetic ability and fire are intermingled with the humorous fancies and broad farce of the poems. They are incomparably the best specimens of comic poetry of the day.

Cousin's Course of the History of Philosophy—the memorable prelections of the distinguished French philosopher, on his restoration to his chair in the University, which have been the admiration of scholars and thinkers, have been elegantly translated by Mr. O. W. Wight, and published in two volumes by the Messrs. APPLETON.

Madame Pulszky's popular work, *Tales and Traditions of Hungary*, which was received with remarkable favor in England, and is a work of both intrinsic and relative worth, is republished in a handsome volume, by J. S. REDFIELD, and will be equally a favorite in this country. The last work of that accomplished scholar, Professor Stuart, of the Andover Seminary—a Commentary on the Proverbs—has been published by M. W. Doon, in one vol. 12mo. It bears the marks of that extensive erudition, careful thought and earnest feeling which render the author one of the most successful exgetes of modern times, and will be an acceptable bequest to the wide circle of his admirers.

The Messrs. Carter have recently republished several works of religious character, selected with that judicious care which has made their lists one of the most valuable and interesting of any house in the country. The *Folded Lamb*, a biography of a charming little child, by his mother; *Far Off*, a popular sketch of oriental lands and scenes, by a highly successful writer, the author of "Peep of Day;" *Songs in the House of My Pilgrimage*, a collection of devotional poetry for daily use; *Frank Netherton*, a fine juvenile tale, &c.

#### ITEMS.

— The death of William Thompson, Esq., an eminent naturalist of Belfast is announced.

— Robert Blackwood, one of the sons of William Blackwood, a name rendered immortal by connection with the celebrated Magazine, recently died in Edinburgh.

— The Wollaston Medal of the Geological Society, has been conferred on Dr. Fitton, one of the patriarchs of the Science.

— Mr. Dickens' generous-hearted labor of love, the "Guild of Literature and Art," is making substantial and honorable progress. Three performances of Sir E. B. Lytton's drama lately given, realized a net profit of 1300*l.* to the institution, which has now about 4000*l.* in hand.

— An industrial refuge for impoverished gentlewomen of rank and station has just been founded, under the title of "The Ladies' Guild."

— Count Demidoff has announced to the Academy of Sciences in Paris his intention to make a sojourn of three years in Siberia,—accompanied by artists, men of letters and savans to the number of twenty-five or twenty-six.

— Prof. Blackie of Edinburgh, has been elected to the vacant Greek chair in the University of Edinburgh. He had distinguished competitors—Dr's Smith, Schmitz, Prof. Macdonald and Mr. Price.

— A bill has been introduced into Parliament, for abolishing tests in the Scottish universities for all professional chairs but those of the theological faculties. At present every Professor, before induction, is required by law to sign the Westminster Confession of Faith, and the other formularies of the Scottish Established Kirk. Many of the most distinguished professors in Scotland do not belong to the Established Church of that country. In Edinburgh, for instance, Mr. Kelland, Professor of Mathematics, was a Cambridge senior wrangler; Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Logic, was an Oxford first class man; and Professor J. D. Forbes, Natural Philosophy, also belongs to the Scottish Episcopal Church. It is the same in other universities, as at St. Andrew's, where the Principal, Sir David Brewster, belongs to the Free Church of Scotland.

— Mr. H. P. Gray, our New York artist, sent two pictures, *The Wages of War* and *Repose*, to the British Institution. A critic says: The former is painted with care, nor are the figures, taken separately, unsuccessful, but the composition is not happy, nor is the style such as now finds many admirers.

— Mr. Samuel Prout, one of the most distinguished of English Water-colorists, recently died, much lamented.

— The recently published letters of Shelley, prefaced by the poet Browning, turn out to be forgeries!

The discovery was made in quite an accidental manner. Mr. Moxon had sent a copy of the book to Mr. Tennyson. During a visit which Mr. Palgrave was paying to Mr. Tennyson he dipped into the Shelley volume and lighted on a letter written from Florence to Godwin—the better half of which he at once recognized as part of an article on Florence written for the "Quarterly Review" so far back as 1840 by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. It is good to find a son so well versed in the writing of his father as young Mr. Palgrave proved himself to be on this occasion. He lost no time, as we may suppose, in communicating his curious discovery to his father; and Sir Francis, after comparing the

printed letter with the printed article, wrote at once to Mr. Moxon informing him that the letter—by whomsoever written—was a "crib" from an article which he had written for the "Quarterly Review."

— Thomas Moore—to be best known hereafter by his songs and his satires—died at Sloperston Cottage, near Devizes, on the 26th of last month, in the 72nd year of his age. For the last three years his life had been a long disease—not attended with either bodily or mental suffering—but from a gradual softening of the brain and a reduction of the mind to a state of childlikeness. Swift and Southey and Scott suffered much in the same way,—but the case of Moore was rather like that of his great countryman Swift than like those of his contemporaries Scott and Southey. Swift was frequently free from pain—but Southey and Scott suffered mentally and bodily. Mr. Moore had lived in the cottage in which he died for four-and-thirty years. It is a pretty, unpretending home,—fitly described by its owner in the words of Pope—

A little cot (with trees a-row)  
And like its master very low,—

and is separated from the picturesque village of Bromham by a small verdant valley, exhibiting some of the best characteristics of Wiltshire scenery. Thomas Moore was born in Angier Street, Dublin, on the 30th May, 1780.

Archbishop Whately has pronounced against the proposal for withdrawing the grant to Maynooth College, in Ireland.

On the first day of the publication of "Bleak House," Mr. Dickens had the honor of entertaining at dinner His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and the leading members of the Guild of Literature and Art, including Messrs. Stanfield, Grieve, Stone, Egg, Tenniel, Hughes, Knight, Horne, Bell, Costello, Forster, Cunningham, Collins, &c.

The inhabitants of Schaffhausen have been inaugurating a monument to the memory of John von Müller, the great historian, in that, his native town.

Madame Sontag, who has been singing at Leipzig for £104 a night (an immense sum in Germany,) is engaged for a short series of performances at Hamburg, and purposes visiting the United States, accompanied by Thalberg.

LAMARTINE'S new periodical, the *Civilisateur*, is receiving fair support. The subscriptions are coming in rapidly, and the first number will appear shortly. It is stated that General Cavaignac is engaged in preparing his "Memoirs" for the press. — Frederika Bremer is contributing her impressions of England during her recent visit. She is engaged also on a more elaborate account of her residence in the United States. — Herr Hartleben, the publisher at Pesth and Vienna, has just published a translation of Mr. Dickens' "Child's History of England."

— It is announced that Mr. Ainsworth, the Oriental traveller, is about to proceed to Australia, under the direction of the Victoria Gold Mining Company, on a mission to explore geologically the gold districts of Port Philip.











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